

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

391

050

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. L.
NOVEMBER, 1917, TO APRIL, 1918, INCLUSIVE

INVENTORY 1953

TORONTO
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1918

2753

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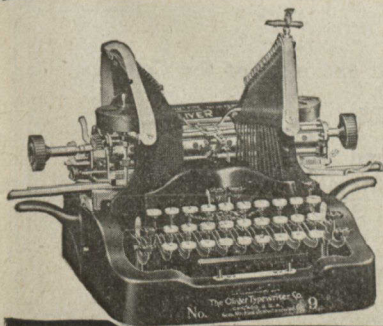
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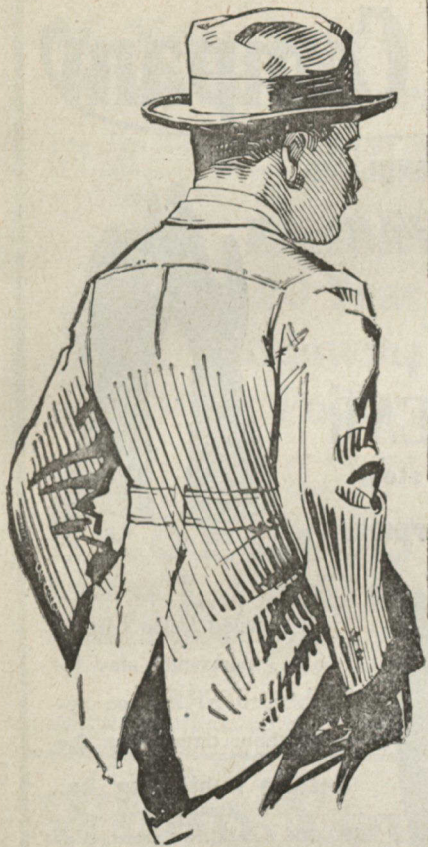
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Military Service Act, 1917

Explanatory Announcement by the
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THE following is a summary of the provisions of the Military Service Act, 1917, which came into force on the 1st day of August, 1917. It is intended to give a general idea of the scope and objects of the Act, and to explain the meaning of the various terms used therein. It is not intended to be a substitute for the Act itself, and it is not intended to be a guide to the interpretation of the Act. For a full and complete understanding of the Act, it is necessary to read the Act itself.

CLASSIFICATION OF MEN

The Act provides for the classification of men into three classes: Class A, Class B, and Class C. Class A consists of men who are fit for military service. Class B consists of men who are unfit for military service on medical grounds. Class C consists of men who are exempt from military service on other grounds.

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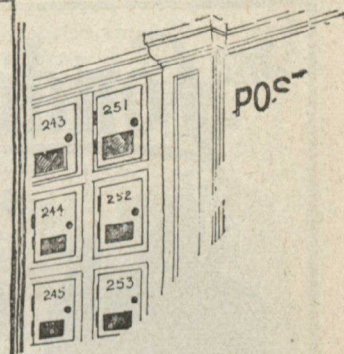
Exemption Tribunals have been organized throughout Canada. These tribunals are non-military and independent. The members are men closely acquainted with conditions in the places where they sit and will be able to give each case sympathetic attention.

NATIONAL INTEREST

Consideration will be given to applications for exemption received from men engaged in the production or manufacture of commodities necessary to the conduct of the war and the support of those at home and cases in which real hardship would be caused by the withdrawal. Not all men who register these claims will be exempted, but such claims will receive careful consideration. National interest must govern.

PROMPTNESS IS ESSENTIAL

Prompt application for exemption is strongly urged upon all who, being included in the first class, believe they deserve exemption. But first visit a Medical Board and find out if any further action is required. Unless the Medical examination places you in Category A., you will have no immediate obligation for service.



Should You Be Exempt?

Every facility is afforded those who have reasonable ground for applying for exemption under the Military Service Act. Each man's case will be considered by a local, civil board, sitting in the locality where he lives, and will be decided as is desirable in the national interest.

The idea behind the Military Service Act is to call up first only those whose absence from civilian occupations will cause least disturbance to the country's economic and social life. One hundred thousand reinforcements—*no more*—are to be raised under the Act.

Cases of Exemption

Over 1,250 civil tribunals have been organized throughout Canada, known as Exemption Tribunals. These boards are comprised of 2 members, one appointed by the county judge and one by a joint committee of Parliament. It will be seen that these tribunals are non-military and independent. The members are men closely acquainted with conditions in the places where they sit and will be able to give each case sympathetic attention.

National Interest Will Govern Exemptions

Consideration will be given to applications for exemption received from men engaged in the production or manufacture of commodities necessary to the conduct of the war and the support of those at home and cases in which real hardship would be caused by the withdrawal. Not all men who register these claims will be exempted, but such claims will receive careful consideration. National interest must govern.

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Prompt application for exemption is strongly urged upon all who, being included in the first class, believe they deserve exemption. But first visit a Medical Board and find out if any further action is required. Unless the Medical examination places you in Category A., you will have no immediate obligation for service.

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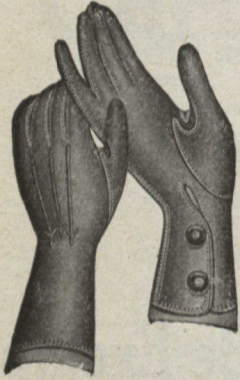
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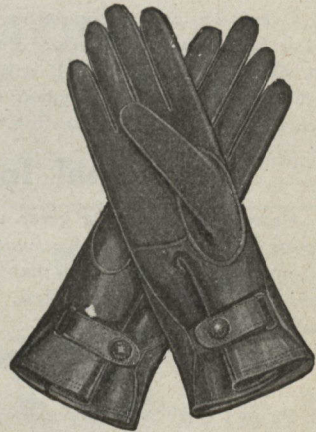
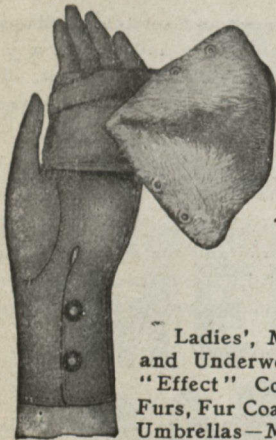
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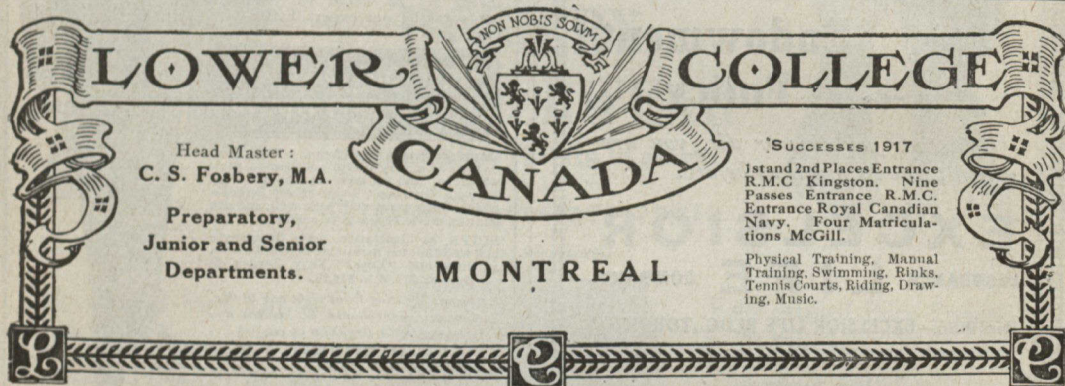
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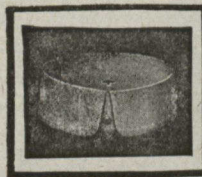
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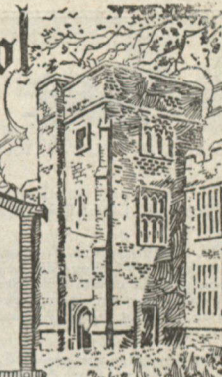
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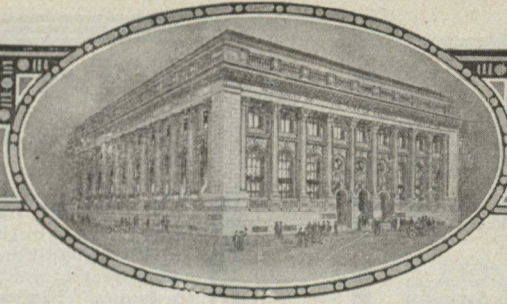
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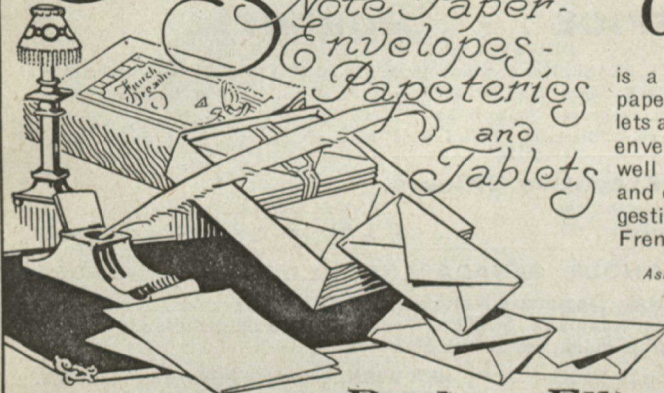
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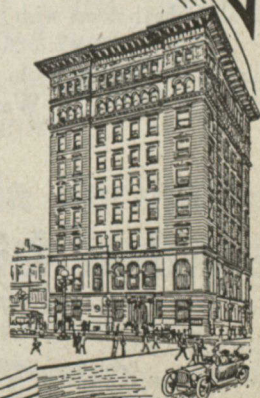
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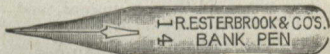
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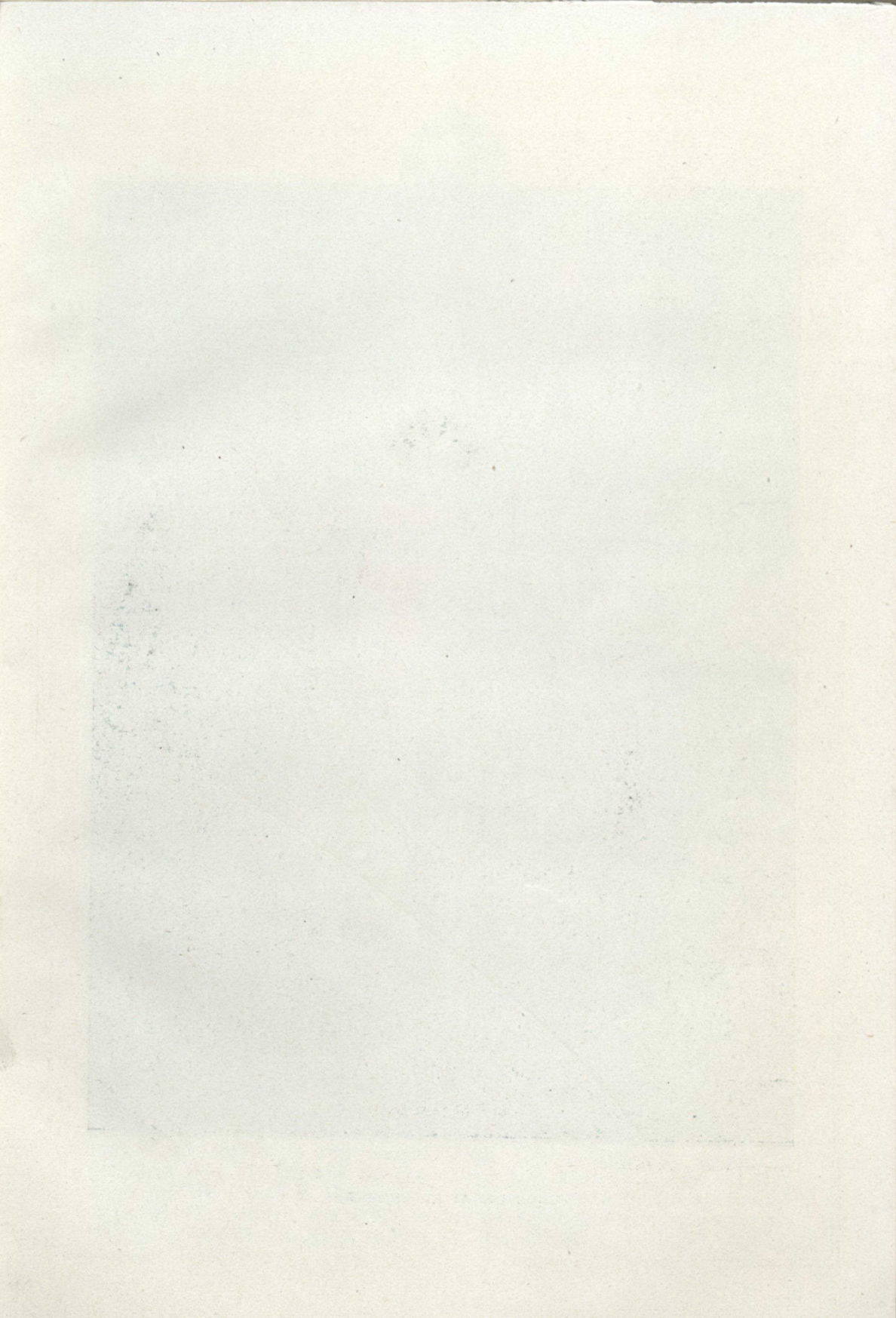
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. L

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 1

The Inevitable Quebec

BY H. C. HOCKEN AND HUGH A. RYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—No one will deny that the racial animosities always in evidence in Canada have been aggravated seriously by the present political crisis. These animosities appear most portentously among the people of Ontario and the people of Quebec; and although at times they may rest without expression, it requires only an impending general election to give voice to all the complaints that have been bandied about by one political party or another ever since Confederation. As to the merits of these complaints we offer no opinion, but in order that the situation might be revealed we have invited two gentlemen of differing views to set down in writing just how, as each sees it, Quebec stands at the present time in relation to the rest of Canada, particularly to the Province of Ontario. Mr. H. C. Hocken is a Protestant, editor of the *Orange Sentinel*, formerly Mayor of Toronto, and in general the spokesman of the anti-Quebec element in the Province of Ontario. Mr. Hugh A. Ryan is a gentleman, of Toronto, a Roman Catholic, a veteran of the South African and Matabele Wars, and, although he has lived in Ontario nearly all his life-time, he has a sympathetic feeling for Quebec and in this instance stands as its champion.

Striking in the National Extremity

A CRITICISM BY H. C. HOCKEN



FROM the day that General Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, down to the present time, the French people in Canada, led by their priests, have taken advantage of every crisis in the affairs of this country to wrest special privileges from the Imperial Government and the Canadian Parliament. Although the country was ceded to Britain by the French King, and its

inhabitants became subjects of the British Crown, they have never accepted citizenship in the Empire as their ultimate destiny. They cherish the hope that time will make it possible for them to escape from what they are pleased to call "the yoke of Great Britain". The talk of secession from Confederation, in which *Le Croix* and other clerical papers have indulged recently, is merely a revival of the agitation which led to the rebellion of 1837.

True to this policy of striking in the national extremity, they have seized upon the present war as an occasion from which they might reap a racial harvest of concessions for their language. They know how necessary it is for Canada to present a united front to the enemy and how essential it is that the eligible manhood of every Province should be available to maintain an army in the field that will do credit to the Dominion. Faced with the alternative of making the sacrifices required to gain a victory over the Huns or the loss of our liberty through German domination, the Canadian citizens of British birth and origin have responded to the call for men with a measure of enthusiasm that has challenged the admiration of the whole world. Only the French Canadian has held back. And not only has he refused to enlist, but his representatives in Parliament have resisted to the bitter end the attempts of the Government to enact measures that are imperative, if Canada is not to show the white feather at the most critical stage of this mighty conflict.

Extend the language privileges we now enjoy in the Province of Quebec through all the rest of the Dominion and then we shall do our national duty, is substantially the demand of the French clerical leaders. That is the price they ask the British Provinces to pay in order to get them to assume their fair share of responsibility for the defence of the country.

Is it any wonder that there should be bitter resentment among English-speaking Canadians? While their sons are laying down their lives to defend the integrity of the British Empire, and for the preservation of human liberty, the French Canadians stand with outstretched hands, saying, "Give us our price before we move". To force us to meet their demands, they organize riots and threaten rebellion. They even parade the school children of Ottawa before the House of Commons, thinking to

enforce with a bludgeon the claims that cannot be supported by an appeal to the constitution. Let us rule the Dominion or we will not fight for it, is in substance the declaration of their policy and intention.

And for this the French clerical leaders are responsible. These ecclesiastical rulers of Quebec hold the fortunes of every public man in that Province in the hollows of their hands. There is not a single French Canadian political leader who can defy the bishops or refuse to accept his policy from the Hierarchy and hold his place in Parliament. It makes them automatons in the performance of their duty. The representative French Canadian laymen are as much under the thumb of the ecclesiastics as the common people, and they have not the same excuse. Senator David has given pathetic evidence to this effect. He was threatened with excommunication for writing a book in which he claimed that the priests had no right to interfere in politics. He was compelled to recant and destroy the book. When the educated classes among the French Canadians exhibit this childlike obedience to the priests, in the performance of their public duty, how can we wonder at the docility of the habitant? The habitant knows no better. His education is so sadly neglected that he is entirely ignorant of affairs, and his mental processes revolve around the subjects of the barnyard. He is scarcely to be blamed for his docility to bad leadership. He is given no opportunity to develop his own powers of initiative. With an equal chance the French Canadian would be as good a citizen as his English-speaking neighbour. As a race, the French are bright, industrious, frugal and moral. Their intellectual powers are latent, because they are not permitted to develop them. Enough education to read his catechism and his Sunday paper and keep his farm accounts, according to Canon Huard, of Chicou-

timi, is the limit of his educational training.

Is it any wonder that under these circumstances the French Canadians are easily led and easily inflamed by the perfervid orators the priests let loose upon them? Give them a real education, so that they might study the currents of human thought and endeavour in their own day, and they will become a strength to this democracy. To-day their ignorance makes them a menace to the peace and good government of the Dominion.

Sitting at luncheon in a Toronto club a few days ago, one who had spent his holiday in the Laurentian Mountains told this story. He said: "I asked a middle-aged Frenchman living a little beyond St. Agathe who was his representative in the Provincial Parliament, and he replied, 'Sir Wilfrid Laurier.' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I mean who is your member in the Legislature at Quebec?' The reply came promptly, 'Sir Wilfrid Laurier, just the same.'"

Here was a man who had taken part in elections for years, and he did not know the difference between the Provincial Legislature and the House of Commons, nor did he know the name of his own local representative in either house. The responsibility for this does not rest upon that man, but upon the clerical leaders, who have kept him in ignorance by denying him an education.

The purpose behind all this is to create a voting population that will be easily controlled, so that the ecclesiastical politicians can pledge its support to this or that party in return for legislative concessions. It is a matter of indifference which party the priests work with so long as their demands are conceded. They have pursued this policy for more than one hundred years. They have found it successful in advancing their ambitions, and by patiently pursuing this policy they have created a great political machine in the Province of Quebec which is not concerned with any

other feature of national development than that of extending the influence of the French Canadians in Confederation.

This is what is behind their demand for the equality of the French and English language in every Province. Although they consented in 1867 to making the French language official only in the Province of Quebec, the Dominion Parliament, and Federal courts, they now refuse to abide by this arrangement, and demand that from one end of the Dominion to the other there shall be an equal status for French and English.

These clerical leaders know that their claims for the use of French in the public schools of Ontario have no sanction or support in the British North America Act. Senator Belcourt, in a reasoned opinion, told them that in a public address which he gave in the city of Quebec in June, 1912. The bishops have made him recant his opinion, notwithstanding that it was absolutely in accord with the letter and spirit of the British North America Act. They complain loudly that the Ontario regulations deny to the little French children the right to study in their own language. They entirely ignore the fact that regulation seventeen provides that for the first two years of a child's school life it may be taught in French. The French agitators say nothing about that part of Dr. Marchant's report on bilingual schools which showed that in 260 school sections in Ontario the little English-speaking child was unable to get an education in its own language. Surely the first duty of the Ontario Legislature in the enactment of its school laws is to provide, with absolute certainty, that every child shall get an education in English. The parents of these children in the 260 school sections were faced with three alternatives: (1) To send their children to a French confessional school; (2) to let their children go without education; and (3) to sell their farms at a sacrifice and move to

some part of Canada where the British people are in the majority.

This was the state of affairs in several counties in Eastern Ontario, and in a number of places in Northern Ontario. Is it not an intolerable state of affairs that men who have inherited their farms from ancestors who had the deeds from the Crown when this Province was a dense wilderness, who cut down the forests and brought their lands under cultivation, should be driven off their homesteads by the pressure of an alien race forcing such conditions upon them? For let it be remembered that the French Canadians, led by Sir George Cartier, and with the approval of the French bishops, were parties to the Act of Confederation, which they now attempt to interpret in a way that will facilitate the carrying out of their designs. No graver injustice could be inflicted upon the children affected by these French schools than to leave them at the mercy, so far as their education is concerned, of the French majority in these school sections.

The justice of regulation seventeen is attested by the fact that it was adopted with the consent of both parties in the Legislature. It is not too much to say also that no Government could exist in the Province of Ontario that would submit to the demands made upon them by the French language agitators.

The superficial students of this question assert that this is not a religious issue. That assertion will not stand examination. It is true that Bishop Fallon and his fellow English-speaking bishops in Ontario have opposed the extension of the French schools. But that does not alter the fact that the object with which the French bishops are working is to further the interests of their church as much as the interests of their race. This difference between the bishops of Ontario and Quebec only proves the divergence of their views as to the best method of extending the

power and influence of their system in this country. It indicates also a difference in their policies which, no doubt, is due to convictions which they have formed, individually, as to how they can best promote the interests of the Papacy in Canada. The French bishops are able to point to the exclusion of the English-speaking Protestant farmer from the eastern townships of Quebec by the operation of French schools. They can show that the county of Prescott and several other counties have been made predominantly Roman Catholic by this means. And they argue that it is the most effective instrument that can be used to achieve the end for which they are working. The English-speaking bishops, on the other hand, are able to show that English is the language of this continent, and that any man who is unable to speak that language must continue to be under a serious handicap as compared with those who have facility in English. They are not satisfied to see their people kept in a state of ignorance which makes them hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Protestant neighbours. With a more modern outlook than that which is possessed by the French, they do not believe that the interests of their church can be advanced unless their people have a secular education that will enable them to compete with Protestants in every walk of life. This disparity of view is indicated by the statements of Bishop Fallon and Canon Huard. The Bishop of London places no limit upon the education of his people. Canon Huard says that it is dangerous to give them more education than enough to read their catechism and keep their farm accounts. It is not strange that this difference of opinion should exist between the bishops, but it is undoubtedly the case that the Hierarchy of Quebec is animated in its agitation for French schools in Ontario by the belief that the institution which they serve will benefit by the extension of

the French language and French influence over the whole Dominion.

As stated at the beginning of this article, the French have improved every opportunity that arose since the conquest to extort additional concessions for their language and their religion. Their leaders are fond of saying that they defended Canada when it was threatened by invasion from the United States. These assertions are all of a piece, but we may quote one made by Honourable L. P. Brodeur in a debate in the House of Commons, April 30th, 1908. On that occasion he said:

“When at different times in our history British connection was in danger, it was the French Canadians who were there to defend the British Crown? Who in 1775 stood up in defence of the British Crown if not the French Canadians? Who in 1812 fought the battle of Chateauguay, and repulsed the American troops, if not the French Canadians?”

Sir Guy Carleton is on record as reporting that instead of the French Canadians fighting for Britain in 1775, they supplied the enemy with guides and provisions, and showed themselves to be in sympathy with the Americans. The evidence is beyond controversy that the French Canadians in 1775 rose in revolt when it was attempted to enroll them to fight the Americans. Then in 1776, when the Americans came they fraternized with them, gave them help and supplies without which they could not have come to the gates of Quebec and Montreal. And, finally, several thousand took the oath of allegiance to the new “Republic”, and were enrolled as soldiers under its flag. A year after his sore experience in repulsing the American invasion, when he had time to review the past, Governor Carleton wrote to the Colonial Secretary in London: “As to my opinion of the French Canadians, I think there is nothing to fear from them while we (the British) are in a state of prosperity, and nothing to hope for when in distress.”

With regard to Chateauguay, that cannot be called a battle—nothing more than a mere skirmish. There were less than fifty among the killed and wounded on both sides. The War of 1812 was won at Queenston Heights by General Brock and the loyal British pioneers of Ontario.

It was at this time that the Quebec Act was passed, which extended to the Roman Catholic clergy the right to collect tithes from the members of their own church, and this was one of the principal concessions which they wrested from the Imperial authorities when the fate of Canada was in the balance between Great Britain and the American Republic.

In 1837, when Papineau organized his rebellion with the avowed object of setting up a French Canadian republic, he was encouraged by the bishops to believe that they were with him heart and soul, as no doubt they were. But seeing an opportunity to turn this crisis to the advantage of the church, Bishop Poenet approached the Governor to make a bargain that would be of greater value to the church than a rebellion. He succeeded. By the terms of this arrangement, the Government agreed to leave the seigniory of Montreal in the hands of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; to consent to the appointment of a bishop for Montreal; to give civil powers to new canonical parishes; to drop the clauses in the drafted Union Act about the Crown nominating bishops and presenting *curés*; and to erect the dioceses into corporations. In return for these concessions, which have been used to make Roman Catholicism the established religion in Quebec, the clergy abandoned Papineau. They had encouraged him in the agitation so long as it suited them, and then they made a bargain at his expense and that of his associates. He resented this betrayal with all the ardour of his enthusiastic temper, and declared that “when the English were got rid of, there were black gowns to be clipped,

and there were tithes to be reduced."

There have been many other occasions when similar efforts to extend the special privileges of the French clergy have been made, but space does not permit a full catalogue of all these incidents. It should suffice to take these two periods—the Revolutionary War and the Papineau Rebellion—as corroborative evidence, along with the present attitude of the French clergy in what is perhaps the greatest crisis in Canadian history, to convince the impartial reader that the ambition of the clerical leaders of Quebec has been, from the day of the conquest, to gain absolute control of the destinies of this great country. As a further proof of the ultimate object of the French clergy to establish a French Canadian republic, I take the liberty of quoting Mr. Sellar, who has written the "Tragedy of Quebec":

That distinguished Jesuit, Father Hamon, in his book descriptive of French Canadian missions, spoke of Eastern Ontario being included in that Catholic Republic for which he and his fellows were labouring. Here is his reference to Eastern Ontario:

"None of the obstacles met have checked the settlement of the valley of the Ottawa and of the Province of Ontario. And yet, for the French Canadians, is not Ontario a country different from theirs, both in religion and language, and even in politics, in that, at least, which relates to local interests? In spite of these difficulties, in spite of a tenacious English element, hostile to the invasion and seeking by all possible means to prevent it, the French Canadian pushes toward the end for which he set out. The French Canadians infiltrate themselves everywhere in those counties of Ontario which divide it from the Province of Quebec, and continue bravely to march toward the West. The policy of the Church is to guide the movement, plan and forward settlement, establish the parish system, the parochial school, and the religious and national societies; then to watch and wait for providential developments, that she may mass and lead the people for the effective overthrow of Protestant error and paganism. . . . The French Canadian race is God's chosen people to save North America and to restore its population to the bosom of the Church of Rome. Is

this a dream? No, it is more; it is an everyday issue."

This was written in 1891, and what has been accomplished in the years since is proof that the priests have been persistent in carrying out their design to conquer Ontario. Their campaign to do so started fifty years ago, when habitants began to cross the Ottawa in noticeable numbers to take up land. It was not a case of overpopulation on the Quebec side pushing across the river for existence. The newcomers were largely from a distance, many from lower St. Lawrence parishes, and had been recruited by the priests and led by them to their new locations. The Ontario Government granted lots on easy terms, and helped by giving employment in making roads. There was no need of the habitants moving into Ontario. There was good land to be had free in the St. John valley and other districts in Quebec which had been set aside for colonization, coupled with liberal inducement from the Government. The fact of their being diverted from their own Province and passing in a steady stream into Ontario confirms the statement that the priests had settled on a plan of campaign to bring that Province under their control.

In taking up the study of that remarkable migration, whoever fails to keep in mind what Father Hamon tells, will be unable to account for people, deeply attached to their own Province, wrenching themselves from hereditary surroundings, ignoring the offers of their own Government, and journeying into a country where they knew a majority of the inhabitants spoke neither their language nor professed their creed. The people of Ontario were slow to realize the purpose of the invasion. For years they looked upon it as a genuine colonization movement, failing to recognize that it was due to the far-sighted policy of the master-minds who were guiding those habitants to settle where they did. Thirty years ago Metho-

dist circuit riders sounded the alarm, that on the upper Ottawa and the lakes to which it gives access the foundations of a second Quebec were being laid. No attention was paid to them; it was easy to class them as bigots. Had the habitants come into that region voluntarily, no objection could be made. They were doing a good work in extending the settlement of the country and making what had been a waste productive. There were no finer cavalry in the world than those in the army of Louis XIV.; as soldiers they deserved admiration, but when heading the Dragonades to circumvent the Huguenots, little can be said for them, and much less for Lachaise and his fellow Jesuits who used them as their tools. To tell us these habitants who flocked into Northern Ontario are industrious, simple and kindly does not affect the fact that they were brought where they are with the design to subjugate Ontario to the will of the priests. Regard for the habitant does not blind us to the plans of these of whom they are the unwitting agents.

The present quarrel that the French leaders have provoked with Ontario is a detail of this vast design. They have resorted to methods on this occasion which have aroused the people of Ontario as never before. This is

not to be wondered at. The Legislature of Quebec, dominated by the clergy, and led by Sir Lomer Gouin, has been guilty of making an attack upon this Province for which there is no precedent or parallel in Canadian history. By an almost unanimous vote, at the session of 1916, that body passed an Act permitting every school board in Quebec to appropriate five per cent. of its gross revenues to carry on a war against the authority of the Legislature of Ontario. In the face of this atrocious policy, they have the assurance to plead for the establishment of a *bonne entente*. Sir Lomer Gouin comes to Ontario red-handed, asking for peace and amity between the Provinces. They refuse to respect the constitution, even after it is interpreted by the Privy Council. They insist upon their interpretation, which is contrary to the plain terms of that Act. In other words, they have declared war upon Ontario. They are raising the necessary funds by statute. They refuse to be bound by the constitution of the Dominion, and they use this most critical hour in the whole history of the Empire and of Canada to make this attack upon the autonomy of the sister Province. Can there be any wonder that the people of Ontario are resentful of such conduct?

