

**Pages Missing**

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

391

058

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XLVI  
NOVEMBER, 1915, TO APRIL, 1916, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO  
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1916

INVENTORY 1953

INVENTORY 1950

# Contents of Volume XLVI

NOVEMBER, 1915—APRIL, 1916

2749  
ARTICLES.

	PAGE
ART AND THE NEWSPAPER (Illustrated) .....	<i>Harry W. Moyer</i> 100
ASHES OF HISTORY .....	<i>M. O. Hammond</i> 473
BATOCHÉ: A FORGOTTEN CAPITAL (Illustrated) .....	<i>H. W. Hewitt</i> 369
CANADA'S MIGHTY GAINS FROM THE WAR .....	<i>C. Lintern Sibley</i> 163
CANADA'S PREMIER TOURIST PIONEER .....	<i>C. Lintern Sibley</i> 75
CAP ROUGE, HISTORIC (Illustrated) .....	<i>Q. Fairchild</i> 501
CENSORSHIP, THE PRESS .....	<i>William Banks</i> 152
CHARLTON, HARRY L. ....	<i>C. Lintern Sibley</i> 75
CHRISTMAS DAYS FAMOUS IN CANADIAN HISTORY ...	<i>Geraldine Lenington Steinmetz</i> 119
CHURCHILL, WINSTON SPENCER .....	<i>Hugh S. Eayrs</i> 321
DEFENCE OF CANADA, THE .....	<i>Hon. G. L. Power</i> 144
DEVIL'S POOR, THE .....	<i>A. M. Belding</i> 382
DREAMS AND THEIR CAUSES .....	<i>Prof. Herbert L. Stewart</i> 407
DUEL, STUDENT IN GERMANY .....	<i>John D. Robins</i> 301
FAITH WITHOUT WORKS .....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 197
FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS .....	52, 124
FITZGIBBON, MRS. CLARE .....	<i>Ethel Cody Stoddard</i> 513
FLY, TRAINING MEN TO .....	<i>George R. S. Fleming</i> 215
FRAGMENTS FROM A MODERN POMPEII .....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 340
GERMAN WAR WOMAN, THE .....	<i>Eva Madden</i> 455
HAKLUYT, RICHARD .....	<i>Prof. W. P. M. Kennedy</i> 231
HISTORIC CAP ROUGE (Illustrated) .....	<i>Q. Fairchild</i> 507
HOMESTEADERS, OUR .....	<i>Aubrey Fullerton</i> 249
IMPERIAL DAUGHTER, AN (With portrait of Mrs. Fitzgibbon).....	<i>Ethel Cody Stoddard</i> 513
JOAN OF THE WEST, A (With portrait of Mrs. McClung).....	<i>Norman P. Lambert</i> 265
LEGISLATIVE HALLS OF WESTERN CANADA, THE .....	<i>W. A. Craik</i> 21
LIGHT AND LIFE .....	<i>Prof. D. Fraser Harris</i> 329
LITTLE STREET OF INDI CRETON, THE (Illustrations by Dorothy Stevens).....	<i>Margaret Bell</i> 129
LONDON POOR IN WAR TIME .....	<i>Margaret Bell</i> 430
McGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY .....	<i>John Markey</i> 67
McCLUNG, NELLIE, MRS. ....	<i>Norman P. Lambert</i> 265

## CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
NAME, WHAT'S IN A .....	<i>Isabel Skelton</i> 350
OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE .....	<i>Francis Mills Turner, Jr.</i> 3, 170, 206
OUR GREAT REVIVAL IN TRADE .....	<i>William Lewis Edmonds</i> 335
OUR HOMESTEADERS (Illustrated) .....	<i>Aubrey Fullerton</i> 249
OUR PORTION AT VERSAILLES (Illustrated) .....	<i>E. Montizambert</i> 317
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA .....	<i>M. O. Hammond</i> 473
PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN CANADA .....	<i>Day Allen Willey</i> 484
PRESS CENSORSHIP, THE .....	<i>William Banks</i> 152
REFUGEES IN PARIS .....	<i>Mona Cleaver</i> 437
RICHARD HAKLUYT: THE SPIRIT OF OUR RACE .....	<i>Prof. W. P. M. Kennedy</i> 491
ROCKIES FROM A CAB WINDOW, THE .....	<i>Frank Gilbert Roe</i> 231
ROYAL CASTLES IN FRANCE (Illustrated) .....	<i>Estelle M. Kerr</i> 283
STRATHCONA, THE REAL .....	<i>Dr. Geo. Bryce</i> 62, 156, 269, 346, 415
STUDENT DUEL IN GERMANY, A .....	<i>John D. Robins</i> 301
SUPERFLUITIES, HUMOUR AND PATHOS OF .....	<i>Henry Pearce</i> 524
TEA IN THE ROCKIES .....	<i>Main Johnson</i> 57
THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE .....	<i>J. D. Logan, Ph.D.</i> 9
THOSE WAR-TIME JIG-SAW TOYS .....	<i>Estelle M. Kerr</i> 93
TRADE, OUR GREAT REVIVAL IN, .....	<i>William Lewis Edmonds</i> 335
TRAINING MEN TO FLY (Illustrated) .....	<i>George R. S. Fleming</i> 215
VERSAILLES, OUR PORTION AT .....	<i>E. Montizambert</i> 317
WAR (A Day at the Front) .....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 340
WAR, CANADA'S GAINS FROM THE .....	<i>C. Lintern Sibey</i> 163
WAR WASTE AND WEALTH .....	<i>S. T. Wood</i> 202
WE MUST FIGHT .....	<i>Cephas Guilett, Ph.D.</i> 39
WHAT'S IN A NAME? .....	<i>Isabel Skelton</i> 350

## FICTION.

ALDERSON'S WIFE .....	<i>Alan Sullivan</i> 259
BOB AND BUNTY, PRIVATES .....	<i>Eleanor M. Sanderson</i> 179
BONDSLAVE OF THE WILDERNES .....	<i>John Beames</i> 295
DANCING BEAR MAN, THE (Illustrations by Hubert Beynon) .....	<i>Marjorie Cook</i> 516
ELEVENTH GOOSE, THE .....	<i>Clifford Howard</i> 224
GLORIANA (A Play) .....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 403
IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE .....	<i>Emmet F. Harte</i> 421
MATCHING COLOURS .....	<i>G. W. Bartlett</i> 312
MYSTIFICATION OF WENTWORTH, THE .....	<i>Frank X. Finnegan</i> 500
OGAMA'S LAST RAID (Illustrations by Hubert Beynon) .....	<i>Reginald G. Baker</i> 138
ROMANCE (Illustrations by Maude McLaren) .....	<i>Mazo de la Roche</i> 385
"SCOOP" .....	<i>J. Lewis Milligan</i> 244
SHADOW OF STRIFE, THE .....	<i>Leslie Floyd</i> 308
SICKLE, THE (A Drama) .....	<i>Britton B. Cooke</i> 111
STEVE CONGDEN .....	<i>Judith Kingdon</i> 464
TWO THUMB STRINGS .....	<i>Vincent Basevi</i> 15
WAY OF A WIDOW, THE .....	<i>Hugh S. Eayrs</i> 30
WOMAN'S HEART, A (A Play) .....	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 496

## POETRY.

PAGE

AT TWILIGHT .....	<i>Beatrice Redpath</i>	18
AUTUMN IN CANADA .....	<i>James B. Dollard</i>	72
AUTUMN SILENCE .....	<i>Arthur S. Bourinot</i>	246
AUTUMN SUNSET .....	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i>	345
COSMOS .....	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	442
GEMMA'S GRIEF .....	<i>Mary Linda Bradley</i>	314
IN A RESTAURANT .....	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i>	106
LA NUIT BLANCHE .....	<i>Carroll Aikins</i>	51
LINCOLNSHIRE MAIDEN, A .....	<i>Frank Call</i>	243
LONELY SOLDIER, THE .....	<i>Hugh S. Bayrs</i>	400
NEIGHBOURS .....	<i>Estelle M. Kerr</i>	29
PERSEPHONE .....	<i>Louise Morey Bowman</i>	212
RED LEAVES .....	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i>	28
SONG OF THE SLEEPER .....	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	332
WAKE SONG OF COLERAINE .....	<i>Jean Blewett</i>	134
WAYFARERS .....	<i>Mary Susanne Edgar</i>	339
WILD SOUTH WIND, THE .....	<i>Oscar Yeomans Brown</i>	436
WIND, THE .....	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	183

## FRONTISPIECES.

ACADIA .....	A Painting, by <i>Bertha Des Clayes</i>	454
APPLES .....	An Etching, by <i>Dorothy Stevens</i>	196
"BLESSED ANGELS SING, THE" .....	Drawing, by <i>Cyril Worsley</i>	91
CHATEAU OF ST. AMBOISE, THE .....	Drawing, by <i>Estelle M. Kerr</i>	282
MARKET PLACE, ST. MALO, THE .....	Painting, by <i>J. W. Morrice</i>	368
SHACK, WINTER, THE .....	<i>Curtis Williamson</i>	1

## PAINTINGS.

BELGIAN REFUGEES .....	Drawing, by <i>André Lapine</i>	315
BLACK BONNET, THE .....	Painting, by <i>R. P. R. Neilson</i>	419
HABITANTS WATERING HORSES .....	Painting, by <i>Franklin Brownell</i>	247
JANUARY THAW .....	Painting, by <i>W. E. Atkinson</i>	333
JAPANESE FAN, THE .....	Etching, by <i>Dorothy Stevens</i>	19
JOYCE .....	Painting, by <i>Howard Somerville</i>	489
MOUNT ST. MICHEL .....	Etching, by <i>Clarence A. Gagnon</i>	73
NEST, THE .....	Painting, by <i>Franz Van Holder</i>	127
ORIENTAL Poppies .....	Painting, by <i>Laura Muntz</i>	213
REMOUNTS, THE .....	Painting, by <i>Alice Des Clayes</i>	109
SILVER-HEADED CANE, THE .....	Painting, by <i>Sir William Beechey</i>	55
SIR WM. VAN HORNE .....	A Portrait, by <i>Kathleen Shackleton</i>	159
SUGAR CAMP, THE .....	Painting, by <i>A. Suzor Coté</i>	401
SUNDOWN .....	Painting, by <i>Archibald Browne</i>	177
THREE WAR-TIME PICTURES .....	Painting, by <i>Marion Long</i>	135
WINTER STREAM, A .....	Painting, by <i>Maurice Cullen</i>	471

## DEPARTMENTS.

CURRENT EVENTS .....	79, 184, 273, 357, 443, 529
THE LIBRARY TABLE .....	83, 189, 277, 361, 447, 533
TWICE-TOLD TALES .....	87, 194, 280, 365, 451, 537

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1915

The first of three notable articles on  
"Our Great National Waste"

By Francis Mills Turner, Junior

We Must Fight

A Scholarly Consideration of the War

By Cephaz Guillet, Ph. D.

The Thirteenth Guest

By J. D. Logan, Ph. D.

Harry Charlton

A man who helps to make Canada Famous

By C. Lintern Sibley

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



## *Rinsing*

IVORY SOAP rinses easily. It does not stick to the skin because it does not contain unsaponified oil.

The rinse water, whether cold or warm, removes every particle of soap instantly. The pores are left clean in every sense—clean of dirt, clear of soap.

There is no smarting or burning. The skin dries soft and smooth without a suggestion of soapy shine.

The skin feels comfortable and looks its best after an Ivory Soap bath because it really is clean in the strictest sense.

5 CENTS

IVORY SOAP . .



IT FLOATS

. . 99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE

*Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada.*

## PERFECTION-LY COMFORTABLE

There are times in the Fall and Spring when it is "only chilly," not cold enough for the general house heating. And there are pleasant corners of the house which need a little additional warmth, even when the Heating System is at work. PERFECTION heaters cost little, ROYALITE Oil *very* little. The best regulated heat because it turns on or off at your will. Easily carried from place to place. Dealers generally.

*For best results, use ROYALITE OIL—the economical fuel.*

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY  
Limited  
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES



**PERFECTION**  
**SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS**  
MADE IN CANADA

# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVI      Contents November 1915      No.1

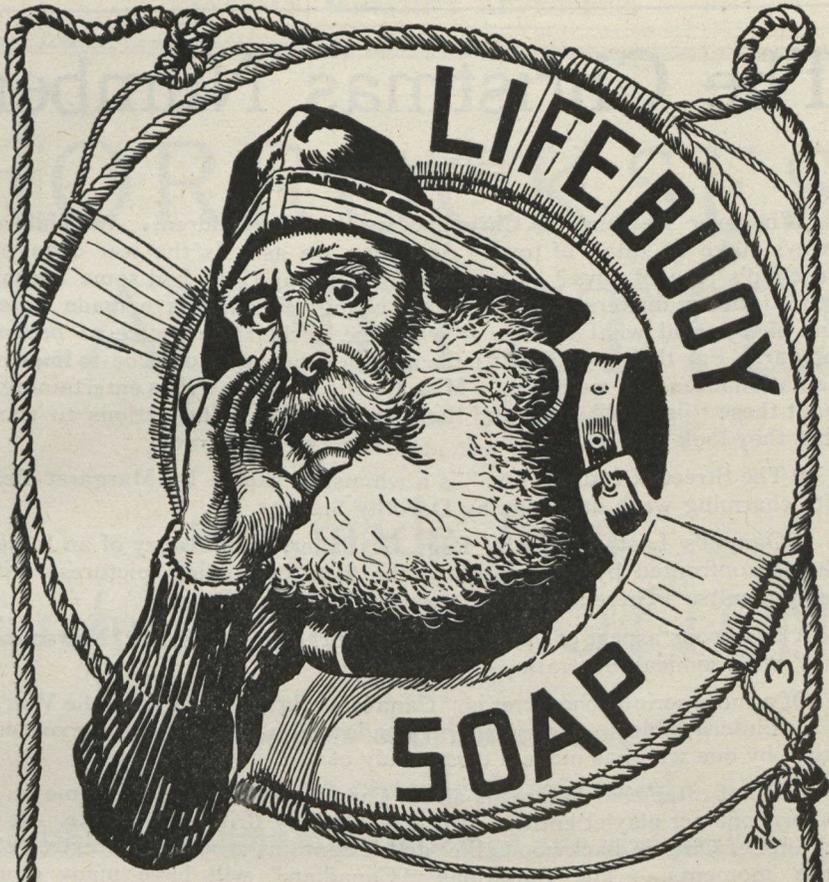
THE SHACK, WINTER. A PAINTING	-	Curtis Williamson	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE	- -	Francis Mills Turner, Junior	-	3
THE THIRTEENTH GUEST	- - - -	J. D. Logan, Ph.D.	- - - -	9
TWO THUMB STRINGS. FICTION	- -	Vincent Basevi	- - - -	15
AT TWILIGHT. VERSE	- - - -	Beatrice Redpath	- - - -	18
THE JAPANESE FAN. AN ETCHING	-	Dorothy Stevens	- - - -	19
THE LEGISLATIVE HALLS OF WESTERN CANADA	- - - - -	W. A. Craick	- - - - -	21
RED LEAVES. VERSE	- - - - -	Arthur L. Phelps	- - - - -	28
NEIGHBOURS. VERSE	- - - - -	Estelle M. Kerr	- - - - -	29
THE WAY OF A WIDOW. FICTION	- -	Hugh S. Eayrs	- - - - -	30
ST. THOMAS HARBOUR. A PAINTING	-	Franklin Brownell	- - - - -	37
WE MUST FIGHT	- - - - -	Cephas Guillet, Ph.D.	- - - - -	39
LA NUIT BLANCHE. VERSE	- - - - -	Carroll Aikins	- - - - -	51
FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS	- - - - -	A. Gordon Dewey	- - - - -	52
X. SORCERY AND SACRILEGE IN OLD MONTREAL				
THE SILVER-HEADED CANE. PAINTING		Sir William Beechey	- - - - -	55
TEA IN THE ROCKIES	- - - - -	Main Johnson	- - - - -	57
THE REAL STRATHCONA	- - - - -	Dr. George Bryce	- - - - -	62
V. A LEGISLATOR OF INFLUENCE				
THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE	- - - - -	John Markey	- - - - -	67
AUTUMN IN CANADA. VERSE	- - - - -	James B. Dollard	- - - - -	72
MOUNT ST. MICHEL. AN ETCHING	-	Clarence A. Gagnon	- - - - -	73
CANADA'S PREMIER TOURIST PIONEER	-	C. Lintern Sibley	- - - - -	75
CURRENT EVENTS	- - - - -	Lindsay Crawford	- - - - -	79
THE LIBRARY TABLE	- - - - -	Book Reviews	- - - - -	83
TWICE-TOLD TALES	- - - - -	Current Humour	- - - - -	87

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.  
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

European Offices: 3 Regent Street, London, S.W. 38 Rue du  
Louvre, Paris.

Copyright, Canada, 1915, by The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited.



## “Here’s the soap for health!”

Lifebuoy is *all* that an excellent soap should be, but it is something very much *more* than that. Besides being delightfully cleansing and soothing, it is a sure and certain *disinfectant* as well.

Lifebuoy is the ideal soap for the toilet and the bath. It leaves the skin soft and healthy as well as sweetly clean and wholesome. The mild carbolic solution means no germs. Of course, you can smell the odor while using, but it vanishes in a few seconds.

Sold everywhere by grocers.

# The Christmas Number

¶ Whenever we think of Christmas we think of children. And children always make us think of toys. And then we ask, Is the war changing the child's idea of toys? Undoubtedly it is, and we find some Toronto artists (not toy makers) catering to the change. They have made a new kind of toy, and what a boon it would be if their idea were to become popular. For their toys are artistic, and the tendency would be to improve the national sense in æsthetics. Miss Estelle M. Kerr writes entertainingly about these "jig-saw" toys, and there are numerous illustrations to show what they look like.

¶ "The Street of Indiscretion" is a whimsical sketch by Margaret Bell, with charming wash drawings by Dorothy Stevens.

¶ "Ogama's Last Raid," by Reg. G. Baker, is the story of an Indian who is confronted by civilization in the form of moving pictures, with tragic results. There are illustrations by J. Hubert Beynon.

¶ A humorous aspect of life is depicted by H. B. Moyer in "Newspaper Art," with comical illustrations by the author.

¶ Of a more serious character is "Canada's Mighty Gains from the War," by C. Lintern Sibley. Everyone in Canada will want to read this excellent article by one who has made a close study of the subject.

¶ It is not often that one reads a real Canadian drama. This time it is a short, one-act playlet entitled "The Sickle," by Britton B. Cooke. It is a drama of Ontario backwoods life, and it contains a number of extremely tense moments. The Christmas "Canadian" will have many more good things for every reader.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.  
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

## The Canadian Magazine

200-206 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

# "MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

Of all Stationers Chemists and Stores or Post Free for One Shilling (25c.) from the Inventors.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 St. BRIDE ST. ENGLAND  
LONDON E.C.

# HORROCKSES' FLANNELETTES

(made by the Manufacturers of the celebrated  
LONGCLOTHS, TWILLS, and SHEETINGS)

are made from  
carefully selected COTTON

The nap is short and close.

No injurious chemicals are used.

Quality, designs and colorings are unequalled.

If purchasers of this useful material for Under-  
wear all the year round would buy THE  
BEST ENGLISH MAKE, obtainable from  
the leading stores, they would appreciate  
the comfort and durability which inferior  
qualities of FLANNELETTE do not possess.

See the name  
"HORROCKSES" on the  
selvedge every two yards.

Annual Sale  
upwards of  
Ten Million yards.

*Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene*

For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agent:—  
MR. JOHN E. RITCHIE, 417 King's Hall Chambers, St. Catherine St.  
West, MONTREAL.

# THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

Are able to announce that on account of arrangements made previous to the commencement of the war, they have large stocks of their celebrated makes of Gloves on hand, and in work at the factories, which they are able to supply at their original and usual moderate prices.

## NOW IS THE TIME TO REPLENISH YOUR GLOVE STOCK

All Mail Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

### LADIES' GLOVES

**Real Kid Gloves**, French make, manufactured expressly for The L.G.Co., from specially selected skins and obtainable in Black, White and every colour. 3 Buttons. The "Lebon" 74 cents per pair. The "Mellesonier" 86 cents per pair.

The "ROYAL" Ladies' Real French Suede Gloves, manufactured expressly for The L.G.Co. in Black, White, Greys, Beavers, Tans, Browns and Mole.



3 Buttons. 80 cents per pair.

**Ladies' Best Quality French Suede**, made from the very finest skins, in Greys, Beavers, Pastel, Tans, Browns, Mole, White and Stainless Black. 92 cents per pair.

The "CONNAUGHT" Ladies' Superior Quality Cape Gloves, English make, in Tan shades, Spear Points, Prix seam sewn. 2 Press Buttons. 72 cents per pair.

The "BLENHEIM" Ladies' Best Quality Fine Cape Gloves, English make, in Tan, Oak, Dark Grey, White or Black. Prix seam sewn, Spear Points. 2 Press Buttons. 92 cents per pair.

**Ladies' Strong Cape Gloves**, English make, in Tan or Oak shade, 6 Button Length with Wide Arms, Strap and Press Button, Spear Points, Prix seam sewn, \$1.20 per pair.



No. 310—Ladies' Best Quality Chamois Leather Gloves, Natural Colour, Hand sewn with Strong Self or Black Thread, Special Cut Thumbs, 2 Large Pearl Buttons. 86 cents per pair.

No. 319—Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, Buck Finish, English make, in Dark Tan or Grey Shade, Prix seam sewn. 2 Press Buttons. 70 cents per pair.

### ELASTIC WRIST

**Ladies' Doeskin Gloves**, Superior Quality, English make, in Slates, Pearl Grey, Putty or Tan Shades, Saxe Shape, with Elastic at Wrist, Wide Top. 70 cents per pair.

**Ladies' Cape Gloves**, English make, 6 Button Length, Saxe Shape, with Elastic at Wrist, Pique sewn. 97 cents per pair.

SUPPLEMENTARY DEPARTMENTS—Ladies', Men's and Children's Hosiery and Underwear, English manufacture, at equally moderate prices.

PRICE LISTS may be obtained free, on application to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., 200-206 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, General Post Office, London, England. Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.

Address  
all Orders

**The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.**

### MEN'S GLOVES

**Real Cape Gloves**, English make, Medium Weight, Spear Points, Pique sewn, 1 Press Button. 80 cents per pair.

The "DREADNOUGHT" Strong Real Cape Coat-skin Gloves, English made, in Tan Colour, Hand sewn, Spear Points, 1 Press Button. \$1.12 per pair.

**REGULATION. Tan Rainproof Cape Gloves**, Army Regulation Cut, Best English make, 1 Button. 92 cents per pair.

No. 369—Soft Finish Doeskin Gloves, Best Quality, English make, in Tan or Dark Grey, Prix seam sewn, 1 Press Button. 74 cents per pair.

No. 326—Men's Best Quality Chamois Leather Gloves, Natural Colour, English made, Prix seam Hand sewn with Self or Black Thread, 1 Large Pearl Button. 86 cents per pair.



## SPECIALTIES IN UNDERWEAR

### THE "MERIDIAN"

A delightful make of summer underwear for Men, in Fine Cream Fabric of extreme softness, strength and elasticity; thoroughly recommended for comfort and durability.

**Men's Undershirts** with Short or Long Sleeves in 4 sizes, Slender, Medium, Popes or Outsize,

\$1.00 each. 3 for \$2.58.

**Men's Pants**, Ankle Length, in all the above sizes,

\$1.12 each. 3 for \$3.20.

**Men's Knicker Drawers**, (below knee), Slender, Medium, Popes or Outsize,

\$1.05 each. 3 for \$3.08.

### "AIRLITE" CELLULAR UNDERWEAR

Porous, Light, Cool and Comfortable.

<b>Men's Undershirts</b> , with Short Sleeves,			
Slender	Medium	Popes	Outsize
54 cents.	56 cents.	58 cents.	60 cents.
<b>Men's Pants</b> , (ankle length) to match,			
Slender	Medium	Popes	Outsize
68 cents.	72 cents.	78 cents.	84 cents.

### LADIES' "AIRLITE" COMBINATIONS

Low Neck, no Sleeves, or High Neck, Short Sleeves.

Slender or Medium sizes 86 cents each.  
Outsize 97 cents each.

# WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT  
 APPEARING MONTHLY IN ALL 7 OF THESE MAGAZINES  
 COSMOPOLITAN-EVERYBODY'S-FIELD & STREAM-REVIEW OF REVIEWS-SCRIBNER'S-THE CANADIAN-WORLD'S WORK  
 9TH YEAR-ESTABLISHED TO GIVE RELIABLE INFORMATION TO READERS OF THESE MAGAZINES IN TRAVEL PLANNING.  
 WRITE TO THESE ADVERTISERS FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS.  
 OR TO C. E. BEANE, PRES. WHERE-TO-GO, 8 BEACON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

## The TRAYMORE

THE LARGEST FIREPROOF  
 RESORT HOTEL IN THE WORLD  
 THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA  
 AT PLAY  
 MAGNITUDE AND CHEERFULNESS.  
 D.S. WHITE, Prest. J.W. MOTT, Mgr.



## ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

UNIQUE FEATURES:  
 The vast Marble Exchange-  
 flanked with Flowers and  
 Sheltered Angles, the Forecourt,  
 Fountain of Fate, Cloister Garden,  
 Restaurant, Submarine Grill,  
 Rose Hall, Library Tower,  
 Belvedere and Three  
 Decks looking on the  
 Boardwalk and  
 the Ocean.

### SAN ANTONIO TEXAS

## SPEND THE WINTER IN San Antonio

LAND OF THE WINTER SUN.



Perfect Climate in Winter. Beautiful Parks & Plazas. Palms, Roses, 400 Miles of Scenic Auto Roads. GOLF ALL WINTER. POLO-RIDING-TENNIS-MOTORING. GREATEST FISHING AND HUNTING IN UNITED STATES:—HUNTING-Deer, Quail, Doves, Ducks, Turkeys, within 30 Minutes of City Proper.—BASS FISHING at Medina Lake, TARPON at Gulf Resorts.—TEN MILLION DOLLARS HAS JUST BEEN SPENT FOR BEAUTIFYING CITY.—Finest Hotels.—For further information and Booklet De Luxe, write Thousand Club Division of the Chamber of Commerce, San Antonio, Texas.



### CHICAGO ILL.

Live Well at Reasonable Rates  
**New Kaiserhof**  
 CHICAGO  
 450 Rooms—\$1.50 up  
 300 Baths  
 Most Centrally Located

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



**HOTEL DRISCOLL**  
 Faces U. S. Capitol. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Running Water, Electric Fans in Rooms. Bath Grates. Garage. Music. Am. \$3. Eur. \$1.50 up. Booklet D.

**LAKE ALFRED FLORIDA**  
**COME TO LAKE ALFRED, FLORIDA**  
 for a charming winter outing. Fine furnished cottages for rent, \$40 per month. Address E. S. Tillinghast, Hibbing, Minn.

### ATLANTIC CITY N. J.



**Atlantic City.** MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Fall and Winter sojourn. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet, Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.

### NEW YORK CITY

**If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?**



**CLENDENING** 188 W. 108 St. New York Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons. \$2.00 daily per suite. Write for Booklet H., with map of city.

### TRAVEL

**FLORIDA—GEORGIA CUBA—THE CAROLINAS**

Send for Excursion Rates, illustrated booklet containing hotel directory, map & general information regarding quickest train service & shortest routes. Offices: Boston, Buffalo, Phila., Baltimore, Washington or **W. E. CONKLYN, G. E. P. A.** 1184 Broadway, New York **SEABOARD AIR LINE RY.**

### HEALTH RESORTS



### REST TWO WEEKS IN ONE

A week or two of health building at Battle Creek is worth many weeks of formal amusement at the so-called Summer Resort.

To the jaded business man, to the woman grown weary of social demands, to all who seek refreshing rest and diversion, Battle Creek is the ideal vacation retreat. Beautifully illustrated "VACATION BOOK" free on request. Write for it today.

**THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM**  
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN  
 BOX 109



**MT. CLEMENS FAMOUS MINERAL BATHS**  
 FOR RHEUMATISM AND NERVOUS BREAK DOWNS  
**The Colonial** WRITE FOR INFORMATION  
 BOX-G MT. CLEMENS MICH.

### ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

**Galen Hall.** ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

### SEATTLE WASH.

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

## BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE, OSHAWA, ONT. A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Visitor. The Lord Bishop of Toronto.  
 Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Young children also received.  
 Fine location, Outdoor games and physical training.  
 The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.  
 Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress.

For terms and particulars, apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Major St., TORONTO.



**BENGER'S**  
is above all **FOODS** the most eminently suited for **ILLNESS** and **Invalid** conditions.

**BENGER'S**  
**FOOD**

may be enjoyed and assimilated in most Invalid conditions when other Foods cause pain and distress.

It forms with milk a dainty and delicious cream, free from rough and indigestible particles, and rich in all those elements of Food which go to sustain nature and restore health.

**BENGER'S FOOD IS FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS & THE AGED.**

Booklets and Samples may be obtained post free from the manufacturers—**BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England**, or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:—**The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal**, or any of their branches at  
Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.  
St. John, N.S. Hamilton, Ont. Nelson, B.C.  
London, Ont. Vancouver, B.C. Ottawa Ont.  
Winnipeg, Man. Victoria, B.C. Regina, Sask.  
through whom supplies may be obtained.

**BENGER'S**  
**Food**

BrozC



For Nervous  
Debility,  
Dyspepsia,  
Anaemia,  
etc.

**Vitafer** does most good—in  
least time—at lowest cost.

In neurasthenia and all "run-down" conditions, it benefits from the very first dose, and a course of Vitafer "makes you feel your old self again."

**Vitafer**

The All-British Tonic Food

has the unqualified recommendation of British Medical Men, because it is the perfection of Tonic Foods, superior to products of German or other origin.

Note the moderate price which places it within reach of all.

From Drug Stores, in tins, **50c** and **75c**;  
larger sizes **\$1.25** and **\$2**.

Sole Manufacturers:—**SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, Ltd., BIRMINGHAM, ENG.**

**SULPHOLINE**

THE FAMOUS LOTION QUICKLY  
REMOVES SKIN ERUPTIONS, EN-  
SURING A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

The slightest Rash, faintest Spot, irritable Pimples, disfiguring Blotches, obstinate Eczema disappear by applying **SULPHOLINE** which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear supple, comfortable.

Bottles 60c. and \$1.50

FOR 42 YEARS

**SULPHOLINE**

HAS BEEN THE REMEDY FOR

Eruptions	Roughness	Acne
Pimples	Rashes	Blotches
Redness	Eczema	Spots
Psoriasis	Scurf	Rosea

Quickly removes the effects of Sunscorch.

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, **J. PEPPER & Co., LTD., Bedford Laboratories, London, S. E.**, and can be obtained from any Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

Wholesale, Lyman Bros., Toronto.

# HIGH-GRADE BRITISH SUITINGS AND OVER-COATINGS

## For Gentlemen's Winter Wear

EGERTON BURNETT'S Winter Samples consist of a magnificent variety of high-grade Suitings and Over-coatings including many of the choicest products of British skill and craftsmanship, and notwithstanding the War, still maintain the premier position which they have won by their high degree of perfection in Quality, Design and Finish.

**A personal examination of Samples will prove their superiority.**

Samples are mailed to any part of the Dominion on request, postage paid, and Gentlemen who are particular in their choice and dress in accord with the dictates of fashion are cordially invited to inspect them.



27 ROYAL AND IMPERIAL  
WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT

THE HALL-MARK OF

Egerton Burnett's  
**"Royal" Serge**  
ESTD 1850

INTRINSIC WORTH



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H. M. THE QUEEN



Suits as illustration made to measure in fashionable English, Irish, and Scotch Tweeds, in plain mixtures, fancy weaves and designs, from \$15.74 duty and carriage paid

## PERMANENT COLOUR and LASTING WEAR

are the distinguishing features which gentlemen have appreciated in E.B.'s Pure Wool "Royal" Navy Blue Serge Suitings for over 40 years. They look well, wear well, and are admirable fabrics for business and everyday Suits.

Prices from 96 cents per yard, double width, in a large variety of qualities, weights, and textures.

## SATISFACTION IN MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS, ETC.

Careful attention to detail and a skilful interpretation of their patron's requirements have enabled EGERTON BURNETT to give a large amount of genuine satisfaction in Fit, Style, and Workmanship.

NOTE THIS CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE

*D. A., Esq., wrote from Saskatoon:—"I have received from you my two Suits and beg to express my appreciation of the careful manner in which you have followed my instructions re measurements, etc. The Suits are an excellent fit and in every way satisfactory."*

*W. C. C., Esq., wrote from Cranbrook:—"I beg to acknowledge safe receipt of Lounge Suit with which I am greatly pleased."*

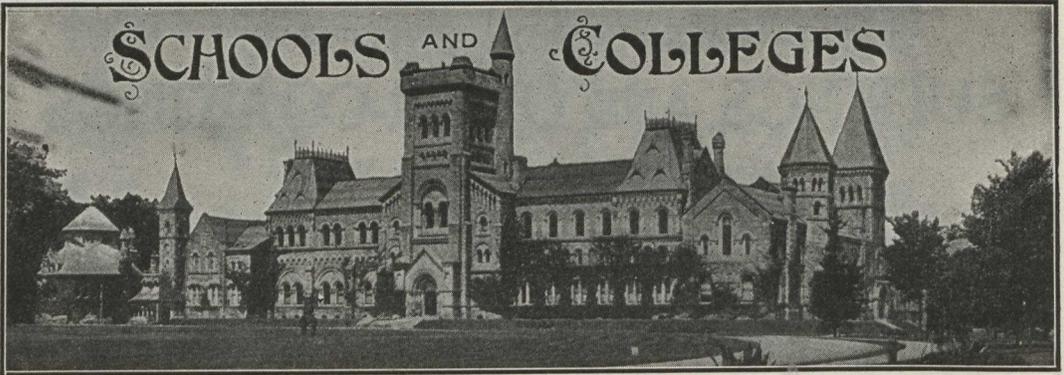
## SAMPLES MAILED POSTAGE PAID

to any address, on request, with Tailoring Price Lists, Style Plates, and Measurement Blanks. Any quantity of material supplied.

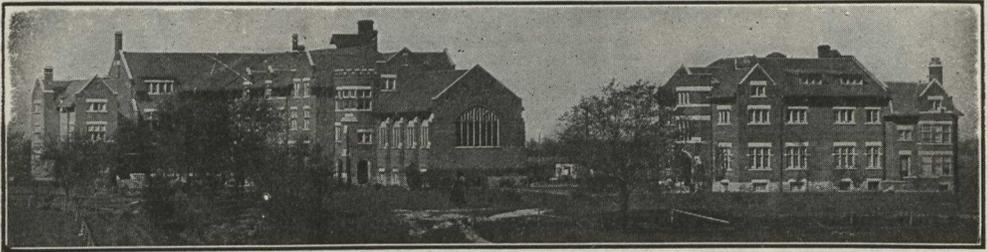


Ulster Overcoats as illustration made to measure in a large variety of Nap, Frieze and Motor Over-coatings, from \$19.32 duty and carriage paid.

Address: **EGERTON BURNETT, Limited**  
R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England.



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



**RIDLEY COLLEGE**  
St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres. The School won University Scholarships at Matriculation in six out of the past seven years; three in 1913 and four in 1914. REV J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.

**LOWER CANADA COLLEGE**

Head Master:  
**C. S. Fosbery, M.A.**

**MONTREAL**

SUCCESSES 1915 include:—  
2 Entrances R. M. C.  
4th and 6th places  
McGill Science  
Matriculation.

**The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression**  
North Street, Toronto. Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

**Send for Calendar**

**ASHBURY COLLEGE** Rockcliff Park, Ottawa  
**RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

Modern Fireproof Building. Pure Water Supply. Small Classes. Gymnasium. Chapel. R. M. C. Entrance 1914, all candidates passed, one first place.

For Calendar apply:—**Rev. Geo P. Woollcombe, M. A. (Oxon.) Headmaster**

# The Bishop Strachan School

## College Heights Toronto

FORTY-NINTH YEAR A Church Residential and Day School For Girls  
 New Buildings—Beautiful healthy situation with 7 acres of playing fields.  
 Junior School to Matriculation Course.  
 Household Science, Music, Painting.  
 President, The Right Revd. The Lord Bishop of Toronto. Principal, Miss Walsh M.A.  
 Vice-Principal, Miss Nation, M. A. (Trinity College). (Dublin)  
 Head Mistress, Junior School, Miss A. M. V. Rosseter (Higher Certificate National  
 Froebel Union), late of Cheltenham Ladies College. For Calendar apply to the Bursar.

## ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson  
**Academic Course**, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work,  
**Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education**—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball,  
 Hockey, Swimming Bath.

Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,

President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,

Principal.



## The Royal Military College

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

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

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

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

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

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

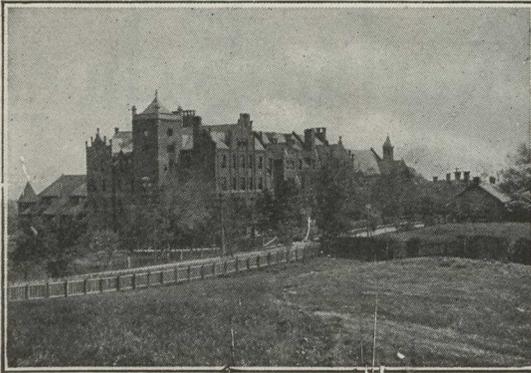
Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

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

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

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

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



# Trinity College School

FOUNDED 1865

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

## Residential Church School for Boys

Beautiful Healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario with 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent New Covered Rink

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course, Special attention given to younger boys. Several entrance scholarships for young boys.

For Calendar apply to the Headmaster—

**REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M. A. (Camb.)**

(Late Headmaster St Alban's School, Brockville)

### A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS-

**ST. ALBAN'S**

**HEADMASTER**—A. G. Mainwaring, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

**HOUSEMASTER**—J. J. Stephens, M. A., Dublin University.

**VISITOR**—The Lord Bishop of Ontario.

Separate houses for Senior and Junior Boys. The School grounds cover 24 acres.

**Recent R. M. C. Success:** 1913, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 13th, places; 1914, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th, places.

R. N. C., 1915, 1st place.

**BROCKVILLE**

For Prospectus. etc., apply to the Headmaster.



## MAIL COURSES

In Accounting, Banking, Illustrating, Stenography, Short Story Writing, Journalism, and English are given under the best result producing conditions by The Shaw Correspondence School, Toronto. Free Booklet on any course desired will be mailed on request. Write to 395-7 Yonge Street, Toronto.

### HOME STUDY

Arts Courses only

### SUMMER SCHOOL

July and August



# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS EDUCATION MEDICINE

## SCHOOL OF MINING

MINING

CHEMICAL MECHANICAL

CIVIL ELECTRICAL

ENGINEERING

**GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar.**

## Alma (Ladies) College

A Christian college-home, healthful situation.

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal

**R. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D.,**  
St. Thomas, Ont.

63

## Branksome Hall

10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto

### A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

HON. PRINCIPAL : MISS M. T. SCOTT  
PRINCIPAL : MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.

Preparation for the University and for examinations in Music. Art and Domestic Science Departments. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large Playgrounds. Outdoor games, tennis, basketball, rink. Healthful locality.

Primary School for Day Pupils

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL

# Hilaire Belloc

Is a writer of exceptional ability. Being familiar with much of the ground over which the principal engagements have been and are being fought, his

## General Sketch of the European War

is accepted by military authorities as the outstanding book on the war.

It contains a lucid description of the historical causes which led up to the war together with a masterly handling of the opening hostilities.

It covers fully the German object in bringing about the war and shows the strategic importance of the movements made by both the Allied and Teutonic Armies.

Mr. Belloc shows in a most interesting and impressive way why the Germanic Forces made such advances in the period covered by this volume—The First Phase.

Every Canadian should read this book—while being written from the Allies' standpoint it presents the fair and unbiased opinion of the foremost war historian—Hilaire Belloc.

*Sold by all Booksellers*

**First Phase—Price \$1.50**

Postage 15 cents extra

**THOMAS NELSON & SONS**  
TYRRELL BLDG. - TORONTO



## *Mothers and their children*

—can use no better or more delightful dentifrice than **Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste**. This dainty silver-grey dentifrice preserves the pearly teeth of childhood, neutralizes acids and gives that lingering taste of freshness and mouth cleanliness which is so pleasing.

## **Corson's** CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE

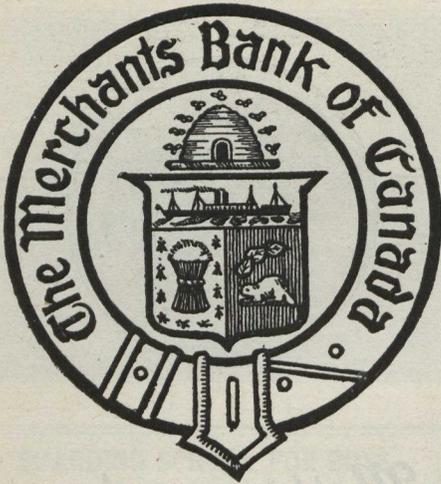
"The Dainty Silver-Grey Dentifrice"

*Sold by  
Druggists  
everywhere  
25c. a tube*



Made in  
Canada by

**SOVEREIGN  
PERFUMES, LTD.**  
Toronto



Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000  
 Reserve Fund and  
 Undivided Profits - 7,245,140

209 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

General Banking Business.

# BOOKBINDING

GET YOUR BOOKS BOUND  
 Good Books Are Worth  
 Preserving—

WORKS OF ART—MUSIC,  
 ILLUSTRATED PAPERS,  
 LAW, LIBRARY BOOKS, Etc.

Bound in a manner unsurpassed for Genuine Style, Durability and Value.

## BROWN BROS. LIMITED

BOOKBINDERS and STATIONERS

Simcoe and Pearl Sts., TORONTO

Established in Toronto Seventy Years

## BOND OFFERINGS

*Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.*

**Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.**

**Yield 4% to 6%**

*We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.*

**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED**  
 TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.

## NOBODY WANTS YOU

if old and without money

Begin to-day to make provision for a comfortable old age.



**THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

**ISSUES ENDOWMENT POLICIES**

**Maturing at Ages 40 to 75.**

*Write To-day, Dept. C, for Circular.*

**HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA**



**Who Would Have Gessed**

that behind the piano was a full sized table, reposing peacefully against the wall, ready to be set up at a moment's notice! Just see how easily it is put up! Feel how light it is—only eleven pounds! Try to shake it—isn't it firm! Never a wobble! This is our new



—the very latest model. We are proud of this table, and we know you'll be delighted with it too. Once you set eyes on it you'll want it—and when you learn the price you'll buy it. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

**Made in Canada**

Write for **FREE** Booklet *A.* describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

**HOUD & CO., LIMITED**

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers  
LONDON, ONTARIO



Chapped skins prevail now. Ruined complexions will result with slightest neglect. Your skin must have the absolute protection afforded by

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream**

It not only stands between your beauty and the weather but, renders to the skin a soft, refined pearly-white appearance.

Send 10c. for trial size

F. T. HOPKINS & SON, MONTREAL

**Westminster College, Toronto**

A Residential and Day School for Girls  
Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor Street W.  
Every Educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Honor Matriculation. Music, Art and Physical Education.  
The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the true development of a true womanhood.

JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C., President.  
For Calendar apply MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal.

**Ottawa Ladies College** NEW BUILDING, ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Perfectly Sanitary, fitted with every modern convenience  
Academic work up to the first year university, music, art, domestic science, physical culture etc. This is one of the most up-to-date colleges in Canada and possesses all the advantage of a residence in the Capital. For Calendar Apply to—**Rev. J. W. H. Milne, B. A. D. D., President.**  
Jas. W. Robertson L L D., C. M.G., Chairman of Board.

**THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS**

**Furnishes a Complete System of Insurance**

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

**Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000**

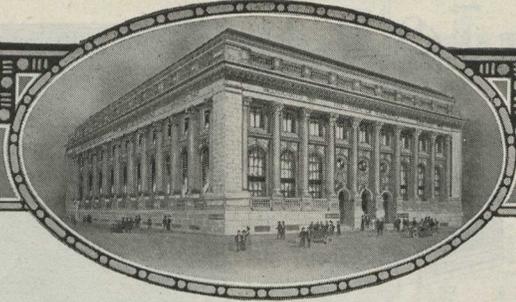
**Total Benefits Paid 42 Million Dollars**

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

For further information and literature apply to

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO



## The Bank of Toronto

Banking  
Business  
Invited

WE invite the banking accounts of merchants, manufacturers, societies and individuals.

We offer the modern Banking Service of a progressive Bank, possessing ample resources, extensive connections and complete facilities.

All customers of The Bank of Toronto are assured every courtesy and attention.

Savings  
and Private  
Banking  
Accounts

Individual, also Joint Accounts. These latter are especially convenient for two or more persons, any one of whom may deposit or withdraw money.

Interest is paid on balances.

Banking Accounts opened for Societies, Lodges, Trustees, Executors or for private purposes.

Assets - - \$61,000,000

THE  
BANK OF TORONTO

INCORPORATED 1855

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

## Profits Exceed Promises

Such continues to be the story told by the Actual Results under participating policies issued by

### THE London Life Insurance Company

Head Office: London, Canada

Under rates which have now been in force nearly sixteen years, profits are greater by one-third than the amounts originally promised. Your insurance interests are surely safe with a Company that can show such results.

*Full information upon request*

**Policies—"Good as Gold"—Company**

JOHN McCLARY President	DR. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C. Vice-President
J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S. Manager	E. E. REID, B.A., A.I.A. Asst. Manager & Actuary

## A Legal Depository for Trust Funds

Under the laws of the Province of Ontario, this Corporation is a legal depository for Trust Funds. On all deposits accounts we pay compound interest at

**Three and One-half  
Per Cent.**

One dollar opens an account. Every facility is afforded depositors. Are you a depositor with the corporation? If not, we invite your account.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

### Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

**TORONTO STREET, TORONTO**

Associated with the above Corporation and under the same direction and management, is

### The Canada Permanent Trust Company

incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company accepts and executes Trusts of every description, acts as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator or Committee of a lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

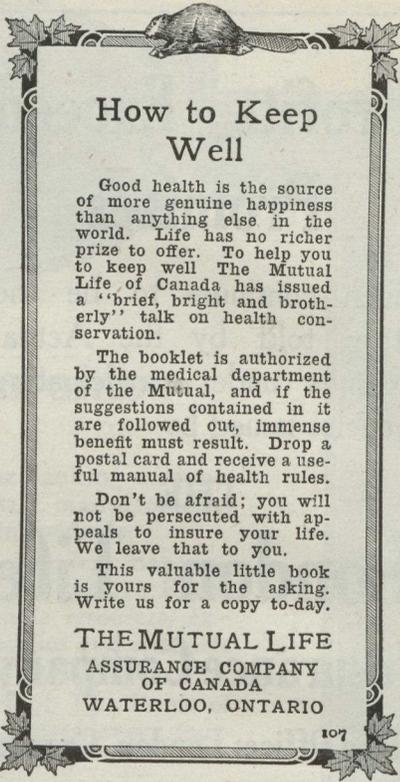
## AFTER THE HARVEST

protect the gains of another abundant year by the safeguard of Life Insurance.

A Life Policy gives PERMANENCE to prosperity. It guarantees the welfare of dependent ones.

Life Insurance is not expensive. A little money and good health are the requisites. You may have the money next year—but the good health may have gone. So arrange your protection now—arrange it in the Company issuing Policies that cost least and return the highest Profits—

**THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
Head Office, Winnipeg.  
Personal rates on request.



## How to Keep Well

Good health is the source of more genuine happiness than anything else in the world. Life has no richer prize to offer. To help you to keep well The Mutual Life of Canada has issued a 'brief, bright and brotherly' talk on health conservation.

The booklet is authorized by the medical department of the Mutual, and if the suggestions contained in it are followed out, immense benefit must result. Drop a postal card and receive a useful manual of health rules.

Don't be afraid; you will not be persecuted with appeals to insure your life. We leave that to you.

This valuable little book is yours for the asking. Write us for a copy to-day.

**THE MUTUAL LIFE**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY  
OF CANADA  
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

107

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,174,000  
Total Assets - 185,000,000

## HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, *President* E. L. PEASE, *Vice-President* E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., *2nd Vice-President*  
Wiley Smith Hon. David Mackeen G. R. Crowe James Redmond A. J. Brown, K. C.  
D. K. Elliott Hon. W. H. Thorne Hugh Paton T. J. Drummond Wm. Robertson  
C. S. Wilcox W. J. Sheppard A. E. Dymont C. E. Neill

### Executive Officers.

E. L. Pease, General Manager  
W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

## 340—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—340

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, St. Kitts, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands, British Guiana and British Honduras.

**LONDON, ENG.,** Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.

**NEW YORK,** Corner William and Cedar Sts.

# SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES



# A Personal Matter

If that grey bearded old man of the scythe were going to cut you off tomorrow, would you listen to a proposition whereby, for a moderate sum deposited with the North American Life, your wife would be assured a substantial annual income as long as she should live? Of course you would.

Well you do not know the time, but the call is certain. Still we make you that proposition—an income absolutely guaranteed your widow every year as long as she shall live.

It will save you worry while you live; it will save the home when you die  
 Get the little booklet "The Real Service" which explains it fully. You have but to ask

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
 Head Office - TORONTO, CAN.

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS .....	\$3,750,000



SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
 BRANCHES

# L

LUX is the essence of fine, pure soap in flakes and possesses marvelous **cleansing** and **preserving** properties. It keeps all loosely woven fabrics from shrinking and thickening in the wash. Have you tried LUX ?

# U

LUX breaks into a foamy cream-like lather that cannot injure the filmiest fabrics or the most delicate hands. It softens the hardest water, thus preserving the original elasticity of fabrics and adding to their life. Try LUX in the bath.

LUX  
won't  
shrink  
Woollens

# X

10c.

10

Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

# Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

# Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

# Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

# Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LIMITED

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.



# JAEGER

## For Comfort and Safety

Jaeger Underwear is durable and comfortable; it affords real protection from chill in all weathers.

Made from unquestionably pure and undyed wool for Health's sake.

Jaeger Underwear is the underwear of quality at a moderate price.

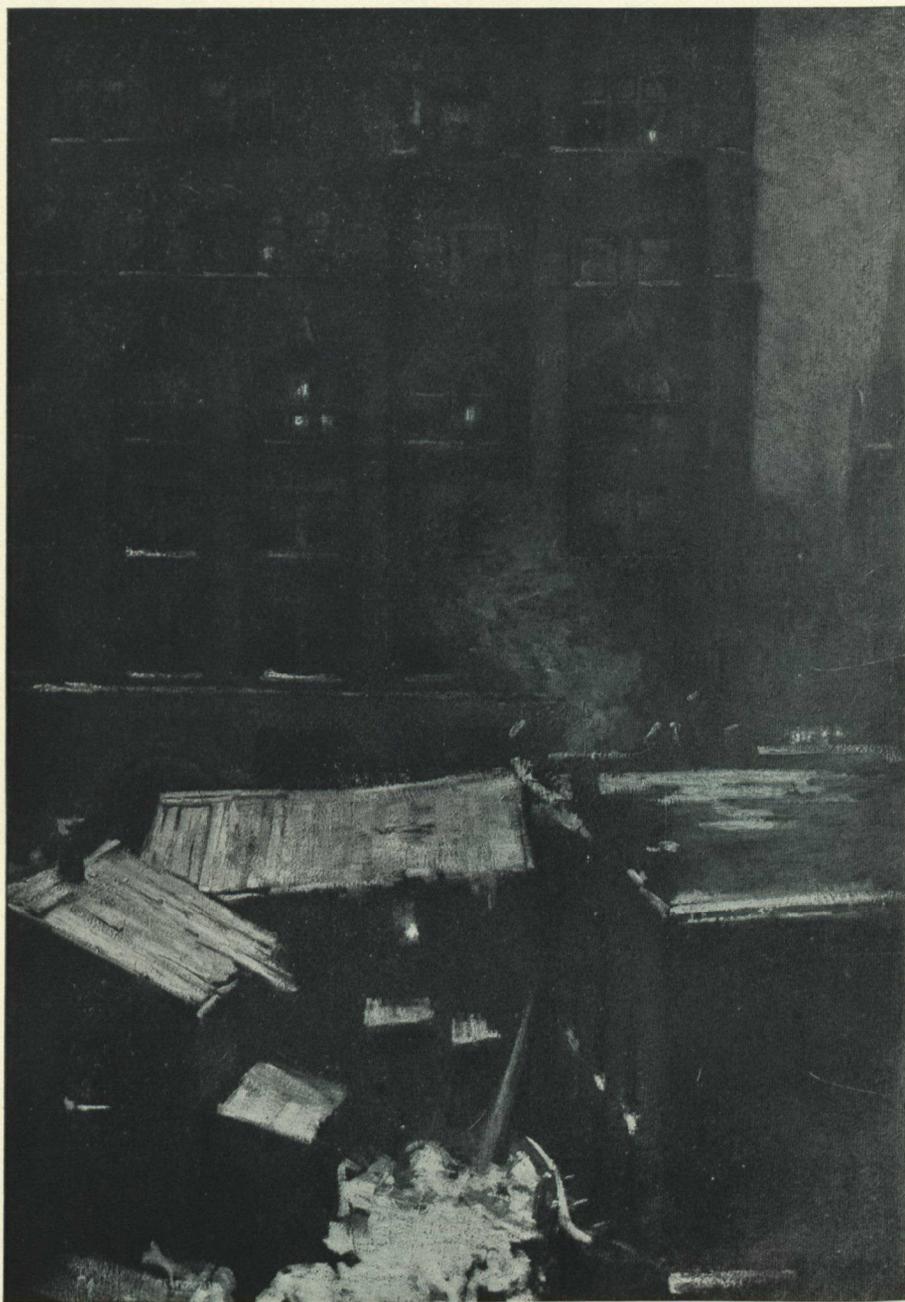
A fully-illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to



DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen System Co. LIMITED  
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

Incorporated in England in 1883 with British Capital for the British Empire.





THE SHACK, WINTER

From the Painting by Curtis Williamson, a Canadian Painter of great distinction



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE

THE FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE NEW CONSERVATION

BY FRANCIS MILLS TURNER, JUN.

And now having glutted the market for urban lots, and floated all sorts of franchise-holding propositions, and "acquired" all the natural resources in the form of waterpowers and timber limits and mining claims that prodigal public administrators let slip out of their hands, it is high time for us as a nation to go to work. . . . Canada must work out her own industrial salvation—eight millions of people cannot live on the evanescent iridescence of a real-estate boom.—*The Globe* (Toronto), July 26th, 1913.

WE frequently meet the statement that there is a widespread interest in science on the part of the American public, and if by "interest in science" we mean absorbing with child-like credulity the accounts in the daily press, where equal prominence is given to the claims of serious scientific workers, and notorious imposters—then undoubtedly we are great patrons of this branch of learning. For no account of an invention is too inaccurate provided it is glaring and sensational enough to attract our attention. However, any serious realization of the value of science in the life of the nation seems to be almost lacking, and the superficial receptivity alluded to above may be attributed entirely to

the sensational manner in which the subject is treated.

The world to-day confronts the spectacle of one nation guided by a false philosophy and actuated by motives utterly subversive of modern social ethics defying, and to a large degree successfully defying, the whole civilized world. In admiring the industrial efficiency of Germany, the writer will not even pause to deal with the contentions of those who maintain that were we to attain to the same efficiency we would put it to similar evil uses. There is no support for that contention. National immorality is not the inevitable concomitant of national efficiency, and it is not too much to say that had the allied nations possessed Germany's

scientific and industrial efficiency, her organization and alertness to avail herself of all that is best in the new things science brings forth week by week, the war would long ago have been concluded, saving the lives of thousands of the Allies and saving German efficiency itself for a better purpose than to be the tool of a misguided Prussianism.

The extent to which science entered into the commercial and national life of Germany was dwelt on until the words "Germany" and "scientific" became almost synonymous in the popular mind. Allowing for a due amount of enthusiasm and exaggeration in these reports, is there not still a great deal for us to learn from the conditions which prevailed in Germany and which has made it possible for her to maintain the resistance she has? Science has been respected, honoured, and handsomely endowed in Germany, because in that country it has been given a chance to justify itself. This is not the place to take up the scholastic argument as to whether science has any justification for its existence other than the furtherance of industrial and economic welfare—the writer believes it has—but it will certainly be admitted by even the most academic that it is in the interest of "pure" science that industry should thrive, and the application of science to the solving of industrial problems is the greatest means not only of obtaining the material support necessary for the prosecution of research, but, which is vastly more important, the moral support, confidence, and respect of the nation.

The industrial development of Canada, on account of similar conditions, has been in the main a smaller replica of that of the United States, a country which has risen to the position of one of the great commercial powers of the world by the keen practical business acumen of its people and their ability to think in large amounts, whereby great industrial

combinations have been formed, expense of production cut down, and executive economics introduced. In alertness to avail themselves of the fruits of research, in the improvement of processes and products by careful investigations carried out by trained chemists and engineers, they have only very recently, and in a comparatively small way, begun to imitate the progress in this regard in Europe. In all these tendencies we have copied the methods of the United States rather than those of Europe. Fortunately, however, our industries are still in their early infancy compared with those of the other nations mentioned; and we would be blind indeed if we did not profit by the examples and experience they provide us. The fact that industry after industry, the scientific foundations of which were laid in England by English men of science, has been wrested away from her may be chiefly ascribed to a contempt for scientific methods and technical education largely the result of social conditions. Pure science England has supported, and supported nobly, but science as the guiding spirit of industry is almost unknown, and it is no less discouraging than it is surprising that the nation that gave to the world Boyle, Newton, Faraday, and Kelvin should be the last refuge in many cases of inefficient rule-of-thumb methods.

Canada, a new country with almost unparalleled natural resources, presents opportunities for the scientist to distinguish himself that are equalled in magnitude only by the benefits that will accrue to the nation from its efforts. The fields of activity for men of scientific training in the national development of Canada may be roughly divided into aiding the work of conservation of natural resources, and in promoting the development of new industries.

In dealing with the work of conservation and the relation of the chemist and the chemical engineer

thereto, we shall once more look to conditions in the United States for illustration. At the beginning of the last century the United States was in much the same position that Canada is in to-day—a sparsely-settled country with enormous undeveloped natural resources. By the exercise of national energy and industry unequalled in the previous annals of the world they rose in one century to their present commanding position. Throughout all this period production and expansion involving the exploitation of natural resources was the constant aim of the nation, but of late years there has been a tendency to take stock and to look around, so rapid has been the consumption of the material treasures of the country. It has been clearly seen by some few statesmen, and dimly by the whole nation, that their resources are in many cases being squandered and that immediate action is necessary for their preservation.

Although not confined to the United States, and although not finding its highest expression there, it is in that country that we may best study conservation, for their conditions are more like our own than those of any other nation, both as to the problem and the type of mind of the people to face it. This is important, for while largely the result of anxiety at the rate whereat certain essential articles are being used up, it has also a deep-seated basis in the national psychology of the American people.

The consumption of the material resources of the world has been proceeding at a steadily increasing rate since the advent of man. Initially insignificant owing to the fewness of the human race and the simplicity of their individual needs, it has augmented with the growth of civilization and the spread of education until it has assumed the enormous proportions demanded by our present scale of living. The variety of commodities known to the ancients, although representing a considerable

advance on primitive conditions, was still small, and during that long period known as the middle ages there were few additions to the raw materials of commerce.

With the exciting times following the birth of the "New Learning" came the beginnings of modern conditions. The world suddenly assumed larger proportions, and the energy of Europe, which for many years had found an outlet in wars and crusades, was bent towards the exploration of the new lands made accessible by the discoveries of Magellan, Columbus, Cabot, and Cortez. Countless voyagers sailed away to the Indies and to America, to Cathay and to the Polar Seas, bringing back with them on their return as well as wonderful tales of adventure, material evidence of their travels in the form of a hundred new and diverse commodities.

The impetus given to discovery, invention, and the pursuit of learning by this expansion of territory has never been suffered entirely to die out. The stream of immigration from Europe, although it has fluctuated, has never ceased. Settling first along the Atlantic coast, the frontier has moved from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to the Rockies, and thence to the blue waters of the Pacific. Throughout all this period of conquest in North America there was, somewhere in the West, a definite frontier, an "edge of things", beyond which lay the potentiality of the impossible. With the advent of the nineteenth century all this began to come to an end. When Commodore Perry anchored his fleet in the Bay of Yedo one day in February, 1854, to open negotiations for the admittance of American commerce to the ports of the Japanese Empire, the long westward march of civilization, begun when the forefathers of the Anglo-Saxon race left their homes in Central Asia and set their faces towards the West, was ended. The line of demarcation was erased, the frontier was no more, and

human progress, born in Asia, had, after sweeping around the world, brought the beginning of a new era for the old nations of the East. In the middle of the nineteenth century at Kurihama by this apparently insignificant diplomatic expedition an era of world-completeness was inaugurated.

The significance of all this history for the engineer and the economist is in the possibility it brings of taking stock of our material resources, and the change that that possibility, albeit only half-realized, effects in the mind of the individual and the nation. The adjustments and alterations demanded by the eradication of the frontier are still in progress, and we are just beginning to realize its bearing on our national and individual life for the future. While the social questions brought up by this change are still unsolved, the message to the student of conservation is clear. Instead of there being vast unknown regions in which the mind of the optimist could conjure up illimitable resources of coal, lumber, and metals, we are now pretty well confronted with facts, and it is possible to calculate within reasonable limits the world's supply of any important commodity. This the International Geological Congress at Toronto in 1913 did for coal. Of course, this can only be done in a rough way, but the order of magnitude will be known, and consumption and resources both being very large quantities more than that is not needed. The material resources of the world being a constant of approximately known magnitude, and the consumption a very rapidly increasing variable, it is patent to the most impractical that the future of the race is inseparably bound up with making the most of what we have.

To the unthinking pessimist the outlook is a very dark one. Apparently the very civilization which we have been centuries in making, and which is our pride and boast, by its

incessant and insatiable demands, is to be the instrument of our destruction. In the last five years the United States produced as much steel as the whole world in 350 years prior to 1850. In 1900 the world's output of steel was one hundred times as great as thirty years before in 1870. Coal which took millions on millions of years in its formation is being dissipated in at most a few centuries. A single issue of a metropolitan paper requires fifteen acres of forest for its paper. It would not be so bad if we even used all we produce, but the outlook darkens when we turn to what we waste. Only about one-quarter of the iron produced is reworked as scrap-iron, less than one-sixteenth is used thrice. In mining we waste one and one-half tons of coal for every ton we use, and when we come to burn it, with all our modern furnaces and engines of whose efficiency we are so prone to boast, we only obtain under the best conditions ten per cent. of the available energy. If we use this engine to drive a dynamo we get about one-fifteenth of the available energy of the coal as electricity, and if we use this energy in a lamp, with the best apparatus made we get little over two per cent. as light. Thus with the usual steam-power electric-lighting installation we get a mere fraction of one per cent. of the available energy of the coal as light; all the rest is wasted. Considering the great mass of facts like this that can be amassed, the pessimistic philosopher sees little hope for humanity in contemplating the future. Formerly he was prone to fall back on arguments of a theological nature to settle this troublesome question, and assumed that long before our resources were used up the end of the world would arrive and free us from the necessity of troubling about our material welfare, but with the development of saner ideas on the interpretation of the Scriptures this religious soporific has lost much of its potency and the spec-

tacular finale of the material universe has been pretty generally relegated to the negro camp-meeting. What then is to be the outcome? Are we to become a degenerate troglodytic race living in caves and reduced to paltry numbers for lack of sustenance? Is our boasted civilization a mere myth that is to prove the chief cause of our downfall? Were it not for the hope presented in the "serene evangel of science" such might indeed be the case, but with the engineer and the chemist solutions of these difficulties are quite possible, and on their work the human race will depend for its happiness if not for its very sustenance.

There are two main aspects to the conservation of natural resources. One, the better known, consists in preserving from unnecessary waste the existing supplies of lumber, coal, metals, arable land, and water-power. The other, which is of more recent origin, may well be called "the new conservation," and is in essence the utilization of scientific research to suggest new materials and new uses for already known materials which at present are largely or totally without application, thus relieving the demand on other raw materials. As an example may be noted the invention by Perkin, the great English chemist, of a process for making the red dye, alizarine, which set free for other purposes thousands of acres devoted to the growing of the madder plant from which it was formerly obtained. Owing to the manufacture of indigo by a similar synthetic process the area devoted to indigo culture in India decreased in ten years between 1896 and 1906 from 1,600,000 acres to 450,000 acres, a loss of nearly seventy-five per cent., and when it is considered that all this land is now used for something else, or ought to be, that the synthetic dyes are purer and more efficient than those made from vegetables, that they are made from material that formerly went almost entirely to waste, the enorm-

ous economy effected by this discovery is at once apparent.

With legitimate consumption the conservationist has no quarrel. As pointed out above, that is bound to increase on account of the increase of population and the rising demands of the individual. A type of conservation that would attempt to provide for the needs of future generations by depriving the present generation of necessities or even of luxuries would be as futile as it would be objectionable. Rather are the energies of the conservationist to be directed to the elimination of waste, the utilization of by-products, and the transformation of the nuisances into the necessities of life. Now all three of these purposes demand careful and protracted and often expensive and fruitless research for their accomplishment, and consequently the expenditure of money. Where there is a possibility of profit they may be undertaken by private individuals or corporations, and some of the most valuable and useful inventions in these lines have been given to the world by the laboratories of commercial enterprises. It has been estimated that the well-known "tungsten" incandescent lamp, which, by replacing the usual carbon filament with a tungsten one doubles the amount of light obtained from a given amount of electricity, has already saved the consumers of America over \$12,000,000, and at the same time its manufacture and sale nets the owners a good profit, much of which is used in paying for research on other projects equally useful.

There are, however, many investigations that will add much to the comfort and economy of modern life, which are of such a nature that they must be financed by the public as a whole. Such are the abatement of the smoke nuisance in cities, the treatment of sewage, the prevention of epidemics of disease, the relation of the weather conditions to mine explosions, and the elimination of indus-

trial poisoning. Let us briefly consider the first of them, the smoke trouble, which is such a serious problem in Pittsburgh, Sheffield, Chicago, and other cities, and which is yearly becoming more of a real trouble in Toronto and other of the larger Canadian cities. The enormous loss from this source staggers one who has never stopped to think about it. The United States Geological Survey has estimated it at a minimum of \$500,000,000 a year for that country alone. When analysed this figure is found to embody the separate items of loss due to manufacturers from inferior combustion of their coal, loss from damage done to merchandise, defacement of buildings and household goods, additional expenditure per capita of population for laundry with its attendant shortening of the life of the goods, additional amount of electricity consumed in office buildings owing to obscuring of daylight, etc.

Just as important, but harder to express in figures is the tremendous injury to human life from disease directly traceable to a smoke-laden atmosphere, the depressing psychological effect of a smoke-laden atmosphere which hinders the efficiency of workers apart from its æsthetic objections and the expense of constant litigation on the subject. The amount of electricity consumed in Pittsburgh office buildings is many times greater than in other cities of equal size, owing to the dense pall of smoke that generally hangs over the down-town section. Until very recently public prejudice has been too strong to allow of anything being done to abate the smoke nuisance. When Mgr. Sheppard, Rector of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Michael, in Jersey City, protested against the smoke nuisance in that place, he received the following reply from the president of the Erie Railroad: "The

smoke-laden air of every city is but a testimonial to the general prosperity of the country: no smoke denotes rural stagnation, healthy to live in, but commercially unprofitable". We can quite appreciate what it meant to a Pittsburgher to see smoke once more pouring from a thousand stacks after the dark days of the panic of 1907, but surely it is possible to make them see that that smoke is a mere accidental accompaniment of prosperity and not an essential condition for it. With a staff of over thirty chemists, engineers, physicists, economists, botanists, architects, and lawyers, the Mellon Institute of the University of Pittsburgh has set itself to the work of solving this problem for the city. The expense is being borne by a committee of public-spirited citizens, and although the work still meets with much ignorant opposition, a great deal has been accomplished. This is typical of the kind of research which will always have to be left to the state or to large public research organizations, and to be prepared in some way to deal with such matters is one of the functions of the modern state.

"Probably no science has done so much as chemistry in revealing the hidden possibilities of the wastes and by-products in manufactures. This science has been the most fruitful agent in the conservation of the refuse of manufacturing operations into products of industrial value. Chemistry is the intelligence department of industry." This is not a quotation from a commencement address, it is from the United States Census Report. That country has lost vast sums by neglecting her scientific talent, and it behooves Canada to learn from that to make use of the young chemists, metallurgists, and others who graduate from her universities, colleges, and technical schools.

---

The second article of this series, which will appear in the Christmas number, deals further with startling examples of waste that greatly affect the whole country.

# THE THIRTEENTH GUEST

A STUDY OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

BY J. D. LOGAN, PH.D.

**A**BOUT a decade ago a new applied science came into existence. It is a genuine science inasmuch as its principles are derived from a systematic inductive investigation of abnormal human psychology. It is an applied science inasmuch as it is a new curative method in psychiatry—nervous pathology, mental therapeutics. This practical science is known as Psycho-Analysis.

Psycho-analysis proceeds on these two hypotheses: first, it assumes that the human soul—the “psyche,” in Aristotle’s meaning—is, in general, as it were, composed of a self-conscious mind and a sub-conscious or unconscious mind; secondly, it assumes that in the unconscious mind there exist and operate all kinds of occult ideas, images, fancies, apparitions, fears, and what not, which really have more to do with our choices in life, our beliefs and doubts, our attitudes to our fellows and the world, our bias or trend of character, our spiritual reactions and loyalties, our success or failure—or, in short, our health and happiness—than have our conscious thoughts, emotional reactions, and volitions.

On the face of it, the theory of psycho-analysis does not seem plausible. Yet these hypotheses are genuinely scientific. For just as physical scientists assume the existence of the ether and ether waves as the best way—verifiable by the conduct of phenomena—for explaining heat,

sound, and light, so medical scientists have assumed the existence of unconscious mind and its occult contents as the best means of curing certain nervous and mental disorders. Now, an hypothesis, whether in physical or mental science, holds good and is retained as true just as long as it “works out”; the moment its validity is destroyed by, as the scientists put it, one or more “negative instances”, the theory or hypothesis is discarded. Every scientific hypothesis must be inductively, experimentally verified. It happens that the hypotheses of psycho-analysis have been as amply and convincingly verified as the hypotheses of the natural sciences—by the overwhelming success of the theory in curing nervous and mental disorders. For there is nothing speculative about the theory and methods of psycho-analysis. These are derived experimentally from the practice of the discoverer, Dr. Sigmund Freud, physician, of Vienna, his elaborator, Dr. Carl Jung, of Zurich, and by certain noted neurologists and professors of psychiatry in the United States and Canada, particularly Dr. W. A. White, of Washington; Drs. Hinkle, Ames, and Jelliffe, of New York; Dr. A. A. Brill, of Columbia University, and Dr. Ernest Jones, of the University of Toronto. Moreover, verification of psycho-analysis daily goes on in the leading hospitals and neurological institutes of Germany, France, England, and

America. In these institutions the method of psycho-analysis is regularly employed as a curative agent for hallucinations, untoward dreams, and other neural and mental disorders.

I should, however, totally mislead the uninitiated if in the preceding brief statement of the theory, method, and history of psycho-analysis I had left the impression that this new applied science is employed solely as a method of healing nervous or mental diseases, taken simply as diseases. While the curing of the neurally and mentally sick—those unfortunate, unhappy beings whose life is a burden and whose conduct is a futility—is the first and most important business of psycho-analysis, the science has come to have two other important practical applications: first, to everyday conduct, by destroying certain embarrassing habits and attitudes, such as forgetfulness, absent-mindedness, lapses of the tongue and the pen, stuttering, indolence, day-dreaming, profanity, and superstitions; secondly, to child pedagogy, by directing surviving infantile ideas, feelings, and volitions, no matter how unsocial or untoward, into right channels, and by emancipating children from those infantile instincts, prepossessions, and derived desires and attitudes which tend to make the adolescent "clinging vines"—lacking self-dependence, self-confidence, self-reliance, and all those qualities that make the adult a genuine individual, every inch a man. In short, the physician, the moral reformer, and the teacher may re-educate "disordered" adults and adolescents into efficiency by the application of the methods of psycho-analysis—by discovering to them the complexes of occult ideas, feelings, memories, images, fancies, wishes, desires, passions, antipathies, affections, hates, dreads, and superstitions, either repressed or never before seen, known, and understood, that oppress, obsess, inhibit, and cause individuals to become physical and mental wrecks, a burden to themselves and society.

It is with a singular set of these occult contents of the unconscious mind that I shall deal in this essay. I purpose to take some of the more common or popular superstitions, and by the method of psycho-analysis to show wherein they are absurd and wherein they can reasonably be explained and justified. And since this new science is virtually a method of self-analysis, the present short study should prove both enlightening and entertaining.

At the outset it must be premised that perfect candour on the part of my readers is necessary to make this study profitable. That is to say: all must candidly acknowledge that some form of a superstition, overt or inchoate, affects their conduct and lives, either negatively or positively, and must, therefore, interrogate their own experience for fact and for verification as to whether a given superstition is absurd or genuinely based in normal or abnormal psychology. For some superstitions are really absurd, and others are psychologically based, and are thus superstitions only in form, not in reality. But both species have, as the physicians say, their "symptoms", namely, in peculiar attitudes and habits of individuals which we note as making certain persons odd, queer, eccentric, and even idiotic. In short, all of us have some sort of everyday "peculiarities" which mark us as being under the dominance of the submerged contents of our unconscious mind or self—obsessed by a superstition, no matter how much we may pooh-pooh or pooh-bah these in our deliberate, conscious conduct of life.