Fair Play for Quebec

A DEFENCE BY HUGH A. RYAN

SO much has been said and written about the failure of the French Canadians in the Province of Quebec to respond to their country's call, that one, desiring to arrive at a just conclusion, must seek the reason.

It is well to note that we refer only to French Canadians in the Province of Quebec; for the people of that race residing in other Provinces, it is generally conceded, have enlisted in as large numbers proportionately as the other residents. Therefore, it would

appear as if environment entered to a great extent into the situation.

The following article is an attempt to show what there is, not only in environment, but also in past and present history, character and thought, that has led the French Canadians in Quebec to take the stand they have. It is not in any way intended to be a political article, but in as much as it deals with recent events the actions of both parties have to be considered.

In the first place, there is no close

relationship in Great Britain in family ties with Quebec, as obtains in the other Provinces. Most of us apart from the French Canadians have family connections in Britain now, or we had them before the war. Neither have the French Canadians family ties in France. The most one can say is that among the highly educated French Canadians there does exist a feeling of pride in the past history of France, in her art and literature. But among the majority of the people the only feeling they have is that France left them to their own resources, to be conquered eventually by the British. And of late years the deporting of the religious orders from France, and the closing of the churches, has added no love from the pious French Canadian.

Again, in regard to Great Britain, they believe that whatever special rights they have received, they were entitled to as a conquered people, and they do not see that they should be more than ordinarily grateful. Furthermore, the military spirit of the people has never been encouraged. That such a spirit could be fanned into flame is recognized by all acquainted with the French Canadian character; his love of adventure, of romance, of appearing in uniform on any possible occasion. His ability to withstand hardship and fatigue has made the French Canadian the great pioneer. But the militia of Quebec has been a neglected quantity by every Government in power in the Dominion. And the few militia regiments which do exist and are located, as a matter of course, in the cities meet with little sympathy. It is a custom in vogue in Toronto to have a military Sunday service parade at least once a year, when all the units of the garrison, irrespective of creed, march through the streets and attend the one service. As the majority of the members are of the Protestant belief, the officiating chaplain is always a Protestant. To their credit be it said that the sermon is invari-

ably given on broad Christian lines and does not in the least offend any creed. But we have a recent case in Montreal, where a purely Catholic French Canadian regiment, desiring to have a Sunday church parade, chose the Feast of Corpus Christi for the occasion. On that day it is the custom in Catholic centres to carry the Blessed Host through the streets. The 65th Battalion, the regiment in question, formed a part of that procession and caused by that a great uproar in some of our Ontario papers. Was it treason for them to honour their God? And loyalty for the Toronto soldiers to honour the same God? One would think so, to peruse the comments published. Was that a good way to encourage recruiting, even in time of peace?

These are not the sentiments that prevail in the trenches, where Catholic, Protestant, and Jew are shedding their blood alike, where the Young Men's Christian Association are lending their huts to the Catholic chaplains in which to say mass, where the Catholic chaplain gives consolation to the dying Protestant soldier, where the Jew assists the Gentile.

All these conditions have certainly had something to do with the slackness of recruiting in Quebec. But what has had the most effect in causing that slackness is the lack of education and enlightenment to the proper way of looking at the present situation, a situation that has gone beyond provincialism, beyond nationalism, to a world issue.

It is well known that Quebec is mostly composed of a rural population. And as their speech and literature is French Canadian, so their thoughts and ideas are French Canadian. They know and care very little of the world outside their own Province. They have been instructed on outside matters but once, and it would be better if we could blot that instruction from their memory.

It is a matter of history that previous to the last general election in

Canada the Conservatives joined forces with the Nationalists. While the Conservatives in the other Provinces were "waving the flag", the Nationalists in Quebec were dragging it through the mire, each with the same object in view—to gain votes.

Remember that up to that time the French Canadians in rural districts of Quebec had never been instructed in their duty to the Empire, as members of that great body, and now what instruction did they receive? The best speakers obtainable were sent broadcast throughout the country, to warn them that if Laurier and Liberals were returned to power their sons would be drafted into the navy, to become food for powder in fighting Britain's battles, in wars which should have no concern for them at all. "The flag should be shot full of holes" was a common phrase. These and similar sentiments were dinned into their ears, with convincing oratory, until they were believed. And if proof is needed as to their being believed, we have only to look at the result of the voting. What took place in the other Provinces does not enter into this issue, only in as much as the Liberal party was defeated and the Conservative-Nationals were placed in power.

Now, when the war broke out and it was decided, and quite properly so, that Canada and all Canadians should take part in it, what was the situation in Quebec? The time was so close to the last election that the Government would not go about the country and tell the people that what they had preached to them a few months before, what they had been to such pains to instil into their minds, what they had made them believe, their first instruction in their duty, remember, in regard to the Empire, was all untrue and wrong and only told them from a base and ulterior motive. No, they had to abide by what they had done and said. Can you blame the French Canadian farmer, far from the centre of world thought, if he did

not know of his own volition that in 1912 it was right that he should not take part in a European war in defence of the Empire, but in 1914 he should? As one rising young barrister in Quebec very tersely put it to me, "I am a 'Win-the-War' because I know. Some of my people are not because they do not know."

It has been said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier should have toured Quebec, and by his masterful oratory, his knowledge of his people, he could have brought his compatriots to a proper understanding of their duty. But that very suggestion is an admission that they had been previously wrongly instructed by the present Government. If not, why not send one of their own? There are many able French Canadians in the Conservative ranks whom the Government could have sent. But they would have to retract their own words; therefore the force of their arguments would be nil. A wrong idea, once firmly planted, is hard to uproot.

Another important factor to be taken into consideration is the very small proportion of British-born living in Quebec when war was declared.

We in Ontario must admit that at the beginning, and until recruiting very perceptibly began to fall off, a great percentage of the recruits were British-born. That in itself would cause a greater number to enlist from Ontario than from Quebec, even among the Canadian-born of each Province. We must admit the force of example. And that force played an important part in recruiting in Ontario. If John Jones and Tom Brown, both British-born, were working at the same bench as Tom White, a Canadian-born, and they continually talked on the duty of every British subject serving under the colours against the common enemy, and proved their sincerity by actually enlisting, would not their example have a great influence on the Canadian and stimulate him to follow in their foot-

steps, especially as he had never been told that it was not his duty to fight in European wars in defence of the Empire?

But Quebec did not have this stimulating element, and, furthermore, let us not forget that every French Canadian battalion was composed almost entirely of Canadians, born and bred. On top of that remember that it was unmarried men of military age to whom the strongest appeal was made. And rightfully so, for many reasons, chief among which is the economic reason that every married man killed, leaving a dependent family, entails greater obligations on the country than if he were single. And we must admit that not only are there fewer unmarried French Canadians of military age, but the married ones have larger families than is usually found among other nationalities in Canada.

Of course, all French Canadians are not rural. There are centres where the people are as much enlightened in the affairs of the world as any to be found in any part of the Dominion. Many of these immediately volunteered. How were they treated? In the first place, obstacles were placed in the way of young French Canadians receiving higher commissions; they were mostly reserved for the English-speaking. One of the first regiments formed, instead of being sent to the Front, so that their deeds of valour could be chronicled and made known and read about the fire-sides of their countrymen in Canada, thereby generating a feeling of pride of race, of stimulating others to follow in their footsteps, was sent instead to police a loyal part of the Empire, Bermuda, an island far from the zone of war. Was that French Canadian Colonel Lessard, a tried and proved soldier, even placed at the head of a French Canadian regiment to lead them to glory? No, he was relegated to routine duty in Canada, which could have been done by a much less efficient man. And if

this was not enough to quell any desire on the part of the French Canadian to enlist, the Government sent a Methodist minister as chief recruiting officer amongst a Catholic population. There is nothing to be said against the officer as such, and certainly nothing against his religious beliefs, but under the circumstances the choice does not seem to have been the most appropriate.

There is also the position taken by the clergy in Quebec. It appears as if the Hierarchy were in favour of the people participating in the war, but not so all the parish priests or *curés*, as they are called.

Anyone familiar with the Province of Quebec is familiar with the sight of the benevolent, kind and courteous *curé*. He apparently has only one care in life, and that is the welfare of his beloved people. Their welfare, both physically and spiritually, is his one thought. He must have strong motives to allow him to disregard the opinions of his superiors. It was this: he was afraid his people would be injured physically and spiritually, not by the bullet of the enemy, for that would be a clean injury and one to be proud of. But another injury that they would possibly receive before ever meeting the enemy, that loathsome injury of which so much has been written lately. Add to all this the continually insulting paragraphs appearing in Ontario papers, together with the fact that few war contracts were let to French Canadians, and the only rifle factory in Quebec closed, and you can hardly blame the French Canadians for their lethargy and apparent indifference in this great crisis.

And as if all this still was not enough, newspapers in Quebec, some of which were hardly earning enough to buy ink, saw a chance to make capital out of the mistakes and errors of judgment that had already taken place. They saw a chance to enrich their coffers at the expense of the nation's welfare, at the expense of the

reputation of the French Canadian. Those false ideas which had been sown in the minds of the people some few years before were nourished by them. And still there was no one sent by the Government to refute them.

The Government was in a bad position, bearing in mind what had been exploited in 1912. They did make a belated effort, but through just this reason they met with little success. This was forcibly brought out on the occasion of the Honourable Mr. Blondin making a speech, in favour of recruiting. One of his hearers remarked to his neighbour that it was a fine speech, but the man addressed said it was not as good as the one he had made against it, before the election.

Now we appear to be on the verge of a general election. The Conservatives have taken the stand on conscription. Some Liberals also favour conscription, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is opposed to it without a referendum to the people. But bear in mind we are all united in our desire to win the war. We may have different ideas as to the means, but if Germany wins they will make no distinction in their treatment of us.

There seems to be one point in favour of the volunteer system in Quebec as against conscription. By conscription only certain classes are taken at a time, the unmarried men first; and it is a fact that the percentage of unmarried men of military age in Quebec is small. Therefore if the French Canadian could be made to see that his duty is to serve, there is a possibility of getting a larger number of recruits than by the draft system. But first they would have to be re-instructed in their duty, and it does not seem as if the present Government are in a position to do that. But that is a question for the future to decide.

Above all things let us try to be fair. This war is for justice, not only in Europe but throughout the world. Then let us have justice and fair play at home. We have seen the

disadvantages that Quebec has been under. Now let us consider what in the face of these disadvantages she has accomplished. Comparisons are odious, but one must use comparisons sometimes to illustrate truths. And just here let me observe that many who are in sympathy with Quebec make allusion to the Papineau Rebellion. Was that a greater crime than the Mackenzie Rebellion? And is not Papineau the name of a war-scarred veteran of the famous Princess Pats? Will not the descendants' sacrifice atone for the ancestors' frailty?

According to *La Presse*, of Montreal, out of the first 150,000 recruits from Ontario about 42,000 only were Canadian-born, and 1,000 of these were French Canadians living in Ontario, while at the same time Quebec had mustered 20,000. *La Presse* also proves by mathematical calculation, taking into account rural and urban population (the latter being invariably the chief source of supply) the percentages of married and unmarried men and the percentages of foreign-born inhabitants that the proportion on the basis of recruiting in Ontario should have been 42,000 Canadian-born, as against 25,000 from Quebec. Therefore we see that Quebec was not very far behind, after all.

Again, according to the same paper, we find, at a stated time, five Ontario battalions actually at the Front and seven in reserve, while at the same time there were eight Quebec battalions at the Front and one in reserve, which fact does not detract from Quebec.

But enough of comparisons. It is not the object of this article to belittle the efforts of either Ontario or Quebec, nor to laud one at the expense of the other. Let us look at the situation impartially; let us remember the conditions which obtained in Quebec when war was declared and how those conditions arose; in short, let us in Ontario mentally place ourselves in the same position as Quebec found herself, and can we hon-

estly say we would have done better?

Let us not forget that the French Canadians have the same average qualities and sentiments as the rest of humanity. Do we English-speaking Canadians endeavour to find out their better qualities? Do we read their responsible newspapers, or are we satisfied with clippings which are inserted in some of our own papers, inserted to mislead us in so far as the real character and thought of the French people are concerned? And not satisfied with that, but their bitterest enemies (and in my opinion these are also real enemies to the unity of the Empire) continually slander their religion, and their loyalty. The very idea of saying that the conduct and thoughts of the people would be conducive to good citizenship if it were not for their mentors, the priests. But these slanders have been so often confronted and exposed that they are losing their sting in Quebec. And in Ontario they only appeal to the ultra-bigoted and the illiterate classes, and so do not even merit being brought to the notice of fair-minded, intelligent readers.

Are we to take the speech and actions of a few hot-heads, young bloods and rowdies, yes, and sometimes ticket-of-leave men, to represent the feelings and thoughts of the cultured, refined French Canadian? One might as well say that because our city scavengers refuse to clean our streets and remove our garbage we are a dirty people.

Do we think that being continually antagonistic will ever get us to live more peaceably with one another? No, the majority of us, both native-born and otherwise in Ontario, know far too little about our fellow French Canadian. We hardly take the trouble to form an opinion of him by our own efforts, until we get a wrong impression in some racial, political or religious controversy, and very often that impression is never altered, because we do not take the trouble to

find out the truth. In this I may be wrong, but I firmly believe that if Quebec had been instructed properly in her duties, if more encouragement had been given by the Militia Department, the old chivalrous, adventurous spirit of the Frenchman would have been aroused and they would have flocked to the colours in as great numbers and done as great deeds as are the Frenchmen in old France.

The French Canadian is in the minority in Canada, and like all minorities, he feels he has to be constantly on his guard to preserve his rights. It does not add to his feeling of safety to find out that he is lauded and praised one day and slandered and criticized the next, as the exigencies of politics arise.

By solemn treaty he is to have certain rights as regards franchise, religion and language; yes, and even laws. But only the other day it was advocated in some papers that this should be revoked and even their franchise taken away. And then we expect them to fight for us, for liberty and justice. And they will fight if given a fair chance. They are naturally loyal. They have proved it.

Did they in the past join with the revolting American colonies? No, they remained faithful to their new masters, they stood by their plighted word.

In that time-pressing expedition in Egypt commonly called the Relief of Gordon, we find that French Canadians were there striving with all their strength and skill to carry that much-needed relief force over the rapids of the Nile. The French Canadian river songs sounded strange on those waters. They were loyal pioneers of our great Empire long before that phrase was misused and abused.

Later, in the Riel Rebellion, did not the 65th Battalion from Montreal assist in quelling the uprising, although many of their own race and creed were involved in the misguided and deplorable affair. In South Af-

rica, when the military transport was in a mass of confusion, we find Colonel Girouard placed at its head. At Courcelette the old French Canadian cry of *En Avant* was heard. In the Matabele War in Rhodesia, when we buried that brave soldier, Captain Finucane, on the battlefield it was a French Canadian Jesuit who said the prayer for the dead hero. Braving the cold and ice of the frozen north, we find the intrepid Captain Bernier each year adding another strip of red to the world's map. Follow along the line of the new Transcontinental Railway, through the wilds of Northern Ontario and Quebec, and you see the hardy French Canadian taming the wilderness and gradually turning that hitherto unproductive territory into another granary for the Empire. Is not all this true loyalty. But even

loyalty must have encouragement. And to gradually treat them as if they were alien enemies, to endeavour to assign to them every evil, treasonable motive will not help much towards keeping that loyalty alive.

Conscription does not seem to be meeting with great success, even in Ontario. On the front page of *The Globe* (Toronto), of October 16th, under a conspicuous headline one finds that in Windsor out of one hundred and seventy-five unmarried men of military age, one hundred and seventy-four applied for exemption in one day. And the lone one willing to serve was a French Canadian!

If this article assists in any way to bring about better feelings, if it helps in any way to clear any misunderstanding and so create a greater unity between the two races, it will have served its purpose.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

X.—MOTHER HANNAH; FOUNDRRESS OF THE SISTERHOOD OF
ST. JOHN THE DIVINE



It has been said that the profession of nursing is "the outcome of religious enthusiasm", or, as Florence Nightingale more strikingly put it, "Christ was the author of the nursing profession".

In Canada, as elsewhere, the way of the modern trained nurse has been pioneered by sisters nursing in the

hospitals of religious orders. Almost three centuries ago, French nuns laid the foundations of hospitals in Quebec and Montreal. That was but the beginning. The ministrations of the *religieuse* were extended with the march of settlement, and in peace or war-time generations of "sisters", trained by their predecessors to serve deftly and patiently, kept their vigils beside the sick or wounded, long be-

fore the woman, outside such communities, had any opportunity for professional education in the care of the sick.

Canada's first secular training school for nurses was established in connection with St. Catharine's General and Marine Hospital about 1873. Ten years later the Toronto General Hospital sent out its first graduating class. Since that date thousands of Canadian women have trained for the profession in the schools of their own country and of the United States; and many of the hospitals of the sisterhoods now offer regular courses of training leading up to a professional diploma.

It is, however, with a special aspect of nursing that we are concerned in this article—an aspect of intense interest in these grim days of war. The magnificent work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War not only did much to stimulate public interest in the whole subject of nursing, but it proved beyond a doubt that, if fighting is a task for men, the work of caring for the wounded demands the special gifts of women. A decade was allowed to pass after the war, however, before the War Office began to employ nursing sisters in the military hospitals at home.

In Canada also the military authorities first availed themselves of the services of women nurses in an emergency. In the spring of 1885, after the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion in the Northwest, there were many wounded soldiers in that wild country who sorely needed care.

The Anglican Synod of Toronto Diocese resolved to offer help, and a telegram was sent by the Bishop, asking if volunteer nurses were desired for the base hospital just beginning. The reply was: "No volunteer nurses. If you can send an organized body under a recognized head they will be welcome." The Reverend Doctor Langtry was deputed to call upon the Sisters of Saint John the Divine, urging them to undertake the work.

The Sisterhood was of very recent organization, having been founded in 1889, "at the urgent request of church people—notably the Reverend O. P. Ford, Mrs. Broughall, Miss Grier and Mrs. McLean Howard—for life and work in the Canadian church".

The foundress and first superior of the community is a woman of remarkable personality, impressing those who best know her both with the strength and the graces of her character. A daughter of the Reverend John Grier, Rector of Belleville, she was born in 1837. In 1859 she married Mr. Horace Coome, a civil engineer, and till the death of her husband, in 1878, she lived in England. Returning to America, she passed through the noviciate of the Sisterhood of Saint Mary at Peekskill, in New York State, but instead of entering that community, she founded the new one in Toronto. At first the Sisters of Saint John had no thought of taking up hospital work, but they were led gradually into it, and it is now an important part of their activities.

The beginning of their hospital work was made in the then tiny settlement of Moosejaw, some sixteen hundred miles away from their quiet community house in Toronto. "After quick preparation, the Mother Superior, with three members of the Sisterhood and three other ladies (who were graduates of the Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital, New York), set out on their long and rough journey. The railway was very new and very "jolty". Dr. Canniff conducted the party by steamer from Owen Sound to Fort William, thence by railway to Moosejaw, where a large, unfurnished, wooden building, intended for a hotel, had been taken for the hospital, with a cottage, also unfurnished, close at hand, for the sisters.

"On arrival at the station the party was met by General Laurie and Surgeon-General Roddick and conducted to the door of the intended hospital,

where the keys were formally handed to the Mother Superior.

"The aspect of the interior was not cheerful. The walls were lined with black paper held in place with rows of laths, the only decorations being conspicuous white labels with big black letters, stating "Smoking Strictly Prohibited!" It was not long, however, before a more comfortable appearance was made, and by the evening of the following day all was in order, and the forty beds were filled with sick and wounded men.

"The poor fellows were brought in by 'ambulances', which were merely rough farm wagons, very different from the beautifully-fitted ambulances of to-day. The men must have suffered much during their transport across the prairies in these rough conveyances, but no complaint was heard—only such an expression of relief and comfort came to their faces, as they were laid down in the little white camp-beds. The arrangements at first were crude, and the only room unoccupied by beds served the double purpose of dining-room and kitchen, where cooking with an oil stove did not diffuse an appetizing odour.

"The first need, however, was a recreation room, for wounded men are not always sick men, and when their wounds had been dressed the patients would usually have been able to move or to be moved had there been any place for them to go, away from the wards. At the request of the Mother Superior, a large marquee was pitched close to the hospital porch. Cots, mattresses, pillows were sent in and quickly converted into couches, neatly covered with the striped blue and white awning material which had been used for packing. The carpenter made a large table in the centre of the room and several dozen chairs were sent in. Then came the opening of packing-cases which the good ladies of Toronto had sent. Magazines, newspapers, chess-boards, cribbage, backgammon and packs of cards were brought out. Above all, to delight

the soldiers, were pipes and tobacco in plenty. No prohibition of smoking appeared."

No one was allowed to enter the new recreation-room till all was in readiness, but great was the delight of the men when they were invited to take possession of the bright pleasant place. From that hour the wards were deserted save by those who could not leave their beds, and a very cheerful spirit pervaded the hospital.

Nothing in this unassuming record of a fine piece of patriotic work is more interesting than the evidence of the sympathetic endeavour of Mother Hannah and her assistants to provide congenial diversions for their patients, many of whom were mere boys in age.

The sisters were fortunate in having the ungrudging co-operation of the officers in charge. Every morning General Laurie visited the hospital, and everything asked for by the Mother Superior was promptly supplied, if possible. Soon a round tent was put up for a kitchen, and a substitute was found for the objectionable oil stove in a wood stove, purchased in one of the three small stores on the prairie that then represented the business part of Moosejaw.

Some things that the Government stores could not provide were sent in as gifts to the hospital. The ladies of the Presbyterian Church at Portage la Prairie, offering help, were invited to send fruit, new-laid eggs and fresh, light cake, and the hampers which came from these generous helpers provided another pleasant surprise, when the wounded men were set down to feast on piles of delicious cake and pyramids of boiled eggs.

Plenty of difficulties, great and small, tried the patience of the sisters; but the Mother Superior at least looks back to her three months in the hospital at Moosejaw as one of the happiest times in her life. Some very serious cases caused her great anxiety, but there was not one death amongst her patients. As for minor annoy-

ances—such as gophers invading the cottage, and the inconvenience of having to direct by signs the squaws who used to scrub the huge wards in their own peculiar fashion—they are recalled only to be laughed at.

The Indians used to come for treatment to a dispensary in connection with the hospital. One morning there came in a man named "Black Bull", brother of the famous "Sitting Bull", and the doctor, who had heard that the man was a clever draughtsman, but could not induce him to display his skill, sent for the Mother Superior. Perhaps her dress reminded him of some sister of the Church of Rome who had shown him kindness. At any rate he bowed to her and said, "Good squaw, good squaw! Black Bull know," and then at her request he drew an excellent picture of a buffalo, but made it clear it was for herself, and not for the doctor.

When the rebellion was checked the number of patients was gradually reduced, and all had so far recovered as to be able to travel to their distant homes, with the exception of one very sick man, whom, it was decided, the sisters should take down, when they went, to the hospital at Winnipeg. There he soon afterwards died.

Its work accomplished, the base hospital was closed and the sisters prepared to return to Toronto. Just before leaving, they dined with General Laurie, though they do not as a rule accept invitations to meals outside their own house, and they found the road to the station lined all the way with soldiers, who cheered them tremendously.

And still many a man cherishes a grateful remembrance of the gentle, kindly women, who made the base hospital at Moosejaw a very haven of rest and brightness to those brought there to be nursed back to life and strength after the hardships and wounds of the campaign.

Only a year ago, when the Mother Foundress was in a street car on her way to one of the missions established

by the Sisterhood, a man with grizzled hair seized her hand and exclaimed, "Don't you remember me? I was the fellow in the bed next to the kitchen door at Moosejaw." When the sergeants of the Royal Grenadiers celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the battle at Fish Creek, they sent the reverend mother a copy of their programme as a memento.

She can claim the distinction of being the only lady in Toronto entitled to wear a military medal, for she was presented by the Government with the medal given to those who served in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885.

After their return to Toronto, the sisters were asked more than once to allow sick ladies to stay with them. Presently they took a pretty cottage, at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Robinson Street, to enable them to accede to this request. Before they were settled in it they had to shelter three patients undergoing operations. At first the sisters did all the nursing themselves, but after removing to Major Street, where the present Saint John's Hospital for Women was built in 1888, they began the training of young women as nurses. The curriculum now extends over three years.

In addition to the hospital, the Sisterhood has organized and takes charge of the Church Home for the Aged, and of Bishop Bethune College at Oshawa, and has founded the missions of Seaton Village and of All Hallows, East Toronto.

A specialty has been made of church needlework, in which the Mother Foundress herself is an adept.

In the year 1916 Mother Hannah retired from the arduous post of superior of the community, and the associates and friends of the Sisterhood took occasion to place in their chapel a pipe organ "as a thankoffering for the life and work of the foundress".

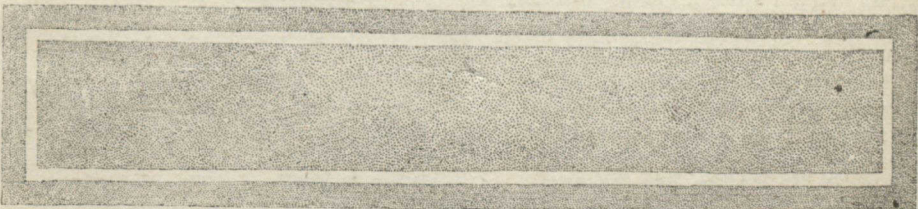
Although Mother Hannah was a pioneer in nursing in Canada, she has been followed by many younger wo-



MOTHER HANNAH
Foundress of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine

man who have risen to positions of great responsibility in hospitals in the United States and other countries. Canadian young women seem to have a peculiar fitness for nursing, and it is a fact that in this particular calling at least their nationality is always a strong recommendation when they apply for positions either at home or abroad.

The subject of the next and concluding sketch of this series will be "Miss Roberta Catherine MacAdams", elected soldiers' representative in the Alberta Assembly.



Canadian Heroes of the Battlefield

By FRANK YEIGH



THIS is a brief tale of heroism and bravery as found in the Canadian, in the man from Canada, specimens of these sons of Empire who have added lustre to its history and renown to its Anglo-Saxon family, not on the plains or prairies or among the mountains of this Britain of the West, but on the war-churned fields of Flanders and France.

It is a story that thrills not alone for its revelation of individual courage, not alone for its national and empire significance, but for the side these men took and for the part they played and the sacrifices they made for civilization, freedom, honour, aye, Christianity in its essence. A treaty is not a scrap of paper, but a solemn pact; a woman was not made to be crushed to earth after being dishonoured, nor a child spit upon a bayonet-point. Ocean-beds were not intended as graveyards, outside of "acts of Providence", and nurses were meant to be sustained and honoured and not shot down like dogs.

So these lion-whelps sprang to the leash when the great call came, as others sprang from every red spot on the Empire map; hence these tales of truth, the subjects of which deserve more immortality than the printed page or the marble monument can give.

One would like to preface these pages with a recountal of some acts of essential bravery long before the test of blood came on a battlefield or in a muddy trench—the test of the home decision, of the severance of home ties, of cutting the tiller from all one's previous life; the test of leaving a certainty so far as life holds it, for an uncertainty, the facing of a future that might as easily hold death as life in its programme, with high-lifted brow and undaunted spirit.

O, the look in the eye, the springy step, the forward facing of these boys of our Canadian land as they marched away to war! No wonder they showed the stuff of which they are made in the great day of testing; no wonder none are wounded in the back! "These terrible Canadians" is the reported name given them by enemy troops, who had only too good reason to know their mettle. "These men who never run and never surrender," according to another German tribute.

For sheer pluck, combined with instantaneous resourcefulness, commend me to the two exploits of Captain Frederick William Campbell, of Mount Forest, Ontario, of the First Canadian Battalion. The first incident occurred during the battle of Langemark, where he was in charge of a machine gun section. He had

taken two machine guns over a parapet, reaching the first German line with one of them, where, amid a furious combined heavy rifle, machine gun and bomb fire, he maintained his position. His detachment was nearly all killed or wounded. His bomb supply had also become exhausted, and only one machine gun was left, even the tripod having disappeared, when Lieutenant Campbell (as he was then) grabbed the gun part from a falling man. With him was the only surviving man of the party—young Virtue—who had the ammunition. Campbell and his corporal found themselves in the rear of the retreating line and directly in front of the German advance. The situation was precarious in the extreme, with seemingly all the chances against the two men. Then it was that Campbell, falling on all fours, made himself into a human tripod, had the corporal strap the gun on his (Campbell's) back, and then, facing the foe, had a thousand rounds fired, and in so doing held back the attackers. The brave fellow thus carried the gun until the heated barrel burned through his uniform and shirt to the naked flesh. "But Campbell turned the tide," runs the record. His gun, spitting bullets at the rate of 650 a minute, moved down the Germans like sheep, and though they sent rank after rank in a wild effort to break through, they failed; the brave lieutenant had saved the battalion of Canadians.

When it was all over, Campbell fell unconscious, not from a wound, but from the pain of the burn along his back. He recovered, however, only to perform the same feat a few days later, when some of the Canadian force was in a tight fix at Givenchy. The difference was that this time the trench had been blown up by a mine and was in such a mess that there was no place to set the tripod. Again he carried the gun on his back, again he helped to save a dangerous situation, but not before he had received

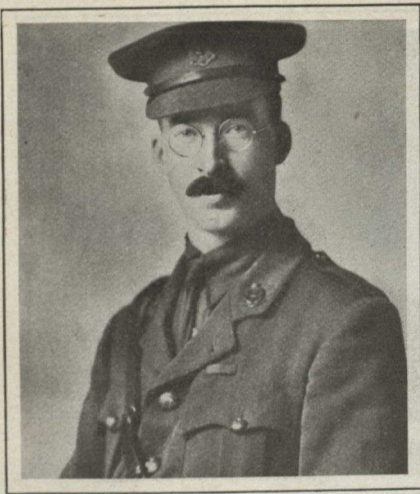


CAPT. FREDERICK WILLIAM CAMPBELL, V.C.
Who performed several feats of exceptional gallantry.

a wound from which he died four days later in a hospital. And when the widow showed me the Victoria Cross that was awarded her husband after his death, one felt that none deserved it better than its brave winner, and none deserved to retain it as a precious memento for her trio of children than the wife and mother who gave him up to his country.

Campbell's gallant acts were, by the way, on all fours with the brilliant manner in which he saved a cannon from capture by the Boers in the South African War. The spokes of one of the wheels had been smashed and the gun could not be moved. Campbell thereupon got some table-legs from a near-by Boer house, fitted them into the wrecked wheel, and thus got the gun out. The wheel is now in a museum at Quebec, where it is deservedly labelled "The Campbell Wheel".

Another Victoria Cross Canadian is John H. Trynor, the "Michael O'Leary of New Brunswick". After serving in the Boxer Rebellion and the Boer and the Japanese-Russian Wars, he enlisted with the Black Watch for the present war in the engineer corps, taking part in the



CAPTAIN F. A. C. SCRIMGER, V.C.

Of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who risked his life to save a wounded comrade.

battle of the Marne. One day he was sending a sap in toward the German lines when halfway across No Man's Land a big shell exploded over the end of the sap, uncovering the twelve men to the rifle fire. Let Trynor tell his own story:

"I was the only man in the bunch who could navigate at all. The rest were knocked out. I had my left arm badly injured, but I managed to get a man on my back, and lug him into our own trenches. I wasn't the weak-looking man you see me now. I weighed 180 pounds then, and was as strong as a horse. Well, when I got to our own trenches there lay ten poor devils behind me, helpless under the fire of the German rifles. I started back and got a second one on my back. The Germans brought a heavy fire to play upon us. We got in, but on getting into my own trench I found that the man on my back had been shot while I was carrying him. Well, to make a long story short, I made ten trips and brought in all the fellows who were out there, but in that ten trips the Germans got me eight times."

Sergeant Trynor's left arm is a mass of scars where a shell splinter got him. He wears a silver plate in his head where his skull had been fractured; twice was he shot in the abdomen and once through the chest,

whilst the third finger of the right hand was also shot off. A second man was killed on his back whilst he was rescuing his comrades, and a third one shot through the foot.

Some of the most thrilling episodes have occurred in connection with bomb-throwing. Private W. Sherlane, of the Second Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, of British Columbia, was awarded the Military Medal for picking up a German grenade that had landed in his trench, and to protect his comrades, although at the risk of his own life, picked it up and threw it over the parapet.

Private Frank H. Vaughan, of the same battalion, performed a similar deed, but in doing so made the great sacrifice. When he tossed a bomb it struck the parapet and fell back into the trench. Without a second's hesitation Vaughan threw himself on the bomb, which exploded and killed him, but his sacrifice saved many lives. When shall the glory of such a deed fade?

During a bombardment of the lines held by Canadians at St. Eloi, in the first week of May, 1916, a Western Canada cavalry battalion was subject to specially heavy fire, two thousand shells being dropped in a small area in a four-hour shelling. A large German shell fell close to a machine gun, crashing through the fire stoop. Instantly Lance-Corporal John Peacey, of Vancouver, dashed forward, picked up the heavy missile and tossed it out of the trench. As it cleared the parapet it exploded in the air. But for Peacey's bravery, the machine gun and its crew would have been annihilated.

During the same engagement a breach in the parapet made dangerous and difficult the task of carrying away the wounded, in the face of a constant fusilade of bullets from enemy snipers. Scores of brave incidents marked the scene. No less than three times Lieutenant E. H. Latter, of Yorkton, Saskatchewan,

entered the danger zone and carried a wounded man out on his back. Private Chivers Wilson also crawled three times into a demolished trench under shell fire and rescued the wounded.

"Conspicuous gallantry", in the phrase of the official "Eye Witness", marked Stretcher-Bearer J. C. F. Cassidy, of Montreal, who, during a heavy German bombardment, went out voluntarily to exposed points and waited on injured men, although severely wounded himself. It was at the same time that a relief party of the Canadian Medical Corps hurried to an advanced dressing-station, when three were killed and five wounded. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do—and die".

This willingness to risk life for one's comrades has had literally hundreds of illustrations. Take these as examples: Two privates, F. Watson, of Chatham, Ontario, and W. Payne, of the Canadian Scottish, saved the lives of several while risking their own, winning the Military Medal. Both belonged to a trench mortar battery. The foe had concentrated an intense fire on a line of dug-outs and support trenches. In the absence of stretcher-bearers, rescue work was undertaken by Watson and Payne, who went under the heavy fire no less than nine times, applied first aid to several injured and carried them back to cover.

It was in the second battle of Ypres—the battle Canada will never forget—when a bombing party ran out of bombs. "I want four men to volunteer," cried Lieutenant James. Four stepped forward and, climbing the parapet, soon met their fate. "Four more," again shouted the officer, and again another quartette entered the gateway of death. Three were done for by one shell, soon the other curled up as though he had fallen asleep. Still a third party rushed forward, and they, too, joined their comrades in the death heap.

"One more man, and I'll go with

him," James called, and Private Large (oddly enough the smallest man in his battalion, and the butt of his company, "a meek little hike who never hollered", was his reputation) responded. The two men escaped the first curtain of fire and got as far as the bomb storage trench, when a shell "did for" Jones. "Large made that terrible journey three times more to get bombs for us," a survivor of the battle wrote. "He seemed tickled to death—just like a kid when he's made good at his sums—that he'd been able to come across with the goods. The last time he came he brought word that Lieutenant-Colonel Becker had bled to death. When it was all over he wiped his sweaty forehead and smiled his pasty smile as he said: "Hot work, boys! And ain't it too bad about the lieutenant and the colonel!"

Captain Costigan, of Calgary, the chief bombing officer of the 10th Battalion, was the hero of another Canadian exploit. He asked thirty-five men to volunteer for an attack on a German trench, but the whole battalion offered. Choosing the required number, the men stole out of the trench in a torrent of rain, crept within fifteen feet of the enemy trench, where they had to cut through a barbed wire entanglement. Seeing a large white platform in front of them which looked solid, Captain Costigan and his brother officer sprang upon it, when to their horror it gave way and they were precipitated head foremost into the German trench on the heads of three German sentries. The latter were more surprised than the Canadian officers, and before they could recover themselves, Captain Costigan and his pal had shot two of the sentries dead, and the third, who was wounded in the flesh of the leg, ran down the trench screaming for help.

The Germans started to pour out of their dug-outs into the trenches, but by this time the rest of the squad had sprung into the trench, loaded



SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.
Formerly of the Northwest Mounted Police.

with bombs. Each of the two ends of this sector of the trench was blocked by a Canadian armed with wire entanglement bombs. The artillery kept a circle of fire back of the trench, so that the Germans in this section could get no assistance from any other section.

As fast as the Germans came out of the dug-outs they were met by bayonets. Each of these had a strong electric light attached, so that while the Germans were exposed under a bright light, the Canadians were in complete darkness and invisible to them. The result was inevitable. Thirty-five Germans were killed, twelve taken prisoners, and bombs were thrown in all the dug-outs where the Germans refused to come out. In twenty minutes the whole operation was over. The Canadians were back in their trenches, and while the German artillery and machine guns opened up a terrific fire on empty ground, the Canadians were able to sit safely in their own trenches and smoke a quiet pipe. Not a man of them was killed or even slightly wounded! The officers and non-commissioned officers of the party were sent for by the King, who conferred upon the officers D.S.O.'s, and upon the sergeants D.

C.M.'s. Each man was given twelve days' furlough for his participation in the storming of the trench.

Most of the heroes thus far referred to were English-speaking Canadians, but what of the French Canadians? What of the 14th Battalion? It was a month before the second battle of Ypres. An advance German listening-post had been giving trouble. Volunteers were asked for the ticklish job of wiping it out, when a whole French Canadian company volunteered, of whom five were chosen. It was their first experience. After an hour's wait the five tumbled back into their trench just as the German machine guns opened fire. They had reached the enemy's advance post, finding it deserted; destroyed the parapet and then hustled to safety, having done their work well, though most of them have since fallen.

But a more fiery trial awaited these Quebec boys. They shared the undying glory of the Third Canadian Brigade at Ypres. They who died there fell, in the literal sense, in defence of France as well as of Canada. Major Hercule Barrie was one who was severely wounded in the leg, but had strength enough left to crawl into a ditch, where two French Canadian stretcher-bearers found him and carried him, under a terrific fire, to a dressing-station. Barrie was later on board the *Hesperian*, in charge of fifty invalided soldiers, when it was torpedoed and sunk. He handled his men with characteristic coolness.

Another French Canadian who should not be forgotten is Captain George Vanier, a Montreal lawyer, who volunteered to lead a small force against a German outlook. They crawled out at dead of night, cut the German wire without discovery, and blew the work up with a blasting charge. Captain Vanier had the assistance of Lance-Corporal L. Rancourt and Private Watt, both of whom had on several other occasions done splendid work in No Man's Land,



LANCE-CORPORAL FRED FISHER
The first Canadian to win the Victoria Cross.



SERGEANT-MAJOR F. W. HALL, V.C.
Who lost his life trying to rescue a wounded comrade.

and who displayed, on the night of the 22nd and 23rd, great courage and coolness.

More spectacular perhaps was the deed of Private E. Leger, on the 20th of January, in replacing a broken telephone line fifty yards in the rear of the trench. Private Leger went out twice into the open ground behind the trench, under constant fire from snipers, and climbed a pole and repaired the wire.

Many other deeds of courage by individuals can be recorded. There is the gallant dash of Privates Leblais and LeBrun into "No Man's Land", to pick up one of their scouts who had been wounded in the dark by a German sniper, and lay out in agony for hours without being missed by his comrades, until daylight revealed both him and his rescuers to friend and foe alike.

Not without a certain dash of humour are two other incidents. Private Brunelle, a typical Quebec backwoodsman, disregarded the orders against a Christmas truce, and carried out a daring reconnaissance, in the course of which he made friends with a party of the enemy, talking to them in French, and as an ex-

change for maple sugar and Canadian postcards, returned laden with cigarettes and German souvenirs. Brunelle's commanding officer was by no means pleased with his performance, and he was told that as he appeared to have a talent for reconnoitering, he had better apply it to business. He was then, as a punishment, sent out against a very troublesome gang of snipers, located them, and with expert assistance soon made their hiding-place too hot to hold them.

At one time there were two small cottages about 1,500 yards behind the firing line of the 22nd Battalion, one being occupied by a little old woman. When the shelling of the building became so severe that it was decided to make a move, the old lady absolutely refused to go. At last, under heavy shell fire, two French Canadian officers, Brown and LaViolette, volunteered to take her away. They found her in bed, shaking with terror, but still reluctant to leave. The reason was soon apparent. All her valuables were in the mattress. The two officers, however, nothing daunted, picked up both the old woman and the mattress and carried

them to safety, just in the nick of time.

One need not look back to the Ypres days for the existing evidences of Canadian gallantry. There is the defence of the St. Eloi positions in May of 1916. At no time or place has the contest been keener or the test greater. Every conceivable form of fighting was used. At one time twenty-five shells a minute came from the German guns.

A party of Germans succeeded in getting into one of the disused trenches on the front of a New Brunswick battalion. A patrol consisting of Lieutenant Mowatt and Privates Bamsey, Kennedy and Chatterton stumbled on the enemy. Private Bamsey, who was leading as guide, was suddenly hit on the head and fell. Almost at the same instant the explosion of a bomb wounded Lieutenant Mowatt in both feet, while another bomb hit Private Kennedy in the chest, but fortunately failed to explode. Private Chatterton, who alone of the patrol was unwounded, started to the lines for help. Sergeant Henderson started but at once with reinforcements, when the enemy retired and the wounded were brought in.

When the Germans launched their overwhelming attack against the craters, Sergeant H. S. Naylor, of Toronto, was in command of a machine gun crew in a detached post, when the enemy advanced. The trench had been practically obliterated by the enemy's bombardment and the gun jammed with mud. Heavy fire from three sides was soon directed on the small party, but the sergeant succeeded in withdrawing the gun to a point where it could be cleaned and again put into action. From the new position fire was once more directed on the enemy, checking his advance, but finally the gun became so badly clogged that it could not be righted. A new gun was then secured and manned by the remnants of the detachments under Sergeant Naylor.

On the following day this gun was also put out of action, being repeatedly struck by shell fragments and choked with mud splashed on to it by exploding shells. While it was being cleaned and repaired, the emplacement was converted into a temporary dressing-station for the wounded. Later the gun was fired with good effect from an improvised shelter, but this position was also struck by a shell and the gun buried. Once again Sergeant Naylor succeeded in repairing the weapon. Through four days and nights of strenuous exertions, Sergeant Naylor remained in the front lines, working or repairing his gun. When eventually he left to rejoin his unit he had with him only two of his original detachment, Private Arundell and Lance-Corporal Rose, and both these men were so exhausted that they required medical treatment.

Lieutenant E. J. Brooks, of a Nova Scotia battalion, a clergyman before the war, held a crater with a small party for forty-eight hours and repulsed two German attacks. At the end of his turn of duty he went back over the zone swept by the enemy's fire and assisted in the rescue of wounded men.

In the confusion of the fighting for the craters at St. Eloi, many deeds of high courage and devotion were performed by Canadian troops. Lieutenant J. F. Arbuckle, with Corporal Woods and Private Batson, of the 31st Battalion, Calgary, undertook a reconnaissance, penetrating several hundred yards into German territory. Separated from his men by the darkness and wounded in the face by the explosion of a shell, Lieutenant Arbuckle managed to regain the trenches, bringing in valuable information as to the German defences. Private Batson was hit in the ankle; Corporal Woods stayed with him and bandaged the wound, but a little later was killed by a shell. All through the following day Private Batson lay in concealment within the German

area and after dark crawled back to the lines.

Privates A. B. Davis and L. R. Seymour, of the 31st Battalion, moved to and fro between the craters occupied by the men and the trenches held by their company. They carried in several wounded men. In one dug-out two brothers were buried by the explosion of a shell. Davis and Seymour tried to dig them out, but another shell struck the same place, killing both brothers and wounding Seymour. Davis lifted Seymour on his back and working his way through mud which reached over the hips, carried him to shelter one hundred and twenty yards away.

Lance-Corporal Everett, 29th Battalion, Vancouver, was out on patrol on the morning of April 26th when an attack started. He was badly wounded, but after lying out all day regained the trenches on the night of April 27th, using two shovels as crutches. Sergeant James Harvey, 29th Battalion, made fifteen trips under heavy fire from the support lines to the craters; each time he took fresh men with him and each time brought in a number of wounded.

An incident out of the ordinary is worth including in this record. Lieutenant A. H. Campbell, of Toronto, being wounded, was carried on a stretcher to the clearing-station. On arrival an attendant asked if he were dead, and the stretcher-bearer replied, "He's dying". But an unlooked-for interruption came from the "near-corpse" in the shape of an emphatic, "You're a liar". And Campbell still lives to tell the truth of his words.

This six-footer's injuries were caused by a bursting shrapnel. His head had to be trepanned, that is, a silver plate put in, for it appears when he was picked up his skull was smashed open and brains actually protruding, as well as his body wounded in many places, but fortunately his face was intact. The surgeons stated that almost any human being would have



MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, V.C., M.C., D.S.O.
Canada's hero of the air.

died, but Campbell is progressing splendidly.

There should be included, in any record of military achievements on the part of our soldiers, a reference to the other Canadian winners of the coveted Victoria Cross, only a bit of bronze, but bearing an inscription, "For Valour", that gives it distinction and immortality. Lance-Corporal Fred Fisher was the first Canadian to receive the medal, a nineteen-year-old lad at the time of his exploit, who faced the enemy with a machine gun, and with intrepid courage held a mass of Germans off long enough to enable the guns to be withdrawn. This took place in April of 1915 in the heavy fighting around St. Julien.

The next day the second Victoria Cross was won by Colour-Sergeant Frederick William Hall, of Winnipeg, who made a most heroic attempt to rescue a wounded soldier who fell a few yards in front of the British trenches. During a second attempt to reach the fallen fighter, under a heavy enfilade fire, poor Hall fell mortally wounded. The third recipient of the honour was Dr. Scrimger, of the 14th Battalion, in the St.



MAJOR FANE WENDELL McDOWELL, V.C.
Who, single-handed, captured sixty Germans,

Julien engagement. Captain Scrimger was working in an advanced dressing-station when German shells began to fall on it. All the patients were removed except Captain Macdonald, whom Captain Scrimger carried out and down to a moat fifty feet in front, where they lay half submerged, the doctor protecting the wounded man by leaning over him, though at imminent risk of his own life.

Other winners of the Victoria Cross

are Lieutenant J. G. Campbell, of the 5th Battalion; Private Leo Clarke, of the 2nd Battalion; Private J. C. Kerr, of the 49th Battalion, and Lieutenant A. W. Northover, of the 28th Battalion. Sergeant Ellis Sifton was one of the brave lads who did not live to wear the coveted honour. This son of an Elgin county farmer met his death at Vimy Ridge. Major Fane Wendell McDowell, a graduate of the University of Toronto, won his Victoria Cross in a remarkable manner by, single-handed, capturing sixty Germans.

Lieutenant F. M. W. Harvey, of Alberta, brought honour to his native Province in winning the Cross, as did Private William J. Milne, killed in action.

One of the most recent winners of the Victoria Cross is Major W. A. Bishop, of Owen Sound, Canada's greatest airman, who at an early age has won the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross, and the D.S.O., and is now chief instructor in aerial gunnery.

Such are a few, and only a few, of the brave Canadians whose deeds deserve to be long remembered. They are merely illustrations of thousands of examples of heroism, mostly appertaining to the earlier years of the war, and who shall do justice to the host who are equally deserving of lasting recognition?



A Student Farmer's Retrospect

BY HILDA R. BOYD COLLINS

NOW that the summer's work has become a thing of the past and the student spares a moment now and then, maybe by a grate fire or maybe during the solitude of a quiet walk, to recall all the pleasure, all the interest, all the profit gained during the months spent with the farmers in the fruit-growing districts of Ontario, it is found that the experience has been a liberal education.

It was known by us in a vague, indefinite manner, that the tempting, pleasant-looking heavily-stored windows of the green grocers in our Ontario cities drew their supplies of peaches, grapes, berries, cherries, largely from that fertile belt known as the Niagara Peninsula, but the *how* and the *why* of their growth, development, distribution, were things remote, things outside the circle of our interests.

But now all that is changed. In a very definite way we know where the best peaches grow, under what circumstances they thrive, under what conditions they become prolific or otherwise; we know the histories of the sweet, luscious, juicy, fancy cherries which so successfully satisfy the craving of our parched palates in the hot, dusty summer weather; we know the necessity to the grape of the intense, almost unbearable, heat of July; we know the differences of value in effort between one fruit and

another, between currant and cherry, between strawberry and raspberry, even between plum and plum.

Walking along any of our commercial streets, not the least interesting of sights to our "returned farmeresses" is a well-stocked, neatly-arranged green grocer's window. They see not only plums or peaches, but a Burbank and a German prune and a Washington and a Lombard, or a Yellow St. John or Crawford, as the case may be, each recalling the days when picking was rapid or slow, when climbing was high or low, when ladder-lifting was frequent or rare.

The question of climate and weather is no longer one of geographical science only—to us. Wages and profit, rural depopulation, the farmer and the middleman, and the much-discussed and pitied consumer are questions removed from the place of indifference to that of vital interest, because, during the time of this great war social and economic conditions thrust upon a certain class in the community the privilege of doing what they had never done before, and what they hope they will be privileged to do again until the industrial reconstruction and reorganization takes place.

But there were contrary circumstances to be fought and antagonisms to be overcome before this change was wrought. Looking back, it is hard to decipher, even within ourselves, when and where the city green-horn



GIRL STUDENTS ON THE WAY TO WORK IN THE COUNTRY

ceased to be and the experienced farm-helper came into being. We know only there was a delightful sense of satisfaction experienced during the latter days of the season when the farmers were heard clamouring for their own experienced helpers. And this feeling of satisfaction might be pardoned if outsiders but knew of the opposition encountered at the beginning, of the scoffs and unconcealed disregard, of the antagonism, openly expressed, of the lower order (or the few obscure would-be profiteers anxious to raise unnecessarily the price of labour); of the skepticisms regarding the stamina of the college-bred girl, and all the thousand and one petty prejudices infesting the minds of those who, unke the Athenians of old, do not like to hear of or venture on any new thing.

Of this we are sure, however, that if a change has taken place in the mind of the student, a change also has

come over the farmer in his attitude toward those who are being granted the privileges of higher education. And the farmer would be an ungrateful and unjust man did he not render honour and justice where honour and justice are due. He would be unworthy of sympathy did he not justly commend those who unflinchingly and thoroughly and *cheerfully* stood by him through heat and cold, rain and shine, willingly hoeing or weeding, cultivating or picking, packing or doing any helpful thing at his request during the period of his greatest activity.

But the farmer has expressed his satisfaction and conceded praise. We do likewise! For according to the memory of sixty or more girls who worked the summer through at Winoona, Ontario, that place is a veritable garden wherein appears nothing rank or gross in nature. If ever there is a spot of beauty anywhere, that spot



A VINEYARD AT WINONA, (TOP)



A POPLAR-LINED ROADWAY AT WINONA



LUNCHING IN THE SHADE AT WINONA

may be found at Winona—"The Warden of the Shadow", the place where mountain and lake vie with each other to delight both eye and ear; the place of singing birds, of fragrance from florescent meadows and bypaths, of cool refreshing breezes, of silver maples and birches and poplar-lined walks, the place of beautiful evergreen hedgerows; and, most important of all, the place of well-cultivated, neatly-planned, carefully-ordered orchards and vineyards delightful to work in throughout the bright days of golden summertime.

When it was first intimated to us that we would be sent to Winona, speculation was rife. We wondered and wondered whether we would be in town or country; and when on arrival we found it to be a place fortunately located, with just the necessities of commercial life (a post-office, church, bank, school-house, railway station, telegraph and tele-

phone services) we were greatly pleased. There was just enough of modernity intermingled with rural conditions to enhance the cheerful outlook and the optimism which would not down in spite of the uncertainty of the untried experience.

The old Club House, a large, spacious summer hotel, housed us and provided us with room in which to live and move and have our joyful being in work or play for the season. From the gates wended, morning after morning, girls in groups of fifteen, a dozen, half a dozen, or maybe in couples, all clad in comfortable, picturesque khaki uniforms, all vigorous and ready for the day's work. To the reposefulness of this summer home, with its wide verandahs and broad cool corridors and tree-sheltered lawns, they returned at night, often weary and tired, but never without the encouraging laughter and good-humoured jesting which made the



GIRL STUDENTS PICKING BLACK CURRANTS, (TOP)

A GROUP OF GIRL FARMERS AT WINONA

residence life, with all the intimacies and comradeship, a most enjoyable feature of the summer's experience.

And no wonder there was gayety and gladness throughout our days, for was not our work pleasant and interesting? There was a peculiar joy in seeing at the end of a ten-hour day a fruit-house stacked with well-filled baskets of richly-coloured fruit all ready for shipment.

There was satisfaction in the stripping of every fruit tree heavily laden with its yearly offering to the life of the world. There was enough of charm and variety and interest in the work at Winona to subtract from the ten hours of labour all the discomfort of the sweat and dust of toil and all boredom which might have been overwhelming had we not the kindest, most considerate, most likeable men with whom to work.

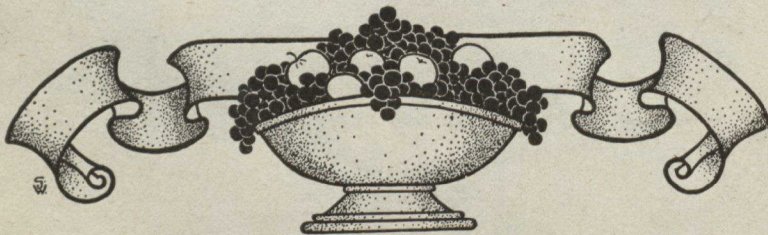
It may be here mentioned that the most pleasurable thoughts of Winona are not only those connected with the physical beauties of the place or the good social qualities of the farmers and employers, but one most gratifying thought rests in this, that we worked for and helped a people of honour.

Winona is a place where one gets men who guarantee the genuine

article. One man there known in the market from Montreal to Winnipeg guarantees for every imperfect tomato found among any sold by him an entire basket in repayment. The E. D. Smith Company guarantees the jam bearing their name to be strictly pure, and the girls who worked for them can ratify any statement regarding its truth. The Winona Fruit growers' Association guarantees well-graded and perfect fruit carefully packed; the Niagara Fruit Growers' Association, likewise, also the private firm of Messrs. J. W. Smith and Sons.

So, all in all, the summer's toil at Winona is crowned with happiness by the assurance that not only did we expend our efforts and best endeavours to put on the market a most healthful and necessary article of food, but that in that expenditure we helped the best and among the most honourable of men in their time of need.

And what is our only desire now that our work is done for 1917? Only that in the hearts of our fighters and others engaged in performing the great, overshadowing, spectacular deeds we may be accredited the honour of doing a modest duty thoroughly, whole-heartedly and sincerely in order to help win the war.





THE MAGDALEN

From the Painting by Andrea del Sarto in the National Art Gallery of Canada

Why England Fights to Win

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



BE the reasons what they may, to-day England is fighting for her life as once the Greeks fought at Thermopylae. The motherland has staked her last guinea, her last ship, her last son, and the last drop of blood in her veins, upon the issues of this war. If England is starved out by German submarines, it will be because she has lost her navy, with all her mine sweepers, nets and destroyers. When England loses her navy, she will lose the wall and the moat that for three hundred years have safeguarded her treasures against invading armies. When her walls of defence are broken down, and foreign armies march and counter-march across her fields, she will have to retreat to Canada, the United States and Australia. History tells us that Carthage fell with the defeat of her ships. From the hour that her admiral surrendered the navy, and the home capital was unable to send fresh supplies and men to Hannibal, the great soldier knew that his army had already been lost. Now that two and a half years of the great war have passed, the outlines of the battle royal between England and Germany begin to take on form, like lines of ink, hitherto invisible, and brought out by the heat of war. In former years many Americans have

watched German officers and merchants rising to their feet, lifting their glasses, and drinking to "The Day". The books of Bernhardi and the speeches of the Kaiser now tell us that "The Day" meant the utter destruction of the English Empire and the disruption of the French Republic. Not until one-half of the Pan-German plan had been actually achieved did England wake up, or the scales fall from the eyes of France. All Europe was to be Germanized and ruled from Berlin as a central city. The method proposed was the twenty-year preparation of armies, navies, battleships, cannon and guns. By war Prussia cut her way through to the Baltic; by war Prussia captured Austria's coal mines in Silesia; by war she took a part of Poland on the east, of Alsace and Lorraine on the west. By military force she captured Belgium, loaded on her trains the furniture, pictures, books, clothing, treasures of her merchants' houses; by war she stripped the factories of Namur and Liege of their machinery and carried them east of the Rhine. The officers of the invading army seem to have had the same motto written in their notebooks: "Belgium in one week, Paris in three weeks, London in six weeks." Three hundred years ago Shakespeare celebrated England's safety through isolation.

The North Sea took the place of wall and moat. He sang of England's noble breed of men, of the royal isle, of the "precious stone set in a silver sea, this earth, this world, this land of such dear souls—this dear, dear land". But at last the hour has struck when Englishmen are fighting for hearth and home, for wife and child, and all that makes life dear. For the first time in modern history men know what the battle of Armageddon really means.

Men who think in terms of the human race and of the world often speak of "the four spheres of influence". By this they mean the North Sea, controlling the English harbours; the Mediterranean route, via the Suez Canal, controlling the trade with India and Asia; the Dardanelles, safeguarding the trade at the point where two continents meet, and the Panama Canal, which is to-day the least important sphere; but when the centre of trade is transferred to the Pacific it will be its most important, the key to the richest treasure of the earth. At present, by reason of the fact that the most powerful and richest group of states front upon its shores, the North Sea is the coveted sphere of influence. With the control of that sea began England's greatness, commerce and wealth, and the loss of that sea will be followed by her decline in power. It could not be otherwise. France reaches the Atlantic, via Bordeaux and the Mediterranean, and reaches Germany and Italy by her railway. Germany sends her railways out into all the capitals of Europe. England cannot build a railway across the North Sea. Her sole means of communication is through her ships. The time was when Great Britain was united with the Continent, but the northwest wind and the ocean's waves cut away the isthmus, and left her thirty miles out in the ocean. But the northwest wind and the ocean storms left no harbours on the Continent's side, save in the low Netherlands. All the har-

hours are under the lea of the chalk cliffs of England, where the ships find shelter from the north winds and the winter storms. Napoleon looked longingly toward England; for six weeks he waited impatiently at Boulogne and said that if he could only have seven hours of darkness and a fair wind he could invade England and change the face of the world. The hero of the *Temeraire*, Nelson, understood for he used to say that winter and the northwest wind would protect England for five months in the winter, leaving his fleet free to destroy England's enemies. In 1914, in August, Von Kluck laughed at Napoleon, baffled as he looked longingly across the English Channel, and also at Nelson, serene through his sense of security. Von Kluck expected to set up his forty-two-centimeter guns at Calais, and drop his shells within the English fields and villages for five miles beyond Dover, and under cover of those shells, to protect his transports, landing his hosts on England's shores. The wave of German invasion is steadily retreating eastward, and every month is farther and farther from the English Channel. Defeated in the first plan, Germany says she has staked all upon her submarine war, and if she succeeds where Napoleon failed, then indeed will the whole course of history be changed.

Fighting for the safety of her home treasures, England is also fighting for her colonies and her foreign trade, through which she has her life. Great Britain owns one-sixth of all the good farming land of the world. These colonies belt the globe. Webster said that England's signal guns greeted the rising sun and advancing keep step with the procession of the hours, marching round the globe. The outer and visible exhibition of this fact is seen in England's All Red Line. Leaving London behind, the traveller upon the deck of an English ship finds the Union Jack flying at Gibraltar, even as it flies at Malta, and the cliffs of Cyprus, off Italy and

Greece. The first object that greets his eyes, as he approaches Egypt, is the British flag, and leaving the Red Sea behind, that flag is the last thing seen, as he sails across the Indian Ocean toward Bombay, the second largest city in the English Empire. Going north, under the shadow of the Himalayas, he finds that flag the symbol of safety, peace and justice. Lingering midst the rustling palms of Ceylon, or crossing the sea to Burmah, with her ruby mines, everywhere the traveller finds that flag. Turning southward, he remembers the great English colonies on the eastern half of Africa, and thinks of the men who are grading the track and laying the railway ties from Alexandria and Khartoum straight through the heart of Africa to the Southern Cape. Out in the middle of the ocean lies England's colony of Australia, bulking as large as the United States, rimmed with land that has forty inches of rainfall a year. The first circle is one of wheatfields, a second circle of grazing pasture, while the interior is filled with gold sapphires, opals and mineral treasures. Soon his steamer touches at New Zealand, stops at the Gilbert Islands, the Fiji Islands, and steams from port to port toward Vancouver, in Canada—at once, England's wheat bin, lumber yard, coal mine, iron reserve and fur depot. And not until the traveller has left Newfoundland behind, with the memory of England's great pulp mills, with her ships laden with white paper, food for the London presses, does the traveller realize England's wealth through her colonies that belt the globe.