I should judge that the commonest of popular superstitions is that which causes a hostess to shiver with dread on discovering that, including herself, there are thirteen seated at the dinner-table. Alas, in her mind this is an ominous "sign": one of the thirteen shall die shortly, or, if not shortly, at no very distant date, say, when the same company shall have

planned to dine together again at the home of the present hostess. "What nonsense!" immediately remark those who are either not candid with themselves or who do not see the genuine reasonableness of this so-called superstition. It is, in fact, a real superstition on the part of the hostess, because in her unconscious mind there dwells the belief or fancy that fate, destiny, or some untoward *outside* power in the universe, has decreed that one of the company shall pass from earth. Yet on the basis of the mathematical doctrine of Probability and Chances the superstition is wholly reasonable. For the greater the number seated at the table, the greater the chance that one of the number will die shortly. Or, to put it, in general, mathematically, the probability of any event happening can be expressed rigorously in algebraical symbols. Thus, if a coin be tossed in the air, it must fall either head or tail, and if we conclude these to be equally likely, the chance that it will fall head is one-half, and the chance that it will fall tail is one-half, the sum of the two being unity, that is, certainty. So if the chance that a man (guest at table) will die in a year is  $p$ , the chance that he will live is  $1-p$ . Further, if thirteen people (guests at table), equally healthy, and of the same age, be considered as a group, the chance that all will live a year is  $(1-p)$ , and, therefore, the chance that one will die is  $1-(1-p)^{13}$ , which is a factor greater than  $1-(1-p)^{12}$ , the corresponding chance for a group of twelve, and so on correspondingly for smaller groups.

To the hostess of this sort—who and there are many such—who takes seriously the superstition about thirteen at the table as a sign or warning that death shall befall one of the company, as if some malign outside power had willed it and would bring it about, the psycho-analyst would say: "Your perturbing superstition is not the belief that death is impending for one of your company, but that fate—a

power outside yourself and beyond your control—has decreed and will cause the disaster you anticipate. Mathematically considered, you can take any number of guests and increase the number by one, and you will thereby increase the probability of death befalling some one of the company. But this is only an abstract probability, and the algebraical formula is only a short-hand description of genuinely possible fact, though not of something which will necessarily and inevitably become actual and real. Your perturbed state is altogether *within*—a derived belief or fancy inhabiting the recesses of your unconscious mind, and only waiting the proper occasion for emerging into consciousness and thus spoiling your happiness as a hostess. Your superstition is absurd in that you do not see that no outside power is plotting any disaster to one of your friends, but that, rather, your own unconscious mind is doing the plotting, to the detriment of your peace of soul, by imagining or fancying an impending evil which, after all, when considered from the view of Chances is but abstractly possible. An abstract possibility, a mathematical probability, is a mere possibility—and an unreality. Therefore, do not put your superstition out of your self-conscious mind, put it out of your unconscious mind, and it will no longer enter the former, and no longer perturb your spirit."

In fine, the reason why this class of superstitions, which enter the unconscious mind fortuitously by suggestion from associates or from family attitudes and which create in us the apprehension or foreboding that a malign fate encompasses us, that an outside power is plotting to defeat, and will defeat, our happiness—the reason why this class of superstitions profoundly perturb the spirit, the sane, self-conscious mind, is that they are what Freud calls "foreign bodies" in the unconscious mind. That is to say: they are sub-

merged ideas, images, fancies, desires, repulsions, and what not, that, first, originate absolutely outside ourselves, and, secondly, enter into no genuine relationship with the contents of our sane, self-conscious mind, conduct, and life. For this reason they have no rational explanation, and because they have no observable origin in our rational consciousness, but well up in us, fortuitously, without right or reasonableness, they become irrational obsessions, and, therefore, sources of dread and unhappiness. To this class belong such superstitions as the breaking of a mirror (seven years' bad luck), setting sail from port on Friday (violent storms and drowning), gift of pearls (tears), gift of opal engagement ring (bad luck), and, in the contrary direction, wearing of a rabbit's foot and the picking up of a pin (good luck). These are all absurd for the reasons given. The only "cure" for them, the only way to cause them to cease troubling us, is truly to recognize their absurdity, their irrational origin, their wrongful place in our unconscious mind, and their total unrelatedness to the body of our sane ideas; in short, to face them resolutely when they appear in consciousness and rigorously refuse to entertain them or to think about them at all. In other words, an honest confession to ourselves that our superstitions of this class are absurd will prove, like any other confession, good for the soul.

There is, however, another class of abnormal obsessions which have the form of "bad luck" superstitions, but which, in reality, have a profound relation to our inmost being, to our inmost ideas, passions, desires, and volitions. They had their origin in our self-conscious mind, but, for one cause or another, have become submerged in our unconscious mind, where they exist and operate insidiously, affecting adversely our physical health, nervous reactions, and mental attitudes. This class of so-called superstitions disclose their exist-

ence and operation in the unconscious mind by definite, unmistakable symptoms. They have, therefore, assignable causes and rational explanations. For these superstitions and their symptoms are but "signs" that a power *within* ourselves—some idea, passion, desire, love, or hate, submerged or repressed in our unconscious mind—is affecting our whole being, conducting our social and moral reactions, and making our destiny and life, whether we will or not. They indicate that there is something profoundly wrong with ourselves, that in the occult recesses of our being there are unknown forces, motives, currents running counter to our conscious volitional processes.

Popularly, for example, it is supposed to be an absurd superstition on the part of a bride or wife if, on happening to mislay or lose her wedding ring, she seriously believes that it is a sign from an outside encompassing fate that she will have an unhappy married life. A single instance of such remissness is not sufficient as a datum for a reasonable induction. But if the bride or wife mislays or loses her wedding-ring frequently, then this repeated remissness, the psycho-analyst will tell her, is a genuine sign—and not an absurd superstition—that she will have an unhappy married life. What looks like a silly interpretation of a series of accidental acts, neither is silly nor are the acts accidental. For as certain symptoms warn a physician of the nature and seat of a disease in the human body, so these slips in conduct, lapses in memory, or other mental vagaries, and the consequent superstitious alarm and dread they cause are symptomatic warnings to the bride or wife that not outside fate but inner unconscious self will sooner or later adversely do something to make her married life unhappy. In fact, they are the expression of some form of doubt, antipathy, or other feeling or attitude which she held to-

wards her husband in the days when they were lovers, but which she put out of her self-conscious mind into her unconscious mind. There she has, by effort, kept this occult idea, doubt, antipathy, or attitude of pre-nuptial days submerged by repression in her unconscious mind, believing it to be totally inhibited and eradicated from her being, and forgotten for all time, whereas it is merely repressed, still lives and operates in her subconscious imagination, and expresses its real existence and activity in forgetfulness, and in indifferent, careless acts.

Similarly to be explained are such popular superstitions as that the gift of a pocket-knife, or the spilling of a salt-cellar when passing it to a fellow-guest, who is a friend, portends the severing of friendship between the two persons. To the conscious knowledge of both parties either act is a mere accidental happening, yet the sudden, impulsive gift in the one case, and the awkward nervous hesitancy in the other case, are in all probability the expression of a hidden motive, an unconscious antipathy on the part of the first person. Also similarly to be explained, are such seemingly silly superstitions as that the dropping of an umbrella or the turning back home for some forgotten thing or message, after one has gone a short distance from one's house, forebodes a disappointment during the day. If the umbrella were borrowed from a friend, the dropping of it would indicate the existence of unconscious ill-will towards the friend. But in general such seemingly accidental acts as dropping an umbrella and turning back home, upon sudden remembrance, are to be explained as lapses of the nervous system, ideational centres, and the attention, due to the unconscious existence of internal counter-currents which operate side by side with our waking conscious processes, and thus deflect the attention from what we mean to do, or prevent absolute concentration of the mind and the ima-

gination on the business we have planned for the day. They indicate a doubt, a hesitancy, an antipathy in our unconscious mind; and the belief that they are an omen of ill-luck, though in form a superstition, in reality is a genuine sign or warning that a power within ourselves is about to do us some harm, make our conduct futile, and our life unhappy.

In sum: so far we have seen that there are two species of superstitions, subject to investigation and treatment by psycho-analysis. The first gain their oppressive, perturbing influence by creating the sense or foreboding of impending disaster, planned by a malign outside power—an untoward fate. These, we saw, are absolutely fortuitous contents of our unconscious mind, have no real or vital relation to what the psychologists call the "apperceptive" contents of the mind—the body of active, sane ideas and volitions of our self-conscious mind, which constitute and make our genuine intellectual and practical experience. These are superstitions, pure and simple—totally absurd, and, therefore, to be unheeded and discarded. The second species of superstitions, we saw, have a real origin and basis in our inner being. They are ideas, passions, and attitudes which once belonged to our conscious mind, but which we have submerged by voluntary repression in our unconscious mind, where they remain active, and, unwittingly to our conscious knowledge, affect our nervous reactions, mental perspectives, and volitions. They express the existence and activity of a power within ourselves, as it were, plotting injury or disaster to our consciously-conceived ideals of success and happiness. They have a vital relation to the body of our sane ideas and volitions. They are, therefore, superstitions only in so far as their seat and origin are not known, and their real existence and influence not detected. They must be investigated and discovered by psycho-analysis. But, unlike the ab-

surd class, this second species of superstitions cannot be immediately and voluntarily discarded from the mind. They are a "survival" of old ideas and passions, and to eliminate them and to destroy their malign influence, they must, first, be discovered; then, honestly confessed; and, finally, be slowly eradicated by processes of *re-education* in true knowledge of self, social relations, and moral obligations.

In concluding, I wish to observe the existence of a third species of superstitions, which do not seem to have been investigated, or even noted, by the professors of psycho-analysis. This species, as far as my own study goes, appear to be absolutely *sui generis*—unique and inexplicable. The classical example is the "daimon" of Socrates. This "daimon", so the philosopher himself informs us, was an internal divine voice, or preternatural sign, which he heard speaking to him by way of prohibition or warning, but not by way of inciting moral action. One can explain the "daimon" by supposing that Socrates possessed a vivid auditory imagination. His "daimon" would be simply a moral instinct, and its prohibitions or warnings would be heard in the auditory imagination with the vividness of a real voice. Under these suppositions, the only element of superstition about his "daimon", on the part of Socrates, would be his belief in its divine origin. But according to the Law of Parsimony a sufficient explanation is found in viewing the "daimon" as a moral instinct, sensed vividly—heard—in the auditory imagination. But in all candour I must admit that I myself—and I presume many others—possess a daimon or daimons, which take the form of genuine superstitions. That is to say, daily

I hear, clearly, an internal voice prohibiting me from certain trivial and absurd acts, or inciting me to others, thus: "Do not do this, or you will have bad luck to-day"; or "If you do this, you will have good luck to-day". For instance, the daimon or voice will say to me, "Don't drink from a glass held in your left hand, else you will have bad luck"; or, "Walk on the right side of the street, and you will have good luck". Now, these are not significant moral acts, but trivial absurdities. In my conscious mind I know this. Sometimes I heed my better sense and pay no attention to the daimon; at other times the daimon becomes so insistent and pestiferous that I obey the silly prohibition or incitement. But I do not obey because I am superstitious about its telling me for truth that an outside power or fate is plotting to do me harm or good, as the case may be. I obey merely because obedience is the only or best way to get rid of the pestiferous daimon. What is the origin of this singular voice, where is its abiding seat, what relation has it to the body of one's sane, apperceptive ideas?—these are questions to which I can find no answer, and which, as I said, I have not seen investigated, or even noted, by our psycho-analysts. Possibly the "daimon" as a pathological phenomenon is an hallucination, pure and simple. For the present, let it go at that.

In the meantime let us candidly examine ourselves, discover our superstitions, and confess them; it will then be found that an honest confession, in psycho-analysis, as elsewhere, is good for the soul. And this essay is a case in point. For if one should ask me why I wrote it, I should confess candidly, honestly: "To get rid of my own superstitions."

## TWO THUMB STRINGS

BY VINCENT BASEVI

**B**OBBY KEOGH, Dr. Roach and I were sitting in the smoking-room of the Hotel Cecil in London. We were experiencing that feeling of brotherly love for all mankind of which Socialists are wont to write. For we had just finished an excellent dinner, and the claret had been really good. There is nothing like old claret for developing in man a feeling of genuine affection for his fellow creatures.

Bobby was a nice boy, but for some reason his parents gave him a small allowance and insisted on him living away from home. Dr. Roach was a Hungarian, an alleged journalist, and the proprietor of a gold mine which nobody wanted to buy. Bobby lived at Cricklewood with Dr. Roach, the woman the doctor had forgotten to marry, and Tim Linkinwater, an Irish terrier. I think Bobby's allowance paid most of the household expenses, though a number of young men with nothing to do and money to spare made use of the house as a sort of Bohemian club, and helped the doctor to stave off bailiffs.

I had a sincere liking for Bobby, and I wanted to draw him away from company that was not calculated to develop sound character. On this evening I had invited him and Dr. Roach to dine with me in order to see if Bobby could be tempted to emigrate. If he remained where he was he would simply degenerate into one of the bloods, now known as nuts, who loaf about London doing nothing.

While I was expatiating on the wonderful opportunities offered by Canada, a stranger came across the room and sat in a vacant chair near us. He ordered a liqueur which had to be placed on our table. We were feeling too comfortable and contented to resent his action. I finished my lecture by asking Bobby if he would come to Canada with me next time I crossed the ocean. Before he could answer, the stranger spoke.

"Excuse me for butting in," he said, "but I belong to Canada, and I came over only a month ago. Now if your young friend wants to go out there he will have to make up his mind to work and to mix with people. The exclusive air will not go down across the ocean. And no one there has any use for a loafer. I daresay a lot of good Englishmen emigrate to Canada, but a lot of rotters come out as well. They never work. They complain about everything, and they brag about themselves and their country. We call them Bronchos. Because of these Bronchos the Scotch and Irish are made more welcome than the English. My advice to your young friend would be to make a start by throwing away that eyeglass."

Bobby flushed to the roots of his hair. None of us actually gushed at the stranger, but he went on undisturbed by lack of encouragement.

"I wonder why you send out men who cannot make good in their own country. They have a much harder nut to crack in Canada. We are doing things out there; men's work.

We are doing things that were done for you generations ago. It is the best of our men who come to England. We send you those who cannot find sufficient scope for their talents in a country with a small population. And they all rise to the front rank here. There is my close friend, Jimmy Morrice, and dozens of others I could mention."

He paused. Always having made a study of liars, I asked him politely if he was on a visit, or if he had come to stay?

"I have come to stay. My name is Walter Mitford Featherstone. I am the champion banjoist of Canada. You do not seem to realize here that the banjo is really a musical instrument. And I am not surprised. Surrey is the only banjoist of repute in the country, and his tremolo reminds me of a dog scratching itself with its hind leg. Now I am prepared to show that the banjo is an instrument on which you can interpret the works of the great masters, and it is an instrument for which genius finds pleasure in composing."

A quarter of an hour later I left my guests to drink in banjo lore from the world's greatest master of this instrument. Mr. Featherstone did not interest me. I had met his type in many countries and many climes. Bobby had no money to lend. Dr. Roach regularly saw to that. So I was able to leave with a clean conscience.

On the occasion of my next visit to the Bohemian club in Cricklewood I was surprised to find Featherstone installed as a resident. Bobby had just come back from a riding lesson. He was sitting on the tall fender, immaculately dressed in white riding breeches, patent leather riding boots, and the very latest cut of morning coat. Dr. Roach was wearing a long flannel night-gown under a brown dressing-gown. Featherstone, who was explaining the rules of a game called pedro, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves smoking an enormous pipe.

We played pedro for an hour, and then I leaned back and asked Featherstone how he was succeeding in his mission.

"You English are a hide-bound lot," he answered. "I have not had a chance to start yet. Not one of the leading agents has enough courage to arrange a concert for me at Queen's Hall or the Albert Hall."

I murmured a few words of sympathy and asked when he was going back to the scenes of his former triumphs.

"Not till I have won out here," he replied. "Any man of character can impress his personality on the community if he knows how to go about it. You must cater to the people. That is the secret of success. Cater to them. As I cannot arrange a grand concert, I am going to accept a few weeks' engagement at the Palace. Two thousand people will hear me every night. Then there will be a demand for my appearance at your leading concert halls. There are always several means of getting to one's destination."

A few weeks later Bobby came to my chambers to see me. He could talk about nothing but Featherstone and his wonderful playing. Featherstone had not secured an engagement at the Palace. Bobby said that the meanness of the management made it beneath his dignity to accept the offer. My young friend was suffering from a bad attack of hero worship. What a fine fellow was this Featherstone! Such grit! He did not know the meaning of the word defeat. Actually he had accepted a post under Surrey, the rotten banjoist, at thirty shillings a week. He would work up from that until he would make London recognize his genius, and incidentally, I inferred, the superiority of the banjo over all other instruments. I began to think that Bobby would need looking after, so I became a frequent visitor at the Bohemian club.

One day I found Featherstone

there by himself. He was sitting in pyjamas by the fire. Across his knees lay a banjo, and from a pipe in his mouth there exuded the most pungent of nauseating odours that I have ever suffered. "Good heavens, man," I said, "what beastly stuff are you smoking?"

"It is excellent."

"Excellent?"

"Yes. Excellent tea. Roach is broke. Bobby is broke. So I had to raid the tea caddy. Out of deference to your insular prejudices I will lay my pipe aside, and I will play to you."

Certainly he could play the banjo. I admired his dexterity. But I was not convinced that the banjo is a musical instrument. He accepted a cigar and proceeded to talk of his relations to humanity. The gist of his sermon was that he had come to London only to discover himself a nonentity amid a population of about twelve millions. This had not dismayed him. Unable to assume the prominence in England to which he had risen in, I think it was Edmou- ton, he had started at the bottom of the tree, and now complete success was within his grasp. The fact that he was smoking tea that afternoon was not of moment. In a few weeks' time he would open a studio of his own near Bond Street. The pupils he was teaching at Surrey's place would follow him, and he would get all their fees instead of a paltry thirty shillings a week. Then his pupils would talk, and talk meant advertisement. Featherstone ended by offering to bet me that within twelve months he would be invited to give a concert at Queen's Hall. Then Bobby came and I learned the whole truth.

Bobby was about to come of age, and then he would inherit £100, plus interest that had accumulated during twelve years. Featherstone was to get the £100 to start him in a studio, and the interest was to be spent on celebrations. It was no good scolding

the boy. He had given his word, and I would only have offended him if I had attempted to lecture.

Of course I went to the Bohemian club to congratulate Bobby on his twenty-first birthday. He asked me to stay the afternoon and go with him to the theatre in the evening. He had money and was longing to spend it on someone. Featherstone had gone out armed with Bobby's £100 to rent his office, buy furniture, and make preliminary arrangements for the conquest of London.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Featherstone returned in a cab. He had a receipt for one month's rent of an office, two bronze ornaments, a bottle of port, a few coppers in change, and the most complete drunk I have ever seen sustained by a man in a perpendicular position.

"That is all I have left out of £100," Featherstone said, throwing fivepence on the table. He was speaking very slowly and concentrating his faculties on the pronunciation of each syllable. "All the rest has gone to blazes, but it has started me on the road to fame. Rest easy in your mind, Bobby. Sleep comfortably. You have this day made the best investment of your life." He produced the bottle of port and invited us to drink to his success. It was the only thing to be done. Then Featherstone steadied himself with one hand on the table and revealed his innermost soul.

"Man is like a banjo. He needs five strings to his life. Music, food, friendship, a wife—these are the four strings, and the fifth is a child. Yes, the high trembling note of the thumb-string is the child's treble voice which pierces one's heart. Beautiful, beautiful!" He sat down on Tim Linkinwater and wept, and the dog joined him in his lamentations.

There was no theatre party that night. Bobby took it all like a sportsman, but a party would have been a frost. When I returned to Canada Bobby came to see me off. He men-

tioned casually that Featherstone had been compelled to give up his studio, which was hard on him as he had just married.

"Well," I said, "he has the fourth string to his life. Let me know when the thumb-string arrives."

Bobby was still loyal to Featherstone, and he seemed to resent my flippancy, but we parted good friends.

A year later I was leaving England again, and Bobby was coming with me. We had sent on our heavy luggage and were spending the last day

in London in rather a listless manner, not knowing what to do with ourselves. Towards evening we went to a picture show, which advertised many thrills and much laughter for a few cents. There in front of the screen, thumping on a piano, was Featherstone. After a few pictures had been shown, we moved to vacant seats in the front row, and, leaning over the barrier, we shook hands with the great banjoist.

"Hard luck?" I asked.

"Yes, twins!" he replied.

---

## AT TWILIGHT

By BEATRICE REDPATH

I have lighted the tapers each side thy head  
 And have gathered fresh blooms for thee;  
 I have wept and have prayed, I have knelt by thy bed  
 And have laid thee back tenderly.  
 Now my feet are still and my hands fall wide,  
 As I sit by thy side.

Ah, for what should I braid up my fallen hair?  
 And for what should I go to the well?  
 Should the dawn sky be ever so red wouldst thou care,  
 Wouldst thou wake from thy quiet spell?  
 Shall I hear not again thy feet on the floor,  
 Nor thy hand on the door?

---



THE JAPANESE FAN

From the Etching by  
Dorothy Stevens, one of the  
cleverest and most versatile  
of Canadian women artists.



# THE LEGISLATIVE HALLS OF WESTERN CANADA

BY W. A. CRAICK

TO one who crosses in turn the thresholds of the nine buildings which house the Legislatures of the Canadian Provinces a variety of emotions are possible. The quaint little pile on the square at Charlottetown is redolent of the secluded, old-fashioned charm of the Island of the Gulf. Nova Scotia's solid gray structure, planted so firmly on the Atlantic shore at Halifax, speaks of the steady, substantial life of the inhabitants of the most easterly Province. At Fredericton, the more elaborate Parliament Buildings of New Brunswick look out from among the elm trees towards the waters of the St. John River and appeal to one by reason of the quiet yet prosperous atmosphere that pervades them. Quebec's legislative building harmonizes well with the associations of the ancient capital, and within its portals one still breathes a little of the air of old-world mystery and suggestiveness that hovers about the city. At Toronto the complacency of the banner Province is reflected in the big brown edifice that rears its ungainly form in Queen's Park, a place of much activity and life. In Winnipeg, one savours something of the romance of the early days of settlement in the congested old Parliament Buildings so soon to be superseded by a magnificent new erection.

But what must be said of those splendid Provincial capitolis that

raise their imposing domes towards heaven at Regina, Edmonton, and Victoria? They are separated from their eastern compeers not only by many miles of space, but by that subtle difference of character which divides the East from the West. The eastern legislative buildings are wrapped about with a thickening cloud of memories, which men bind together and call tradition. There is none of this in the West. Like the country itself, the legislative piles are new, speaking not of the past, but of the present and the future.

Truly it is a wonderful thing to be present and take part in the birth of a nation and to see the ideals of that nation typified in wood and stone. For the legislative buildings which have been erected in the three western Provinces of the Dominion articulate something of the spirit that animates the minds of the people, who dwell on the prairies and beyond the mountains. They are proclamations in stone that the West is going to be a mighty country—nay, that it is even now, at the very threshold of its career, a great country—and that it is building on broad lines to meet the needs of the coming years.

Some day future generations will begin to weave fancies about these traditionless edifices; memories will cling to their walls and they, too, will become as full of associations as their eastern predecessors. One can fancy

a time when the commonplaces of to-day will have been magnified by a wondering posterity into marvels and the people of the present take on strange hues of romance; when visitors will tread the marble corridors, built by hands long dead, and gaze with reverence on chamber and gallery that now awaken no other emotions save those of admiration.

Western Canada has had behind it not only the experience of the East, but the example of the Western States as well. It has seen population increase with almost incredible rapidity, cities spring up in a night and waste places blossom and become fruitful. It has learned the lesson of foresight as few other countries have learned it, and, while in many respects certain phases of its development are not to be commended, yet as regards the provision which it is making for government and education, it has shown itself to be broad-minded, progressive, and far-seeing.

To a traveller approaching Victoria by water, the white walls and greenish-tinted domes of British Columbia's Parliament Buildings single themselves out from the other buildings of the city long before the steamship reaches its dock in the inner harbour. Though lacking the advantage of location on a commanding elevation and appearing from a distance to be crowded in among other structures, there is a certain uniqueness about the architecture of this handsome pile that would distinguish it no matter where it was placed. But, when once one has arrived within its immediate vicinity and the long front with the beautiful grounds extending from it down to the water-side are exposed to view, the impressiveness of buildings and surroundings are better appreciated.