But just in proportion as a country sends the lines of its trade and finance out into the ends of the earth is that country truly cosmopolitan. Because the trade of the United States is between States we are in a sense provincial. England, incidentally, exchanges goods between Glasgow and Liverpool, but essentially she trades with foreign states. Some years ago in a

London bank I witnessed a transaction between the representative of an Asiatic company and a manufacturer in England. It so happened that the cable outran the sun. At noon the Englishman made his payment in the bank, and the money, by cablegram, was paid the company of the Asiatic out in Shanghai two hours before the contract was made. Wonderful the central telephone office in New York, with wires running out to the towns of the north and the south and to San Francisco on the west. But far more wonderful London as the world's financial centre, with its lines, financial and commercial, throbbing and pulsating with the thoughts of the men who sit at that English centre from which all business radiates. By this trade and finance England lives, and for the sources of her life England is fighting. When, therefore, submarines cut off England's ships the motherland will starve to death. England produces two-thirds of her own food, buying the supply for four months from Canada and the United States, bringing her meat from Buenos Ayres, and her wheat from Melbourne. But not only her food, but the raw material for her factories, comes from foreign lands. Millions of her people live upon the raw cotton brought from our Southern States, other millions handle the wool brought from Australia and New Zealand. England buys her hides and leather from the Argentine Republic. She brings her oil from Mexico, her sugar from the West Indies, her coffee from Brazil, her rubber from Ceylon, her tea from China, her copper from the United States. In India the banyan tree has roots in the soil, but as soon as the boughs and branches begin to grow they drop the end of the branch into the soil and it takes root, so that the life is a circular life, as the sap moves from the soil to the top of the tree and back through boughs and branches, with the same soil to be again replenished. England's trade is a banyan tree that re-

touches the earth for its own rejuvenation.

In the latest indictment of Great Britain, by one of the bitterest German opponents, England is called the "land pirate" of history. This assault is savage, for no weapon is overlooked, and no epithet is spared. Defending Germany's attempt to seize Belgium, North France, Poland, the author calls the roll of the new colonies, seized recently by England. English troops, he says, have recently taken possession of a little province in the centre of Africa, extended their rule in Thibet, pushed into the hill country of Burmah, not to mention her movements in Afghanistan. But a certain consideration should be remembered. It is one thing for the United States, alarmed by the wars between the Sioux Indians of Dakota and the Indians of Montana, with endless massacres and scalplings, to force these Sioux Indians back upon a reservation, and compel them to lead decent lives, and it would be quite another thing for the United States to make war upon Canada, a law-abiding people, simply to satisfy the lust for territory. Again and again the United States has by force of arms taken possession of the lands of savage Indian tribes, but with what result? Witness the Choctaw Indians. By arms they have been held upon their reservation. When smallpox broke out, our Government sent physicians and stayed the ravages of the plague. When they developed tuberculosis, hospitals were built, physicians and nurses maintained. When a part of their lands was sold, the Government invested their money and they are to-day the richest people in the world, averaging \$30,000 per individual. Can any foreign critic honestly say that our progressive settlement of lands once held by savage Indians is a parallel to Germany's seizure of Belgium and North France? But England's lines have been pushed toward the centre of Africa to stop savagery through poison arrows, hu-

man sacrifices, organized slavery conducted by the Arab traders. England built over eleven hundred miles of railway into the Uganda, and in opening up the trade safeguarded the lives of the people, and gave them their first door of hope. And look at the attitude of England's colonies! Recently a great public meeting was held in a city of India, and that meeting later was repeated in Calcutta, Bombay, Lahore and Benares. Indian gentlemen, for the most part, made the speeches. And this was the line of their argument: "Suppose England withdraws all her troops, officers, and legal representatives, to strengthen her war forces in Europe. India is broken up into fragments, through scores of languages and many and diverse religions. The Mohammedans and Parsees and Brahmins are always clashing in the streets. When England goes, what if Japan, needing territory, comes with her armies? If England goes, what if a little later Germany comes with her forces to carve out a colony? If England should desert us, what if the Arabs join the Mohammedan forces of India for civil war?" In that hour, native audiences voted their taxes, enlisted their soldiers to win and keep England's friendship and protection. But can you imagine a Belgian audience in an outburst of enthusiasm raising money to keep the executioners of Edith Cavell in power? Think of the university faculty of Louvain voting gifts to the men who burned their libraries, looted and then fired their university buildings. It stirs the note of humour, to think of men soberly trying to argue that England's beneficent work in uncivilized forests of Africa, and the lawless savage regions of India, the jungles of Asia, and the islands of the sea is to be used as a parallel to Germany's destruction of states like Belgium, highly civilized, liberty-loving, democratic and free.

But many of England's best friends condemn her policy in Egypt, and

some her policy in South Africa. Financial considerations dictated her Egyptian policy. France and England lent large sums of money to the English Khedive. Unscrupulous, wild, reckless, a political adventurer, the Egyptian ruler spoiled his people and was imperilling the value of the Egyptian bonds. Alarmed, lest they lose their interest and perhaps the principal, the French and English bondholders pooled their interests and brought about the military occupation of Egypt to save their investments. All this, too, was done in the face of an uprising of the people of Egypt for the overthrow of the Khedive, the organization of a parliamentary form of government. But because it was easier for the English financiers controlling the English Governor to use a Khedive than to handle an Egyptian parliament, the movement toward self-government was put down by force of arms and the Egyptian despot was kept in his place. Then concessions, enormous tracts of land, were given out to English companies. Dams were built, cotton mills were built. Dividends of from thirty-five to fifty per cent. a year were paid to the English and French bondholders. But in order to pay these dividends the Egyptians were worked twelve to fifteen hours a day, paid oftentimes from nine pence to a shilling. Children from ten to twelve were worked fifteen hours for sixpence. (See "Steel and Gold", by Brailsford, London). In a country where the land produces three crops a year the farmers still live in mud huts, with barely enough wage to keep body and soul together. Finally, in the dispute over Morocco, England traded France the colonial rights over the vast iron and mineral treasures of Morocco, and in return France withdrew from Egypt, leaving England in sole possession. Lord Cromer was a giant and wrought immeasurable benefit to Egypt. Lord Milner also, in his study of Egypt, pays England a striking tribute. Few

men know the country better than Mr. Leigh Hunt, with his long experience in Corea, China, South Africa and Egypt. But this great American has called attention to the mistakes of England. Witness this new book by Brailsford, the English scholar, "Steel and Gold", in which he sets forth, as a representative Englishman, the wrongs of the Egyptian people that call for the reforms of some Shaftesbury, some Cobden and Bright, and Booker Washington. No one man like Cromer and Milner and no one generation can right all wrongs in a day. But having defended England as to one-half of the German indictment, it remains for us to confess that her enemies' indictment of England for her policy in Egypt has been in part supported and established—English authors like Brailsford themselves being the judges of Germany's indictment of Great Britain.

It remains to emphasize the fact that England is not fighting to kill all Germans. More than sixty volumes have been published by Englishmen, setting forth their aims, and the spirit of their defence, and in no volume and upon no page can I find evidence showing that any Englishman of any position has ever proposed the destruction of Germany. Beginning with the defence of the home land, and of her trade and her colonies, and the support of her solemn covenant to stand with Belgium in the event of invasion, England is now fighting to destroy Prussian militarism. Great Britain feels that her people cannot carry longer the tax burden involved in militarism on land, or the Dreadnought programme for the sea. The ploughman in the furrow staggers with the soldier upon his back. The strength of the workman is consumed by the loom, without the load of war taxes. If Germany is allowed to maintain a standing army, every other nation in Europe must undertake like military burdens. England's movement, therefore, is against Berlin's war cabinet,

Prussian militarism. England proposes, therefore, disarmament, and Germany has steadily refused. And now England and France and their colonies have determined to fight this war through, and settle the question once for all. They have decided not to accept overtures, not to equivocate, not to retreat, and whether it takes one month, or one year, or two years, to go steadily on, until the Krupp works are destroyed, Germany's forts blown up, her army disbanded, and a compact signed with financial and trade guarantees that neither Germany nor France, nor England nor Russia will ever again attempt to organize the state on the basis of militarism.

The method proposed after the war is over is non-military coercion. The genius of the plan is a modification of Mr. Taft's League of Peace, enforced by a little international navy policing the seas, and an international army policing the land. Because there are police in New York no one is to think that New York is not controlled by the decrees of its courts. England proposes a league of all the nations, with an international supreme court to adjudicate disputes between Germany and England or Germany and France. Should Germany or Russia or any other country become recalcitrant, then first, all the other nations in the league are to close their ports to her ships, to close their mails, cables and telegraphs to her business, and close all exchanges to her finance, and make her an outcast from trade. If all the banks and clearing houses and wholesale stores of a great city declined any commercial relation with any great factory or store, how long could that establishment stay out of the court of bankruptcy? An international police there will doubtless be for the new international league of the nations, international police on the sea and international police

on the land, but ultimately there must be a coalescence of England's plan of non-military coercion with Mr. Taft's League for the Enforcement of Peace. This will realize for the world when this war is over the parliament of mankind, the federation of the world and the beginning of a better day and perhaps a golden age.

Meanwhile the United States is drifting. Like Micaber, we are still waiting for something to turn up—or go down. Some of our Congressmen are like the man who said he "wished his wife would die, or something", and they also wish that an American ship would reach Liverpool—or something. But the day has gone by for national isolation. Nations either war in groups or trade in groups. Forty years ago Germany alone could make war. Now, she cannot fight without Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. Even the wolf hunts in a pack, while the cattle go in herds. The nations also buy and sell in group relations, and organize wars in groups. At a time when every moment is big with destiny for our future commerce we are overlooking the group principle in modern commerce, and international movements. Meanwhile England is strengthening herself. She is knitting more and more closely her colonies to the motherland. She is organizing for the capturing of the world's trade after this war, and her commercial travellers, manufacturers and bankers will keep step with the commercial leaders of France, Italy and Russia, and many neutrals. Her colonists love old England. For her they will live and for her they are ready to die. Her judges have given just judgment, in foreign capitals; her people feel that in England's cause is hung armour of invincible knights. No one doubts her final victory for peace. Militarism must be annihilated. And autocracy must be slain.

This is the first of a series of articles to be published in "The Canadian Magazine" by special arrangement with the author. The next to appear is "England's Transformation".

Indian Dances

BY W. McD. TAIT



WHEN Columbus landed in the New World in 1492 he was greeted with a dance. It was a war-dance executed by the red men. The Indian has never broken away from this early custom, and to-day we find great occasions celebrated in a manner similar to that first demonstration to the white man.

In the minds of many people all the dances of the North American Indians are war-dances. As a matter of fact there are numerous Indian dances, all extremely interesting and most of them very old. Women as well as men participate in them, and they have nothing to do with war. Strange to say, in none of these Indian dances is there any contact with the sexes. The bucks dance in one circle and the squaws in another. Few dances are wholly social, although some of them have that element. Practically all of them have a religious origin, and to-day they retain their religious significance.

Indians are very musical and have many songs in their own language. The drum seems to be the principal instrument among them; but when they have opportunity they learn the white man's music and the use of his instruments, rendering the most difficult music with great sweetness. On the Blood Reserve of the Blackfoot tribe, in Alberta, there is a brass band of twenty-one pieces, lead by the issuer of rations. This band gives concerts in the towns surrounding the reserve. Another band of fifes and

drums on the same reserve has given whole entertainments that were very pleasing.

The red men have war-songs which they used to sing before a battle; others, intensely sad, which they sang after the battle. Their love songs are not considered of a very high order. Each family has its own songs; each individual has his, usually composed by himself. Some of their songs are sacred.

Some teachers, in their mistaken zeal, have crossed or smothered everything distinctly aboriginal in the young Indians. Franklin K. Lane, the Canadian-born Secretary of the United States Department of the Interior, in a letter directing the appointment of Geoffrey O'Hara as instructor of native Indian music, said:

"I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indian an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their forefathers produced. Our efforts should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."

Music for dances is supplied by a trained band of singers. The only accompaniment is a drum made by putting a skin over a circle of wood and allowing it to dry tightly.

The Sun-dance is, perhaps, the most barbarous of all the orgies of the Indians and has been observed in every known tribe of red men on the American continent. The time was when all sorts of cruelties were the main feature of this gathering, which was held in the spring-time as soon as the

snow cleared and the earth began to warm from the sun's rays. The dance was the ceremony through which the Indian lad stepped from boyhood to the status of a warrior. It is too horrible for words. Ugly gashes are cut in the chest, skewers are thrust through these, and rawhide lariats attached to the ends and fastened to the sun lodge pole. The youth must tear himself loose by dancing around the pole and tugging until the strips of flesh to which the thongs are fastened give way. If the aspirant passes through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of pain or fear, he is declared a full-fledged brave and eligible to sit in the councils of his nation.

Another method was to cut the flesh on the back and tie leather thongs through these flesh-loops and then fasten buffalo skulls to the thongs so that they would dangle clear of the ground. The candidate was to dance about till he had succeeded in tearing the loops and allowing the skulls to fall to the ground. This method was not as popular as the other because the brave could not afterward see the marks of the ordeal. It was always a great pleasure to the brave to bare his breast and exhibit the scars made by the tearing process.

Indian mothers were as anxious that their sons should go through the ordeal as they were themselves. An incident is told by a western writer which shows how the Indian mother looked upon it. An Indian lad was being put through the buffalo skull method but his strength was not enough to tear out all the flesh-loops. He was about to faint away when his mother rode into the circle on a pony, and seizing the skull that still clung to the back of her son, she dashed away on the horse, dragging the boy with her. Soon the flesh broke and the young Indian boy was saved from the humiliation of failure.

Before the ordeal comes many back out. Sometimes after the thongs or skewers are put in, the victim loses courage. The wood or buffalo hide

must then be removed by cutting the flesh-loop, since it is against all law to draw it out endwise after it has been inserted in the flesh.

The United States Government has long since forbidden the Sun-dance, but it was continued on Canadian reserves till the coming of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police about 1890. As a consequence the annual gathering of the Indians in the spring-time results in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of by-gone days, and propitiating the sun by the bestowal of gifts, which are fastened to the top of the central pole of the Sun-dance lodge.

The Give-away dance is ranked by the Government authorities with the Sun-dance as very demoralizing, and has been stopped on most reserves. The Round-dance of the Crees in Western Canada is a pleasure dance. Women are allowed to take part in it, but before their first dance they must give a substantial present to the leader of the dance. This present seems to make the person a sort of life member of the Round-dance. Squaws and bucks dance separately without any contact.

In nearly all the tribes of the North American continent there are many dances representing animals. The buffalo dance is a most interesting affair. In it the hunters illustrate what they have gone through in the chase. Instead of bragging with their tongues, as does the white man, they use pantomime. Stealthily they describe the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home.

In another dance a man represents a dog. He is made to look as much like one as possible, and is led forth by an Indian maiden, who has tied her sash about his body and leads him as a lady does her poodle, except that they are both keeping time to the steps of the dance. He constantly struggles to break away, and she makes rhythmic efforts to hold him. Sometimes he succeeds and rushes in-

to houses for meat, bites persons on the leg and otherwise carries out the idea of a dog on the rampage.

The Eagle-dance is especially dramatic. The Indian who takes the part of the eagle is wonderfully made up. Over his head is drawn a sort of black cloth that covers the hair and is pulled forward to form a beak. A red line makes the mouth of the eagle. On the body there is no clothing except a short apron and patches of eagle or hawk down attached by gum to the flesh. The arms are made into wings by means of a cord strung with long hanging feathers stretched from hand to hand across the back, and a bunch of feathers at the back make a tail. His hands are painted yellow to look like claws. He is lured forth by the dropping of grain, and as he follows the trail he uses his arms as an eagle does his wings, and with his entire body he swoops and moves like the bird he is picturing, but always in time to the music. There is a dance to the bear and moose and many others, always with the combined dramatic idea and dancing movements.

Among the Indians of the far north, during the winter months of each year, a big ceremonial dance is given in the "Hoo-go", or public meeting hall. This is to please and propitiate the animal spirits. It is a real dance with feasting from early winter till almost spring. There are the most peculiar customs attached to this dance period. During the first day visitors have the privilege of asking for whatever they may desire in the line of food. The particular delicacy is "ice-cream", which is simply a mixture of frozen blueberries and tallow. After the first day visitors must eat the food their hosts set before them. Each tribe tries to outdo the other in contortions, endurance and dancing costumes. Each animal is impersonated by a dancer, who is trained months ahead for his work. These men are dressed in skins and fully represent the seal, bear and

walrus. They dance slowly in a circle made by the spectators and imitate the movements and cries of the beasts each impersonates. They sing a sort of chant in which the onlookers join.

The Snake-dance given every second year in the Hopi Pueblos of the far south is a dramatized prayer for rain at an appointed season. It is a grim and startling ceremony, real live rattlesnakes being used as messengers to carry to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to have power over the rain cloud, the petitions of the Hopis. To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that they are in no wise deprived of their power to do so. There are those who claim that they have seen the dancers bitten by their rattlesnake partners, but that the priests possess a secret antidote to which they resort in case of snakebite. To secure the snakes the priests go out in pairs with digging sticks and canvas bags, following their trails in the dust and dig them out of their holes.

The Indians of the Mississippi valley hold a Corn-dance, which is a feature of the growing season, where blanket Indians reside. Just when these dances will be held the white man never knows. Just how the festivities are conducted his eye is never supposed to see. Secretly the word is sent out and as secretly as possible the redskins gather. But the monotonous thrumming of tom-toms, the intermittent yell of squaws, the shrill squeals of juveniles and the more dignified chantings of the braves carry the tidings unmistakably when once the dance is on.

These ceremonies are peculiar to the Mississippi Valley. Members of the tattered remnants of what were once powerful tribes, who are familiar figures on the streets of nearly every Mississippi River city periodically become imbued with the desire to hold a tribal dance. Dirty, dusty

and travel-stained, and often as not ravenously hungry, descendants and associates of the families of Winnis-hiek, Rain Cloud, Hawke Eye, Big Moon, Winnebigoishish, Waheta, Little Crow, Rain Maker, and many other greater or less chieftains respond to the call and are promptly on hand to take part in the big feed, which is usually an important adjunct of dance festivals. The Corn-dance is something akin to the Snake-dance in that it is to propitiate the rain god.

While not in the strict sense of the term a real dance, the potlatch of the coast Indians has dancing connected with it. Recent efforts to suppress a celebration of the curious ceremony on Vancouver Island were bitterly resented by the Indians through their chiefs. They contend that the custom is one that concerns the Indians alone and that it should not be interfered with. The potlatch is a sort of carnival of unselfishness in which the chief who gives away the greatest amount of goods and trinkets receives the most honour. Naturally the tribesmen delight in being showered with gifts by the chiefs, and the latter wish to maintain the right to give away as much as they like to whom they please. At the

close of the giving of presents, a big dance and feast is held.

The strangest of all Indian dances, perhaps, are those given underground. These are common among the Tewos, in the Southern United States. No white man, it is said, has ever been permitted to see one. During the preparations for and progress of the dance, a careful guard is kept so that there may be no possibility of a white man stealing in. Large dugouts are made, with long underground passages, and these, too, are carefully guarded to see that none but a Tewo is allowed to pass.

The Indian will always dance. The desire to shake his feet is inborn, and no amount of civilization seems to uproot it. The character of Indian dances has necessarily changed considerably. Social dances are becoming more common, and on some of the reserves large buildings are being erected in which the more modern Indian dances are taught to the young Indians. None of the treaty Indians of either the United States or Canada have been known to adopt any of the white man's dances. The tango and the bunny-hug are foreign to them. They have not yet learned to dance in each other's arms.



Old-Time Politics and Elections

BY M. FORSYTH GRANT

All my life I can remember elections. Both my grandfathers having been prominent public men, and my father also in public life from almost his youth, elections and politics were to us youngsters all in the day's work, and very different were both from what they are now. Liberals and Conservatives were the bitterest enemies, the parties having nothing to do with each other, and we as children were taught to look on "Grits" as the meanest of creatures. I can well remember a frightful row I had with Mrs. James Plummer, or rather, Miss Annie McConkey, of Barrie, as she was then, when as children playing together she said something about George Brown. Now, the name of George Brown had always been represented to me as something vile and too horrible to live, and the idea that, as my playmate said, he was a kindly gentleman, was one which could not be allowed to exist for a moment. Accordingly, we had a violent quarrel, which ended in a forcible separation by the governess, whose contemptible tone I can hear now saying, "The little geese have been talking politics".

I wonder how many children would do that now. Mrs. Plummer and I have had many a laugh over that violent controversy. Elections lasted then for two days at least, and the

reports of the canvassers were often brought to my father, who ran for West Toronto, that constituency then taking in the half of the city, with St. John's and St. Patrick's Wards. The former was the property of my grandfather, Hagerman, the names Christopher (his own), Elizabeth, Hayden, Teraulay, etc., being old family names, and was inhabited chiefly by the negroes, who were the general whitewashers and barbers of that day. An old man named Lewis, a huge, fat man, black as a shoe, was left by the mistress of a well-known house here, that of the late Honourable J. Hillyard Cameron, to do a lot of whitewashing during her absence in the summer (and there was always a great amount of whitewashing to be done each year), but to her horror, on returning, Mrs. Cameron found that old Lewis had actually induced her cook, an English woman, to marry him. Old Taylor (a frequent visitor to *The Globe* office, where Mr. Biggar had an excellent portrait of him), and an old couple of the name Warren, were some, I remember, but I was always terrified of them. Mrs. Chamberlain, mother of Miss Fitzgibbon, wrote a delightful article on "The Coloured Citizens of Toronto", published in the transactions of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, and as she lived in Avenue Street, where the General

Hospital is now, she saw a lot of these curious folk. Many of them were my father's constituents, and I can remember well his having a number at Sleepy Hollow. One evening he had an oyster supper for, I suppose, some of the prominent voters. The table was set with a huge dish of oysters in the shell, which were opened by the servant as wanted, and we could hear the "Yah, Yah" as stories were told. My mother had gone to bed, but presently my father came rushing upstairs, saying, "I want you to come down and sing for these fellows." My mother, I suppose, demurred, but he said, "Oh, put on a dressing-gown, and sing in the hall!" and so she did; and I shall never forget the picture remaining with me of her standing in the long hall, close to the dining-room door, ajar, and singing in her glorious voice, "Kathleen Mavoureen" and "Home Sweet Home", songs which invariably brought down the house, and were received with rapturous enthusiasm by her unseen audience that night. Doubtless the election was won. On the election days there were always immense crowds at the polling-booths, one big one being St. Patrick's Market, in Queen Street, and there was some doubt of the ward, so my mother, who always drove round to the polling-places, ordered old Scallion to get his big double cab and white horses (such a handsome old man with silvery curls), and I was put into a blue dress and jacket and huge leghorn hat with feathers, and allowed to go, too. My mother had had sent to her from Ireland a large piece of peat, and, from an Irish admirer of her singing, a huge brooch made of bog oak, with a gold harp in the centre, and "Erin go bragh" put on, fastening the elegant "Burnoos", a long embroidered cloak then worn. The peat, a dried-up, brown turf, the size of a loaf of bread, was also taken. When we got to St. Patrick's Market, in Queen Street, just opposite to Beverley House, the home of my grandfather, Sir John Bever-

ley Robinson, and where my father was born, a seething crowd was jostling in hundreds in front of the voters' place, and a rather tough-looking lot, too, probably mainly of foreigners spoiling for a fight. Our carriage drove up, and my mother spied Mr. James E. Smith, late Mayor of Toronto, and beckoned to him. He came up at once, his white teeth shining in the sunlight as he smiled and raised his hat. My mother handed him the piece of peat, asking him to give it to any Irishman who would care for it. He promised, and held it high up in his hand, and as we drove away my mother smilingly touched her great brooch, saying, "Erin go bragh" to the watching crowd, and the next moment Mr. Smith was overwhelmed by the rush of Irishmen crying for "a bit of the ould land". Many of them were crying, and he had much to do to prevent himself from being injured in the impulsive, home-loving crowd. And the election was won.

I remember a most amusing scene on the Hustings, which was in York Street, opposite the old Rossin House (now the Prince George), where we watched from a balcony the forming of a long procession to escort the successful candidates. While waiting, looking at the enormous crowd, a negro suddenly made his appearance on the platform, which was built out of the window above a large warehouse door. He attempted to speak, but the crowd objected, and roared and shouted so strenuously that not a word could be heard. I shall never forget the violent gesticulations, the throwing up of arms, the bobbing of the woolly head, the gleaming teeth and whites of his eyes, the evident enjoyment of the man himself, and not a word was he allowed to give. It was certainly a funny pantomime. A beautiful carriage was decorated with flags, and with its four horses stood ready for my father, who was presently carried out shoulder-high in a big chair completely wreathed with flowers. The bearers stopped by

the carriage and he leaped lightly in from the chair over the door, whereat there was another burst of cheering from the crowd, who then followed up to Beverley House, where my grandfather came out on the upper porch and gave an address. I have a dim recollection of seeing him standing there with his beautiful face and snowy hair, and then giving the order for a cask of ale to be brought out on the lawn.

No doubt there was much drinking at the elections, though I cannot say that I remember anything of it.

Another election won by my father and the Honourable John Crawford, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, was also the occasion of a great procession, when the two members, I suppose, representing the Roman Catholic and Orange vote, were carried in a big boat on wheels, splendidly decorated with flowers and flags, and stood clasping hands. That must have been the election when my mother, a life-long friend of Mrs. Crawford's, drove to York House, where Mr. Crawford lived for many years (my Grandfather Hagerman's home, on Simcoe and Wellington Streets), and insisted on Mrs. Crawford ordering her carriage and driving round to the polling-booths of her husband's division, as there was some fear of non-election. Mrs. Crawford, a tall, dignified, but very shy woman, finally consented to show her personal interest, and again the election was won.

There was a bad character in the town, whose actual name I forget, but it was something like Feegan. He came up one afternoon late to Sleepy Hollow to say my father was to be shot if he came up through the Queen Street avenue that night. This was in the midst of canvassing and my father, of course, was out busy with the electors. My mother was nearly frantic. There were no telephones then, and servants, with a cousin, Frank Joseph, who always lived with us, were sent in every direction with

messages to warn my father not to come home. After hours of searching he was found in a small grocer's shop, sitting on an up-turned barrel, eating a sandwich and drinking a glass of beer. Having a confab with his electors, no doubt. He was a very powerful man, but such was the reputation of the then neighbourhood of Queen's Park and the avenues that he always carried in his pocket at night a short but frightfully heavy leaded stick with a blunt end, which would most effectively have laid a man out. Probably the Irishman who threatened may have heard of the instrument, for I do not remember any further trouble.

There were some clever cartoons made of the elections and public affairs generally, in which a man known as "Bob Moodie" figured often. I cannot recall the reason for his distinction. Mr. John Baxter was another well-known political friend and alderman. He was the most enormously stout man I ever saw, with a fat, jolly face and wheezy voice. My father liked to entertain his men friends, and as a tiny child I remember the great suppers, always set in the drawing-room, I suppose, on tables arranged for the occasion, as the room was thirty-four feet in length, and to this day the scent of the delicious spiced fruits, then such a feature of any banquet, figs and raisins such as one never sees now, huge boxes of French plums and other confections, comes to me. We children used to peep in at the doors when the gentlemen were all seated, and I shall never forget seeing John Baxter take a huge orange and calmly eat it as though it were an apple, peel and all, and then help himself to the contents of a great jar of pickles.

Sunday afternoons in the summer were popular at Sleepy Hollow for a gathering of men friends, social and political, and somehow one grew up in an atmosphere of city and country politics unlike, I think, anything the young people are accustomed to now.

When Parliament was moved to Quebec, the whole family went, too, for the session, and the travelling was so primitive in the winters, I can remember. Small enough to curl up on an ordinary car seat for the long night journey to Point Levis, I recall being carried out either in the gray dawn or twilight from the train to immense rowboats, baggage and servants also, which were drawn up on a steep, icy slope. When all was ready the men heaved and pushed, and away we went, down, down, until the heavy boats slid into the waters of the St. Lawrence, which was covered with broken ice. The men bent to their great oars, singing their French boat-songs, and every now and then one would jump out, hanging on to the gunwale, and trample the ice down under the water with his huge boots. For years we had rooms in Quebec with an old Mr. Keating, who was well-known to everyone, and devoted to my father and mother. The first I recall were on Parliament Hill, and my brother and I often would run over to the Buildings and get into the gallery and sit there listening to the speeches, little or nothing of which we could have understood. Sir Allan Macnab was Speaker one session, I can remember, and we both knew his fine head and dignified figure, in his robes; and the one incident I recall is while watching and listening to the speeches, we saw our father approach the steps of the Speaker's throne with some papers in his hand. As he bent with one foot on the lower step, Sir Allan leaned forward and asked a question, at the same time looking up at us, who were, no doubt, conspicuous, as children in seats where there were many grown people. We saw my father glance up at us, nod, and apparently answer Sir Allan, and in a few minutes a messenger came up and told us we were to come into the Speaker's gallery by Sir Allan's orders. So we two mites were gravely ushered with due ceremony into the small gallery opposite

the chair, and doubtless did not like the distinguished seats as well as those to which we were accustomed.

The walk on the Durham (afterwards Dufferin) Terrace was the proper thing to do, and at mid-day a great gun boomed from the citadel, the ball falling into the water, to my infinite dread and terror. All the fashionables used to walk up and down, the place was brimful of military people, and, with a splendid band playing, it was a brilliant scene, with the bright colours and flashing roofs of the old city and the glorious river beneath. I can remember a strange acquaintance I picked up in an odd way. One morning I heard a bugle sounding its silvery tone apparently high up behind the big house in St. John Street. I ran up some stairs to the roof and in some way got out on the gravelled top and across many other roofs. I spied a soldier leaning on a stone parapet blowing away on his bugle. It could not have been far away, so I ventured a friendly remark, to which the soldier, no doubt highly amused, made reply, and we became great friends though we never came nearer than the roof-tops. He would play all manner of calls for me, and I never spoke of the friendship to anyone.

I remember a Good Friday in the old city, the nurse taking me to every Roman Catholic church we could walk to, and the, to me, awful figures and paintings of the Crucifixion, in life-like max, with the sacred wounds and blood all shown in crimson. They haunted me for many a day and night.

Colonel Paynter was the commandant one year of our stay, and he was very kind to me, taking me for drives round the city, and as he came near any of the famous gates we could hear, in sonorous tones, coming from the "non-com." "Turn out the guard", and almost invariably the colonel would call out at once, "Turn in the guard", though sometimes for my amusement he would allow the file of men to come out and gravely take

the salute. There was something in being a person of consequence in those days! The society in Quebec was then very delightful. I have heard my mother speak of it as being so. Chief Justice Bowen, the first Lady Rose, who was so charming and hospitable, always being prepared for six guests at dinner in case Sir John Rose wished to ask friends without notice; the Price's beautiful old place on the St. Louis Road, behind which Wolfe came up the bank two hundred years ago; the Montizamberts, the Stuarts, the Forsyths, are all names of old friends. Sir Edmund Head was in Government House, and we were allowed to go to the soldiers' riding-school to see Miss Head taking the jumps in masterly fashion.

Later on I remember an occurrence which doubtless at the time was of great political significance. My father—always a man of the Conservative party, and of influence in it as to deep party spirit—had some bitter dispute with Sir John A. Macdonald, and was unforgiving to the point of refusing to run for an election. He thereby roused the anger of the Premier, and one evening, when Sir John A., who was then occupying a house in St. George Street, sent a message to my mother that he was coming over to see my father, and he wanted her help. My father at first refused to see him and my mother had to entreat that the visitor might be received, and when Sir John came he begged my mother to intercede. We were all in the library, my father having gone to the drawing-room, and from whence, Sir John having been taken there by my mother, we presently heard loud and angry voices in argument. After a time the Premier came out and almost went on his knees to beg my mother to intercede, which, I suppose, she did, and to effect, for my father did not appear. Sir John came into the library, and as he was then on the temperance ticket, I remember the tea-tray being

ordered in and his quaffing the strong, fragrant beverage out of a bowl, as we had no cup large enough for his taste. I can see the thin figure, with untidy head, with its scattered locks, the ugly, clever face, and the charming deferential manner to my mother, and hear the vehemence of the tone in which he said to her, "John *must* run. You will have to make him!" My father always thought he made an enemy of Sir John A., as when Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario he assented to the bringing on of an election by Mr. Mowat (afterwards Sir Oliver), which he considered a constitutional measure, irrespective of party, as Lieutenant-Governor. Sir John never entered Government House during his term there. Lady Macdonald was an enormous help to her husband, and every day and night was at the House during the session, and though a curiously-mannered woman, was a most devoted wife. She always made a point of calling on the members' wives, who then thronged the Russell House in Ottawa, and I have seen her come into the drawing-room there, stately in velvet and furs, send her cards to the various rooms, and presently be the centre of a large ring of women, each, of course, as she entered, under the impression that she was the only one called on! Her conversational powers were great, and she was never daunted by numbers, and would chat and talk to each of the wide circle as though she was the only one of importance. A great gift, truly! She was thoroughly versed in politics and had many devoted friends amongst Sir John's adherents, and whom she spoke of as her "aide-de-camp". Lady Macdonald must have witnessed some wild scenes in election times, unknown to the women of the present day of ballots, and no doubt she helped by her untiring devotion to win many.

We children were accustomed to the details of party fights, and knew all about the meetings which, when weather permitted, we held in the

open air. One still June night is now University Avenue. There were we all assembled on the verandah of no buildings to speak of between us, Sleepy Hollow to listen to my father's and now and then, though we heard voice in a speech he was making at no words, the stentorian, distinguished corner of Queen Street and what ed voice could be distinctly heard.

THE BOYS' ROOM

BY LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

THE sunshine was spattering over the floor
 In a frolic of golden rain,
 And the little green leaves were whispering
 And tapping outside the pane.
 There were their college banners and books;
 And, hung on the plain gray wall,
 Sir Galahad, shining and tall,
 Waiting there for his vision,
 In the dream-filled days of yore.

But now *they* have seen a vision
 And shall they come back no more?
 Through the open door
 I heard the step of the brave little brown-eyed mother,
 And though she smiled on the threshold,
 In her eyes the big tears gleamed.
 "I've been such a happy woman!
 We've always dreamed
 That little grandchildren might come some day,
 And get out the old toys, and romp and play
 Just as *they* used to. But now, you know,
 There is something greater than that, and, oh,
 Sometimes one almost grows afraid to dream!
 "Fred writes, 'You taught us to "Follow the gleam",
 With gay old Galahad there on our wall.
 Cheer up, mother. This life's not all'.
 Think of Fred—our joker—writing that. Well,
 We must go down to lunch, dear. There's the bell."

And so we silently closed the door,
 And left the room as it was before,
 With the sunshine spattering over the floor
 In a frolic of golden rain,
 And the little green leaves a-whispering
 And tapping outside the pane.

But now when we talk of the war, I see,
 Above the horrible, death-filled gloom
 That rises before me, "the boys' old room"—
 A vision whose beauty shall never pale;
 A *temple* that still guards the Holy Grail.



THE SHIELDS OF RÖSELAERE

“It is proved that the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire.”

—*Report of Lord Bryce's Committee on German Outrages.*

How for the Hired Man

BY C. H. J. SNIDER



RS. ONTARIO met me at the railway station. She was a douce matron on the sunny side of forty, comfortably clad in crisp cool summer clothes of the same style and cut as those of prosperous city sisters. She had a venerable Bucephalus—aged thirty-one, she told me—and a two-seated buggy. I presented my identification disc—I mean my Ontario Government Employment Bureau card—and she made room for me and my leather handbag. Soon we were grinding cheerfully along the gravel, while on either side streamed by fields brown in stubble, golden with grain, or green with clover, lucerne, or alsike. Overhead bi-planes droned, bound to and from the aviation camp, a hundred miles away. From the fields came the clink of whetted scythe, as someone prepared to “cut the corners” of a field ripe for harvest, or the purr of a “self-binder”, slicing down the standing grain and tossing it off in twine-tied sheaves. Horses’ heads were now and again visible above the grain, but the only sign of humans was the occasional appearance of the yellow brim of a straw hat.

“They call this No Man’s Land,” said Mrs. Ontario. “There’s nobody left on the farms hereabout but oldish chaps and boys and women. If we could only get help—but all the

hired men and farmers’ sons are off to the war!”

After a quarter of an hour we turned into a lane and reached a red brick house with white trimmings, all embowered in lilacs and apple-trees, and sentinelled by Lombardy poplars. I was led in through fly-screened doors and the cool darkness of green shades to a small bedroom.

“You can leave your valise here,” said Mrs. Ontario. “This is your room. Would you like to change your clothes?”

I would, and I did, marvelling the while at the contrast between the expected and the actual in this hiring’s boudoir. The room was not so small as to be crowded by a large mirror and dresser, two chairs, and a “three-quarter” bed. It was carpeted and there were plump white pillows. On the wall hung a framed “motto”, worked in coloured wool on perforated cardboard, exhorting praise to God from whom all blessings flow.

These details I noted as, behind the closed door, I slipped out of my business tweeds and into my hired-man’s costume. There was a coat-hanger for the preservation of my padded shoulders, and plenty of hooks. I opened my bag and got out the gear I had brought. It had this order of merit: One toothbrush, one tube tooth paste, two pairs of wool-

len socks, two pairs of gloves, two suits of light underwear, one linen hat, property of my wife, two soft shirts, one pair of duck trousers, one duck coat, one camera, one woollen sweater. Oh, yes, I had soap, towels, a few collars and handkerchiefs, and a comb and hairbrush, besides. Still, my whole outfit, including the leather bag, did not weigh more than fifteen pounds.

My change of costume did not occupy ten minutes. Fortunately my brownish duck suit was already well stained with a season's sailing usage. My hat—or my wife's—looked glaringly clean, I knew, and I was also conscious of the fact that my long-practised habit of wearing my socks outside of the legs of my working trousers would be a decided innovation. Still, I knew the hat was wonderfully cool, very light, and sure to stay on my head; and my style of sock-wearing was one of which I had proved the efficiency. It is only the puttee plan simplified.

"You look the part all right," was Mrs. Ontario's somewhat enigmatical compliment as I re-appeared. "You'll find Mr. Ontario over in the oat-field, where you see the horses with the binder."

I started off briskly, for there was still an hour or so of the forenoon left. I had gone a hundred yards when I remembered my gloves, so I ran back and got pair number one—harvest mitts of greenish leather, with black wristbands. They had stalls for the forefingers as well as the thumbs, and they cost fifty-five cents a pair.

I soon heard the binder, and overhauled that noble craft rapidly, as it appeared to be making heavy weather of a tempestuous sea of oats. In fact, it was hove-to, with the three horses that drew it making an extempore meal of oats-in-the-sheaf while the driver bent over it and applied an oil-can vigorously. So far as I could judge at a distance, from a back view of a pair of blue overalls

and a wide straw hat of the cow's-breakfast variety, Mr. Ontario wasn't a very broad-shouldered man nor very big, and his ankles looked very trim in low white shoes and white stockings.

"Good land!" thought I, adopting the metaphor of the soil as rapidly as possible. "Have I been fooled into working for one of those silkhosieried gentlemen farmers? Well, I'll hail him anyway."

"Good-day," I hailed, "Are you—" At this, with a final flick of the oil-can the binder-driver straightened up and turned round.

"Miss Ontario?" I finished, executing a mental somersault so rapidly that my tongue almost tied in a knot.

"Yes," said Miss Ontario, for, as Bab the Sub-Deb would say, "It was indeed she".

She had smooth brown hair and frank blue eyes. Her mouth was kind and sensible, and her cheeks glowed with a healthy outdoor flush, heightened perhaps a tiny bit by consciousness of her outer garments.

"I'm Jerry Fromtown, the new hired man," I said. "At least I hope I am. Where's Mr. Ontario?"

"Papa's over there, shocking," answered the young lady, hopping on to the cushioned binder-seat with a serene ignoring of the fact that she herself might have been said to be similarly employed. "See the man and the boy past the corner of the oats? Get up, Queen!—Doll!—Jack!"

And forthwith she and her three-horse-power chariot plunged into the fray with the oats again, leaving behind a wake of yellow-headed sheaves and an admiring hired man.

Around the corner of the dwindling oat-sea I found Mr. Ontario and Young Toronto. Mr. Ontario was a little grizzled, but much too vigorous to be taken for that purely mythical creation of the cartoonist, Old Man Ontario. He might have been Old Man's eldest son. As a matter of fact the gnarled old figure of the cartoonists represents the retired farm-

er whose home is in the county town; and he would never have got into the papers if somebody hadn't first drawn Uncle Sam. But this is all by the way.

I told Mr. Ontario I was Jerry Fromtown, proved it by my bureau employment card, and confessed to utter ignorance of farming. Time was when the best this would have brought me would have been an opportunity to work "for my keep", but times have changed.

"But you're strong, all right, ain't you?" Mr. Ontario inquired hopefully.

Having acquired much muscle driving a leadpencil twenty-five years, I replied by telling him to show me a job.

"Well, Young Toronto and me's shocking while we're cutting, and my daughter—that's her you saw on the way down—drives the binder. If you think you can shock, take hold."

"Sure," I said. "What are you paying?"

"Two, some of 'em two and a half a day, according to what experience a man has."

"Give me two, then," I said, "until I'm worth more. Are there many thistles in the oats?"

"Not bad," said he. "Maybe you won't need mitts, if your hands are hard. Now, my man, watch me and do as I do."

Having already cast aside my pride, I stripped to my undershirt and proceeded to seize a sheaf.

The sheaf—heraldic. Emblem of order and symmetry, level-based, cylindrical, girdled with a goodly band of its own straw, with golden heads depending gracefully like tassels from the Bible-cushion of the old-fashioned pulpits. And then, the sheaf—actual. A flattish bunch of stalks of all lengths, tied in the middle with a hempen string and protruding in all directions, making all angles except a right-angle, describing all curves except a circle. And garnished, moreover, with cockle and

thistle, and dear knows what not. This, the sheaf actual, was what I was required to "shock". Verily, whatever shocking might mean, it was the sheaf that was doing it just then, not I. I tried to stand one up, but it was like balancing an egg on end; and for the moment the sheaf seemed as fragile. I had a horrible feeling that a complete failure of the oat crop was going to result, due to destruction in handling by unskilled help.

But Mr. Ontario and Young Toronto came to the rescue promptly. From their instruction I learned to grasp the innocent masses of straw, tuck them under each arm, and with the assistance of thigh and knee, if necessary, slam them up, heads together, butts apart, until they stood in a tent-like row of five pairs, with the wind blowing merrily between their separated feet. Young Toronto was willing to locate the tent-sites and give general instructions. He had a cast in one eye, but a good heart and more manners than most Toronto school boys. He had been on the farm since leaving school in the city in the spring, and he was carefully concealing the fact that he was going to have a sixteenth birthday "some time next week". In this part of the country birthday congratulations take the form of cold water applications, liberally supplied by all who can get within throwing distance.

The first hour's shocking was the longest farm-work I did. It was not that the sheaves were heavy, but they were—rather, I was—awkward. And the walking was terrible. In ten minutes I had adopted the heavy stumpling gait of the Shore Acres stars, and I never released it until I reached concrete sidewalks again. Laugh at it if you like, but it is the only way to save yourself as you plough through clods, weeds and stubble, with both arms engaged. Around and around that blessed field we trudged, overtaking the binder when the knottor or the knives or the slats or some

other part of that machine, or the grain itself, gave trouble, and falling behind when things went smoothly for Miss Ontario. Whatever happened, she was always able to remedy matters for herself, so that we had three pairs of arms for the shocking and began to use up the overplus of scattered sheaves that had accumulated. But ere that occurred I was dripping with perspiration, blind with the heat, and firmly convinced that the shoemaker should stick to his last and city men to the sidewalk.

I was either too hot or too tired to hear the call when it came, but Mr. Ontario announced in a casual way, "Dinner. Unhitch them horses and drive them up," and the binder ceased its song. Miss Ontario drove her steeds before her, trotting behind them with careful steps as she picked her way through the stubble to the lane; and we three lurched after, engaged in a complicated discussion on how many balls of binder twine would be needed for this harvest, and whether it would be better to buy now against a possible price advance next year. Miss Ontario, over her shoulder, had the affirmative—but Mr. Ontario had the casting vote.

After the horses had been watered, stabled and fed we arrived at the house. Here I encountered a great profusion of those twin luxuries in the country, hard and soft water. Personally I never did like either. Soft water always smells of decaying vegetation, and hard water always tastes bitter—to the city man. Probably we miss the taste of our beloved chlorine sterilizer. However, Mr. Ontario's wells were excellent of their kind, the water coming up clear and very cold, and his cistern yielded a bountiful supply of yellowish fluid which lathered easily and proved very acceptable. There was plenty of soap and plenty of towels, and we made extensive use of both. Then we fought past an army of flies that besieged the screen doors and sat down to dinner.

I was lucky, having Mr. Ontario, the base of supply, on my left, at the head of the table, and Miss Ontario on my right. Mrs. Ontario sat at the other end of the table, Young Toronto opposite me, and a rosy-cheeked miss of fourteen or so, who was sojourning on the farm, sat beside him. A little Dublin-born colleen of the same age waited on table. She had come to Canada as a baby, but retained enough flavour of the Liffey to explain to her mistress that the reason she had left so many eyes in the potatoes was that they might see their way into the pot.

Dinner costumes varied. Mrs. Ontario was the pink of propriety in the cool starched things aforementioned. Miss Rosy Cheeks wore a pinafore. Miss Ontario retained her overalls. Mr. Ontario and Young Toronto wore their working shirts. So did I.

The festive board was smiled upon by a framed photograph of Queen Victoria, and restrained from frivolity by a portrait of Gladstone on the opposite wall. Above the door leading to the hall was the text, worked in wool like the one in my bedroom, "God is Love". There were also on the painted walls two framed lithographs, a summer scene and a winter scene, an unframed picture of very gorgeous fruit beside a bowl of goldfish, an insurance company's calendar, and an early Victorian print entitled "The Lover's Reconciliation", which emphasized the difficulties of endearments during the reign of crinoline.

The table was covered with a white linen cloth. It had an asparagus fern in a brass bowl in the centre, and Mrs. Ontario struck a little bell when she wanted the Dublinette.

Glasses were filled from a freshly pumped pail of cold water, which stood at Mr. Ontario's right knee on the floor, the food and drink and conversation circulated in a rapid stream, Mr. Ontario being the recognized source and fountainhead for all three. The menu consisted of sirloin

steak with brown gravy, boiled potatoes, carrots and beets, with a salad of sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, very pleasantly cool from the refrigerator, and apple pie for dessert. There was tea in plenty, with white sugar, and cream from the farm. The butter came from a neighbour's, the bread from a baker's, and there were two varieties of home-baked biscuits; also cake. I have detailed this first menu because it was typical of our dinners while I was a hired man. They were always different, but always as ample.

A bell rang ere the gravy had been served. It was not the call for the Dublinette, and I looked around incredulously, reminded of the desk telephone I had left several million miles behind me. Yes, there on the wall behind Mr. Ontario sat auld Nick, in shape o' 'phone—

"A towsy tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie the music was his charge"—

and he did it, in an almost continuous series of combinations of long and short rings.

"It's a party line," Miss Ontario explained as she helped me to tomatoes, "and everybody's using now that they're in from the fields for dinner. That's the ring for Hazel's place. She's just the same age as I am, and she's cutting this year, too. Our ring's a short and a long. She's cut forty acres so far, and I—there's our ring"—as a short-and-long tintinnabulation interrupted.

Mr. Ontario, it appeared, had about as much seclusion in the privacy of his domestic board as any desk-slave who tries to swallow sandwiches at noon hour. In the intervals between helpings of apple-pie and beefsteak he, by telephone, bought a cow and calf, three miles away; sold the calf for ten dollars; received an S.O.S. call from a neighbour who needed a rope spliced; arranged with another neighbour to take his milk to the station the following morning; found that the tra-

velling threshing outfit would be able to give him a half-day next week; agreed to splice the rope while the rope owner drove his newly-purchased cow in for him.

The meal was not a hurried one—for anyone except Mr. Ontario. The wash in cold water and the stretching of my legs under the table had largely restored my energies—as the vanishing steak attested—and I had plenty of leisure to follow the railway signboard's advice to "Stop—Look—Listen". Miss Ontario was neither self-conscious nor conceited. She laughed at my confession of amazement at my first sight of her, and her mother explained that the year before, when her daughter's overalls made their first appearance, everybody professed to be aghast at them, but now they were being adopted by many of the girls on the farms.

"It isn't for their looks," Miss Ontario explained, "for goodness knows they are ugly enough, but you really can't get on and off the binder-seat with skirts and keep the hem out of the machinery."

And this seventeen-year-old slip of the good Canadian maple tree, who had cut half a hundred acres of grain in the last fortnight, was, ten months in the year, a smart-frooked high school girl, rising at six o'clock in the morning to catch a train for the city, and returning to her lilac-sheltered homestead, school books in hand, around seven o'clock at night. She had worked at the haying, and she was going to work in the mow when hauling-in began. She could talk as well about Charlie Chaplin, the First Hundred Thousand, or the antics of a "tin lizzie", as she could about the price of binder twine or how to cut a field of rain-beaten oats. She believed hats and shoes and gloves were the essentials of a costume, and would rather have things simple and plain and very, very good, than frilly and cheap. And so on. All of which, or most of which, I

learned, not in conversation with her, but with her mother, or from the conversation which raced between them while the telephone claimed Mr. Ontario's attention.

It was an hour and a half from the time the welcome dinner call had interrupted our shocking operations till we resumed them. That interval proved to me a very helpful respite. Of course, in addition to getting our own dinners, during this period, we had also fed and watered Queen, Doll and Jack, the three binder horses, and pumped—with the assistance of a three horse-power gasoline grunter—a trough full of water for the seven dairy cows and half-dozen calves and steers that formed Mr. Ontario's herd. It seemed odd that Mrs. Ontario should be buying butter with this source of supply so near at hand, but the explanation lay in the fact that the milk was shipped daily to a dairy in the city.

I began my trudge after the binder thoroughly refreshed. Two o'clock came, and three, and four, and I was again perspiring and stumbling along, with no energy left for anything but the next sheaf, when there was another hail from heaven, so to speak, and Mr. Ontario announced "lunch". We forthwith adjourned to the house again, and sat down to an elaborate tea. That is to say, we had the helpful fluid named, and bread and butter, tomatoes, biscuits, cake and preserved cherries. This meal was one of the more elaborate of its kind which I experienced in my farming; as a rule it was carried out to us in the field where we were working, but it was always quite substantial—hot tea or coffee, or lemonade, or cocoa, buttered biscuits, cake, pie and preserved fruit. It occupied half an hour or less, and we rose from it as giants refreshed.

I was surprised to find that as the sun sank lower, glorifying a sea of stubble with his slanting beams, my tired muscles seemed to swing into tune and I worked faster and more

easily than before. Not only on this first day, but on all full days of my toil did I notice this phenomenon; my last hour and a half went the most easily of all.

We worked in the field until the sun dipped; then trailed stablewards, to feed the horses and cattle and seventeen pigs, and put all the live stock to bed. Milking had been in progress for some time, under the auspices of the Dublinette and Miss Rosy Cheeks. Mr. Ontario finished it. Being unskilled at this task, I was exempted. Instead, I got hay for the horses. I was amazed at the bulk of their provender—it measured by the cord and weighed by the ton—and at the difficulty of abstracting the apparently loose blowy material from its lurking place in the stack or rick. It was the first time I had had a fork in my hands, and I was awkward. How awkward I could be with a fork I was yet to learn.

It was near nine before we were through our chores, but although it was the third meal in eight hours even I had no compunction about sitting down to the supper that was spread. This meal was something after the fashion in many English homes, and its menu—a composite from many evenings, this is—included fried potatoes, eggs, cold meat, or fish, bread, biscuits, cake, pie, fruit salad with whipped cream, preserved fruit, or ice cream. After supper, while Young Toronto read the morning's city paper, Mrs. Ontario played a dozen standard airs on the parlour piano in the liveliest fashion, Mr. Ontario smoked his pipe, Miss Ontario ironed out some of the filmiest of summer costumes, the little lasses washed the dishes, and I—I seured a huge basin of hot soft water, and to quote the immortal Sub-Deb. again, "retired to my chamber". A shave and a hot sponge bath and footbath can be negotiated in wonderfully small compass if you are careful about splashing.

I completed my toilet without spil-

ling a drop of water on the floor—but alas, the place looked like an unswept granary with the oat-heads, chaff and thistledown I shed from sleeve and sock and shirt as I moved my clothing! Then I remembered the carpet-sweeper of the morning, and gently induced that worthy instrument to perform for my benefit; for, apart altogether from motives of pleasing Mrs. Ontario, I knew I would have to negotiate that bedroom floor in my bare feet. I emerged for long enough to bid the others good-night, and then dived into the inviting sea of cool sheets spread over a feather mattress.

I suppose I must have lain an hour and a half in a sort of trance. I knew I was desperately sore and tired. I seemed to be on fire, from the roof of my head to my toes, but I was too heavy to even try for ease by tossing about. Every inflamed muscle I had clamoured for recognition, but my brain seemed bent on nothing but sleep. Probably I did sleep; at any rate I suddenly heard the clock strike twelve and became wide awake. Then I realized that the fever of my body had died down. I felt I was master of my muscles or was going to be; and I dozed.

Next thing I knew there was a gray light in the room and the clock was striking five. Immediately I heard the voice of my master at Young Toronto's door, saying, "Young! Young! Are you awake?" He had told me he would not call me before he needed me; and it was six o'clock before the summons came.

And when it did come it brought with it one of the greatest triumphs of my career. Knowing the custom among country people in America of first-naming everyone on farms, I had told Mr. Ontario when I made my bargain that my name was Jerry. For the first half-hour he had "My manned" me, whereat my soul writhed. For had not I been for a decade or two a man set under authority, having under me those to whom I could

say go, or come, or do this, and they would go or come and do—so long as the ghost walked regularly? So to be hailed as "My Man" galled, but I didn't let it show, and it didn't last long. After the first half-hour my employer Jerried me and I was well content; for while Jerry is not the name of a good workman, it carries with it a certain flavour of companionship, I was hailed this morn by my employer—and ever afterwards by him and all on the farm—as "Mr. Fromtown!"

I never was proud of that title before, but I swelled with satisfaction as I tumbled out of bed and answered, "All right!" I had made good, and I was glad.

I had noticed Young Toronto addressed Mr. Ontario as "Boss", and was half tempted to follow his example; but as a youngster I had learned to "Sir" skippers and mates without blistering my tongue, so it came easy to use that vocative when I wished to vary from "Mr. Ontario". Neighbours called him "Jim"; and Young Toronto called Miss Ontario "Alice". I stuck to "Miss Ontario", although I was old enough to have called her daughter.

The reason for my indulgence in the matter of sleep was that Mr. Ontario and two horses had to make a trip to the train with the milk before the day's work in the fields commenced, and he and Young Toronto and the Dublin lass sufficed for the milking. I startled the last-named member of the household, who was presiding over the breakfast ceremonies, by asking for a dipperful of cold hard water and using it up in toothbrushing before plunging into the basin of soft water she had ready for my morning ablutions on the verandah. (We men always washed at this one spot, there being a washstand, basin, waterpail and towels kept there for the purpose; and the cistern pump was hard by, or, I should say, soft by, probably).

Breakfast consisted of oatmeal por-

ridge, with plenty of cream and brown and white sugar; eggs as required, and bread, butter, biscuits and preserved fruit or marmalade. Let it be understood that because I enumerate thus faithfully these menus, it does not follow that I exhausted them all. As a matter of fact, I was never able to completely sample any one of them; and I established a reputation of being a "slim eater" simply because in self protection I had to leave many a tempting dish for further reference. Had I attempted to eat all the hospitable Ontarios urged me to try I would have been in the city hospital or a country cemetery within a week.

After breakfast I helped Young Toronto feed the stock and clean the stables and cut wood for the kitchen until Mr. Ontario and his horses returned from the railway station. Some mornings it was half-past seven and some mornings half-past eight before we got to our field work; and Miss Ontario usually appeared an hour or so later, taking her father's place on the binder-seat. The women of that household rose later than the men—and worked later at night.

My second day's shocking left me as tired as the first, for I worked three or four more hours; but I had less complaint from fevered muscles when I ceased work, and I got to sleep readily and slept easily. But I had all my purgatory over again when Miss Ontario had the last field "down"—that is, the grain all cut—and we commenced to "draw in" from one of the fields where the barley had been drying in shocks for a week or more.

The manner of "drawing-in" was on this wise. Young Toronto was stationed in the mow in the barn, to arrange the sheaves—and this is as much an expert's job as window-dressing. The sheaves around the borders of the mow must be arranged side by side, butts pointing outwards. The inner rows are arranged in the opposite fashion, the heads outwards

and overlapping their fellows to the extent of the band or binding. Young Toronto had Miss Ontario to assist him. She was also ring-mistress for the good horse Doll. The latter had to hoist the sheaves up into the mow. Mr. Ontario and I sallied forth for the sheaves themselves, in an equipage known as the "rack", drawn by Jack and Queen. The rack was a collection of four stout iron wheels, a great number of broken boards gathered into a general platter-shaped quadrilateral, an assortment of bolts, nails and scraps of wire, and an utter absence of springs. Two wide frames known as "ladders" rose from either end of the rack, to hold the sheaves in. It was a tooth-shaking carriage when empty, but very comfortable when loaded.

Armed with forks, Mr. Ontario and I drove down the farm lane to the barley field and halted at the first shock. Then he spread the first sling-rope, a double-ended affair fastened at the extremities to either side of the ladder at the back and stretched so that the eye marking the middle of it lay in the centre of the rack. I had to stand on the ground, spear the sheaves with my fork, and toss them up to Mr. Ontario on the rack. He caught them with his fork and arranged them in tiers upon the sling-rope. It was really a very simple operation, but until you have tried to handle twenty pounds of barley straw on the end of a six-foot fork you have no idea how clumsy you can be. The sheaf goes everywhere except where you want it to go, and the fork which enters it as though greased stays in it as though glued. Moreover, the first sheaves have to be lifted shoulder-high, and the next higher, and so on; so that, ere the load was built I was heaving sheaves the length of my fork-handle above my head, or higher. All this brought a new set of wrist and foot and shoulder muscles into play; and by the time the first sling-load had been pitched I was biting my lips to keep

from breathing through my mouth and yearning for deliverance. There was a moment's blessed respite as the rack was driven and I walked from shock to shock; and there were several such moments every time a fresh sling-rope had to be adjusted. We used four, two in the back half of the rack and two in the front, and each held three courses of sheaves.

I had heard terrible tales of the building of sky-scraper loads, and was pleasantly disappointed when from his airy perch on top of the sixth course, Mr. Ontario called down "That'll do. Give me your fork!" The load wasn't so very high—at the most ten feet above the ground. "Climb up," said he, and I climbed up the one-runged ladder at the back and flung myself panting on top of the sheaves, grateful, oh, so grateful, for the fifteen-minute ride that lay between me and the barn!

When we got there I had recovered my wind and was able to take a lesson in unloading. Overhead, in the barn, a metal carrier travelled on a track under the ridge-pole. From the track depended a hook and pulley and chain. The ends of the chain were hooked into the ends of the sling-rope and hove taut with a dog-and-ratchet pull. Then Miss Ontario drove Doll off at a smart pace, and, Doll's whiffletree being attached to the fall of the hoisting tackle hook, pulley, chain and sling-load soared towards the barn roof and ran along under the track to the required spot. A pull on a trip-rope released the whole bundle of sheaves, and they fell in a loose pile upon their earlier gathered brethren in the mow. Here Young Toronto, with such assistance as every disengaged fork could give, straightened them out, or in a technical phrase, "mowed them away". Mowed, by the way, rhymes with crowd, not crowed.

This hoisting arrangement was far from working with the dull perfection of the description given. Once we lost a quarter of a load on the barn-

floor and broke a sling-rope, through a bight of the latter catching on a corner of the rack. Once we lifted the rack half way off its axles through a similar mishap. Sometimes the trip-rope would foul and refuse to open the hook, and once we parted the hoisting tackle. That appeared to be the main trouble of the farmers in the neighbourhood; and as my employer was the only man in the countryside who could splice a rope—except myself—we usually heard of such mishaps, very often by telephone. Half an hour later a buggy bearing a shame-faced neighbour and a frayed rope would heave in sight, and operations would be temporarily suspended.