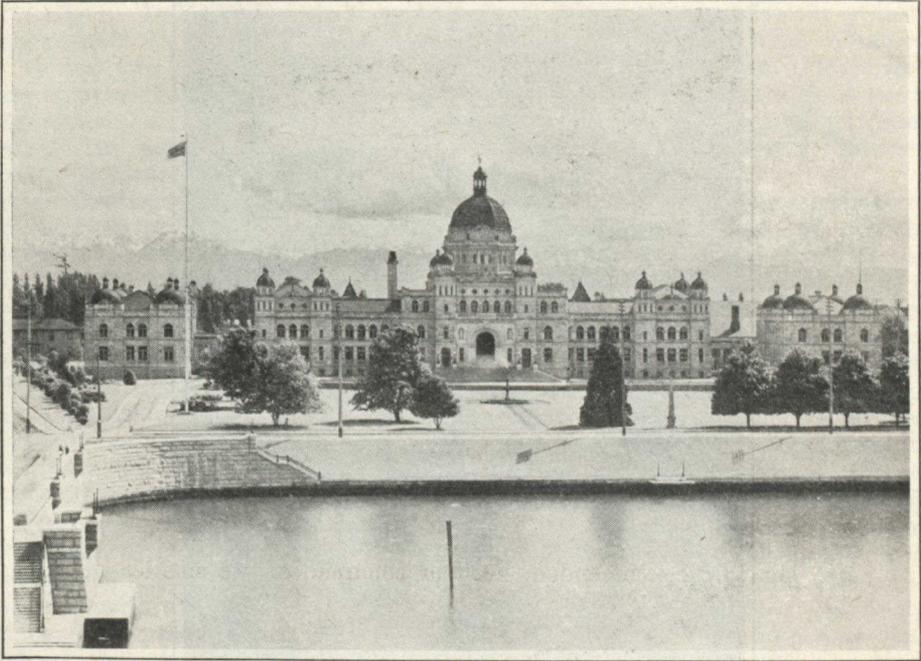
Victoria's waterfront, with Parliament Buildings to the right, the large and lofty bulk of the Empress Hotel in front, and the city rising to the left, presents as pleasant a scene as one might wish to see. There is a

suggestion of luxury and restfulness about it, an almost Oriental magnificence in the glittering walls and towers and the lavish gardens and borders. It is doubly impressive because it represents one small corner of a great, wild, sparsely-settled Province where refinement and cultivation seem to have been developed to a remarkable degree.

One approaches the buildings by a walk extending up from the balustraded harbour, the gleaming whiteness of which stands out in clear-cut contrast with the intense green of the lawn. A few luxuriant trees shut out at first a complete view of the facade, but these passed, it is seen that there are in reality three sections to the structure. To the main edifice there stand united at either end by means of colonnades, two smaller buildings, each in harmony with the central portion. The material of which the entire building has been constructed is a pearly gray stone that seems to be peculiarly susceptible to the influence of changes in the colour of the sky, for it takes on delicate shades with each variation in the light.

An imposing array of broad granite steps leads up to the grand entrance, which is only opened on state occasions. At other times the visitor secures entrance through one of the smaller doors that open on a lower level at either side. These give access to short passages extending to the main corridor, which stretches at right angles from end to end of the building.

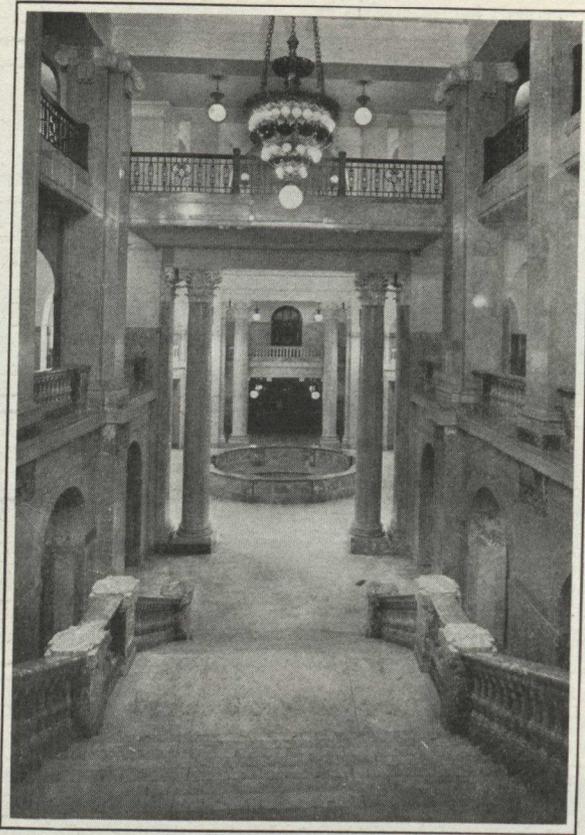
Ascending at once to the next floor, on which the legislative chamber is located, one enters the grand central hall, which is probably the most striking feature of the interior. It is circular in form and is surmounted by the main dome, which rises to an imposing height above the pavement. From the hall, entrance is secured through a wrought-iron door into a large vaulted lobby, on the walls of which hang many portraits and group photographs of people famous in the



THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE ROTUNDA OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING  
AT EDMONTON

history of the Province. The lobby in turn gives directly on the legislative chamber.

The apartment in which the Provincial legislators meet is a handsome chamber, in dimensions about forty by sixty feet on the floor level. As, however, the various galleries extend back over surrounding lobbies the room appears considerably larger. It is panelled in Italian marble with large monolithic columns of green Cippolino marble at each bay. The Speaker's canopy in oak is a richly ornamental piece of work that attracts much attention.

To right, left, and rear of the chamber are corridors from which open various committee rooms and offices, including the legislative lib-

rary. These are panelled in some one of the various native woods, such as maple, cypress, fir, cedar, alder, and spruce, and are designated by the name of the wood used in the decoration, as the Maple Room, the Cedar Room.

Returning to the central hall and following the corridors in either direction, it is found that the building is in effect composed of one main section and three arms stretching to the rear. There are separate staircases of moulded stone with handsome wrought-iron railings for each section and the various departmental offices are grouped together conveniently. The corridors are all vaulted and arched and finished in white polished cement, presenting a rich and elabor-

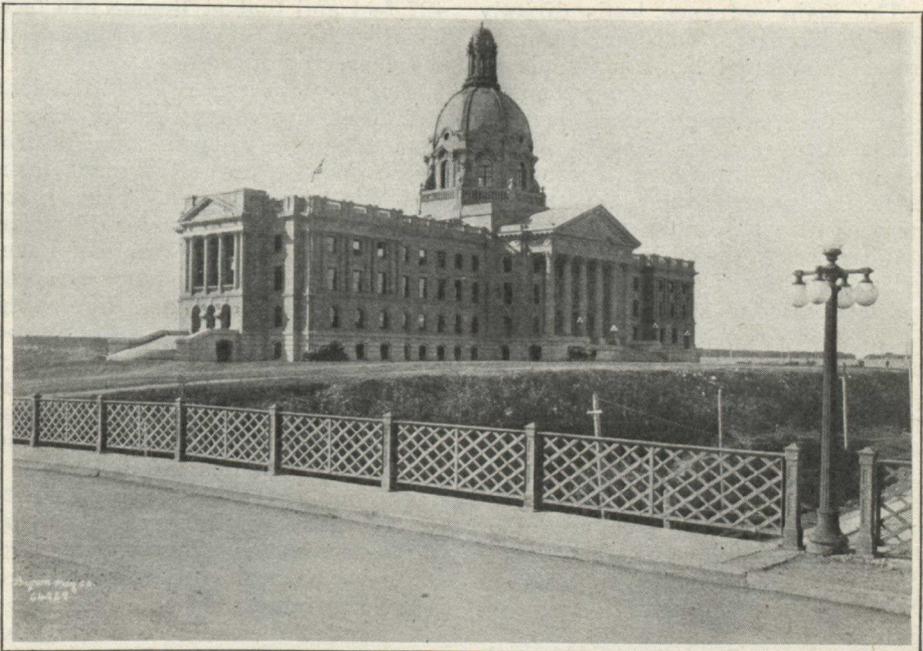
ate effect. Indeed, the whole building resembles a stately marble palace.

In the two annex buildings there are at present quartered the printing department and the Provincial museum. The museum is well worth a visit. It contains a unique and valuable collection of the fauna and flora of the Province, which have been excellently preserved and are well displayed. Both these departments will be given extended space in the large addition to the Parliament Buildings which is now under construction at the rear of the present structure. The new sections will preserve the architectural features of the older portion and will give much-needed accommodation to over-crowded departments.

It is a matter of interest that in the construction of these buildings practically all the material used was secured within the Province. The stone was quarried on Haddington Island, three hundred miles north of Victoria. The slates on the roof came

from Jervis Inlet, whilst the granite steps and landings were obtained from quarries at Burrard Inlet and on Nelson Island. The various hardwoods used for ornamental purposes and otherwise throughout the interior are all native products.

Turning now to the new legislative pile which the Province of Alberta has reared on the lofty bank of the North Saskatchewan River at Edmonton, it is evident that the Government has spared no effort to make the building harmonize with the high ideal it has set for the future of the Province. It is a structure of imposing proportions, admirably located in a commanding position. Standing on the site formerly occupied by the residence of the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and overlooking the plateau on which the old fort stood, it enjoys an unobstructed view both up and down the river and across to the southern height on which Strathcona and the



WHERE THE LAWS OF ALBERTA ARE MADE

This imposing pile stands on the spot where the residence of the Hudson's Bay Company's factor used to stand

University of Alberta are being built.

The building faces away from the river, but it is so designed that the river frontage is quite as handsome in appearance as the landward side. Moreover, the two ends are graced with tall columns, so that viewed from any side the structure looks well. It has as its central feature a dome, which rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-eight feet and dominates the entire building. This with the massive entrance columns provides the principal ornamentation on an otherwise plain and substantial stone edifice.

The interior, with the exception of the main hall and the legislative chamber, has been designed for use and not show. It is divided into three wings, two administrative sections extending to left and right of the main entrance and the legislative portion to the rear. The departmental offices occupy four floors and are finished in a simple, yet dignified style.

The main entrance leads directly into the central hall or rotunda, which is situated beneath the dome. It is forty-six feet square on the ground-floor, with octagonal corners. These latter narrow in until at the height of the third floor a complete circle is formed, which in turn is carried up with ornamental pilasters and cornices to the beamed and panelled ceiling of the dome. A sense of spaciousness and strength is imparted by this lofty and impressive rotunda.

Opening directly from it is the lobby, of which the central feature is a flight of marble steps leading up to the door of the legislative chamber. All this portion of the building is adorned with marble and other decorative effects and is very elaborately conceived. Galleries surround the lobby, finished with balustrades and pedestals for statuary.

The chamber is a room fifty-six feet square, extending in height through the second and third storeys.

In design it follows the dignified style of the Ionic order, there being two detached columns on each of the four sides and angle pilasters at the corners. Around the chamber are the apartments set apart for the use of the members of the House, the Speaker, the officials, and the press, while to the rear access is had to an open-air gallery commanding a view of the river valley. The space in the legislative wing directly beneath the chamber is devoted to the library, which is a splendid roomy apartment, admirably equipped.

There is a slight resemblance between Alberta's legislative building and that of Saskatchewan. Both have a towering dome and pillared porticos. But, whereas the domes are of practically the same height in each, that surmounting the building at Regina looks smaller because the building itself is considerably longer. There is a difference of over one hundred feet in the frontage of the two structures, that at Edmonton being 427 feet and that at Regina 543 feet. This produces a decided difference in the character of the two.

The new Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings enjoy no advantage of location. They rise from the level prairie which spreads out all around them with exceeding flatness. True, there is a small body of water lying in front of them, called Wascana Lake, which will add to the attractiveness of the grounds that are developing nicely under the care of landscape architects, but they will have to rely for their impressiveness on their imposing size and the contrast between their architectural beauty and the monotony of the landscape.

The material used in the construction of these buildings has been Tyn-dal stone, which gleams pure and white in the prairie sunshine. There is little to relieve the unbroken front save the dome, which rises to a height of 187 feet, and the three porticos, one near either end of the front and one in the middle.



SASKATCHEWAN'S MAGNIFICENT PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT REGINA

A few years ago there was not a tree or shrub on these grounds



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT REGINA

Entering at the western door the visitor passes into the main corridor which stretches the entire length of the building. It is immediately noticeable that Saskatchewan has built for service. The corridor is comparatively narrow, space is not wasted and more room is accordingly given for the offices which line either side. As at Edmonton, there is a grand central hall immediately under the dome, circular in shape, and very handsomely proportioned and decorated. Through the rotunda entrance is secured into the legislative chamber, a lofty and commodious apartment with room to spare for the accommodation of a great many more members than are at present elected

in the Province, a fact that reveals commendable foresight.

All three Provinces are justifiably proud of the splendid buildings in which their legislators sit and the Provincial business is done. They have spent millions on their construction and already they are none too large to meet requirements. To one who has an idea that Western Canada is still largely in a crude and formative period of its growth, the rich and elaborate architecture of these three buildings comes as a delightful surprise. Truly it speaks well for the people of the West that they have been willing and anxious to put their money into such genuinely creditable buildings.

---

## RED LEAVES

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

LITTLE red leaves with your baskets of wind,  
 Hurrying down to your market town,  
 Go hurrying on, for I fear me much  
 Old Mother Autumn is dressing in brown.

She is donning a garb of quiet hue,  
 Like beechen trunks and the maple limbs;  
 Hurry on, little leaves, and your laughing wares  
 May woo her yet from her drowsy whims.

Go scatter your wares before her eyes,  
 And maybe she'll stir to see you there,  
 And, holding you close to her heart, will dance  
 In gold and crimson upon the air.

---

## NEIGHBOURS

By

ESTELLE M. KERR



Drawings by



Estelle M. Kerr

I'VE always lived at number two,  
But in the house next door  
The folks were dreadfully grown  
up—

Quite ten years old or more.  
I didn't like my neighbours,  
Though they say in Sunday-school  
That you should always love them,  
For that's the Golden Rule.  
So when the moving-van came round  
And took their things away,  
Their cricket bats and football,  
And rough things boys will play,  
I didn't mind a single bit!  
And then next day it came  
And brought a lot of other things  
That looked about the same:  
First stoves and rugs and boxes,  
Clocks, tables, beds, and chairs;  
And then, while I was watching them,  
I saw two Teddy bears,  
A cradle, and a rocking-horse,  
And dolls (I counted three!);  
And then a little girl came out  
And looked across at me.  
And when she smiled, I said, "Helloa!"  
And she smiled back some more.  
So now I love my neighbour,  
And she lives at number four.

# THE WAY OF A WIDOW

BY HUGH S. EAYRS

THE first time I came in contact with her was the day after we had left New York. The *Idonian* was carrying a number of Americans across to the International Exposition in London. That is, they were ostensibly going to the Exhibition. There may have been other motives. Mrs. Van Kunden was taking her daughter to stay with Lady Loamshire. There were some nasty people in New York who were not above saying that Sadie Van Kunden and a quarter of a million might be looked upon as a fair exchange for Carrarbrook, Lady Loamshire's lordling son. But, of course, Mrs. Van Kunden had not confirmed this, for the very simple reason that the gossip had not been allowed to reach her ears. Still, that does not enter into my story. It just serves to point out that there might have been some reason why the *Idonian* carried so many rich Americans, with the usual accompaniment of jewels, *ad lib*, other than that the International Exposition was to furnish fresh excitement for a lot of people who would otherwise have been so bored that they would have migrated to the Continent.

Well, I came in contact with her after dinner. Most of the people preferred to let their digestion work out its destiny by sitting still in the lounge, to the certain boredom of one another. I was on deck. So was she. I was leaning over the rail. So was she. I was smoking. She wasn't. Now it may have been the spell of

the exquisite night, with the moon playing all sorts of pranks with the glistening water and the easy motion of the boat reminding us that we had a week of this before we got to England; or it might have been the excellent dinner which the Imperial Line provided; or it might just have been a little joke on the part of Mistress Fate, but I was conscious of someone saying in a very musical voice, "Are you smoking Egyptians? If so, don't you think you might ask me if I will join you?"

I turned round and raised my hat.

"Pardon me. I am sorry I did not think of it," and I handed her my case. And, of course, we started talking. That's the beauty of being on a steamship. If you do feel particularly anxious to talk to a most engaging-looking lady you are not conscious of an irritability because you can't secure the necessary introduction. All in fact is plain sailing. You just steam right up to the lady and make some vapid remark about anything in general and nothing in particular and the sea breeze does the rest. So it was with us. I learned that my companion was a Mrs. Billings. She told me with anything but a mournful air that she was a widow. I was rather startled, for she did not look like it. And I was even more surprised when she added that her husband had shuffled off this mortal coil only the week before. The amount of cheerfulness which she managed to infuse into this remark set me thinking. I wondered if I should ever

marry a woman who could bear up so bravely under my demise. . . .

I am not sure how many cigarettes my companion smoked, but I am quite sure that she performed the operation in a most alluring way. She was charming altogether; she was one of these women to whom Providence gives every possible weapon which might be useful in the campaign of getting one's own way. A bewitching face bewitchingly expressed, a real vivaciousness which made you agree with the unspoken thought that it was a jolly old world after all, an ability to talk and to say something—all these made up a fascinating little woman. Such was Mrs. Billings. It appears she was going England to stay with some American friends. Was I going to London? Would I care to call on her? Did I know the sights to be seen? All these questions came out, and although I suppose we did get pretty intimate, it did not occur to me until afterwards that we had done so very quickly.

For myself, I was going home. I had been in New York for twelve years, and had managed to make a little money. For the first time in twelve years I was at liberty to take a vacation, and to satisfy my want to see my people again. I was all alone on board. So was Mrs. Billings. And I mentally decided that as sure as my name was Jack Andrews, I was going to see more of Mrs. Billings. With which wise—or foolish—resolve I turned in and slept soundly.

We met again next day. The widow had not been down to breakfast, but when luncheon time came along, I saw her go up to the saloon steward and, disregarding the frowns of all the elderly dowagers in the lounge, ask to have her place at table changed, so that she might sit next to Mr. Andrews. Up went the lorgnettes of the elderly dowagers! What frightful form! Did anybody ever hear of a widow making a dead set at an en-

gaging young bachelor the very week after her husband had died! And they nodded sagely to one another that Mrs. Billings was very questionable, very questionable.

Nor was this all. After dinner that night Mrs. Billings and I went into the lounge, and I began to smoke. The eyes of the dowagers were upon my companion.

"O Mr. Andrews, do give me one of those delightful cigarettes. I have not missed an after-dinner smoke for years," and my companion smiled with the faintest *soupcou* of scorn at the ladies who were glaring at her, as if she would say, "It's all very wicked, isn't it?" But she got her cigarette, and she smoked it.

I could see we were going to have a rough passage.

We had on board Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus P. Codger. Cyrus P. was known throughout the length and breadth of the Union as the manufacturer of Codger's Celebrated Cough Candy. He had managed to become at once a public benefactor and a millionaire by giving to an else-whooping country a remedy that was "a boon to the system, and a pleasure to the taste", to quote the magazine advertisements. After living for a time in New York on the proceeds, he decided to die, and go to London. That is why he and his wife were on the *Idonian*. I was rather interested in their presence on board because, before I left New York I had seen a note in one of the papers about a certain diamond tiara, worth a hundred thousand dollars, the property of Mrs. Codger, which had been stolen at a reception on Madison Avenue, and subsequently recovered. I wondered if Mrs. Codger was taking it to England. The probability was that she had it with her, and that if she had she would come to the table with as many jewels as she could conveniently crowd on to her person, the tiara among them.

I was not far wrong. That very night, at dinner, Cyrus P and his

wife sailed in, the picture of prosperity—and, it must be admitted, vulgar wealth, too. She wore the tiara, and seldom have I seen so glorious a piece of jewellery. At every movement of Mrs. Codger's head it flashed a thousand shafts of light and blazed and gleamed like something alive. Its chief value to the lady whose head it adorned was that it cost a hundred thousand dollars. That was plain to see. There were those amongst the company, beside myself, who thought it was very vulgar display, as well as very unwise, to wear such a valuable ornament in a company where everybody was newly acquainted with everybody else. But Mrs. Codger had a precious possession, and, like every other *nouveauriche* since time began, was anxious to flaunt it in front of as many people as possible.

I was thinking myself that it was surely unwise on Mrs. Codger's part to appear in this tiara, when a voice at my side—Mrs. Billings's—voiced the thought in my mind.

"Yes, I agree," she said. "She doesn't know who all these people are. For all she knows to the contrary there might be a bunch of crooks on board, who would think a tiara like that worth the risk it would mean to get it. Why, I might be a crook myself. I am certain that those diamonds would better become me than Mrs. Cyrus P." Those were fateful words. I thought of them afterwards.

My friend, the gay widow, came into rather unpleasant contact with Mrs. Codger the very next day. My cabin was in the same alleyway as that of Mrs. Billings, which was immediately opposite mine. Next to that of Mrs. Billings, and therefore also opposite to mine, was the cabin of the Codgers. For some reason they had not been able to get a suite, despite the ravings and alternative bribings and threatenings of Cyrus P. During the afternoon Mrs. Billings had occasion to get a steamer

rug from her cabin, and I met her coming down the alleyway. A bright idea flashed across her mind.

"I say," and her eyes sparkled, "what fun it would be to have some tea, just you and I, tête-a-tête."

Of course, I acquiesced, and she rang the bell and ordered tea. Now, tea tête-a-tête is ever so much more attractive when you smoke a cigarette to help it down, and Mrs. Billings saved me the trouble of offering her one by calmly taking my case out of my pocket. It would have been a delightful half-hour had not our conversation been interrupted by a shrill voice calling for the bedroom steward.

"Steward, I thought smoking was not allowed below stairs. It is really very annoying to think that we cannot have a quiet hour in our own cabin without some unmannered people"—here she glared at my companion who by this time was standing with me in the alleyway—"polluting the atmosphere with vile cigarette smoke". But my companion did not turn a hair.

"Times change, Mrs. Codger," said she; "this is a very demoralized age. Besides, everyone to his taste. Now, I think a good cigarette is just as palatable as cough candy. Moreover, you should have an eye to business. The more cigarettes I smoke the more likely I am to stand in need of some medicine to put my throat right—cough candy, for instance."

The next day everybody was startled by a report that Mrs. Cyrus P. Codger had lost her diamond tiara. It proved to be true, and at lunch-time far more attention was paid to its discussion than to the excellent meal which was provided. Mr. and Mrs. Codger did not appear. Someone said they were with the captain. During the afternoon, skipping and other thrilling amusements common to ocean liners were abandoned, and the passengers gathered in groups to talk over the question, "Who stole

the diamond tiara?" At dinner-time the skipper and purser appeared to be preoccupied. At the end of the meal—we felt it was coming—the purser announced that he had a grave statement to make. Some jewellery of great value could not be found. It was the property of Mrs. Codger. Active search had been made, but it had been unavailing. The purser supposed nobody had seen anything of it? No, he thought not. Further search would be made, and doubtless the tiara would be found. Probably it had been mislaid. The purser was quite sure it would turn up—and so on, and so on. If it did not, he regretted that a thorough search would have to be made, but—and he became suave again—doubtless that would not be necessary.

But it was. At dinner on the next evening it was the skipper who spoke. He was grave and he was stern. The diamond tiara had not been found, despite the fact that a very close search had been made. He regretted he must come to the conclusion that the missing tiara had been stolen. Therefore search would be made in every cabin, and failing satisfactory results, each passenger would be searched before leaving the ship.

There was a silence of two or three minutes—then babel. Everybody in any particular set glared at everybody in every other set suspiciously. Who could have taken the tiara? No one was safe from accusation. Everyone looked askance at everyone else. It was a real relief when someone suggested that there must be a dissatisfied purchaser of Codger's Celebrated Cough Candy who had taken the tiara as compensation for the agony he had endured in swallowing the famous medicine. Everybody in the saloon laughed—laughed loud and long. But the laugh was artificial, and it only broke the tension momentarily.

I did not see my friend Mrs. Billings that night, nor during the next day, when search in the cabins was

being made. But the next evening she and I were on deck, leaning over the rail, both of us silent, both of us thoughtful. I chided her on her pensiveness.

"A penny for your thoughts."

"They are worth more than a penny"—and there was something in her voice that made me turn. I saw she was agitated. I felt that what she was going to say was fraught with significance. She laid her hand on my arm—"they are worth more than many pennies. They are worth a diamond tiara!"

"What?" I asked quickly.

She dropped her eyes.

"I—I hardly know how to tell you, Mr. Andrews—Jack—but the tiara—Mrs. Codger's tiara—" and she was silent.

"Yes?"

"The tiara that they are all looking for—it is here," and she took from the bosom of her dress the jewel for which the officers had searched the ship high and low.