By noon I was very, very tired, and my hands were beginning to blister. I have always made a practice when doing new manual exercises, of making each hand learn to do the other's work. It is not hard, when both hands are unskilled, to change from one to the other frequently, and it is a big help. I had done this carefully in my fork-handling, and so had the strain well distributed; and another thing Mr. Ontario told me helped save my skin. On his advice at noon I bathed my hands thoroughly in cold water from the barnyard pump and then rubbed them with salt from the barrel in the feed bin. It hurt a little, but the swelling had all disappeared before I started work in the afternoon.

Nor did I hesitate, after dinner, to don my number two pair of gloves—housemaid's cotton finger gear. They were very loose and soft, and, combined with the salt and water treatment, which I repeated several times, were the salvation of my hands. It was not that I minded blisters, but I knew that unless I kept my hands in working shape I would be of no use whatever to Mr. Ontario; and as Young Toronto was too light for pitching, as my job was called, it was rather essential that I should stay fit.

Five o'clock lunch was a most welcome relief that afternoon. I did not eat much, but I dipped three cups of coffee out of the pail kept warm between the sheaves; which is more coffee than I had ever drunk at one sitting. Mr. Ontario had to take Young Toronto's place in the mow as the sheaves rose to the rafters and careful packing was required, so Young Toronto took his place on the wagon. As I pitched the sheaves to him he placed them by hand instead of with a fork. This was slower, and therefore easier for me; and perhaps it was because of this that I felt my usual rush of extra steam in the last hour and a half, although we worked until it was so dark we could not see the sheaves. I was tired when I sat down to supper; so tired I could not eat, and I could have drunk the ocean dry. But I munched something and drank as much tea and as little water as I could, and crawled off to bed after as short an interval as was decent.

And the next day it rained! Oh, blessed rain! Mr. Ontario didn't see it in that light, but I never heard sweeter music than the drip of the water from the eaves that morning. I kept my muscles from relaxing with all sorts of chores, from digging potatoes for dinner to loading coal at the railway siding three miles away, in preparation for our coming threshing; but it was an off-day, and I had time to re-read half through the First Hundred Thousand, which Miss Ontario lent me.

After the rain was over we spent half a day turning the shocks to hasten the drying process, before resuming drawing-in. We worked hard that day, and the next, and the next, and so on. But my muscles were now in tune and my hands tough, and I

could pitch as long as the horses would stand up in the harness.

I found farm work a great deal harder on the muscles than city toil, but—perhaps because I had no responsibility—much easier on the head. At any rate, no matter how wearily we went to bed, we always got up refreshed in the morning. The drawback to farm work as a permanent occupation was that it only left a man time to eat and sleep.

I was frankly sorry when my engagement was up. So were Mr. Ontario and the Ontario family. They all said so. I bestowed my harvest mitts on Young Toronto, and my housemaid's gloves on the Dublinette. They cost fifteen cents, and wearing them had saved fifteen blisters and also my fifteen-dollar wrist watch. I found the latter in the sleeve of one of the gloves one evening when I went to climb up on the last load. I had broken the strap, unknowingly, out in the fields, but the cheap bit of cotton had caught the little timepiece and held it. Mr. Ontario thanked me for coming out and paid my wages in full and said he hoped he would get as good a man from the bureau in my place; and in the sweet serenity of a Sunday morning Miss Ontario, pretty as a cover design in her voile skirt and sports coat, drove me to the station. A buxom dame, who acted as post-mistress and station agent—for we were still in No Man's Land—gave me my ticket and collected the silver with one hand while she fluttered a green and white flag with the other. The train was—alas—exactly on time. I waved adieu to Miss Ontario, and an hour later was finding the concrete of the city sidewalks strangely unsympathetic towards the plodding feet of the ex-hired man.

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

VII.—THE FOOD PROBLEM



To date the problem faced in the feeding of the people of the British Isles is not that of food shortage, but of food distribution. To the foreigner that assertion may seem to deprive the situation of most of its seriousness; to us who live through it and watch its development therein lies more menace than in the expressed hopes of the Kaiser. British ingenuity may be depended upon more confidently to overcome the enemy than to alter internal affairs in order to cope with unusual conditions. Nothing is so powerful against the Englishman as his habits and system.

No one in the British Isles has felt the pinch of hunger. And it is not likely that anyone will. What suffering there has been arises from the temporary shortage of unessentials and from high prices. Sugar and potatoes sum up the total of national deprivations owing to the war, and never did they approach privations because there has always been something to take their places. Before there is actual want the British will have solved the submarine. But after three years of a situation that has continually pointed to food as one of the vital factors in the winning of victory they are only now nearing the solution of a situation with which the enemy has nothing to do—which

is, indeed, indigenous to the British race, but more particularly to that section of it residing in England and Scotland.

The problem of distribution is twofold. The limitation of supplies—rather the necessity of conserving for an uncertain future—demands an equality of distribution that ignored individuals and class. The second difficulty is the British character—an independence which resents control and dictation. Of the two the latter was the more immediately dangerous at the beginning of the conservation movement. But common sense is asserting itself, so that equality of distribution now occupies the time of the Food Controller. When he found temperance in eating to be so necessary as to justify Government action, the Englishman yielded to a pressure which he naturally resists. But having yielded, he was forced to set to work on the national system of class favouritism—as, indeed, he has been forced to do in every problem connected with the war.

It was Britain's unquestioned command of the seas that delayed food measures which were reasonable from the very first gun. That inbred and time-honoured confidence in victory laid a heavy hand on reasonable provision and prevision in every act of war. In the matter of food arbitrary measures did not seem to be neces-

sary early in the struggle. Depending entirely, as it did, on the control of the seas, Great Britain was justified in her confidence, a confidence that would never have been shaken had the Germans adhered to the rules of warfare.

One measure only was taken early in the war to protect the food supply of the British Isles, an obvious one immediately demanded by the fact that they had been procuring more than sixty per cent. of their sugar from Germany. A Sugar Commission was appointed. Thereafter, for more than two years, even when the casual onlooker was viewing the situation with alarm and the Asquith Government itself was talking much of plans in the House, nothing further was done. Always in the mind of the people was the thought that the enemy could not drive Great Britain to defensive measures that would reflect upon its special sphere of power; and in the mind of the Government was the hope that political balances need not be disturbed by restrictive action certain to be resented in some quarters. For it must not be imagined that party aims and hopes disappeared with the formation of a Coalition Cabinet.

The second official move of importance was made in October, 1916, when a Wheat Commission undertook to readjust the grain situation. Unfortunately it was weighted down with the Asquith love of *laissez-faire*, and its duties never materialized into effective action. At a time when the enemy was openly sinking merchant vessels and threatening more, when the demands of military operations and national supply were so deflecting shipping from the ordinary channels of food transportation that reserves of grain in the British Isles were being seriously depleted, no action was taken towards replenishing these supplies from a world's production that was above the normal. America and Australia were offering the grain, but England was not will-

ing to disturb the trend of affairs in order to facilitate the acceptance of the offers.

The press of England was becoming alive to the menace, and the English press has a voice more powerful than that of its brother across the ocean. The people were growing anxious. The difficulty of securing sugar was impressing even the thoughtless with the need for action. Mr. Asquith was forced to promise operations which were loathsome to him, not alone for their antagonism to his policy, but for the danger he well saw would arise therefrom to his personal popularity. He announced the establishment of a new department headed by a Food Controller. It promised well. But the Food Controller was never appointed. Week after week the country waited. Mr. Asquith was at his best in his promises of what that important official would do—in his explanations of the delay. He was at his most natural in his inability to come to the point of action.

It was the accumulation of such dilatory acts as these that brought about his downfall. Just three days before an anxious Cabinet, backed by a roused people, demanded his resignation, Mr. Runciman, one of his Ministers, placed before the country one lone food measure that even then looked like a small mouse for the mountain to bring forth. Restrictions were placed on restaurant fare—or rather attempted restrictions. Luncheon was to be a two-course meal and the ample English restaurant dinner was to be limited to three courses.

With that heritage Lloyd George assumed power. His first discovery in connection with the food situation was that his predecessor had taken no inventory of the nation's supplies, had made no move to simplify the work of the Food Department, which had immediately to be organized. One of the first officials appointed in the new Government was a Food Con-

troller, Lord Devonport, a man whose intimate connection with food supply as the head of a large multiple store company seemed to qualify him for the position. It was a disappointment to the country and to the Premier himself that the seeming qualifications for the Controller's office should in the end prove the insuperable obstacle to his effectiveness. Lord Devonport introduced many measures intended to cope with a situation passing rapidly into a serious stage, but a calm survey of them discovers them to be, after all, pastry, a mere touching of the surface.

Lord Devonport took pleasure in vetoing the Runciman restaurant order four months after it had been put into effect, and almost the same time after its folly had become evident. The limited course meal brought only one result, that diners ate more solid meat, and less of the odds and ends, the entrees and unessentials and make-overs, that give the daintiest touch to restaurant fare without affecting food stocks. Men formerly content with a small helping of meat in the interests of the decorative courses, demanded meat and bread and cheese, the basis of subsistence. The new Food Controller, too, was forced to deal with bread, tea, confectionery, potatoes and other vegetables, and sugar.

His substitute for the Runciman restaurant control was a meatless day and a limitation of the amounts of meat, bread and sugar served at each meal. This was later altered because of its drain on bread in order to take the place of meat on the meatless day. Bread he attempted to regulate by prohibiting its sale until twelve hours after baking, and by limiting its shape, weight and constituents. The adulteration of flour by maize or rice, and the prohibition of the waste that produces white flour, resulted in what is known as war bread. It was an effective measure, despite the continued opposition of the people. Tea—considered in England almost as

great a food necessity as bread—was regulated in its cheaper qualities. A curb was put on the use of sugar in confectionery, pastry and icing. In the early part of 1917 potatoes were passing so rapidly into the list of shortages that price limitation was necessary. Three cents a pound for old stock was established for the early months, rising later a half-cent. But no measures could increase the supply, and no attempt was made to prevent the farmers holding their stocks for higher prices. For months it might be said there were no potatoes in England. And with the failure of potatoes the vegetable substitutes advanced until the Food Controller was forced to limit the price of some of them.

Where Lord Devonport failed was in his reluctance to take a firm stand, to enforce the law, and principally to curtail the profits of the trader. He attempted to solve the problem by appeal. A chart of patriotic proportions in the daily diet was flung at the public in a thousand ways. The fences were covered with it, the newspapers gave it daily space, lecturers flooded the country, and, at a time when the shortage of paper was serious, the workingmen's pay envelopes were crammed with a literature he never read. To the credit of the country the consumption of bread and meat materially decreased. But the two insuperable obstacles to success were the inability of ninety per cent. of the people to purchase the advised ration of sugar and the eagerness of some to seize the opportunity for gorging. While there were millions willing to curb their appetites there were flaunting thousands of pro-German sympathies or utter carelessness whose delight it was to evade the appeal and the laws. And at the very time when the people were begged to stint themselves interned and imprisoned Germans were allowed many times the ration; sugar and potatoes were being commandeered for them when the workers of the country had

to go without. The inconsistencies of the situation were intolerable, and the effectiveness of the appeal diminished weekly.

In the matter of enforcing the law there was singular laxness. Here and there a dealer was fined, although it was impossible to go on the streets without seeing plainly advertised infractions of the food laws. And the fine was usually but a small part of the profit made from the illicit transaction. Indeed, there was apparent, in store and home and restaurant, a merry revelry of law evasion that undid the patriotism of those who honestly rationed themselves.

Profiteering went on without restriction. Lord Devonport, head of a big grocery concern, persisted in refusing to limit the profits of grocers save in a few glaring and insignificant cases. Swedes, for instance, the substitute for potatoes, were limited in price to three cents a pound, a price so many times what the farmer and greengrocer had been receiving that neither could complain. The setting of prices for potatoes and beans was much advertised but unimportant, for both disappeared from the market almost immediately. Although the cost of bread to miller and baker was materially decreased by the new laws, the price advanced instantly to the consumer two to four cents a four-pound loaf. While a few bakers outside London were content with the profits from seventeen-cent bread, the London baker charged twenty-four. The attempt to democratize tea was a failure. Forty per cent. of the importations were to be sold to the public at fifty-two and fifty-six cents, but no one was ever able to purchase a pound of the cheaper price, to my knowledge, and if the better quality of Government tea was inquired for it was either out of stock or sneered at by the grocer. Neither price was ever displayed in the windows during Lord Devonport's term. The same happened with cheese. A large part of it was taken over by the Govern-

ment to be sold over the counter for thirty-two cents, but it never appeared on the shelves of more than a very few stores.

With meat no attempt was made to interfere until the last days of Lord Devonport's office, and then only the speculator was eliminated, the retailer being permitted to ask what he pleased. Of the retailers the butcher was the most heartless profiteer, the consumer being asked sixty to one hundred and fifty per cent. profit over the wholesale prices. Even the supplies controlled by the Government, such as New Zealand mutton, were turned loose upon arrival in England for the wholesaler and retailer to make what profit he wished. Laid down in London by the Government at thirteen cents, it reached the public at thirty-six to sixty cents. The butcher could not buy it without a large purchase of English mutton at extravagant prices. And in the meantime, in order to maintain the level of prices, tons of meat were left to rot on the docks.

There is no better example of the injudicious and unfair distribution of supplies than sugar, the commodity that has induced several crises already. To the people the only result of the Sugar Commission was an immediate rise in price. Against this there has been constant complaint, for it is known that the rise represented taxation and Government profit. It was not until the latter part of 1916 that a shortage began seriously to be felt; but from the first pinch the shortage increased until stocks seemed to have disappeared from the market, so far as the poorer classes were concerned. By December women were walking the streets from shop to shop begging half-pounds. Queues had not then commenced, because sugar was the only shortage and the grocer sold only to whom he liked.

It is this independence of the merchant that has driven home to the country the disaster of typical official control, so called. Each week

the Sugar Commission released to the wholesalers their shares of the available supplies, and washed their hands of any further connection with the commodity. Theoretically the wholesaler was supposed to pass on to the grocer his share, but that he had favourites is proved by the fact that some of the large West End stores seemed never to be without sugar, while the small grocer of the East End was denied a pound. It must be remembered that every pound of sugar shipped to England was Government-controlled. No control whatever was exercised over the retailer save in the matter of price, and the shortage of the available supplies enabled him to make sugar the basis of his trade. He sold to whom he pleased in the quantities he pleased. His independence became impudence. A customer was always a beggar, for he was entirely at the mercy of his grocer. Sugar was denied those who could not afford to make their purchases extravagant. Some system seemed to arrive with the demand for a purchase of fifty cents' worth of other goods with each half-pound or pound of sugar, and this was accepted by the authorities as a wise provision against wasteful purchases of the limited commodity. It was the strength of class in England that for many months prevented the authorities from realizing that such a stipulation reserved sugar for the rich who could afford to buy supplies they did not need in order to obtain the sugar they did. It was only when the merchants began to extend the same demand to the purchase of other food-stuffs that the Government forbade any conditions with the sale of sugar. But the grocer was still left to sell to whom he pleased. No improvement whatever resulted, since the grocer simply refused to sell until another large order was given.

The cry of the poor—the long, hopeless queues, the untrained cooks helpless to provide for their large families without that which had made up such

a large part of their food—was pitiful. And all the time the West End shops were selling it in fifty-pound lots or less. The Government's loose effort to enable fruit-growers to preserve their fruit was equally unfair. The growers sent in their requirements, and the sugar was released to the grocer mentioned in the requisition, but without any control over the amount he passed on to the grower. Of four friends, no two received the same proportion of that which they had asked for, the amount varying from fifty to ninety per cent. No one knows what the grocer should have given out. The latest measure in the handling of sugar, to come into force in October, is a form of card supply, but still there is no safeguard that the grocer will sell to his customers their individual shares of the available supplies.

The clamorous protest arising was more than threatening. Lord Devonport accepted the inevitable and resigned. Lord Rhondda assumed the thankless job. It is typical of English public life that only a titled man is considered competent to undertake public work. The war has introduced a Geddes or two; others will have to follow. Particularly unfortunate in the matter of controlling resources is this habit, since these wealthy titled men are so closely concerned in a financial way with the industries and commerce of the country that unprejudiced outlook is nigh to impossible. Lord Rhondda had made good in his first Government office and in private life, and initiative was not lacking. His misfortune was that he was appointed at a time when public impatience would not brook delay. Without time to study the situation and devise methods he was driven to instant action. The result was a hundred more or less vague promises that seemed to fit in with the demands of the people, and one act only of the immediate future. Profiteering was the *bête noire* of the people, and on profiteering he came out strong—in

word. Thus far there is only the promise that profiteering will be punished by imprisonment. Speculation is to be stopped, how is not apparent. Lord Devonport had already issued orders to that effect in the case of meat without affecting much the price to the consumer. The only definite act which would tend to soothe the people was an obvious expedient. It dealt with the commodity most familiar to the table—bread. Bread was ordered to be sold—some time in the future—at eighteen cents a quartern loaf.

Realizing that the British Isles might be called upon to depend upon their own resources, he turned to the farmer. Land was tilled that had never been broken for centuries, and the farmer became a real producer. If he didn't, there was a law to take his land from him temporarily. Ploughing was done by tractor, night and day and Sundays. The added crop acreage was expected to amount to millions, but lack of tractors and help and quick co-operation reduced the amount to less than half a million acres. Next year the millions are promised. Allotments sprang up everywhere—vacant lots, golf links, railway tracks, parks. London alone is producing eight hundred extra acres of vegetables. The additional growth has reduced the price of potatoes for the moment to less than it was before the war; and the absence of market organization is leaving tons to rot. England was driven to act before she could complete the organization necessary to reap the greatest reward.

The solution does not yet appear. If the submarine continues even its present success, and the measures of the future do not improve substantially on those of the past, the British Isles will feel want. Private profits, private shipping, block all the Gov-

ernment can do. The controlling influences of supply and demand are non-existent in time of war. With Government interference they lost almost all their power, in all justice. To continue that power is to exploit the Government of the people at the cost of the people. To-day the old tenet of the economist means nothing more, in the case of importations, than to ask the people, at their own expense, to make trade possible by import regulations and transportation protection, and then to expect them to pay the trader according to the volume and expense of that protection. And locally-grown products are directly dependent for price, especially in England, on the available stocks from without.

The stopping of profiteering is a pleasant ambition to talk about but an over-lofty one to anticipate. Profiteering does not end with the grocer and butcher, the wholesaler and shipper. It has entered into every phase of home life. Only the man in khaki, who assumes all the risk of war, is precluded from it. The workingman, the clerk, the farmer, the thousands of Government officials who have risen with the war—even the Government itself—are profiting from the war. But the burden is uneven. The workingman of England can present a good defence in terms of comparative wage scale, but in terms of total receipt—which is the basis of his living—he might be called a profiteer. His five pence an hour of pre-war days may have increased only sixty per cent., while living has advanced one hundred; but his week's envelope contains probably three times—often six and ten times—what it did before the war. The decreased facilities for drink and idleness keep him longer at work, and the additions of bonus and overtime are not infrequently greater than his regular wage.

The next article of this series will discuss the elaborate plans being made in England for the conservation of materials.

The Bluestocking

BY EDITH G. BAYNE



ARWELL stood for a moment on the threshold of the reception-room, looking about him. His glance was one of perspicacity. For had he not made it a rule never to cultivate the society of dull women. They bored him. They might be ever so charming physically, but when their lips dropped commonplaces he fled their presence as one pursued by some unknown horror. He had lived long enough to understand the peculiar truth of the philosophy embodied in the old saw about beauty and its mere cutaneous depth. Thirty-two years of life and the attainment of at least the groundwork of his ambition had brought him wisdom of various kinds; but even as a neophyte in the study of the other sex he had always leaned rather to plainness of face allied with a brilliant mind as against superficial beauty and triteness.

Incidentally he passed over all women under twenty-five as being out of the running, as far as his particular requirements were concerned. He had not yet met him Madame de Stael, but—there was always hope.

His discerning and somewhat cold eye now passed rapidly over the throng. It was a large assembly and there were many strangers present. After nodding to several acquaintances he wandered off in the general direction of the library. Near the door of a small writing-room where the orchestra was stationed he paused.

Wilmot Le Page stood there in lively conversation with a pretty doll in shell pink. Harwell was obliged to edge rather closely to them in passing, but Le Page did not notice his friend other than by a brief nod. There was sufficient of the gallantry of old Gaul in Wilmot to make him any woman's knight, but he possessed always a particular faculty for discovering the prettiest of the sex.

Harwell smiled sardonically, stifled a yawn, and with hands behind his back took up his stand a few feet away and waited for chance to send him a man with whom he might escape to the smoking-room.

"There stands old Harwell," said a deep, taunting voice in his rear, "like Wisdom on the heights, disdainful as usual the soft chattering of the apes, failing utterly, as always, to appreciate the charm of beauty, waiting only for the thrust of repartee, the flash of an epigram. Wake up, old man, and come along to the conservatory. I want to show you—"

Harwell had wheeled to find his friend Atwood by his elbow.

"What do you want to show me, Billy?" he demanded. "I'm feeling rather more bored than usual to-night. Hard day at the office, and I'm a real number one sample of the tired business man. So don't introduce me to anything that giggles and says 'perfectly lovely, y' know', or I'll—I'll make tracks for home if I have to escape by way of the coal-chute!"

"I admire your self-abnegation in

putting in an appearance at all! Can't you get rid of that obsession of yours and make yourself agreeable, for once, to the dear ladies? However, it is merely a flowering shrub I wish you to meet. It's an exotic bloom that Denwood brought from the tropics. Has the most wonderful scent—"

Harwell relaxed into a smile, for plants were Billy Atwood's 'obsession', and, so, with the free masonry of hobby-riders, like drew to like, and together they sought out the cool green retreat.

"Who is that gentleman to whom you nodded just now?" asked Miss Nell Henderson of Wilmot Le Page.

"Which one?"

"The tall, dark one, with the tired look on his face," she replied, leaning forward slightly to watch the slowly retreating form in irreproachable evening attire, which had attracted her attention from the fact of its having towered over most of the others. "See. *That* one. He looks so—so—"

She was about to add "different", but Le Page now turned reluctantly from gazing into the blue pools which were her eyes, and followed her glance.

"Oh, *that* chap? His name is Harwell—John Harwell. Lawyer. Clever fellow, you know, and all that. As I was saying—"

"John Harwell? Why, I believe I've heard of him! He's *immensely* clever, isn't he?"

"He has certainly built up a wonderful reputation. But, unfortunately, he's a most unsociable man—sort of misogynist, you know. Well—perhaps not that exactly, either. I believe the dance programme is about to begin. May I have—"

"Oh, but tell me what you mean. Is he a—does he hate women *really*? He must be horrid!"

"He won't look at a woman under the 'dead-line', as he calls it, which is twenty-five, and he won't look at *any* woman who can't lay some claim

to being a *bas-bleu*. It's a craze of his. I believe he had a clever mother, and therefore he demands—but, please, are you engaged for the first dance?"

"No. Let us sit it out, shall we? Or no, let us walk about instead. I'm beginning to feel stupefied in this air. It's stifling."

"Ah, I know where we shall go. To the conservatory, mademoiselle! There, too, it will be comparatively quiet—nothing to be heard but the cool hissing of the fountain."

"Dear me! Men are queer creatures," observed Miss Henderson, thoughtfully, as, having woven their way in and out among the guests, she and Le Page found themselves at last beside a trellis of roses just within the conservatory doors.

"I hope," said Le Page, "that I am not included in that so sweeping—"

"Oh, *you!* I wasn't thinking of you. It—it was that queer young man we were speaking about. He—he annoys me. I never heard of a man desiring brains before—before beauty. He must be an anomaly."

"Never mind, mademoiselle. There are enough of us left who—are appreciative of—"

And Le Page, shrugging, broke off awkwardly. Even his gallantry and *finesse* were unequal to the task of putting into cold words a tone-poem made up of bronze hair with little glinting red lights—hair that was piled high upon a small head; of a rose-leaf cheek, where a dimple danced; of eyes that had a way of changing in a flash from serious thoughtfulness to merriment.

"Mr. Le Page, I want to ask a favour of you," said Miss Henderson hurriedly. "Please don't refuse. I—"

"Ask of me anything—anything!" and the squire of dames pressed a hand to his heart.

"Sh! I hear voices. Wait."

After a moment, the sounds ceasing, she went on:

"It is only that I'd like if you could contrive to introduce Mr. Harwell to me."

Le Page's face fell perceptibly. "Oh, is *that* all! Believe me, you wouldn't enjoy his society."

"But I want to—have some fun at his expense. He sounds unusual. Please."

"As you like, mademoiselle. When?"

"Let me see," and she consulted her dance card. "I have the fourth dance free, for, like the first, it is one I don't know very well. Bring him then."

At the appointed time, and by dint of adroit management, Le Page conducted the now frankly weary Harwell to Miss Henderson's side.

The grave young lawyer swept a casual glance over the girl, and, bowing, murmured a conventional and half-absent greeting. She returned it in kind and went one better by manufacturing a yawn which she made little effort to conceal.

"Unfortunately I do not dance," he began politely, "or I might do myself the honour of—"

"Oh, don't apologize. I'm tired of dancing. After all, what is it but a giddy, senseless whirl? I rather regret having wasted an evening like this when I might have remained at home with my Schopenhauer."

Harwell started.

"With your what?" he asked, with a glance of curiosity.

"My Schopenhauer," and Miss Henderson became suddenly interested in something across the room.

"Oh!" and Harwell smiled outright. "I—at first I thought it might be a pet dog."

He looked with some slight degree of interest at her, noting in a half-conscious way the rich tints of her hair, the curve of her cheek, the shadow of her lashes, and the red lips, faintly supercilious.

"I've never read him," he admitted candidly.

"Few young men *have* the mental calibre to enjoy him," she said. "It takes a man of experience and knowledge of the world—also an unprejudiced mind, I might say."

She yawned again, half openly, as before.

"You evidently have suffragist—perhaps Socialist—leanings."

"*Leanings!*"

There was a world of meaning in the way she repeated the word after him. He seemed amused—and inwardly she was raging.

"You—er—are a professional woman?" he queried.

"All women have a profession nowadays," she answered.

"I asked in a spirit of doubt. You—pardon me—do not look the type."

"I perceive that you have little knowledge of women. But let us not flounder into a wordy discussion. I am not in the humour for argument. I have been working all week on a paper for our Forward Club, and my brain is weary. I came to this affair to relax. But, really, these gatherings—*crushes*, I should say—even in war's cause, are a bit of a bore, aren't they? But I needn't ask *you*, for I daresay you've enjoyed yourself immensely."

"On the contrary—that is, until this moment."

Miss Henderson lowered her eyes to hide the gleam of exultation that she knew must have leapt to them. How many girls of John Harwell's acquaintance could boast of such a compliment from his penurious lips? She took no apparent notice of his remark, but sighed and twirled her fan.

"So you do lectures," he said soberly. "What is the subject of your paper for the Forward Club?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't interest you."

"But it might, you know."

"It is 'The Evolution of the Cosmos in Relation to the Progress of the Unit'."

Harwell was a full minute in getting it. Then he whistled softly.

"Are you free for the next dance space?" he asked.

"I'm sorry. My programme is filled to the end."

"How about supper, then?"

Miss Henderson hesitated, a bit demurely.

"There was a young man who brought me. I believe it is understood that I go in to supper with him."

"Couldn't you put him off?"

Miss Henderson thought she might try. So Harwell took her in to supper, not deigning to notice the glare from a pair of eyes belonging to a good-looking, fair youth who was obliged to take in a lady with an ear-trumpet.

Harwell began to enjoy himself. Here he was, for the first time in his life, talking to a beautiful woman who had also brains, a quick wit, and the most charming originality. And she seemed but a chit of a girl! Her humour was spontaneous and never barbed. She stood out from all the other women of his acquaintance like a diamond in a dust-heap. Harwell began to revise some of his pet theories.

They spoke of philosophy, of poetry, of religion, of politics, and then of literature.

"By Jove! You're positively refreshing!" he broke out at one point, after she had remarked that many people carried their religion like a dead body—by the head and heels, with the middle sagging.

The talk having got around to fiction heroines, Miss Henderson proved herself to be an impartial critic. She lashed and praised with equal justice both English and American authors.

"How annoying to open an otherwise charming book," he said, "and find the heroine a raw miss of seventeen or eighteen! And to find her endowed with all the grace and knowledge and wit of a woman of thirty!"

"As Byron says, they 'smell of bread and butter'." Harwell interjected.

"A book I read only this week had such a heroine. She had the repartee of a Pinero, the passion of a Cleopatra, and the hard sense of a busi-

ness man. I flung her across the room—the book, I mean, though I wish it could have been the girl!"

"Cheer up, though. Authors in general are raising the age. It is twenty-six at present, I believe."

"I would write a novel myself," said Miss Henderson, half vindictively, "only I don't want to crowd the mourners."

Harwell shot a swift glance at her. But she looked quite serious.

"I'll admit that Amelia Sedley for one made me wish to tear my hair and beat my breast," he said. "Also those two dear children of fifteen and sixteen in 'The Virginians'. Tell you what! Let's do a novel together. You shall build the plot and dress up the characters, and I shall work in the bits of dry philosophy. Do you follow me?"

"I'm ahead of you. No publisher would—"

"Tut-tut! I thought you were an optimist! I can almost see written on your shield, *Veni vidi vici*."

"You are afflicted with mental myopia, then. What you see is *Facilis descensus averno*. I am an out-and-out Bohemian, and I say what I think always. It must be my hair, I suppose. My brother says I'm a very temperamental person, and he pities the man—"

She broke off with a charming blush, and passed the salted almonds to her other neighbour.

"I *envy* the man," Harwell hastened to say. "I should say you would be an ideal life partner for a peppery fellow—say a grumpy lawyer, now—you are so tactful and—"

"Don't. We mustn't lock horns so early in our acquaintance. I'm *not* tactful. And I'm not a pacifist, if that is what you were about to say. I'm afraid the poor peppery partner would be up against it. He never would be able to hit out and get away with it, for I would be right there with the return wallop."

Harwell laughed. A number of people glanced wonderingly at him,

remarking his very evident enjoyment and his most unusual animation.

"I should like to see you home," he said, as they rose from the table. "You can't. I'm provided for in that respect."

"May I call to see you, soon, then?"

"I'm a very busy person. . . . Well, next week?"

His face fell. She relented.

"Wednesday evening, then, if you like."

That was but the beginning. That Wednesday was only the first of many Wednesdays, and after a time Sunday evening was added.

Miss Henderson's home was almost as charming as herself. They invariably occupied the cosy library, and Harwell, who lived in a boarding-house, found it exceedingly restful to lean back in a deep-cushioned chair opposite Miss Nell (who usually had a bit of needlework), discussing books and many other things, while he watched the play of the firelight on her hair. She generally did the listening now.