For a minute I was flabbergasted. Mrs. Billings—the tiara; the tiara—Mrs. Billings, I kept on muttering, as I looked down at the glittering thing which she had pressed into my hands. I turned round, and saw one of the officers, who gave me "Good-night", looking at me curiously. I could almost have sworn he saw the tiara in my hand, but I knew a second later that it was shielded by my coat. I took my companion's arm and started to walk up and down the deck, feverishly, jerkily, for I hardly understood what had happened. Mrs. Billings a thief? . . . And I knew, then, if I had been blind to it before, that I was in love with the girl at my side.

"But where did you get it?" I stammered. "You didn't—you didn't steal it? You couldn't—"

Her face in the moonlight was deathly pale, and she leaned heavily on me as we moved towards the rail. "Mr. Andrews—Jack," she whispered, "don't look at me like that. I—I

had to do something. I am in debt, heavily, thousands of dollars—for cards," she added, after just the slightest pause. "And I thought I could get away with it. Oh, yes, I know how mad it was, Jack, but one does do mad things, mad things," and her voice trailed off into silence.

"Jack"—she was speaking again—"say something. What can we do? Can't you put that hateful thing back in Codger's cabin? Oh, you must help me. I'm distraught. And, they'll search the ship again, and if it isn't found, they'll search us each as we leave the boat, and it will all come out. Oh, you must put the tiara back, somehow, won't you?"

How irresistible is a woman in trouble! And if a man is in love with her, she is ten times more so. I had no more idea than the man in the moon how I was going to manage it, but I knew that somehow I had to get that tiara back into Mrs. Codger's cabin.

"But it's guarded night and day," I said, "and it will be till we reach Liverpool. I don't know how it is to be done."

"There's the porthole, Jack," said the girl at my side.

"The porthole?" I queried in blank astonishment. "But no one can reach the porthole, unless—"

"Unless they climb over the side of the ship," came the answer. "Yes, I know how dangerous it would be, Jack"—the words were hurried—"but, oh Jack, it's for me, and—and—"

"Yes," I said fiercely. "Yes?"

"Oh, Jack, I know you care, I know you care. And perhaps I care, too. If you could only get me out of this trouble, we might—I might—"

So that was it. I was to be asked to prove my love. I was to go through some sort of test. To win the girl I loved, I must risk my honour and take a chance on some months in an English gaol. But a man in love is a man mad, and I never hesitated. I took the girl by the hand

and looked at her long and earnestly.

"Mrs. Billings, I'll do it, somehow. For I'd do anything, I'd lose the world for you," and I drew her close to me.

That night stands out in my life. I can never forget it. When I look back I wonder however I came through it alive. I had decided that if I was to make an attempt to put the tiara back in the Codger cabin I had better do it at once. We were only about two days away from Liverpool, and though all would be confusion at landing, the skipper was too wise a man to allow that to prevent him from guarding the cabin. For, of course, there was the chance that the thief was going to try and restore the tiara. So, it seemed to me, that I could not make my attempt too soon. The moon was unfortunate, but I should have to risk that. I went to my cabin and waited till all aboard was quiet. People were asleep. The majority of the stewards were sleeping, too, and only those on night duty were in the alleyways. It was about two o'clock that I opened my cabin door and sneaked out. I had an old cap pulled down over my eyes, and as I have often thought since, I must have looked a queer passenger to be travelling first-class on a steamship. Luckily the steward who was supposed to be patrolling the corridor was fast asleep at the end of the alleyway down which I had to pass. I made my way up the stairs, through the lounge, to the door opening on to the promenade deck. My task, as I thought about it, standing there on deck, with the fresh wind blowing on my face, and clearing and sharpening my senses, was no easy one. The cabin previously occupied by the Codgers seemed so near and yet so far. Actually it was opposite to my own in the same alleyway, but I had to make a detour of a long stretch of deck to come to the place which was immediately above the porthole of the cabin. There was no

one on the promenade deck. It was not till I grasped this that I realized for the first time what a predicament I should be in if someone saw me. There was I, a first-class passenger, wrapped about like a burglar, my cap jammed down over my eyes, my coat-collar turned up, a muffler tied tightly round my uncollared neck, and—worst of all—a diamond tiara in my pocket for which a whole shipful of people were searching. I got to the rail and turned about, starting at every little quiver of the boat, imagining myself pursued from all sides. I grasped the upright and slung myself over the side.

It was not till my legs dangled below and I was hanging on to the top rail that I suddenly thought how much of the success of my venture depended upon the porthole being open. Suppose it were closed? There was every reason why it should be. The cabin was guarded so far as its door was concerned by an officer all day and all night. Would the porthole be left open? And yet the night was calm; the sea was quiet; even the wind seemed less harsh than usual, and possibly the porthole, after all, was open. How I hoped it might be!

This and a thousand other thoughts flashed through my mind, and quickly passed. I had gone too far to draw back, if even the porthole were closed. Hand over hand, my legs round the upright, I lowered myself till my feet touched the deck below. Then, with one hand still clinging to the upright, I leaned my body over the side of the ship until I was nearly bent double. The porthole *was* open. I realized my good fortune and thrusting my hand in my pocket drew out the tiara. Leaning for a moment in an almost breaking position I grasped the porthole ledge. The strain was immense and intense, for I could only just reach. I paused and breathed hard. I was nearly all in.

And then—it happened. Before I was aware of it my hand was gripped

and a whistle sounded. Two men came out of the door above. My hand was wrenched from the upright, which its fingers tightly clutched, and was fitted neatly with a handcuff.

“So, *Mister* Andrews. You got frightened, and tried to put it back, eh?” came the words from the second mate. “But you reckoned without your host.”

A day and a night later we reached Liverpool. During the time which had elapsed since I was caught with the goods I had had ample time for thought. I thought all sorts of things. The captain had interrogated me, but I had admitted and denied nothing. There didn't seem to be anything to deny. There didn't seem any use in denying anything. I had been caught, and caught red-handed. I stood—the thief of the tiara. There was no explaining things away. The tiara had been found in my hand. My progress—as I learned—had been watched from the first moment I left my cabin on that fateful night, to the time, a few minutes later, when my hand was on the porthole ledge of the Codger cabin. The tiara was found in my pocket. The captain was jaunty and I could have knocked his head off his shoulders.

“You understand, of course, Mr. Andrews,” said he, “that this means gaol for you? It is a pity that our line has suffered the misfortune of carrying a thief, and that—first-class!”

Worst of all, I couldn't see the girl for whom I had done it all. Why didn't she come and see me? Had she asked permission to see me? She must know what had happened, because, although the ship's passengers had not been informed of the dénouement, still, I had been absent from her side the morning and the day following my attempt to return the hateful tiara. She must have known that that meant one thing—failure. And she must have known

one other thing. She must have known that I would keep silence, that I would brave the courts and gaol—for her! But she might have come to see me. She might have sent me some message. I pictured her alarmed, dismayed. I take no credit for thinking more about her mental anguish than about my own predicament. Love, despite the cynics, is very unselfish. But—she might have come, she might have sent! And, what of her half promise? Was my attempt, though it had ended in dismal failure, to count for nothing. Did she care? Could she care?

All was confusion on landing. Shut up in the children's nursery, I could see out of the window, and I knew when she pulled into the dock. There was the Liver Building, and back of it was Water Street. The luggage was tumbling merrily down the chutes and being trundled or bundled into the customs. Then the gangways were let down and the first-class passengers left. I craned my neck, so that I might remark each one. But I had eyes for only one form, and it didn't come for some time. Then I saw her shake hands with the first officer, and with a small valise walk down the gangway and across into the customs. She was smiling. She didn't seem to have a care in the world. Never a look behind and for aught I knew never even a thought. I lost sight of her.

The second-class and the steerage passengers followed. All got clear of the ship; most of the crew went ashore, too.

After several hours my door was unlocked, and the captain and first officer, the doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Codgers, and a policeman appeared. The

captain evidently was to act as the spokesman. He cajoled, he threatened, he stormed, he coaxed, but all to no purpose. I refused to speak.

"You know, of course, Andrews, that this means gaol for you?"

"Yes."

"And you refuse to speak? You refuse to say how you got the tiara, from whom you got it, and why you tried to put it back?"

"Yes."

"You know, too"—and here he looked at me keenly, "that this tiara which I have here, the one which you attempted to put into Mrs. Codger's cabin is *not the real tiara which has been stolen.*"

"Not the real one," I cried, "why, then she's tricked the lot of us."

And then I told them the whole story. The widow was evidently a common crook. With her beauty she had made me her dupe. Unconsciously I had connived at the theft. She had got away with the tiara after all; while, all the time, I had been commiserating with her over her trouble, and running my head into a noose to relieve her, she had been laughing up her sleeve and getting away with one of the most daring robberies of modern times. Fool that I was to think I was anything more than a pawn in the game.

So I've given up trying to understand women. I could have sworn that the look in her eyes that night on the deck meant a whole world to both of us. But it only meant a superb piece of trickery. . . .

When my business carries me over the Atlantic, I think of her. But I do not make friends with widows—now.

# WE MUST FIGHT

BY CEPHAS GUILLET, PH.D.

EVERY evil, so far as it provokes to honest thought regarding its causes and earnest effort for the removal of such causes of evil in the future, may be said to be, though not a good, yet to that extent redeemed and robbed of its worst power.

This atrocious war and the minor atrocity that preceded it have produced in many minds a final and irrevocable hatred of all war; and to many a distressed heart there is no glamour of glory left in association with this word. From my own feelings and thoughts I can guess what thousands of people have been feeling and thinking in their bewilderment, for human beings react very similarly to their environment.

France, though defeated and robbed in a former war, trusted her enemy's word, and, trusting that word, neglected to protect her Belgian frontier. And that other nation, with the proverb, "*Ein Mann ein Wort*," one of its noblest inheritances, breaks its word to France and stabs her in the back! This is war! Is it any wonder that that nation applauded the act of its ship-captain, who, sailing into a hostile harbour disguised as a friend, murdered with one cowardly blow some hundreds of his unsuspecting enemies? This is war. And those British soldiers who suddenly open a breach in their line to lure the Prussian Guard into a death-dealing trap? This is war. And the submarine that sneaks up to a fleet of cruisers and with diabolical skill torpedoes them one after another

while they stand by to rescue? This is war. And the Hindoos who, differing from the Christians only in colour, steal into the trenches of the enemy in the night and cut the throats of scores of sleeping men? This also is war. In war the sneak and the cut-throat are heroes and are presented with—a cross!

There is no such thing as fairness in war. There is no such thing as an equal combat, a "fair and square stand-up fight". A fight in which neither side had the advantage would never end. It was unfair for Goliath to oppose his strength to the weakness of David when the weapons were fists or swords; but it was equally unfair for David to have recourse to a long-distance weapon in whose use Goliath had no skill. It is unfair for Germany to use her vast and thoroughly-prepared and equipped army to crush Belgium and France; but it is equally unfair for England to use her vastly superior navy to starve Germany; and again it is unfair for Germany to torpedo defenceless merchantmen with her submarines. And so on! One combatant is always possessed of superior weapons, and so the combat is unequal and unfair. And many a thoughtful man is asking himself, Can such superior strength or skill be a true test of righteousness? Is it not on a par with the old trial by combat whose use the world has long since abolished in the case of individuals? "Jehovah saveth not with sword or spear," declared David, and that was a great saying. But is not the logical

conclusion: Neither does God save with sling or stone, but only with "the sword of the spirit"? Such seems to have been the conclusion of Paul, following his master, who said, "They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword".

Is not all war, with or without rules, cowardly, and a reversion to the methods of the beast? Indeed all warlike acts are simply forms of the animal instincts of hiding and attack. The water-turtle lurks behind a rock and darts out its head to grasp the unwary fish; the snake crawls softly through the grass and suddenly seizes the unsuspecting frog; the tiger creeps up towards its victim, taking advantage of cover, until near enough for a final rush or spring. All well enough for reptiles and cats. But that moral beings should descend to such behaviour towards one another! For in like manner our soldiers take advantage of all cover and make artificial cover of trench and earthwork and masonry, substitutes for the armour of the days of more primitive weapons. But even if no cover of armour or ground or mist is taken advantage of, but the attack is boldly made, relying on speed or strength or numbers, what is the difference? Are these spiritual reliances? Can spiritual values be expressed in terms of numbers or physique or training or strategy or guns or daring?

And if the reliance is really upon God, as is always claimed, what need of cunning or speed or numbers or strength of body or skill of hand and murderous arms? Are these God's weapons? Are not His weapons, offensive and defensive, faith, hope, and love?

Wait thou for Jehovah,  
Be strong and let thy heart take courage;  
Yea, wait thou for Jehovah!

For Jehovah is a God of justice; blessed  
are all they that wait for Him.

It was thus that, appalled by the

horrors of this brutal war, I reasoned with myself, and such logic led me at last to declare, as I then thought, a final and irrevocable hatred and renunciation of all war, as essentially unjust and diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christ, who, as I believed, desired us to use only spiritual weapons.

And then came that atrocity of atrocities, the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, and with the scattering of those hundreds of defenceless men, women, children, and babes in arms upon the bare ocean, my dialectics were likewise scattered to the winds, and my deepest nature spoke: "What must one think," I cried, "of a nation that can do a deed like that?" Long I thought and tried to fit it in with my previous philosophy, but an instinct deeper than logic cried out: "Such a nation is a lunatic nation, mad with the lust of power, and the false pride, hate, and envy that such lust engenders. What should we do with an individual who, maddened by alcohol or by hate or with delusions of persecution, should run amuck among his fellows and 'shoot up the town?' Fly to shelter like the beasts that perish, or, despising this life, as men who know there is a higher and more precious and permanent, bravely join other loyal citizens to run him down, disarm him and place him where he could do no more harm? Would any well-born Christian hesitate?"

What, then, of Germany? Is it not evident that all brave, self-respecting, God-fearing people should join in the effort to disarm that lunatic nation and bring it to its senses? And this need not and should not consistently be done in the spirit of hate, but in the spirit of love: just as, in the case of the individual lunatic or criminal, we do not disarm him or confine him in order to punish him, but in order that we may be in a position to heal him and bring him to himself.

And yet that would be war. Yes, but it would be war against war: it would be war to make peace; and is

not one of the greatest sayings of Christ, "Blessed are the peace-makers"?

Here, then, I got my clue to the solution of the riddle that had so perplexed me all those months and had been so badly solved by a renunciation of all use of force.

And I arrived at the following conclusions: First, force is in itself not an evil. Unconsciously, as I now perceived, I had been all the while assuming the truth of an ancient falsehood, a falsehood that has constituted the weakness of so many religions and philosophies—of Buddhism and Gnosticism and the rest, down to the Christian Science of our own day—namely, that Matter is Evil, that only "spiritual" forces, "spiritual" weapons, are good, and that God has really nothing to do with any other. This was the Gnostic position, and it led those ancient theologians to very curious and devious thinking. As matter was evil, they argued, God could not have created it. And so they imagined that he created a scale of beings (angels or demigods) of decreasing degrees of virtue (each, I should rather have said, creating the one lower), until at last one was created imperfect enough to create in turn the world!

No thoughtful person is deceived nowadays by such tortuous foolishness. The life in the tree that rends the rock asunder is a material force, only of a higher potency than inertia and gravity. The highest forces of life, namely, the intellect and will of man, which span the rivers, roam the seas, and invade the realms of air, the powers of thought and imagination that have invented languages, moved men to action, created our literatures of poetry and history, science and philosophy—these also are material forces, and God created them all.

But, if God created matter and the forces inherent in matter, including life itself and the forces of instinct and intellect and will inherent in life, these cannot be in themselves evil.

Power, then, whether physical or intellectual or volitional, is not in itself an evil. On the contrary, it is the only weapon man has, and the only weapon God himself has, with which to advance his purposes. We should therefore seek to increase our power, our physical, intellectual, and volitional forces, in order to become ever more efficient in the performance of our task, in the attainment of the purposes of our being, which are the purposes of God.

And here we may well learn a lesson from the Germans whose practical efficiency and organizing ability are the marvel of the world. No people—not even British—needs the lesson more than we in America, who are so careless and wasteful of time, money, energy, nay, even of life itself. The pupils in our schools dawdle over their work with too long hours instead of working intensively for shorter periods with proper recesses and rest periods. The long vacation is too often frittered away in an idle and useless fashion that fixes still more the idle habits formed at school. Our workmen, also, with too long hours, work at half their capacity. The employer, who may study every other detail of his business—if not rendered too careless for that by a protective tariff—is liable to leave out of account the most important asset of all, namely, the health and safety and culture and all-round advancement of his employees. Too many of these, on the other hand, think the world owes them a job and refuse to earn it by rigid training, economy, self-denying industry, and alertness to every opportunity of education. If only the Germans would put the splendid energy, the fine earnestness of purpose, and thoroughness of performance which they are displaying for their own aggrandizement into the service of humanity, the world would leap forward with a new impetus.

This brings me to my second principle, namely, that the moral sig-

nificance attaching to force attaches only to its use. It is the unrighteous or cruel use of force that condemns it, or the use of a kind of force inappropriate to its task. It is not wrong to use force to slay an animal for food, or to master an animal for the purpose of advancing our medical knowledge. But even here the use of force must be humane, that is to say, it should be of a kind that involves no unnecessary pain. And likewise as between men and between nations, force should be used at all times with a single eye to the service of all—all men and all nations—not with any self-aggrandizing purpose. Only that kind of force suited to the purpose should be used. And the use of force must not be attended with any unnecessary pain or distress.

Let us now, in the light of these principles, examine the conduct of the nations that are using force in the present controversy, and in particular the conduct of the two chief participants, Germany and the British Empire.

What do the Germans themselves say are the purposes that animate them in their present use of force? These, as I understand them, are two. First, to get more territory and seaports to permit of the greater growth of the German nation. This purpose cannot justify the use of any kind of force, for it is a selfish, nationalistic purpose, involving the sacrifice of the liberties of other nations.

That the Germans themselves recognize the unsoundness of such a reason for the use of force is shown by their declaring themselves actuated by another purpose, namely, the spread of their beneficent Culture over the world. The answer to this is that the proper force to spread *Kultur* is not war. The proper and only effective way to spread German ideas of efficiency and social justice is to exhibit these ideas in action as forces in a normal and beneficent way, not to turn the splendid force that they in turn create to purposes of destruc-

tion. And that this is true is shown by the fact that the former method was succeeding with marvellous rapidity. German science and German economics were conquering the world, and Germany was acclaimed as a great and beneficent power. The only exception to this general acclaim was made regarding Germany's preparations for war. These were thought to be an economic mistake, as well as a menace to the world, involving economic waste in other countries as well. And it is precisely this aspect of Germany's *Kultur* that is most prominent in the eyes of the nations to-day, and that is surely not calculated to increase their respect for this *Kultur* as a whole.

What sort of culture is that that must be thrust down people's throats at the point of the bayonet or inoculated by poisonous gas? Is not such a nationalistic and militaristic conception itself barbarous and a reversion to the ancient barbarity of Assyrian imperialism? Let Germany consider the fate of that mighty power that vanished like some volcanic islet in the vast Pacific and was erased for ages from the very memory of man. Mighty forces are again at work to rebuke the blasphemous power that scoffs at justice and mercy and peace. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong". This was the judgment and this the experience of the intellectual prince among nations. Might does not make right, but right makes might. "Do right though the heavens fall," said also the Romans in their best days, knowing well that the heavens do not fall when right is done.

German culture is seen to have one fatal defect, namely, its barbarous ruthlessness, its absence of all noble and chivalrous ideals, its cold and barren materialism, its mechanical and tyrannical subjection of the individual to an impersonal State-god, not differing essentially from the Marduk of Babalonia, the Asshur of Assyria, and the Mars of Rome, gods

devoid of all true personality or moral character, gods that are sheer deifications of the unholy ambitions of their devotees. The Kaiser of Germany striving to spread *Kultur* by the sword finds a fitting ally in the successor of Mohammed.

And this is the explanation of the unmeasured violence of the German use of force, the atrocious sack of Belgium, and the cruel use of submarine and Zeppelin and asphyxiating gas. The *Lusitania* atrocity strikes us as a huge and callous exhibition of ferocity, but it constitutes no exception to the general conduct of the war by the German nation.

The Germans are therefore condemned both by their use of the wrong kind of force to advance their aims—a force discredited and antiquated—and by their inhuman and fiendish use of this force. A people conscious of the purity of its aims, a people really actuated by sentiments of affectionate interest in other nations, and a desire to help them, could not have acted thus. Their action would rather have been like that of the Americans at Vera Cruz.

George Kerschensteiner, the able superintendent of schools in Munich, Bavaria, deplors the fact that the vast majority of the continuation schools of Germany give only the narrowest kind of utilitarian vocational training. No effort is made to instill a broader culture. And the technical schools, the schools of trades, art, manual training, agriculture, and commerce, have no history or literature or any other formative study in their course. And "in what German school system," he exclaims, "has the thought of arousing a strong feeling of responsibility taken practical form? Have we tried to let the morally productive powers of our children unfold in a kind of mutual helpfulness and self-government?" If, humbled by defeat, Germany will learn the lesson that Denmark learned, she will yet win a far fairer fame than she has lost.

Can the arch-offender in this war honestly be called a Christian nation? Has not Germany for many years been devoting all its efforts to the development of one side of human nature, the intellectual? Has it not become predominantly rationalistic, materialistic, deterministic, and utilitarian? Could the Devil desire a better soil in which to sow his seed of militarism? The terrible words of the Kaiser to his troops sent to avenge the murder of German Christian missionaries; the attempt of a German missionary in Africa to blow up a British warship, declaring he was "a soldier first and a missionary afterwards"; the vindictive protest of the German Protestant clergy against England's action in entering the war; and the German Catholic journal's defence of the sinking of the *Lusitania*—all these incidents prepare us for what Professor Kuno Francke tells us in his "German Ideals of To-day," published before the war. In Germany, says this German authority, the church has ceased to be a moral leader, the inner life has been secularized, and its watchword is no longer atonement, but striving! And the German ideals of to-day, according to this same frank apologist for his country, are no longer the "antiquated and threadbare" ideals of the brotherhood of nations, enlightenment, freedom, democracy, parliamentary government, but social justice among Germans, administered by a bureaucracy of experts under a constitution whose corner-stone shall ever be the monarchy. What other ideal than this of an autocratic state-socialism could take form in the starved imagination of a people that has cast religion to the scrap-heap and become merely scientific? And how much social justice is being done in Germany to-day? Her action, long-planned and executed with Mephistophelian callousness, has arrested the progress of social amelioration everywhere and hurled us back into the dark ages. Behold the fruits, when

a great people confides its liberties to a huge civil and military machine. Better a thousand times trust the instincts of an illiterate democracy than the science of a Nietzschean autocracy of experts whose God is the State. For liberty and universal brotherhood is the yearning of the ages, and every man has this yearning somewhere in his heart. It remained for the ploughman poet to give the finest expression to that yearning for the time, despite all differences of colour and race and speech and lot,

When man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that,

and no longer use weapons of destruction and exclusion.

Let us now apply our principles to England's entrance upon the war. I say her entrance upon the war, for England did not make war. The war was already raging when she entered into the fray. Should she have entered it? What were her reasons? They also, as in Germany's case, were two. First, to aid the nations of Europe to retain their independence and the integrity of their territory; and second, to defend her own independence and her own possessions, which were unquestionably menaced.

Warmly supported by the other great powers of Europe, namely, France, Russia, and Italy, Britain sought to prevent the war by suggesting and urging that the matter in dispute (namely, the Serbian incident) be submitted to some kind of arbitration. As her efforts were vain, England declares, and justly, that her war is a war against war, against the use of military force to decide international disputes, which an impartial tribunal could more calmly and fairly and economically settle than opposing armies. In this position Great Britain and her allies are clearly on the side of progress; they represent the better future; whereas Germany, in deciding to appeal to military force instead of the forces of reason and international comity, has proved her-

self a reactionary power and the enemy of the progress of mankind toward the reign of peace and goodwill, which is the deepest aspiration of humanity. The cruel and treacherous violation of the neutrality of Belgium was but the logical result of this portentous decision. What has the sword to do with reason and law, with justice and mercy, with good faith and goodwill?

German apologists object that the Serbian question was but a small incident in a much larger question of her freedom to expand in legitimate ways, a freedom that was being denied or hampered in divers directions. In perfect candour—and it is idle to discuss this or any other matter without the sincerest effort to see both sides with all clearness and impartiality—it must be admitted that Germany had some cause for her complaint. It would require one better versed than I in European diplomacy to decide how great this cause was. England's hands are by no means entirely clean. The conscience of the world revolted against her treatment of Persia a few years ago. If it is wrong for Austria to crush Serbia, and for Germany to crush Belgium, is it right for the combined might of Russia and England to quench the rising spirit of Persia? There are not a few Britons, both in Great Britain and, perhaps, still more in her colonies, whose utterances betray a spirit that is hard to distinguish from that of the Pan-German propagandist. Once the world comes to believe that Britons, in orating about "the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race" have any other kind of supremacy in view than a supremacy in service, the star of the British Empire will set. It is only because the world has come to recognize that England desires peaceful and equitable relations with all nations, that she aims primarily to establish liberty and democracy, justice and equality, in all her dominions, that she seeks primarily their self-development to

complete self-government, as in Canada and Australia and South Africa, and that, so far as her influence extends, freedom of trade is granted to all nations alike, it is, I repeat, only because the world recognizes this to be, in spite of occasional and regrettable lapses, the real policy of England, that it tolerates the existence of the world-wide British Empire. And it is because the world recognizes no such aims in German imperialism that it has been loth to see Germany extend her sway.

Germany has not failed to recognize this attitude of other nations towards her, and to resent it. Throughout the negotiations pending the war, as well as in her general attitude of late years, Germany has acted like a proud, sensitive, spoiled child, who finally "won't play". Conscious of her extraordinary growth—a growth made possible, as Professor Giddings points out, by the free trade policy of Britain—and envying the other powers their colonial possessions or greater room for material expansion, this ambitious giant imagined them jealously seeking to crush her, according to the well-known psychological principle that we tend to project our own mental states into the minds of others. Aware of this German grouch—resembling the delusions of persecution of the mind that broods upon itself—and not oblivious of the fact that there was the justification for it that I have endeavoured to set forth above, Sir Edward Grey, on the 30th of July, made the following frank proposal:

"And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, or ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last

Balkan crisis, and, Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals; but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations, be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible some more definite rapprochement between the powers than has been possible hitherto."

Would it not have been better to test the sincerity of this offer than to rush into a mad war, which is always the last resort, indeed, the condemnation of the statesman? Would not Germany have been better advised to throw her influence on the side of world organization for peace and arbitration and the perfecting of international law, instead of rejecting the offer and having incontinent recourse to the barbarous and brutal arbitrament of the sword?

And as touching the sincerity of England, evidence had already been given of that. If England had cherished any aggressive designs upon Europe, or had even anticipated aggressive designs from that quarter, would she have sold Heligoland to the Germans to be made one of the greatest strongholds in the world? Moreover, England had twice made proposals to Germany looking to disarmament, proposals that were met not only by rejection, but by still more extensive preparations, both military and naval, for war.

Must *Carthago delenda est* forever be the cry when a neighbour is prosperous and powerful? If Rome had sought to trade with Carthage instead of to destroy her, had sought to engage in a free and generous exchange of goods and ideas with Carthage and all other peoples as determinedly as she did engage in a selfish and hateful rivalry, the Roman Republic might have lived to this day. By hating and robbing others she sapped her own vitality; by destroying them

she destroyed herself. For she thereby entered upon a career of warlike aggression that ended in arousing the world against her and brought about her ruin.

If "they who take the sword shall perish with the sword", is it not a law of God that they should so perish; and did not Christ mean that empires built up, like Assyria and Rome, by the sword, should perish by the sword? He was not stating that it was wrong that they should so perish. On the contrary, it was a divine and inexorable law that human institutions founded upon military force, and not upon the free wills of the governed, cannot endure. They are sure to arouse a spirit of resistance in liberty-loving hearts that finally proves their undoing, and they perish, as they were born, with the sword.

Having, then, done what she could to prevent recourse to the sword by Germany in behalf of aims that could not be thus accomplished without a violation of the liberties of Europe and of England herself, can anyone condemn England for drawing the sword in defence of those liberties, there being no alternative left?

I can think of no answer to this argument except that of the man who thinks that matter is evil and that we are not to use any but "spiritual weapons" even to oppose those who, rejecting all appeals to reason and humanity, are engaged in destroying all that men hold dear, including their very liberties, with material weapons of the highest potency that modern science can devise. Our good friends who hold this view mean, of course, by spiritual weapons God. God will help, they say. And so we are to pray and leave it to Him.

But when we ask them how God is going to help, they have no answer. God has no way of helping men except through men. To expect Him to use mechanical means—earthquake, flood, fire, plague—to compel the will of man to serve him is to charge him

with utter inconsistency. For the highest expression of the will of God is the free will of man. It is through human wills that God works His will. Those wills, therefore, that nobly go forth to battle against the powers of evil, reverently sacrificing this life itself, dear as it is to all of us, in behalf of the holy cause of human liberty and of peace and good-will between nations, such wills surely are obeying God, for they are losing the lower life to save the higher.

But, our good friends say, you have no right to take the lives of others, for life is sacred. If a man sought to murder my child, should I make no effort to save it, even to destroying the would-be murderer's life, if necessary? Which life is the more sacred, my innocent child's or that of the madman who sought to kill him? I should not desire to kill the man; my sole motive would be the preservation of the life of my innocent child. And as between nations, whose lives are the more sacred, those of a people dedicated to liberty or those of a people banded together to destroy that liberty? No sane and consistent Englishman desires to kill Germany. Neither does he desire to kill Germans. His sole desire is to save the liberties of Europe and of England, and to that end he seeks to take only as many German lives as are necessary to its accomplishment. By disavowing the purposes with which she entered upon this unjust war, Germany can have peace at any moment. What more can any man ask who will take a sane and broad view of the whole situation? The man who thinks life is too sacred for him to fight for his liberties must thank others that he is free. There is something more sacred than life, namely, the holy cause of justice and liberty.

The Psalmist, like Isaiah, counselled a sublime patience and faith, but neither of them counselled non-resistance, an idle folding of the hands in prayer while God worked a miracle. On the contrary, the Psalmist said:

"Be strong, and let thy heart take courage, yea, wait thou for Jehovah". And Isaiah never advised levelling the walls of Jerusalem before the Assyrian host. When the contemptuous leader of the Assyrians taunted the Hebrews with their inefficiency, we can well believe him from Isaiah's account of the internal corruption of Judah. And both Isaiah and Jeremiah recognized that such corruption and incompetency must bring disaster at last, for they saw evidences of a lack of true faith, even though there might be "peace and truth in Hezekiah's days".

Our reliance is not upon horses and chariots, but upon God. Both sides use horses and chariots, but it is God that giveth the victory. David did not confront the oppressors of his country with mere prayers, but with faith in God that nerved his arm to the sling in whose use he had wisely become skilled. And so God is not on the side of the biggest battalions, but the cause of God in the long run attracts the strongest battalions to its aid; righteousness and liberty and brotherhood inevitably gather around them the strongest forces of the universe, which are all God's forces, forged and harnessed by the brain and brawn that he has created to serve him. "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just."

What England is doing for Belgium and France to-day she did for Germany a hundred years ago, and would do again, if ever the need should arise. For England is not fighting primarily for Belgium or for England, but for liberty and the brotherhood of nations, for the independence of all nations, and for the use of peaceful methods of settling international differences.

We are happily living in an age when war is more abhorrent to our sentiments than it has ever been. Our methods of dealing with crime and immaturity are becoming ever milder and saner. We are beginning to see that to hammer a child to make him

grow is as foolish as it would be to hammer a plant with the same end in view. Rather we are learning to temper our firmness with gentleness, to respect the child's liberty, and to surround him with aids and encouragements to growth, as we do the plant, realizing that all growth is from within.

In dealing with criminals, likewise, the old punitive methods are already discredited. Though they still linger in our practice, they are gradually giving place to methods of reform and, better still, of prevention. More and more we are coming to the view that the establishment of the fact of drunkenness or theft or other crime or delinquency should be but the preliminary to thorough investigation and remedial work; that our police should be organized primarily to help, not to spy; to search out and remove causes of crime, not to punish the criminal.

In such an organization of society woman also will at last find her rightful place, and our democracies will be real governments of the people (*all* the people), by the people, for the people. In the good time that is approaching, the atmosphere of home and church and school will no longer be vitiated by the militaristic organization of society that still lingers even in the most democratic states, but these fundamental institutions will be pervaded with a genial atmosphere of gentleness and servicetable-ness amidst which all instincts shall ripen to perfect deeds. Then every man and every nation will be actuated no longer by selfish and nationalistic and racial purposes, but only by universal ends.

When once a man has got on the plane of the universal, he is no longer capable of merely personal ambition, he no longer feels any fear or anger or envy; for it is his whole ambition to serve God, which means to serve man, *all* men. He ever seeks with all his heart, humbly and earnestly, to do the right himself, with faith in

the divine power of sincere endeavour. And the same surely applies to Christian men in the aggregate organized as a Christian nation. But that we have far to go and much rough work to do before we shall have reached the realization of such an ideal was borne in upon me the other day when I read that the wife of the "Golden Rule" warden of the Illinois State penitentiary had been struck dead by a prisoner who had been placed upon his honour and given much liberty.

In like manner peace advocates everywhere were stunned by the action of Germany, and they have seen that peace is not a thing that can be brought about by mere prayers and speeches, but is something to be sternly won by the consecration of all the peaceful individuals' powers and of all the peaceful nations' powers to its realization. A hundred years ago our fathers witnessed the downfall of a nation that sought to force its will upon Europe. How fondly they hoped that Waterloo had irrevocably settled a matter that had so often seemed settled before on the battlefields of empire! And now the same armed debate with far vaster forces of destruction grappling together than ever before in the history of this blundering old world. How many invaluable lives have already been snuffed out; how many Kochs and Pasteurs, Beethovens and Gladstones and Tolstoï's, God's own bearers of progress! And the multitudes of necessary men, all with their own divine message, quenched with what unimaginable anguish of bereavement!

And yet the decision when it comes will be worth all those lives. No mother need regret her son, no wife her husband. To fight, and, if need be, to die, in this cause is better than any other career, for it is the duty of the hour. These lives are bringing a new world, a new era of peace and liberty. It will be for those who remain to see that it be permanent, and that all those noble lives shall not have been

sacrificed in vain. This task, the task of education and reorganization, will be no less arduous and will demand a devotion no less heroic.

Twenty-three centuries have passed since the Greek teacher Socrates announced the greatest truth that philosophy has ever discovered, namely, that the human judgment is capable of arriving at universal truth, which universal truth, once established, would form the solid basis for a new and enduring social order. Four centuries later a great Hebrew prophet—not by any process of formal reasoning, but by a marvellous intuition, the product of the religious experience of a race as great in religious and moral insight as the Greek race was in intellectual acumen—announced to a sick world the truth which Socrates and the other mighty Greek intellects had sought in vain. This truth was that truth itself is in every man the divine part of him, the spirit of the divine Father implanted in each of his children, if only he will recognize it and let it grow and transform him to all perfection. It only needs to be given free course, guarded from every impediment of aim or interest or method that is less than universal. We must, in fact, be filled with love for the divine and universal, a love that shall interpret God in terms of humanity, a love that shall leave out no human being, however mean, however humble, however strange, however hostile, but include all in such self-forgetful enthusiasm of devotion as alone can express the faith of the follower of Christ.

The direction which the developed social instinct of such individuals will take will inevitably be a community to which, as to the individuals composing it, physical death is but an incident in the growth of the deathless spirit, to be faced with the same calm confidence and unshaken integrity as every other incident of the infinite life of the spirit. Only through the efforts of such a single-hearted community will peace and

good-will be established throughout the world. Only thus will the gospel of Christ—no longer weighted with the materialism and militarism of its professed adherents—appeal with compelling force to the Mohammedan, to the Buddhist, to men of every form of belief and unbelief that results from incompleteness of thought and imperfection of love. Only thus will the divine thought and hope of the Great Teachers be realized, and the age-long yearning of the human heart be satisfied. No single nation can ever be a full and complete expression of the thought of Socrates and of Christ. Nothing short of a world-society can ever embody their great conception—a world-society not welded by military force or sovereignty, but born of reason and love.

Meanwhile, however, say some of our leading thinkers, until the spirit of the world shall have undergone this change, until the mass of men are no longer subject to mob-impulse, until they have learned to think and feel not selfishly but socially, not nationally but internationally, not racially but humanely, not individually but universally, we must have a league of nations to enforce peace, with an international court and an international police-force to arrest and discipline any nation within or without the league that attempts to use armed force against any member of the league; just as we have national courts and police to deal with crimes and disputes of individuals. Nations which join this League to Enforce Peace will, says the editor of *The Independent*, one of its chief advocates, "enjoy all the economic and political advantages which come from mutual co-operation and the extension of international friendship, and at the same time will be protected by an adequate force against the aggressive force of the greatest nation or alliance outside the league".

One cannot but admit the logical force of this proposal. Those who have launched this scheme upon the

world would say to me: Yours is a worthy ideal toward which the world should aspire, but it is not possible of early attainment. Meanwhile there is a crying need for action. Gross present irregularities need regulating. Hence the need of a League to Enforce Peace. Granted that it is not ideal, it is nevertheless the next step in evolution toward the ideal. And they could very well point to the example of Germany to-day. The crime that was Louvain, the crime that was Rheims, the crimes not only against the precious remains of man's noblest workmanship but against the very lives and liberties of myriads of human beings cry to heaven for vengeance. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. Then vengeance is right, is the divine order of things. And how has the Lord repaid it in the past? By Cyrus and Nelson and Grant. The only crime that Germany has yet announced her resolve not further to commit is the crime of murdering the crews and passengers of passenger liners; and this lucid interval has been brought about solely by the belief that America is in earnest and would "omit no act" necessary to enforce its demands. And Germany will renounce all the other crimes only as a result of the same kind of pressure sternly continued to the end. And so, our friends say we must have a league of nations to do regularly and automatically by prior agreement what various nations are now doing more or less irregularly and independently. Thus war will be rendered impossible, as no nation will dare to begin it in the face of the combined might of the league banded together to prevent war by force.

While admitting the cogency of such reasoning, yet the more I think about it the less sanguine I become regarding the success of such a league or even its feasibility beyond that of the alliances and *ententes* of the past. Would the participation of the United States—the only great power not

represented in the efforts of Sir Edward Grey to avert war—have turned the scale in favour of peace? Knowing, as we now do, Germany's world-embracing ambitions, her stupendous preparations and the sublime confidence with which she faced a hostile world, who would not hesitate to affirm it?

Until such a condition of mind as I have described has become general, a league to enforce peace might even become a league to enforce unrighteousness and inequality. There practically existed within the United States of America a league to enforce peace by the tacit acceptance of slavery, because it was felt that attacks upon that iniquity might provoke some of the States and lead to war. But that league, that *entente*, was immoral, and only made the catastrophe the more terrible when it came, as it was bound to come when the cup of injustice and misery was full. God "will not keep his anger forever".

The existence of a league to enforce peace within a nation depends upon the homogeneity of that nation in race or language or religion or history or political institutions and ideals. And such homogeneity does not prevent the occurrence of war—of economic or religious or political uprisings and revolutions—when inequalities and injustices appear or become intolerable through the progress of culture.

And in like manner a league of the proud Aryan or white nations (supposing they could be induced to such self-abnegation in respect to one another) to enforce permanent peace upon the world, and in particular upon the despised and rejected Chinese and Japanese and Hindoos, who are so rapidly realizing the injustice with which they are treated by the liberty-loving Americans, Canadians, and Australians; or a league of Aryan nations and Japan to enforce peace forever upon China, the despoiled of many nations; or a league to enforce peace upon the Africans,

denied the rights of free men even in their own continent, or upon the much-afflicted Jews, denied the rights of education in Russia—such a league to enforce "peace" to the extent that it succeeded would be a league to enforce injustice and prevent progress.

We should be on our guard against leagues to enforce anything. The Germans and Austrians are united at present in a league to enforce efficiency upon other peoples. Do we like it? Democracy is a good thing, but would France, Britain, and the United States be warranted in forming a league to enforce democracy upon other countries? All good things come by growth from within and not by imposition from without. Hence it is questionable whether a league of nations to enforce even peace would be wise. Indeed, in the stage of evolution in which we are the shock and stress of war may be the very things needed to arouse a nation to a sense of its own deficiencies. That seems to have been the case with Israel of old, and it seems to be the case with Britain and Russia to-day. And if the United States does not take serious heed to the lessons war is teaching those nations, that self-complacent country will not be the gainer from its immunity from the unquestioned horrors and losses of this war. Let Canadians, then, in all humility, with the same determination with which they defend their liberties against the envious Germans, resolve that partisanship and favouritism, greed and graft, improvidence and waste, shall vanish forever from this fair land with the menace of Pan-Germanism.

As to permanent peace, that is only possible when founded upon international liberty, fraternity, and equality, upon the sentiment of human solidarity, of universal sympathy and magnanimity. Until, therefore, reason and love have come to rule the actions of nations, as well as individuals, there can be no permanent peace, and every self-respecting nation will

have to be prepared to meet force with force. We shall do well to heed the injunction of Paul: "Let no man despise thee".

But every self-respecting nation will not only be prepared to meet aggression, but will strive to transform its own aggressiveness into an enthusiasm for humanity. And how shall such a transformation be brought about? By education, by the efforts of the preacher and the teacher, the writer and the orator, the missionary and the social worker. Neither are we by any means to despise the efforts of statesmen to establish arbitration tribunals and to enter into treaties of arbitration, for every act of international forbearance and comity tends to establish the feeling of international oneness. But the disposition to refer disputes to impartial tribunals and accept their decisions must be developed, and the school

could be the most efficient agency to that end.

If, instead of teaching history from the national point of view, we taught it from a human, a universal, a divine point of view, our young people, instead of growing up ardent partisans in religion and politics, would gradually grow into the mind international, cosmopolitan, human, that is to say divine, for God is no respecter of persons, but has made all nations of one blood to dwell upon the face of the earth in peace and mutual good-will. Science and religion alike declare the oneness of the human race and the necessity of every race and every individual to the perfection of the whole.

O that all nations would vie with one another in generous, single-hearted devotion to the common weal, to the health and growth of humanity, till it reaches its highest destiny of harmony with the divine!

---

## LA NUIT BLANCHE

By CARROLL AIKINS

**W**EARILY the latest sunset  
 Creeping westward sinks to rest,  
 Droops in body, dies in colour,  
 On the evening's gloomy breast.

Silent is the marsh and moorland,  
 Hushed the tempest, still the sea,  
 Only fire-flies haunt the darkness,  
 With their eyes that laugh at me.

Though the spring is at the budding,  
 Green of aspens in the glades,  
 Blush of rock-rose on the hillside,  
 Artistry of happy shades;

And the earth is bright with blossom,  
 At the waking of the year,  
 Still my spirit feels the autumn,  
 Hears her dead leaves rustle clear;

Sees each fragile old ambition,  
 Withered bloom of outworn creeds,  
 Brittle petals, dry and yellow,  
 Wheel and circle on the breeze.

# FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

## X.—SORCERY AND SACRILEGE IN OLD MONTREAL

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

TO the modern reader, naturally, the striking feature about Montreal during the early French days is the religious character of the settlement. The site was originally chosen for its strategic value as a mission station; here the sword defended the cross, and the early pages of its history are replete with deeds of daring and sacrifice. The fur-trader, however, as well as the soldier and priest, stationed himself there, and commerce was to develop till the mission-station became the metropolis of a wide and prosperous country. But until a change of sovereign brought a change of faith, and the functions of the clerical orders were at least temporarily curtailed, Montreal largely retained its original character. Comparatively few houses were erected beyond the limits of the fortifications. Of the buildings within the walls, those of importance were all religious; the parish church of Notre Dame, then standing right in the middle of one of the two important thoroughfares, was the most prominent structure in the city, and fully a third of the area within the walls was given over to the gardens of the various orders.

Thus from the nature of the colony, as well as from the form of its government, we should expect the civil arm readily to take cognizance of offenses of an ecclesiastical nature, nor do we in Canada, any more than in New England, have to search long to

find a case where the person who is disrespectful to the emblems of religion, or who appears to invoke the aid of the Devil, has his sins quickly visited upon him by the power of the law.

One ill-fated morning—to be accurate, it was Thursday, the 28th of June, 1742—when Charles Robidoux, a young cobbler of the Faubourg St. Joseph, opened the money-box upon the top of his cupboard, he discovered that three hundred *livres*, which should have been in it, had disappeared. Of course, the friends and neighbours soon heard of the disaster and were quite ready with condolences and advice. It was suggested that De Beaufort be consulted, the daredevil young soldier who, when Madame de Montigny had lost a valuable ring a few years before, had established a reputation as a magician by finding it for her, by means of certain card tricks and such-like manœuvres. De Beaufort expressed himself as willing to exhibit his skill for a consideration of twenty *livres*. A deposit of six *livres* was exacted, which sum Robidoux succeeded in borrowing from a friend, and the ceremony of locating the thief was fixed for eight o'clock that evening at the victim's house.

Some eight or ten people gathered to see the fun. The performer first spread a white napkin upon a table, then placed two lighted candles upon it, with a mirror between them. In front of it were a small vial of oil and

three packages containing black, white, and yellow powders respectively. The face of the thief was in due time to be shown upon the mirror. De Beaufort seated himself at the table and began to read, in Latin, the spectators thought, from a small book. At the end of each verse he sprinkled a pinch of powder from each of the packages upon the back of the mirror, also a few drops of the oil. Next he called for a crucifix, which somebody brought, and went through the same ceremony. Dipping his fingers in the oil, he touched those present with it, also the extremities of the crucifix. He then burned three pieces of paper, scattering the ashes over the back of the mirror, extinguishing the candles, and went on muttering his prayers, from time to time holding the mirror up and regarding it intently. After a while he relighted the candles, passed the crucifix through the flame, and attempted to draw three lines upon the chimney-piece with it, but finding that this would not do, he used a piece of charcoal instead. De Beaufort now invited the spectators to indicate any one of the marks they chose, and he would tell which one they touched without seeing them. The whole ceremony occupied about an hour.

It is not recorded whether the conjurer succeeded in discovering the thief he had set out to find. We should infer that he did not, however, from the fact that Robidoux laid an information against him next morning without delay, moved, it is true, as much by horror at the use to which De Beaufort had put the crucifix as by the thought of the six *livres* he had pocketed.

The soldier was at once arrested and his examination proceeded with, the bare official record, of course, giving us none of the grim details as to how it was conducted. Name—François Charles Flavart de Beaufort, dit l'Advocat; age—twenty-seven or thereabout; company—de la Frenière; residence—billeted on La Règle,

the hairdresser; religion—Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. He denied being a sorcerer, or having demanded money of Robidoux; in fact, he had refused a note for twenty *livres* which was offered him. The six *livres* were merely to buy materials with and to pay a substitute to stand his guard for him. The materials he had used were nothing more harmful than powdered resin, gunpowder, and oil of aspic. The indicating of the charcoal marks was done by private arrangement with La Noné (another cobbler, with whom he sometimes stayed) who was to raise his arm, let it hang, or place his hands in his pockets, according to the mark touched. He admitted using the crucifix, but stated that his intentions were in no way sacrilegious; he meant only to impress the spectators and terrorize the guilty party. He did not burn the crucifix, but merely passed it through the flame to dry the oil upon it, and pleaded that the whole proceeding was as harmless as any card trick.

The witnesses were very careful in giving evidence not to implicate themselves. Widow de Celles, for example, had merely gone to Robidoux's house out of curiosity to see the tricks, and at the request of her daughter. Robidoux's relatives had all been ill or absent, and knew nothing about the case. Bariteau, another cobbler, had thought the accused meant to pray when he called for the crucifix; he was careful to state that he had got up to leave when he saw the use it was being put to, and had refused De Beaufort's request to dip his fingers in the oil he had in his hand. An important question was, Who had become an accessory to the crime by fetching the crucifix from La Noné's house when it had been called for? De Beaufort affirmed that it was La Noné himself. This the latter denied, saying that the only connection he had with the matter was to assist the other in pointing out the charcoal marks. Meanwhile Robidoux, fearing

that his zeal in procuring the arrest of the principal actor might not quite atone for the part he himself had taken in instigating the proceedings, had betaken himself quietly and quickly out of the country. When the authorities arrived at his house, they found that all the movables, too, had followed their owner; a pile of firewood left in the yard was all that rewarded their visit. Madame Robidoux boldly admitted that it was she who after the ceremony was over had carried the cross back to the owner's. La Nonè now swore it was she who had fetched it, and he who had brought it back. To add to the confusion, De Beaufort, confronting him, swore just as positively that it was this man who had not only brought it but carried it off.