Harwell's thralldom was complete. He had begun to feel as though he had known her all his life. She satisfied every fastidious requirement of his ultra-fastidious nature, and occasionally he would endeavour, haltingly, to put this thought into concrete form, but always the girl would change the subject abruptly. Upon one matter she had remained reticent. That was her work. Harwell often wondered, with chagrin, if conceivably she still felt that he was incapable of understanding. That she was excessively busy he could not doubt, for she was palpably weary upon more than one evening, thus compelling him, very reluctantly, to make an early departure.

A change had come over the girl. When unobserved she wore a troubled look. Her friendship with the young lawyer was taking a trend that began to lead her into hitherto untried territory. They seldom spoke of phil-

osophy, or merely abstract matters now, but revelled in personalities, in mutual tastes and desires. There were, too, many long silences between them, silences that neither cared to break.

Harwell, who, in his professional capacity had been retained upon a Government commission, had been chafing for months over the delay which had prevented him from going overseas with his battalion. But on an evening in May when the two were returning to the girl's home after a military concert he broke the news to her of his impending departure.

"So I will not go in to-night," he added. "Because I have packing to attend to and many letters to write. I leave early Friday morning for Quebec."

Visibly in the clear spring starlight she had paled. After a pause he went on:

"But I want to see you to-morrow—particularly. I can't wait until evening. I have something to say to you that—"

He broke off. The girl was a long time finding her voice. Perhaps she had felt unable to risk it.

"How soon in the day? I—I am busy all morning and all afternoon."

"Isn't there a lull somewhere? How about noon?"

"Say eleven-thirty, then," she said, after a moment.

Promptly on the minute Harwell, in his officer's uniform, was admitted to the drawing-room of the girl's home. He felt a trifle ill at ease, and would have preferred the library, their common meeting-ground.

In less than five minutes she came in, somewhat hesitatingly. Harwell rose. His lips opened to emit an exclamation, but closed again, and with surprised eyes he only gazed. She wore a large overall apron of crisp blue percale, and her sleeves were rolled to the elbows. A cap of the same material covered all but a few tendrils of her glorious hair. There were traces of flour about her,

and her cheeks were unduly flushed, as of one who has been bending over a hot cookstove.

It was the first time that he had seen her in anything but the most expensive and fashionable attire.

"I know I look a fright," she began, "but you will have to excuse my—"

"It isn't *that*," he put in quickly. "Has one of the maids suddenly left?"

"Not at all. I—I suppose you expected me to come into your presence with ink-stained fingers and a look of mental detachment. Now didn't you?"

He made no reply, but the warmth in his eyes brought a deeper flush to her already pink countenance.

"What—did you wish to see me about?"

Harwell cleared his throat.

"I came to ask you if you would marry me," he said.

She sank into a chair.

"I—I can't," she said in a small voice.

Harwell was an unemotional man, but he grew a little white.

"Why not?" he asked. "You—must have known this was coming. I want to marry you this afternoon."

"I can't," she repeated. "I can't ever. Don't look like that! I didn't know when I began this how—how it would end. It was all a bit of fun. I didn't mean to—"

"I don't know what you are talking about—"

"Oh, but—can't you see—can't you understand? I'm a—an impostor. I'm not what you think—"

Harwell, plainly puzzled, stood looking down upon her as she sat, the picture of confusion and despair, clasping and unclasping her small floured hands and looking up at him with big, hurt, contrite eyes.

"I *couldn't* tell you—I tried often. You think I'm a midnight-oil burner, a bluestocking, a female orator, a woman's club officer, a clever woman—"

"I think you're perfect."

"I'm not. I—I'm cook for a munitions canteen!"

He did not seem greatly startled.

"What's that got to do with the question? I love you and I want you to marry me. I wouldn't care if you were cook for the King of the Fiji Islanders."

She smiled fleetingly, blinked her eyes hard, and was silent.

"I'm going to France, and God knows when, if ever, I'll be back. And I want—"

"Don't!"

And all of a sudden she had flung her head upon her arms on the chair-rest and was weeping convulsively. In a moment Harwell was beside her, his arms about her.

She sobbed the story into his khaka sleeve, then.

"I—I took the contract five months ago. Dorry and I wanted to help. She's clever and—serves on committees and—makes speeches. But I'm not. There wasn't a thing I could do—do well but cook. The canteen sends up for the stuff twice a day, and it goes down in baskets. They like my soup and pies and custards. I give my services. It is all I can do—my one talent. But I *can* cook!"

She lifted her head with some show of honest pride, but discovered that Harwell's eyes were humorously, tenderly a-twinkle.

"If you're going to laugh at—"

He sobered instantly.

"So here's your bluestocking—crying like a baby! And, oh, yes! I never read Schopenhauer. I only remembered his name because I fell down on it at a spelling-match once. And I never got up a paper on anything. I don't know what the Evolution of the Cosmos is, for I only read it off an advertisement card in the street-car that evening. And my brain was never over-weary from study because I'm hopelessly domestic!"

She struggled free and got to her feet.

"One more confession," said the munitions cook, and her eyes sought the rug. "I—asked Mr. Le Page to introduce you to me."

"I know," said Harwell easily. "I was behind a potted palm in Denwood's conservatory. I recognized Le Page's voice, but, of course, didn't know yours—at the time. You haven't said 'yes' yet," he added significantly.

"But I'm still under the—the 'dead line'—and I have neither brains nor—"

"Listen. I don't want a woman with a head like an adding machine. And I was a stupid fool ever to draw a 'dead-line' where your sex is con-

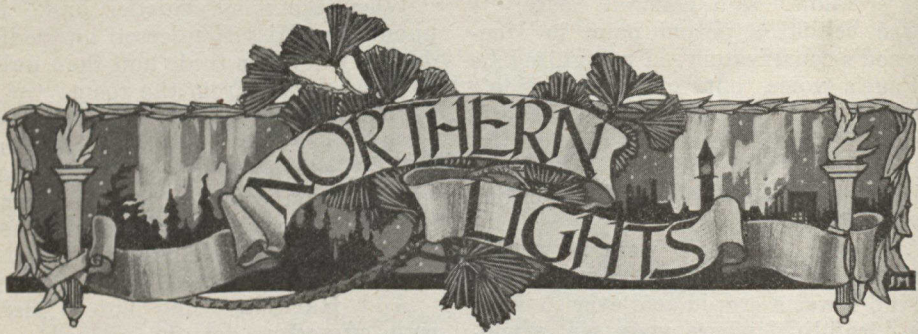
cerned. I confess myself to have been an all-round ass. Come here and make a flour-dab on my right shoulder to match the one on the left."

When the noon whistles broke in upon them Miss Henderson hurriedly dusted Harwell's tunic and then pulled him quickly from the room.

"If I *am* only a cook, I'm immensely proud of my productions," she said. "Let's go to the pantry, I want to show you some of the toothsome things I have been turning out since eight o'clock. Perhaps there'll be a big piece of raisin pie—"

And Harwell, being but a mere man, offered no demur.





A NEW DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

WHEN "Bill" McNurlen went across from Iowa to Saskatchewan twelve years ago he had more energy than money, notwithstanding the loss of one arm, and more downright enterprise than ninety-nine farmers in a hundred. He was a farmer, even with one arm, and he settled on a homestead near the town of Rouleau. Like everyone else he had to borrow money from a bank, but he believed that borrowed money is just as good as any other kind if only the Almighty could get a chance to increase it. Both he and the Almighty were willing to give the money time to increase, but the bank wasn't. Payment of the note became due, and Bill hadn't enough money. He told the bank manager that the money was all right; it was in the ground, the Almighty was doing his part, and the grain was growing. But the manager told Bill to dig down and get the money. Bill hustled across to Regina and there got another bank to back him. Then he raised the note and went back to the farm. In time, with the aid of frequent rains and sunshine, Bill's wheat was in the local elevator, and in Bill's pocket reposed a cheque on the same local bank for \$5,300. Bill took the cheque across to the bank, and, lean-

ing the stub of his right arm on the counter in front of the cashier's wicket, passed it under. The cashier supposed Bill would deposit the cheque and then draw it out "as he needed it". But Bill replied that he would take the cash—now.

"It's a pretty big amount," said the cashier. "Suppose you deposit three



MRS. FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY

thousand and take the balance in cash."

"Nothing doing," said Bill; "I want the cash—the whole lump—to-day."

With that the cashier went to the manager. The manager came from his office and suggested that as it was unusual to pay out so much cash at once, Bill might have the cheque cashed at his own bank in Regina.

"But I want the cash now," said Bill.

"Well," replied the manager apologetically, "to tell the truth, we have not that much money on hand just now. But it's all right, you know," he hastened to add.

Just then Bill's memory began to work.

"Do you remember," he said, "when my note fell due and I told you it was all right, that the money was in the ground?"

The manager coloured and cleared his throat.

"The money was in the ground then," Bill went on. "Now it's in the elevator over there, and I take it that the elevator company would not give me a cheque on this bank unless they had first put the money here. You told me to dig down and get the money; now, you dig down, and be mighty quick about it."

The manager put on his hat, went over to the one other local bank and borrowed enough money to prevent Bill from closing the doors.

The banks do not worry Bill now. He has several farms in one, several automobiles, a motor-truck, and an ordinary fortune in farm implements of the heavy, expensive, Western type.

*

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?

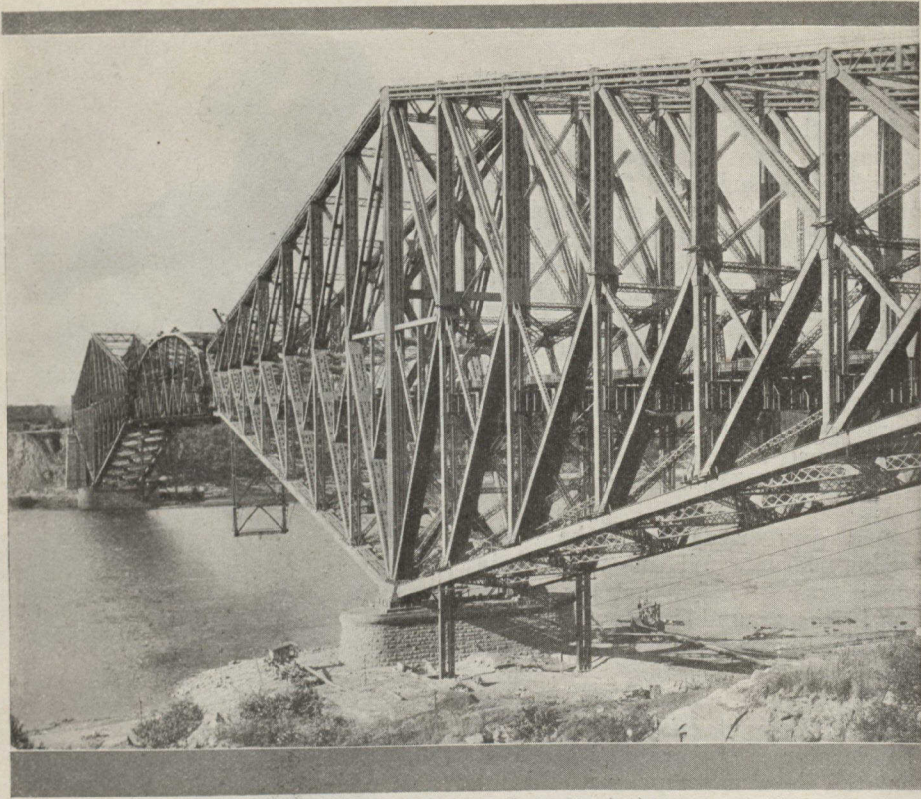
YOU must have asked yourself the question a dozen times when reading stories, articles and poems which struck that intangible chord, that nameless note vibrating through the being of every person who is not hopelessly atrophied as to soul.



"BILL" McNURLEN

Who almost broke the bank at Rouleau

Strangely enough, this poetic-looking photograph shows you what a poet is like—Florence Randall Livesay—and you will doubtless say to yourself, "Well, no wonder I liked that book of Ukranian Songs so much." Mrs. Livesay will tell you that she is glad to have had country girlhood for the vision of the Comp-



AN INTIMATE VIEW OF THE GREAT QUEBEC BRIDGE

ton hills and valleys has still a potent influence on her work. At the beginning of her career she wrote character sketches of the village people, and poems which took a breath of glowing country to the fettered city-breds; and these were published when the writer was still very young. She will also tell you that when in South Africa she felt that her first opportunity to "really write" had come, and she seized it. A very few months' residence in the West was sufficient to interest her in Ukranian folk lore, and her book of Ukranian Songs has brought nothing but the highest of praise, not the least of which comes from *The London World* in these words: ". . . haunting, exquisite things for which we owe the translator an unending debt; a book every poetry lover will prize." If

you picture Mrs. Livesay covering miles of country and poking into isolated huts and other people's business to gather her material, you are wrong. She opened her ears as well as her heart, and listened to her Ruthenian domestics, interpreting their prodigality of poetry into English. Of late Mrs. Livesay has been doing considerable lecturing, but one doubts that her success, great as it is, brings her the same gratification as that which accompanied the publication of a religious poem many years ago. It created no end of comment amongst her school-mates, who were not to be convinced that it did not represent a penance for some darkly secret sin, and for a whole year Mrs. Livesay knew the discomfort of living too much in the limelight, for her girl friends were quite assiduous in urg-



LADY ANNE CAVENDISH

Seated between her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire

ing her to confess! She is a great believer in newspaper work as an all-round education for young girls, teaching them accuracy, to get other people's points of view, discrimination and giving them an unlimited chance for the observation of character. She has gone through lots of drudgery and has done much hack work, but even it was not all drab, both sunshine and shadow preparing her for the larger successes which were to come.

*

THE YOUNGEST PRESIDENT IN CANADA

AND of so large an organization, too! But this is the whole story: The members of the Ottawa Horticultural Society, numbering more

than seven hundred, were recently invited to inspect the grounds at Government House. The most interesting section of these proved to be a garden planted and tended by the charming little Lady Anne Cavendish, the youngest daughter of Their Excellencies. Spontaneously and unanimously the society requested that they be honoured by having Lady Anne as honorary president of the organization, and therefore we are back to the starting-point—she is the youngest president of the largest society of its kind in the Dominion. But, to start again, it is well to note that horticulture is in Canada one of the neglected pursuits that the war promises to stimulate. And in this connection also the daughter of the Governor-General is doing a good work.



THE HONOURABLE HUGH GUTHRIE, M.P.
One of the first Liberals to join the new
Union Government



THE HONOURABLE C. C. BALLANTYNE,
One of the first Liberals to join the new
Union Government

THE CONFEDERATION STAMP.

THE issuance by the Dominion Government of special postage stamps as souvenirs of Confederation tempts one to remark about the notably unattractive character of almost all the regular stamps used in Canada. Of all things that go abroad the postage stamp is the one that is most widely seen. Then, why should it not be made attractive? Our stamps should be artistic, original in design and contain other qualities that would distinguish them at a glance from all

other stamps. It would be a splendid advertisement for the Dominion. Other countries, for instance, Japan and Russia, issue postage stamps that are veritable works of art.

*

UNION AT LAST

SIR ROBERT BORDEN has had to wrestle with the most difficult political situation since Confederation. There were so many conflicting elements that it was impossible to please all. His first attempts at the formation of a Union Government failed because the Dominion Liberal leaders would not accept the conditions. Later it was announced that Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, a wealthy manufacturer of Montreal, and Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., of Guelph, had gone in; and within the next few days Sir Robert's big *coup* was made by the joining of Mr. N. W. Rowell (Ontario), Mr. J. A. Calder and Mr. T. A. Crerar (Saskatchewan), and Mr. F. B. Carvell (New Brunswick).



CANADIAN CONFEDERATION STAMP

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME
By PHILIP GIBBS. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.



HERE are those at home who, to preserve sanity or to play the coward, would flee far far away from the shrieking field of Flanders. Let such not read Philip Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs does not, like many writers, invoke the catalogue of gruesomeness that benumbs perception and mercifully wards off realization. One is unprotected against the horror of his pages. For he goes quietly on, quietly, vividly setting down the moves, progressions and retreats, in the business of war. It is all a business. It is all there before one's eyes, so easily, so distinctly, so naturally portrayed, that it really *happens*. Philip Gibbs makes war occur. This is it:

As many men as could get into dug-outs to the north of Pozières were down there yesterday, listening to the crashes of our heavy shells, which were smashing the trenches about them and screaming overhead on more distant journeys.

The Australians and English troops, including men of Kent, Sussex and Surrey regiments, were waiting in their own trenches.

A crescent moon came up. The woods darkened. Shadows crept down from Thiepval. Distant cornfields in the world beyond the war, so near as miles are counted, so far away in peace, became bronzed and red, and then all dark and vague in the evening mist. Above, the sky was still blue, with stars very bright and glistering.

It was, I think, about nine o'clock—as the clock goes now in France and England—when the British troops left their trenches. They went quietly without any great clamour across the five hundred

yards of ground, dusky figures, the brown of their khaki no different from the colour of the earth around them, through the gloom of coming night. The Australians worked up to the right, the English to the left. Before them was the German second line on a front of about 3,000 yards, and part of that long line which was pierced and taken on July 14th between Bazentin le Petit and Longueval, when the British troops went up in waves and astounded the world by their achievement. It was no longer a line of trenches.

It was a line of hummocky and tumbled earth along innumerable shell-craters. Only the dug-outs, or some of them, still remained in all this chaos, filled with living and wounded and dead.

Out of the wreck of earth, as our men advanced, living men came out in groups.

There was some bayonet fighting and bombing. From behind the German lines in isolated redoubts machine guns were at work spraying out bullets. . . .

Mr. Gibbs's book will probably be a widely-read register of the battles of the Somme.

*

MERLIN

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A VAGUE pain is the reward of reading this poem. Arthur the King, Merlin the seer, Vivian the lovely, Sir Dagonet the fool—they are all of them bound in the coil of fate and change. And the poet makes his poem say:

. . . I believe
Another age will have another Merlin,
Another Camelot, and another King.

The poem closes:

. . . Colder blew the wind
Across the world, and on it heavier lay
The shadow of the burden of the night;
And there was darkness over Camelot.

In his earlier volume, "The Man Against the Sky", E. A. Robinson showed an acrid originality that lured the reader through his pages. Some may imagine that because here he takes as his basis aspects of the Arthurian legend and becomes in places Tennysonian, that the later volume will fail. But it does not fail. There is a slight staleness about it because of its subject matter, not so much because the subject matter is stale, but because one expects it to be so. One doubts if the modernizing of an old theme quite succeeds when Lamorak in an otherwise rather good bit of speech-making concludes:

. . . As for the Grail,
I've never worried it, and so the Grail
Has never worried me.

But the total effect of the poem is a poet's result, worthy of the author of "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford".

Here is the poet's picture of Vivian:

The lady Vivian in a fragile sheath
Of crimson, dimmed and veiled ineffably
By the flame-shaken wherein she sat,
. . . heard Merlin coming.

The poem is a poem of the coil of fate and change. It is the sense of this coil brought down to date that gives the reader vague pain. Robinson says:

. . . Time swings
A mighty scythe, and some day all your
peace
Goes down before its edge like so much
clover.

When all men are like you, my lord,
When all are rational or rickety,
There may be no more war.

*

A STUDENT IN ARMS

BY DONALD HANKEY. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THE student, the author of this book, was a firm-witted zealot in the battles of the Somme. Even amid the strenuous troubles of camp and trench he had a pen that could not help marching to its own sound upon

paper. And he enriched *The Spectator's* pages with essays that are now available in permanent form under the above caption. Essays, did the reviewer say? There is such bubbling spontaneity about them, such gusto and freshness, sometimes such lack of literary convention, that one scarcely knows what to name them. They have a way with them that is all their own way. What we should have had from Lieutenant Hankey had war and death not called him early away it will be left for those who knew him privately to best imagine. From these pages we gather the impression of one possessed of what amounted to genius for reacting to the stimulus of circumstance. Nothing seemed to touch Hankey without touching his mind. Everything set him thinking, not always profoundly, as his later published volume shows, but always brightly, takingly. Sometimes he suddenly flashes an amazing originality in our eyes. And whether he is writing of "Kitchener's Army", or of "Some Who were Lost, and Afterward were Found", or of "A Student, His Comrades, and His Church", he is a phrasemaker. We like to read the book of a phrasemaker.

*

CHRISTINE

BY ALICE CHOLMONDELEY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this book is an Englishwoman, a novelist. The book is sinister in its insincerity. It will not be well regarded by the better type of patriot. There is something almost of the sacrilegious and the blasphemous about it. The typical love of an innocent girl for the world and her mother is exploited for the ends of a peculiarly lowering type of war propaganda.

These are the facts of the book. The preface is signed "Alice Cholmondeley", who states therein that the letters to follow were written by

her daughter Christine, from Germany, while she was there studying the violin in the months just preceding August, 1914. Christine, so the preface states, died of double pneumonia as she journeyed out of Germany after the declaration of war. Alice Cholmondeley says:

"I am publishing the letters just as they came to me, leaving out nothing. We have been stripped in these days of our securities and our private hoards. We share our griefs."

On the next page the "Publishers' Note" says:

The publishers have considered it best to alter some of the personal names in the following pages.

The honest and straight-forward reader covers the preface and the publisher's note and then moves on to the letters. These are splendidly written. They are fresh and agile. One does not readily lay them aside until the last page is turned. But one slowly becomes skeptical. Something is wrong. There is unreality somewhere. The psychology surely trips in places. Doubt grows. It begins to dawn that the whole thing is a concocted thing, written about Germany in the heat of war fever by the subject of an enemy state *after* August, 1914, and not by innocent little Christine "ready to like everything" at all.

In the mind of the worldly wise and the wary the condemnation of the book lies in its baffling and deplorable unreality, which the unsophisticated hearts will accept uncritically.

It is surely not becoming for the English spirit to indulge in this sort of thing. The true British sense can be trusted to repudiate this insidious insincerity.

The hint at a saving element in the matter lies in the fact that the publisher calls it "a notable addition to the fiction that has dealt with the war", and quotes a reviewer as saying: "Whether fact or fiction . . ."

thus at least preparing the way to truth for the credulous reader.

*

THE LAST DAYS OF FORT VAUX

BY HENRY BORDEAUX. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

HERE in one short volume, vividly, dramatically, almost breathlessly, are compressed the terrible events that took place during one short period of the war. It is not history, for it is more moving than even is the mere chronicle, the record of passing events. It gives one an impression of the present war that will not be easily effaced.

*

THE HIGH HEART

BY BASIL KING. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS intensely moving novel should be of unusual interest to Canadian readers, because the author and the heroine are Canadians. It has even a firmer hold on our attention than that, because it deals with important conditions arising out of the present war and affecting both Canada and the United States. At first one thinks that one is reading merely the story of a very poor girl who marries a rich man, but soon one realizes that vital things, things that involve us all, are being discussed, and one begins to see something of one's present responsibilities. It is a fine romance, well written, but it is something more than that.

*

KLEATH

BY MADGE MACBETH. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

MRS. MACBETH chose a good setting for this mild "thriller". For everyone believes that the Yukon, especially Dawson City, in the late nineties, was the scene of at least one thrill a minute. She gives a description of life in Dawson City at that time, especially the life of the dancing-halls, and into it she weaves a

melodrama and romance that is entertaining and convincing. Kleath is the name of the hero, a newspaper compositor who was attracted to Dawson by the proprietor of the first newspaper under the midnight sun. He fell in love with the daughter of the proprietor, who was proprietor also of a prominent saloon and dancing-hall; but he had a past, also a wife, two serious obstacles. Because of these things, he had little to say about himself, and accordingly he became a mystery. Like all mysteries, however, he soon came out into the light; and following the tragic death of his wife, who had followed him to Dawson, he has the novel experience of a proposal from the girl he loves. There are many clever, even witty passages, and apart from its popularity as a novel, the story, if set for moving pictures, undoubtedly would be a pronounced success.

*

THE DEFINITE OBJECT

By JEFFERY FARNOL. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

ONE thing that can be said for Jeffery Farnol's latest novel is that it is not half so bad as the last one. "Belton the Smith" was a shock to lovers of "The Broad Highway", and many will approach "The Definite Object" with misgivings. However, we can reassure them on this point. In his new story Mr. Farnol has returned to his earlier manner, and if he has not given us a novel as good as the two great ones that made him famous he has at least given us a readable story. With a princess in exile and a prince in disguise forming an appropriate centre, he has gathered all our favourite situations round us. We have the burglar who is not a burglar really and is spared by the hero. We have the life-weary millionaire who decides (almost) to kill himself by way of a new experi-

ence, but is diverted from his awful purpose by a plunge into real (slum) life. We have the professional prize-fighter who is beaten without trouble by the amateur. We have murder, suicide and sudden death; a man who thinks he kills a fellow man and doesn't, and the stern father who turns his erring daughter from his door and dies of remorse in consequence. Then, as though this were not enough, we have as a *pièce de résistance*, the deathbed marriage on what turns out not to be a death-bed after all. One can imagine his fellow authors feeling sore with Mr. Farnol for using up all their stock situations so recklessly. There are many minor characters done in Dickensian style; and as the action takes place in New York the mixture of American slang and English "quaintness" is, well, it is very mixed, indeed. The sentiment, though, is purely English, and there is much of it. On the whole, if this book were not by the artist who wrote "The Broad Highway" we might find it an entertaining story along the line of "The Dawn of To-morrow", only much longer. As it is, we wonder what can have happened to Mr. Farnol. Perhaps it's the war?

*

THE SPELL OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND THE PHILIPPINES

By ISABEL ANDERSON. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a happy addition to the popular "spell" series of books of travel. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting, dealing as it does with countries that are not only fascinating in themselves, but which are becoming of increasing importance in trade and commerce. There are many excellent reproductions of photographs, some of them beautifully coloured.

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POSTUM

"There's a Reason"



5 months on an Ice Floe

Bovril saves life of Shackleton's Men

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON *wrote*:—

“When the *Endurance* sank in the Weddell Sea, we had to seek refuge on the shifting ice. Most of the stores had to be scrapped, as the avoidance of weight was of great importance. It was then that the Bovril rations were of such splendid help. During our five and a half months' drift on the floe, the Bovril rations formed one of the staple diets; and after the ice broke up, and we took to the boats, they were our mainstay. I think it is not too much to say that without them, few, if any of us, would have survived.”

In spite of the increase in the cost of Beef (the raw material of Bovril) there has been no increase in the price of Bovril during the war.

Body-building powers of Bovril proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.



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There is no other cereal food anywhere near like it.

Here are whole grains shaped like wheat grains, puffed to eight times normal size.

As flimsy as a snowflake—as airy as a bubble. With a flavor that suggests a nut confection.

Yet a whole-grain food, supplying all that flour food lacks. And fitted for complete digestion as whole wheat never was before. It forms the ideal breakfast.

After School

Douse any Puffed Grain with melted butter, as you would peanuts or popcorn. Or merely salt.

Then you have a perfect food which tastes like a confection. It is toasted, fragile, nut-like, crisp, and almond-like in flavor.

Yet it is simply grain food made easy to digest. It will not tax the stomach, or kill the appetite for dinner.

Hungry boys who don't have Puffed Grains eat something not one-half so desirable, or half so likable. See how boys enjoy them.



Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Both 15c Except in Far West

(1722)

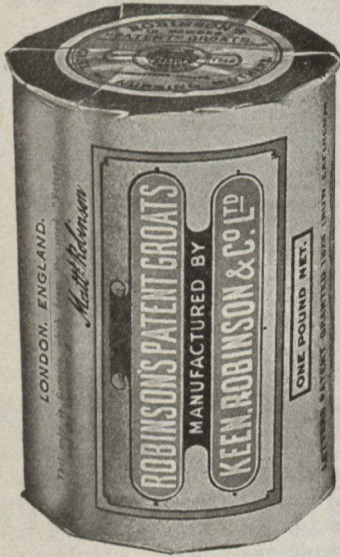
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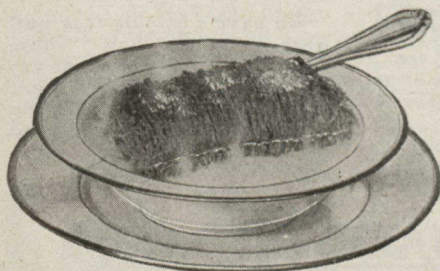
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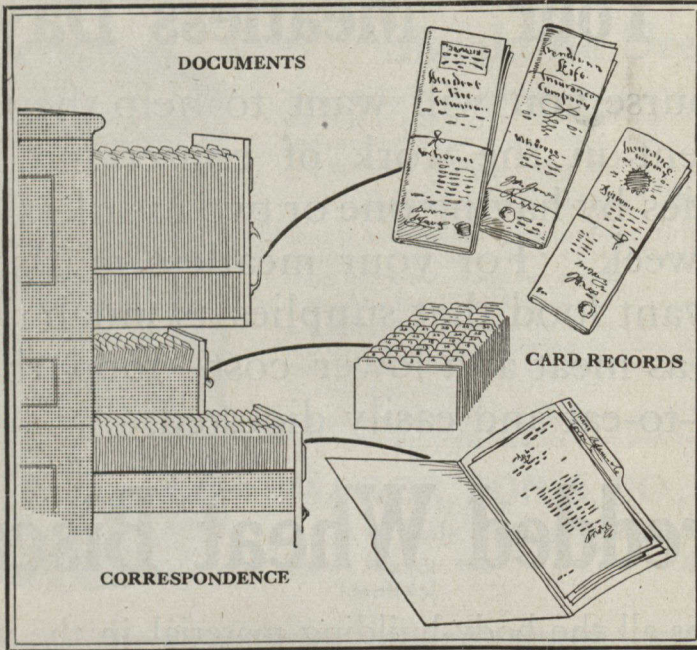
contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. The whole wheat contains every element needed for building healthy bodies and for furnishing energy for the day's work. It contains more real, body-building nutriment than meat, eggs or potatoes and costs much less.



Two or three of these crisp, brown little loaves of cooked whole wheat with milk or cream make a nourishing, satisfying meal for any time of day at a cost of a few cents. Delicious with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples or other fruits.

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THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Toronto Office, 49 Wellington Street East


OFFICE SPECIALTY
 FILING SYSTEMS

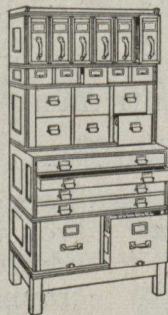


CARE WELL FOR THE RECORDS THAT RUN YOUR BUSINESS

WITH a healthy, expanding business, bulkier grow the records. These records are vitally important. They form the foundation on which the business is built—and grows. In many cases they are the business.

Treatment, then, paralleling the vital purpose they serve, should be given to them.

Whether your business be large or small—your records many or few—there's an "Office Specialty" System of filing that is built just for you—to conform exactly with your requirements.



"Office Specialty"
Standard Filing Sections
Wood or Steel

The "Unit Plan" construction of "Office Specialty" Filing Devices enables you to add to your equipment just as your business grows and your records increase. So your investment is kept at a minimum all the time, with maximum service operating to your benefit.

We have a catalog that outlines pointedly how "Office Specialty" Filing Systems can help you to simplify your record-keeping problems. Drop a postal in the mail to-day and we'll be glad to send along a copy.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
LIMITED

Largest Makers of Filing Devices and Office Systems in the British Empire
Home Office and Factories: NEWMARKET, CAN.

9 Filing Equipment Stores:

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver

EVEREADY DAYLO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The light that says
"There it is!"

RUNNING in from an advanced post, at night, Longshaw R. Pointt, of the American Ambulance Field Service, with two wounded men in his car, travelled a road that was less than a kilometer distant and in full view of the enemy lines.

Suddenly the engine stopped dead. To light a match would have revealed his position, with the result that at any instant a shell might sweep across the road and wipe the car and its two wounded occupants off the map.

But he had his DAYLO with him, and using his hand as a shade, was able to throw light all over the engine without illuminating the scenery. In half a minute he located the trouble; in three minutes more was on his way to the hospital—SAFE! For every emergency of the night—DAYLO is equally dependable.

77 different styles at prices from 85 cents up. Sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere.

Don't let your soldier boy go to camp without an Eveready DAYLO —"the light that may save his life."

Canadian National Carbon Co.
LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

when all other lights fail.

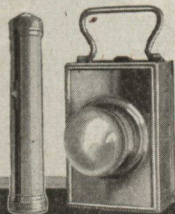
when the motor stalls and the trouble must be located instantly.

when you're looking for something in that dark corner in the attic.

when a fuse blows and all the lights go out.

when you can't see to read a signpost or house number.

whenever you need instant, portable light, indoors or out, you need an Eveready DAYLO.



Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO

A "sameness" that is most enjoyable—the daily, unvarying goodness of a cup of "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE. It never fails to greet with that same exquisite fragrance, amber clearness and delightful flavour, that win people with the first cup.

In ½, 1, and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

184



WILSON'S
INVALIDS'
PORT
à la Quina du Pérou

R Cinchona Bark,
Fruit Acids,
Aromatics, Salts and
Old Oporto Wine.

The Perfect Prescription

For Breakdowns, Anaemic Weakness, Bad Digestion with Loss of Appetite, and for the period of weakness and lassitude during Convalescence.

Absolutely no Alcohol is added.

BIG BOTTLE ASK YOUR DOCTOR ALL DRUGGISTS



A 750-Calory Breakfast

(A Calory is the Unit of Food Value by Which Nutriment is Measured)

A Dish of Stewed Prunes—
Two Slices Buttered Toast—
Coffee with Sugar and Cream
—Quaker Oats with Milk or
Cream.

In Nutrition that Equals—

1 Pound Eggs (7 Eggs), or
1 Pound Broiled Chicken, or
2 Pounds Potatoes, or
 $\frac{4}{5}$ Pound Round Steak.

$\frac{1}{4}$ Average Cost

Quaker Oats supplies nutrition at one-fourth the cost of the average mixed diet.

It supplies all the elements needed, in a perfectly balanced form. As an energy food it stands first among grain foods. It is the ideal food for growth. And no other grain has been endowed with such richness and such flavor.

When you serve Quaker Oats—in porridge, bread, muffins, pancakes or cookies—you are minimizing food cost. You are conserving wheat. You are supplying the utmost in a food.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Get Quaker Oats, because this grade embodies just the big, rich, flavorful oats. All puny and insipid grains are omitted from this brand.

We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. But the result is doubly-delicious flakes. And they cost you no extra price.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

1724

Saskatoon, Canada

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

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

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

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Walkerville, Ont.



FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON



*A safe and palatable laxative
for children*

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Absolutely Non-narcotic

Does not contain opium, morphine,
nor any of their derivatives.

By checking wind colic and correcting intestinal troubles common with children during the period of teething, helps to produce natural and healthy sleep.

*Soothes the fretting baby and
thereby give relief to
the tired mother.*

There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by
F. W. Fearman Co., Limited
Hamilton

Such a Delicious Ginger Ale

For more than sixty years, O'Keefe's beverages have been the finest of their kinds produced in Canada.

O'Keefe's

SPECIAL PALE DRY GINGER ALE

is quite in keeping with the high standard of other O'Keefe beverages. It is a most delicious ginger ale—pale and sparkling, dry and inviting—with a unique flavour that you will enjoy. Try it.

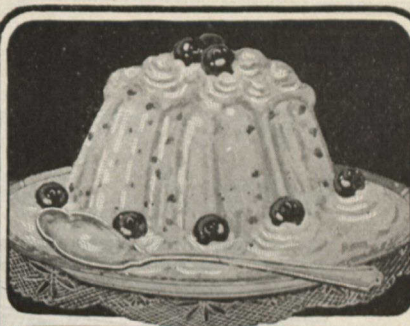
We also make

Belfast Style Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Cream Soda, Lemnade, Orangeade, Special Soda.

516 Order a case from
your dealer.



O'KEEFE'S
TORONTO



Fruited Rice Fluff

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice and cook until tender in a double boiler with 2 cups of scalded milk and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling milk. Add 1 cup sugar. Strain into the cooked rice chop fine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup maraschino cherries and add 1 teaspoonful vanilla to the mixture. Whip one pint cream until stiff and when mixture is cold, fold in half of cream. Turn into mold. Remove from mold and garnish with remaining whipped cream sweetened and $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of whole cherries.

KNOX

SPARKLING
GELATINE

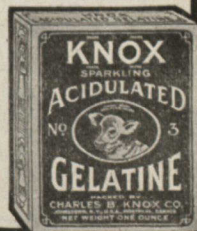
with a little Rice, Cream and Fruit makes this nourishing dessert which is a welcome change from the everyday sweet.

You will find it quite easy to make and adaptable to plain or fancy serving as the occasion requires.

This is only one of the Desserts, Salads, Puddings and Candies easily made from the directions in my Recipe Book, which I will send you on request.

Mrs. Charles B. Knox,
President

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.
DEPT. A
180 St. Paul St. West, MONTREAL, Canada



MURAD

FIFTEEN CENTS

THESE CIGARETTES

S. ANARGYROS

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO.

Everywhere Why?

Finest Quality

Anargyros

The advertisement features a central illustration of a Murad cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted, showing the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold letters at the top. Below the name, it says 'THESE CIGARETTES' and 'FIFTEEN CENTS'. The central illustration on the pack depicts a woman in a classical-style dress sitting on a balcony or terrace, with a sun rising behind her. Below the illustration, the text 'S. ANARGYROS' and 'IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO.' is visible. A single cigarette lies horizontally in front of the pack, with the brand name 'MURAD' and 'S. ANARGYROS' printed on its filter. The background of the advertisement is filled with horizontal lines and a grid pattern. At the bottom, the slogan 'Everywhere Why?' is written in a cursive font, followed by a box containing the words 'Finest Quality'. The brand name 'Anargyros' is written in a stylized script at the bottom right.

How shall I wear my watch?

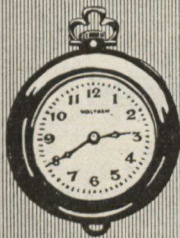


THE DISAPPEARING EYE

WHAT an added pleasure its convenience gives to the wearing of a Watch. In an instant you can change your Waltham from a wrist watch to a regular watch, and wear it in a variety of pleasing ways. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight when its use as a wrist watch is not desired. Your Jeweler will gladly show them to you in a variety of grades, as low as \$18.

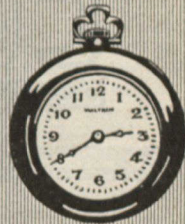
Write for the booklet
"Concerning a Timepiece."

WALTHAM WATCH CO.
MONTREAL



EYE OPEN
for attaching
Bracelet

Waltham Convertible with disappearing eye



EYE CLOSED
when worn as a
regular watch



Ask your jeweler to show you
The Waltham
Convertible Wristlet Watch

Living Canadian Models

Serve as standards for the various styles of D & A Corsets whose 1917 models embody the best features of leading Paris and New York designs.

For economy, as well as for comfort and style, ask your corsetière to show you the D & A Models. There is a style for every figure.

DOMINION CORSET CO.
 Toronto—QUEBEC—Montreal
 Makers also of the "La Diva" Corsets and "D & A" Good-Shape Brassières.

9.17



NON RUSTABLE D & A CORSETS

13524

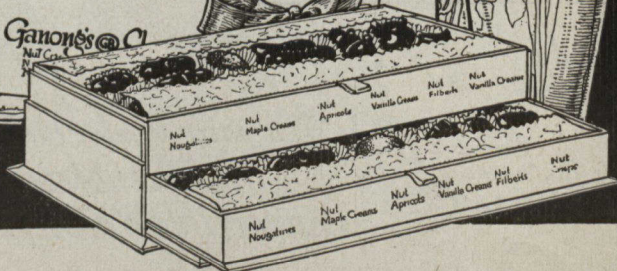
Iroquois Assortment

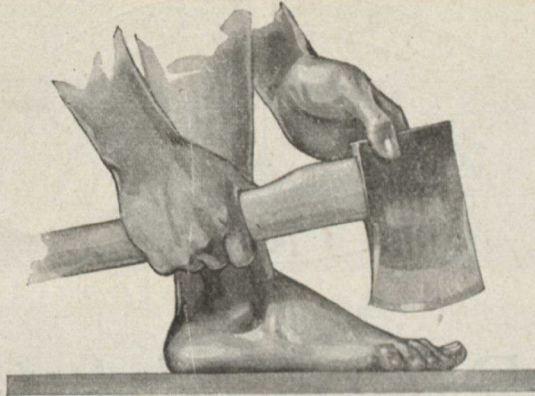
Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

Ganong's

 Chocolates





Like Taking an Axe To a Corn

Some methods of removing corns suggest an axe. They are harsh. They attack live tissue as well as the corn. And soreness often follows.

Some are messy. Some require frequent applications. All were uncertain, all unscientific, until Blue-jay came.

Now, with Blue-jay, you apply a thin protector, which stops the pain at once. In the center—acting on the corn alone—is a gentle, efficient wax. And a tape wraps the toe while it acts.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. When applied, you forget the corn. In two days you find it gone.

About one corn in ten needs a second application. But no corn can resist this new-day method.

At least a million corns a month are ended in this easy, gentle way. Users of Blue-jay apply it as soon as a corn is felt. And it never pains again.

Try it tonight—on any corn, old or new. What it does to that corn, it will do to all. And that means lifetime freedom. You will be amazed to know how easily this trouble can be ended.

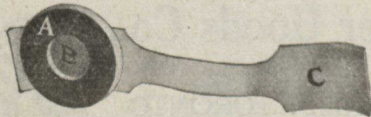
B & B Blue-jay
Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

Blue-jay Corn Plasters are sold by all Druggists. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. **TORONTO, ONTARIO**

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, to make the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

OH, YOU SKINNY!



Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the tailor gives you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a pill-feeder?

Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, poisons and other exploited piffles?

You can't do it; it can't be done. The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it—through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not fate that is making you a failure; it's that poor, emaciated body of yours; your half-sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL. That's LIVING. Don't think too long; send 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing of my book, "INTELLIGENCE IN PHYSICAL AND HEALTH CULTURE," written by the strongest physical culture instructor in the world.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
MASTER OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
318 Park Bldg., Newark, N.J.



GENUINE DIAMOND CASH OR CREDIT

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person.

Write for Catalogue to-day

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade **TORONTO, Can.**

**AFTER
THE
MOVIES**

Murine

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

Rests—Refreshes—Restores

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

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!
Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores

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



Right—at the Start

¶ Those Dunlop Tires you found on your new car were there for a purpose—to satisfy you.

¶ If you believe that a plain tire will always fill the bill, then doubtless, you will see no reason to change from Dunlop "Plains."

¶ But if you want an anti-skid for your next order, you have your choice of Dunlop "Traction Tread," or Dunlop "Special." You are bound to be satisfied with Dunlop Tires.

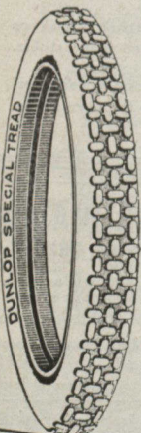
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO
BRANCHES:

Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon,
Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto,
Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

Makers of High-Grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks,
Bicycles, Motorcycles and Carriages; and High-Grade
Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose and General
Hose, Dredge Sleeves, Military Equipment,
Mats, Tiling, Heels and Soles, Cements,
Horse Shoe Pads and General
Rubber Specialties.

A. 85



"SPECIAL" **DUNLOP** "TRACTION"



The Four Greatest Events of Your Life



Overland

Model Eighty-Five Four

Like the other great events of life, buying the family car is very much the concern of the wife and mother.

Happy that woman—and her name is legion—who by helpful suggestions persuades her provider against too small a car or by loving restraint checks an over generous husband who would otherwise make the mistake of too large a car.

It is the woman of the family that suffers most the fatigue and inconvenience of too small a car—her's the self denial if too great an expense is shouldered in operating too large a car.

The thirty-five horsepower Overland Model Eighty-five is roomy enough to

be perfectly comfortable—to ward off fatigue on those long trips which should be of such healthful benefit to the whole family.

It has big comfortable seats and cantilever rear springs that make it easy riding.

Yet it is not too large to be economical of operation.

And in the building of this beautiful Overland there is no hint of experiment, no construction extravagance.

Its purchase is dictated by common sense and the practice of true economy—it will be a great event in your life. See the Willys-Overland dealer about it now.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons
 Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario.
 Branches: Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., and Regina, Sask.



McLAUGHLIN

McLAUGHLIN *again wins Reliability Test*

**THE GRAND PRIZE OF THE OTTAWA-PRESCOTT
HIGHWAY RELIABILITY TOUR GOES TO
DR. R. E. VALIN AND HIS McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-45**

Sixty-five motorists driving cars of all makes started on June 28th in the Reliability Tour from Ottawa to Alexandra Bay via Prescott and Gouvenor, N. Y.

The McLaughlin D-Six-45, driven by Dr. R. E. Valin, emerged with a perfect score of 1000 points from the gruelling tests to which all were subjected. So keen was the competition for highest honors that Referee Edenburn had to devise special tests in which the McLaughlin proved its superiority.

McLaughlin supremacy in points of Power, Easy Control, Efficiency and

Economy has again been established by this Tour.

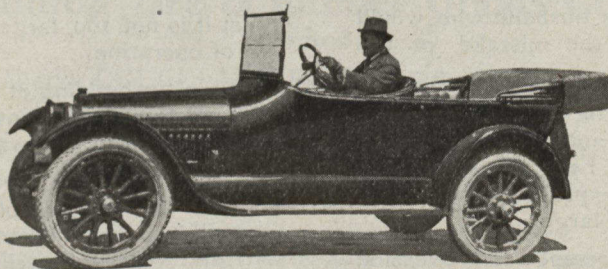
The results of the tour reflect credit on Dr. Valin as well as on Canada's Standard Car.

The Reliability Tour was not a road race nor a speed test. No professional chauffeurs took part. Owners drove their own cars and the tests brought out the best both in car and driver.

Canadians who want the joys of motoring, without the annoyance of mechanical trouble, will heed the lesson brought out by this tour and make their new car a McLaughlin.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE SHOWING MODELS AND PRICES

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO



DR. R. E. VALIN IN HIS McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-45, WINNER OF THE
OTTAWA-PRESCOTT HIGHWAY RELIABILITY TOUR

Canada's Standard Car



The TRAIL BLAZER to greater Motor Car Value

From the standpoint of dollar for dollar value there's not a car made which offers more for your money than the famous Chevrolet Four-Ninety A.

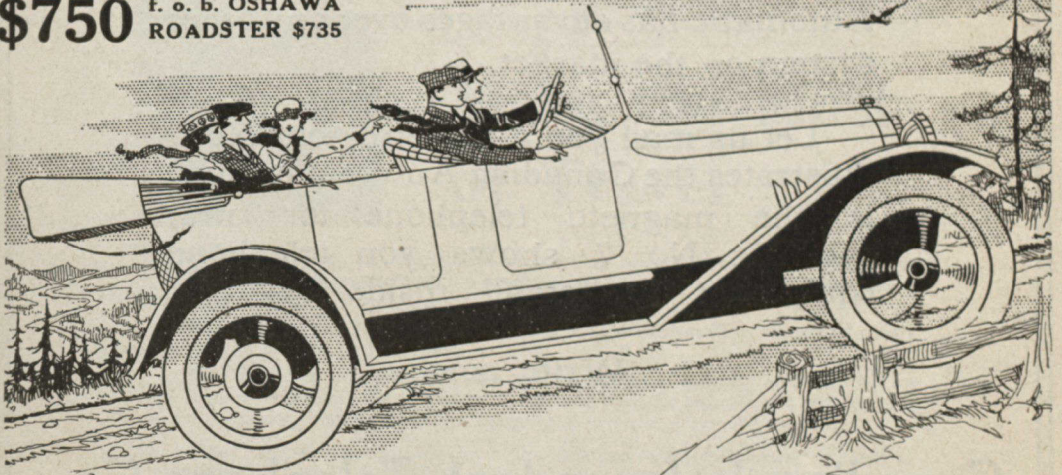
Before the Chevrolet was made in Canada, good cars were all high in price.

But our mammoth production and manufacturing efficiency enables us to sell the Chevrolet Four-Ninety A at a price much lower than its value when compared with other makes of cars.

With the surplus power developed by the famous valve-in-head motor the owner of a Four-Ninety A invariably is the "trail blazer."

Standard equipment includes speedometer, electric starting and lighting, ammeter, oil indicator, light equipment, one man top, demountable rims, non-skid tires on rear wheels and many features usually looked for in cars much higher in price.

Chevrolet Four-Ninety A
\$750 f. o. b. OSHAWA
 ROADSTER \$735



There are Chevrolet Models in Roadster, Touring and Sedan Bodies. See them at your nearest dealer.

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., of CANADA, Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Western Parts and Service Branches: Regina and Calgary

BUYING TELEPHONES? THEN INVESTIGATE!

Do not purchase foreign made goods if you can purchase goods of equal or better quality that are Made-in-Canada. Certainly do not purchase foreign made goods without investigating what is made in the same line in Canada.

We make telephones for every service, the city, the rural system, the factory, the home or the office. Give us an opportunity of showing you what we manufacture.

In factory systems our Canadian Automatic has advantages over any other system on the market.

Let us mail you a Bulletin--our No. 5 illustrates the Canadian Automatic; No. 6 is the magneto telephone for rural systems; No. 7 shows you telephone equipment for small inside systems.

Write now.

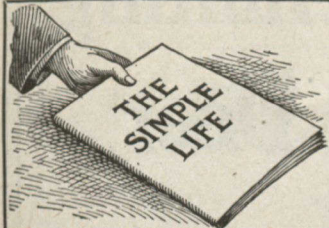
**Canadian Independent Telephone Co.,
Limited**

263 Adelaide St. West

Toronto

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT
 APPEARING MONTHLY IN TEN FAMOUS MAGAZINES
 Century Scribner's Write to these
 The New Country Life The Canadian World's Work Everybody's Field & Stream Harper's Red Book Review of Reviews
 Two Million Copies—Fifteen Million Readers Monthly
 BUREAU, 8 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., FOR RELIABLE TRAVEL INFORMATION AND ADVICE



LIVE THE SIMPLE LIFE AT HOME

If you want to get the most out of life, you must live in accordance with Nature's laws.

In his little book, "THE SIMPLE LIFE IN A NUTSHELL," Dr. Kellogg tells you how you can live the "Simple Life" at home—and how to maintain 100% efficiency.

The book is free. Send for your copy now.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM, Box 109c, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

PINEHURST NORTH CAROLINA

Center of winter out-of-door life in the middle south.

4 excellent Hotels. The Carolina opens informally Nov. 10; formally Nov. 20. Three 18 hole golf courses and one of 9 holes. Splendid clay tennis courts. Trap shooting. Rifle range. Livery and saddle horses. Horse racing, running and steeplechasing. Splendid auto roads from eastern points. Through Pullman service. Information sent on request Gen. Office, Pinehurst, N.C., or Leonard Tufts, Boston, Mass.

MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

FOR RHEUMATISM THE PARK
 Mount Clemens, Michigan

Where-to-go forms for Dec. close Nov. 1.

NEW ORLEANS LA.

New Orleans
HOTEL DE SOTO
 Million Dollar Home
 Rates Notably Moderate

SEATTLE WASH.

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

Weymouth Heights

Home of winter golf. Tennis. Turkey and Quail shooting. Best of everything. Cottages. Bungalows

HIGHLAND PINES INN

700 ft. elevation. Just right climate. No snow. Pure spring water. Orchestra. Write CREAMER & TURNER, Proprietors, for booklet.

Southern Pines, N.C.

Write CREAMER & TURNER, Proprietors, for booklet.



Make the Most of Travel

THE passenger to the Pacific Coast is today offered a choice of routes that renders it unnecessary to re-trace his steps and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts.

Here the protection given to game has increased the quantity and reduced the fear of man. Mountain sheep and goat, the most wary of animals, are seen feeding on the hills, and coming down to the railroad in view of passing trains.

For further particulars see our booklet "The Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to the General Passenger Department, Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

Big Game Hunting Moose - Deer

The silent spots in the "Highlands of Ontario" are the haunts of Moose, Deer, Bear and other big game.

HUNT WHILE YOU MAY

OPEN SEASONS:—

Deer — Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th.

Moose—Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th.

In some of the Northern districts of Ontario including Timagami, the open season has been extended and is from **Nov. 1st to Nov. 30th.**



In that part of the Province of Ontario lying north of the Canadian Government Railway from the Quebec to the Manitoba boundary, the open season for Moose is from **October 10th to November 30th.**

Write to any agent of the Grand Trunk for illustrated literature, full particulars of game laws, etc., or to J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure, Montreal, or C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

W. S. COOKSON
General Passenger Agent
MONTREAL

“JULIAN SALE”

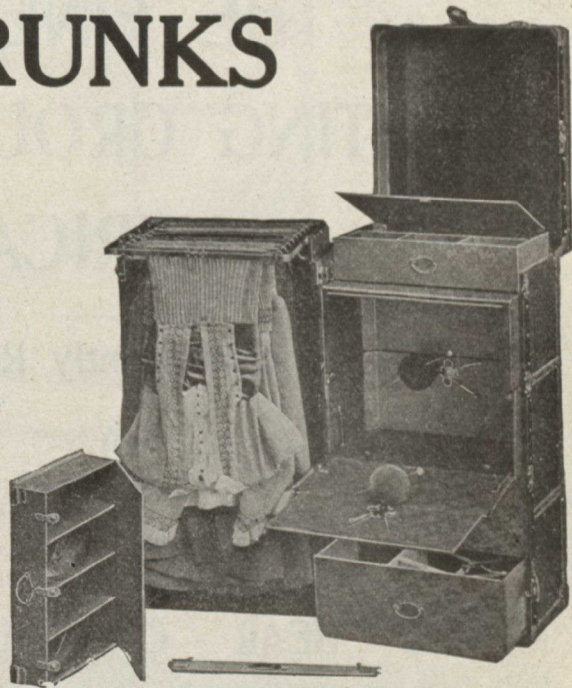
The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

‘RITE-HITE’ WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the ‘Rite-Hite’ Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the “hangers” or in the “Chest of Drawers” in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)



\$33⁰⁰ to \$90⁰⁰

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.
105 King Street West, Toronto

CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE FINEST HUNTING GROUNDS IN AMERICA

Are Conveniently Reached

VIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MOOSE - BEAR - CARIBOU - RED DEER

and SMALL GAME ARE

QUITE PLENTIFUL

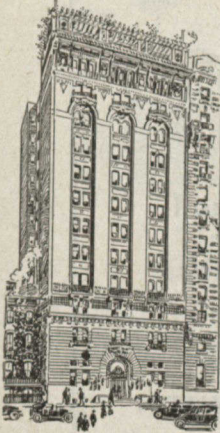
Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket
Agents or

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent.
Toronto.

HOTEL WEBSTER

Forty-fifth Street by Fifth Avenue
40 WEST 45th STREET
NEW YORK

(Just off Fifth Avenue on one of city's quietest streets)



One of New York's most beautiful hotels. Much favored by women traveling without escort. Within four minutes walk of forty theatres. Center of shopping district.

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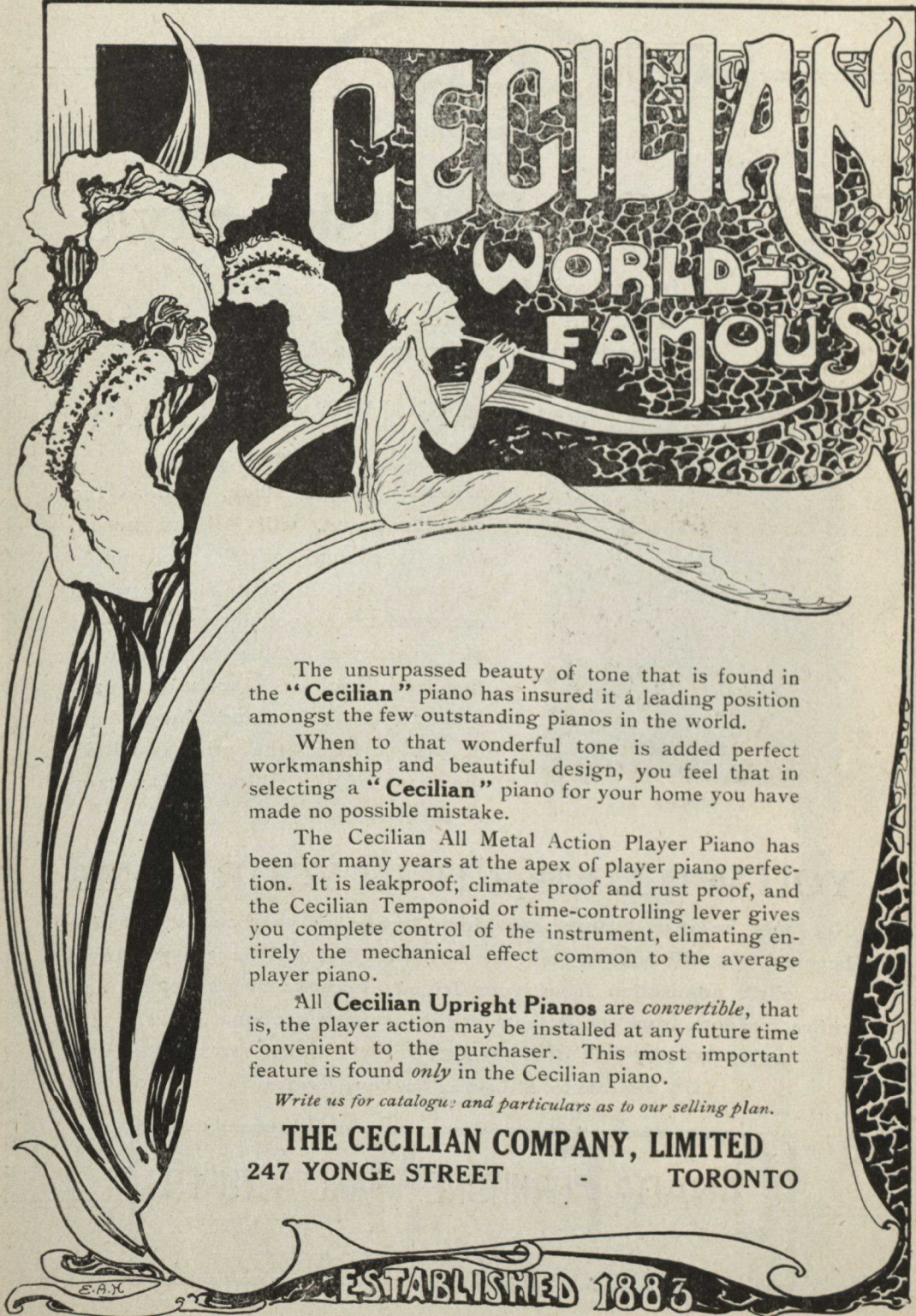
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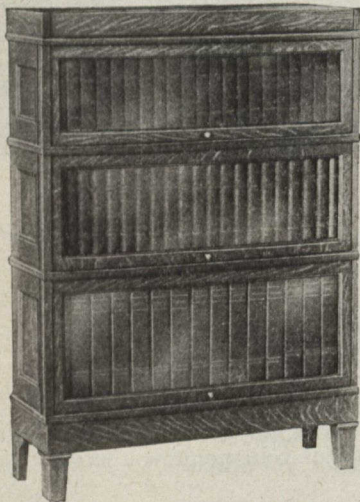
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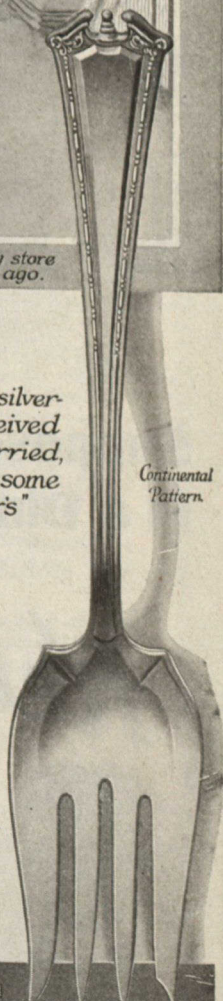
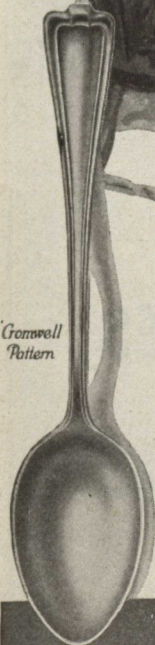
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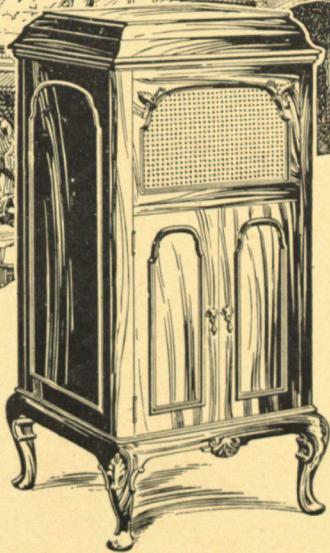
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