The upshot of the matter was that De Beaufort was found guilty upon all three counts—sorcery, magic, and sacrilege—and was condemned to the performance of the *amende honorable*, to a sound application of the rod of correction, and finally to five years in the galleys. The ceremony "*Faire l'Amende Honorable*" was of two kinds. The less severe punishment appears to have been merely an acknowledgement of fault and apology to the aggrieved party in open court. But the other, to which De Beaufort was condemned, was intended as a

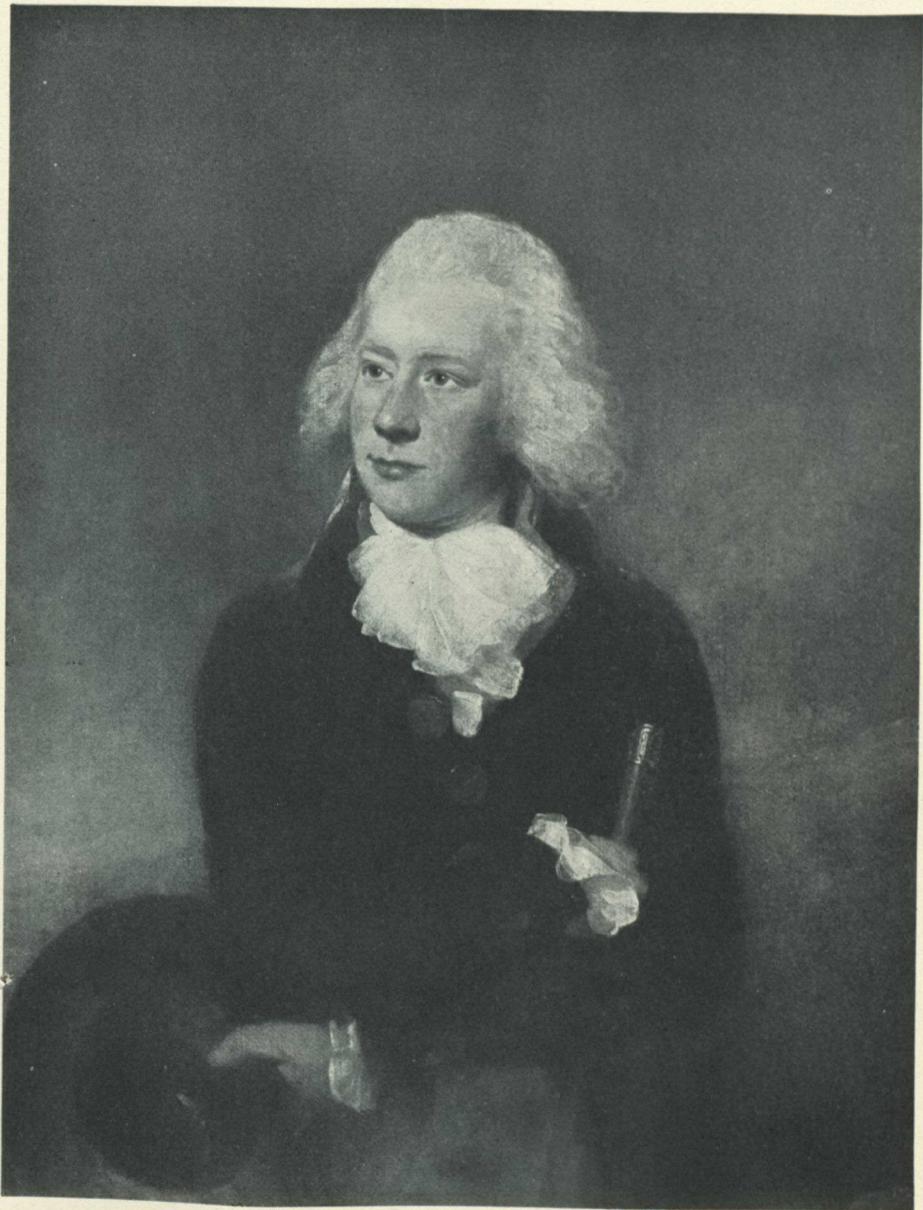
marked humiliation to the victim and warning to the public, and as a rule immediately preceded the execution of a capital sentence. The condemned man knelt before the palace or principal church, bare-headed, clad in a shirt, and holding a lighted taper in his hand, sometimes also, as in this case, with a halter about his neck, and made a public confession of his crime. This expiation De Beaufort performed one market day at the principal entrance to Notre Dame church. He had a lighted taper weighing two pounds in his hands, and the label, *Profanateur des Choses Saintes* written upon him before and behind. By appealing to the Superior Council in Quebec he had secured the reduction of the galley sentence from five to three years, which was bad enough. La Nonè, the accomplice, also performed the *Amende*, and was in addition fined three *livres*. Robidoux, though solemnly summoned to appear by beat of drum in the public square, was still absent, and was condemned to a similar fine upon his return. His wife was let go on the score of youth.

Thus sternly was respect for things sacred enforced in the early days of the colony. The outraged crucifix, Faucher de St. Maurice tells us, is still kept in the Hôtel Dieu at Quebec, and its story is one of those most typical of early French Canada.

---

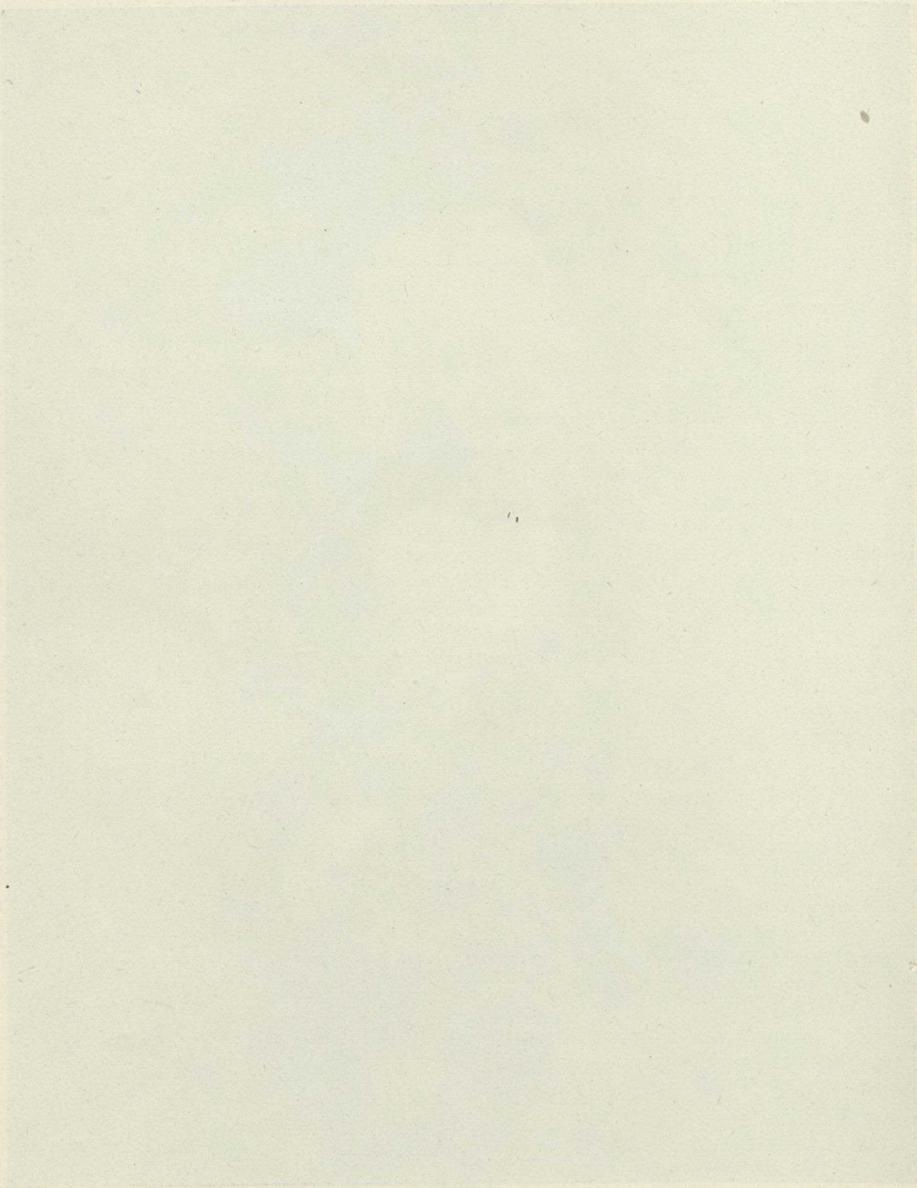
The next article in this series is by the same author as this one and is entitled "The Story of the Red Cross, in Guy Street, Montreal".





THE SILVER-HEADED CANE

From the Painting by Sir William Beechey, R.A., in the  
National Art Gallery of Canada



# TEA IN THE ROCKIES

BY MAIN JOHNSON

WHO would willingly associate the bustle and babble of a Yonge Street tea-room with the solitude and serenity of the Lakes in the Clouds? A few years ago one would have said that such a catastrophe was not only incongruous but also impossible. To-day it is both grotesque and actual.

Tea-rooms are all very well. They have become an integral part of the social life of such places as Toronto and Montreal, of Vancouver and Winnipeg, even as they have become a part of the life of New York City. "Afternoon tea," which used to be considered a distinctively English custom, is now fully acclimatized in the Eastern States and in Canada. It is an occasion of small talk, stimulating sometimes as well as pleasing. It is often during such small talk, for instance, that new movements in art and literature are discussed, as well as the latest plays, the newest dresses and the most recent scandals.

But are any of these reasons a sufficient justification for the establishment of a tea-room at the base of the Beehive, on the shore of Lake Agnes, the topmost of the three Lakes in the Clouds, near Laggan in the Canadian Rockies? That is the question.

This particular region is one of the most noted in all the glories of our widely-famed mountains. It is the opinion of many international travellers that Lake Louise, the first of the three lakes, is the most beautiful individual spot in the world. It shares with its sister lakes, Mirror and

Agnes, a unique fame. Lake Louise is quiet, infinitely quieter, for example, than Banff. At the latter resort the chief charm of scenery is the swirling river, which, with its background of three pyramid-shaped mountains, forms the lively panorama from the Banff Springs Hotel. Lake Louise, on the other hand, is—a lake, and an almost ethereally placid one at that. At Lake Louise, however, you do not look for complete solitude. On its shores is the popular Chalet, and you expect to see other people and signs of everyday life. Mirror Lake is a quieter spot, but in the olden days real seclusion was often to be found at Lake Agnes.

When I climbed to this lake a few years ago, I was absolutely alone, and never had I experienced before, and never have I experienced since, such a feeling of isolation from the material world and intimate contact with something very close to the Heart of Things. In the two hours I spent there I did not meet another person. I saw a porcupine slouching along; I heard the lonely, shrill cry of a marmot; I picked an occasional mountain wild flower growing apparently from the mere crevices of rock; but such sights and sounds increased, rather than detracted from, the silence.

This time, no sooner had I made the final climb, up past the falls to the level of Lake Agnes, than I saw a number of people gathered about a wooden shack and heard sounds of altercation coming from within. I

recognized the shanty as one evidently converted into its present use from a small shelter which had formerly served as a refuge from the winds when they became too cold or from the clouds when they came too near with their dampness. Then it only added a touch of solitude; now it evidently harboured a dispute.

When I came nearer and finally went inside, I found a "scene" being enacted. The shack was a tea-room, with two attendants serving tea and other light refreshments to quite a crowd of people. At this moment, however, business was being interrupted by a violent passage between the ultra-English lady who conducted the tea-room and—no less than a real live German. On his coat was a button with the word "St. Louis", and if the man had only been discreet, no notice might have been taken of him. True, his accent was distinctly German, but one soon becomes accustomed to that in the Rockies, with its crowds of American tourists, among whom is an amazing proportion of German-Americans. In the visitors' book of this tea-room, for example, on the morning we were there, appeared ten German names, including the Wohleters, of Fairmont, Minnesota; the Schaub, of Dallas, Texas; the Bachworts, of Montgomery, Alabama, and the Zaschs, of New York.

This man, as he announced with apparent pride, had been born in Germany, had lived there most of his life, and still considered himself a German. He did not mention a word about the war, but the mere statement of his nationality was enough, or rather, too much, for the ultra-English lady, dressed as she was in a typical English sports costume, and talking as she did with a most pronounced accent. She flared up as if she had been struck in the face, and absolutely refused to serve tea or anything else to the German.

"Not a bite, and not a cent," she sneered, as she turned her back on the visitor. "I have nine cousins and

relatives at the front, and do you think I would have any dealings with Germans?"

I don't like Germans either, since the war, and sympathized entirely with the English girl's feelings. And yet, for some reason or other, I couldn't bring myself to detest this particular German very heartily. He was a man of about sixty years of age, with the kindest of faces. He seemed to belong to that earlier race of Germans, the Germans of Schubert and Schumann, of Mozart and Goethe, the Germans of poetry, of music, and of idealism—the Germans, in short, with whom we have no quarrel.

The man, while all eyes were turned to him after his encounter with the tea lady, was quite unruffled, and chatted amiably. He said he was a poet. He had good enough sense not to recite any German verses, but he did give signs of a poetic, imaginative nature by caressing the bunch of wild flowers which he carried in one hand, and apostrophizing them in broken English. In his other hand he carried an enormous stick.

When he saw that he was not going to get anything to eat or drink, he made ready to depart. Before he left he turned to the English girl, and, without the least trace of ill-humour or satire, said to her, "Thank you for your courtesies".

Again the British blood in the girl boiled up.

"I wasn't courteous to you," she exclaimed in a very loud voice for such a tiny tea-room. "I was rude to you, and I intended to be rude".

With his gigantic stick in one hand and his small bunch of flowers in the other, the German poet went away.

At his departure we had time to examine this tea-room, which had helped, on that day at any rate, to change Lake Agnes from a vast open-air cathedral, the home of religious peace, into a squabble ground. It must be admitted that the tea-room, if there had to be one there at all,

was an artistic one. It was like a Yonge Street or a Sherbrooke Street tea-room in so far as it was loquacious, but at least the talking was done not from traditional chairs, but from the logs of mountain trees, cut into irregular lengths, and scattered, ends up, around the room. The fire-place was not as large nor as historic as that in the *Palliser Hotel* in Calgary, which commemorates the expedition of Palliser and Hector, but it was at least more original, built as it was with roughness, almost with primitive crudeness, from the stones which encumber the shores of Lake Agnes. By the way, after you have walked a quarter of the total distance around this lake, you would swear there were enough boulders to build an elaborate and efficient fire-place for every house in the world. And there are.

The food in the tea-room conformed strictly to type. There was the choice of English breakfast or China tea, with a slice of lemon. There were muffins and toast, strawberry jam, and marmalade, the latter served (at least mine was) in what was originally an ash tray. There are always ash trays in well-conducted tea-rooms, but this use of one was another touch of originality which, as I have intimated, was confined to the furnishings, not the food.

My companion and I, who felt we were the only Canadians in the place (there was a deluge of Americans in the Rockies), took a long time to drink our English breakfast tea, in the hope that the crowd would thin out and give us an opportunity of speaking to the ultra-English lady. We rather suspected she would not be averse, just for variety's sake, to a chat with someone who was not an American. And we were right. She seemed to welcome a little conversation with members of the same Empire as her own, and she began to unburden her confidences.

"The Americans?" she mused ruminatingly, as if we had asked her about them, which we had not done.

"Some of them are very nice, but others!—" and she shrugged her shoulders as an English woman does shrug her shoulders, not like a French woman, for example.

"Let me tell you about a couple who were here earlier this morning," she went on. "As you know, the climb from Mirror to Agnes is rather strenuous, more so than the first stage of the ascent from Louis to Mirror. [The altitude of Lake Agnes is nearly 8,000 feet, and it is in the midst of some of the high peaks of the Rockies]. When this man and his wife reached the end of the climb I saw them make for this place immediately, without even a glance at the view. As he entered the door he was mopping his brow, and his first words to me were, "Some hill, believe muh!"

The vigour with which this English girl imitated the word "muh", and the scorn she threw into it at the same time, were amusing. We also marvelled at the cynicism of the lady's remarks about the lack of appreciation of the scenery. In her official position as head of the tea-room we could not exactly hold her guiltless on the same charge.

"And do you know what the woman said?" continued our hostess, with gathering contempt. "She glanced out of the window, looked casually at the Beehive, and with a piece of toast poised ungracefully in her hand, she said sweetly, "Such a cute mountain!"

What annoyed our friend most, however, was the conduct of another American lady, who, the day before, while waiting for her tea, had not only begun to take down her hair, but had proceeded to lay her hair-pins on the tea-lady's private shelf.

"On my private shelf!" repeated our hostess indignantly, almost with a note of horror in her voice.

We did not like to appear inquisitive, but really we did not understand what the peculiarly private nature of this intimate shelf might be. Since

we were men, we departed without seeing.

The *Beehive* tea-room, "The highest tea-room in Canada", does not represent the only encroachment on the mountain fastnesses. I have a gloomy foreboding that the attack will develop into a regular invasion, for the influence of these institutions is insidious in its undermining of one's sense of comparative values. There are some material advantages in being able to get a hot cup of tea after what is sometimes a cold and always a rather fatiguing climb to Lake Agnes. But, for the mere sake of a physical gratification, at a time when, if ever, a person should be all eyes and spirit, one throws away the opportunity of a lifetime. The remembrance of my solitary experience at Lake Agnes several years previously had lasted with me always; it had taken its place as one of the positive influences in my life. To-day, that memory, although not blotted out, is criss-crossed with thoughts of Germans, of buns, and of hair-pins.

Already there is another tea-room at Moraine Lake, in the Valley of the Ten Peaks, one of the fascinating beauty spots. You reach Moraine Lake from the Lake Louise Chalet by driving either in a tally-ho or in a democrat. The scenery along the route provides a kaleidoscopic and almost passionate delight, which grows and grows on you still more as you keep dropping down the pass into the Valley of the Ten Peaks, with the majesty of Mount Temple on the right, and the first five or six of the Ten Peaks themselves coming into sight one by one. In the old days, when the tally-ho drove up with a flourish and stopped on the shores of Moraine Lake, everyone used to scramble out and go off in groups by themselves to secluded points of vantage in order to be free from interruption while they marvelled at the blueness and the clarity of the water, with its placid and startlingly distinct mirrorings of the slopes and the surround-

ing peaks. The colourings in the water are as brilliant and as various as the colourings in the air.

Alas, however, with the lure, the hyper-civilized lure, of the tea-room, some of the tourists now are sure to make a dash for a cup of tea without ever giving a thought to the moraine or the lake. They seem to think that the tourist game is to swallow as many cups of tea and consume as many buns as you can, the most successful to win free transportation for the rest of the trip.

Even as the log seats and the Lake Agnes stone fireplace make one just the least bit lenient towards the *Beehive* tea-room, so also there is a certain excuse at Moraine Lake. For the lady who conducts this establishment is the possessor of a litter of St. Bernard pups. Not only are these little dogs pleasing in themselves, with their softness and their unexpected delicateness, but they also harmonize with the spirit of the mountains, and by inducing thoughts of the St. Bernard Pass and the Alps, counteract a little, even when your eyes are in your tea-cup instead of on the mountains, the degenerating influence of the exotic drink.

This dispensation, however, is only partial; it does not absolve one entirely. There could be no possible forgiveness, do you think, for one girl, whose sad case I saw myself?

I do not wish to put myself forward as a Paragon of Virtue, nor would I claim Inhuman Righteousness for my companion either, but at least, when we arrived at Moraine Lake, we did not go *first* to the tea-room. My friend shares my sorrow at this deterioration of the mountain resorts. We wandered up the shore to be alone and to watch the shadow effects, but even as we wandered we noticed this girl whom I have mentioned going direct to the drinking establishment.

We did not think of her again until we returned and entered the tea-room to see what was going on. The girl

was sitting beside a table, holding one of the pups in her arms, and talking to another woman. The reason we knew she hadn't been out of the building was because, a few minutes later, she rose with an affected languor, and said nonchalantly, while she adjusted the low-cut collar of her vivid blouse, "Well, I suppose that tally-ho will be starting soon. I'd better go and see the lake".

A moment later the guide put his head in the door and called out, "All aboard". All the girl saw of the lake was as much as she could find time to look at while she was clambering over the high wheel into the tally-ho and taking sedulous pains to avoid getting any mud on her short flaring skirt.

But we are not finished with the girl yet. To go back to her when she was in the tea-room, even before the unwonted spasm of conscience led her to think perhaps she had better take a peep at the lake. In front of her on the table lay the remnants of quite a repast, the same old tea and toast and buns and marmalade. Now she

was merely toying with a cooky. (Within an hour she would be back at the hotel for dinner). Her companion was a woman older than herself. I do not know exactly what they were talking about, but references to King George and Queen Mary filtered through occasionally. It is strange what a fascination royalty has for Americans when they are travelling in Canada; it seems a staple subject of conversation and speculation for them.

The pessimistic and dismaying feature was not the inevitable inanity of their talk, but rather the fact that anyones, from anywhere, should bother their heads about anything, when, just beyond the door, they could look at Moraine Lake and the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

Whenever I am in the toils of one of my rare moods of misogyny I always think of this girl, who, in such a place and at such a time, could sit listening to the vacuous chatter of an elderly companion, with an empty tea-cup and the crumbs of buns spread out before her.



# THE REAL STRATHCONA

V.—A NOTABLE LEGISLATOR

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

WHILE the Hudson's Bay Company officers were almost all men of influence and standing, they, after leaving the service, were generally little fitted for taking a part in public life. On the other hand, few men were "better read" or more intelligent than they. In their lonely forts they received letters, magazines, and books, thus keeping themselves in touch with the busy world. Numbers of them, after retiring, wrote books. Some of such were Sir Alexander Mackenzie, John McLean, and Dr. Rae. Sheriff Alexander Ross, of Red River, used to get the whole *London Times* once a year, and read each week regularly the news of the week—a year old. He also wrote several readable books. Chief Factor Hargrave, of York Factory, kept up a somewhat learned correspondence with a score of chief officers of the company, in which they discussed intelligently the latest British works of public note.

In like manner Chief Factor Donald A. Smith, after his thirty years of lonely company life, was most intelligently fitted for dealing with public affairs when he emerged from the twilight of Labrador. In his case there was also added great competence and ability. True, he was not an orator, nor indeed did he ever become a ready speaker, unless roused by the occasion or by personal attack. But for keen insight into a financial or political question, for calmness of

judgment and fairness of view he was surpassed by very few men. He was dignified, polite, and logical in his utterances, though most tenacious and decided in his views and opinions. He was never loud or clamorous, but was very determined. With his sterner qualities, however, Lord Strathcona had a fine humour and could appreciate a joke most thoroughly. The clever, joyous, or pathetic always appealed to him. That these qualities were generally recognized by his friends was brought out last May at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada at Ottawa. The writer there read a paper before the English Section on "Our Late Vice-President". For several years Lord Strathcona had filled this office of the Royal Society. The paper brought out a number of encomiums and estimates of his lordship from the members. Judge Longley, of Halifax, gave instances of Lord Strathcona's kindness and ability; Dr. James Harper, of Quebec, of his shrewdness and literary acumen, and Dr. J. H. Coyne, F.R.S.C., of St. Thomas, gave a happy summation of Lord Strathcona's keenness and humour. Dr. Coyne had the good fortune to meet Donald A. Smith in Western Canada in 1882, and to travel with him from Pembina to Detroit in a three days' journey. Coyne said: "In the many hours of friendly talk I formed in his close companionship some idea of Donald A. Smith's character. The

thing that seemed to stand out most of all was his simplicity and his genuineness. He had, I remember, a very high opinion of the late Honourable Alexander Mackenzie. There was no talk of politics, but he spoke with real emotion of Mackenzie's personality. 'He is a noble man,' he said. In his criticism Donald A. was gentle, always seeking out the good points in the characters under discussion". This estimate quite agrees with the writer's acquaintance with his Lordship.

An illustration of Lord Strathcona's sense of humour and good fellowship was given by Dr. Coyne, in a review of a gathering at which I was also present in Winnipeg in 1909. The Canadian Club at this time, during a meeting of the British Association in Winnipeg in that year, gave a banquet at which Lord Strathcona and J. J. Hill were both present. Coyne said: "Lord Strathcona was there in his ripeness of years. He spoke for half an hour without a note. He made an excellent speech which was loudly applauded as he gave one telling point after another. The thread of the speaker's thought was never once broken, and he never had to hesitate for a word. It was a remarkable performance for a man of his age [He was in his ninetieth year], but he was doing remarkable things every day. At the banquet Lord Strathcona, referring to early railway dealings of himself and Mr. J. J. Hill, created a great laugh by a reference to his first railway dealings with Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill sat on the chairman's left, but Strathcona on his right. As nearly as I can remember, the reference was in substance as follows: 'Seeing my friend, Mr. Hill, sitting next to you, Mr. Chairman, I am reminded of my first business connection with him. It was nearly forty years ago, and he met me at St. Paul. We took over a railway, and to enable us to finance the undertaking we decided to organize a new company. Mr. Hill will remember the time and trouble we took to

decide upon its capitalization. He was always a man of large ideas, and I remember that his ideas with regard to the amount of the proposed capital stock were so large as to cause me—a man of moderation—considerable perturbation. At last I ventured to remark, "Aren't you afraid that the capitalization will startle the public? Isn't there some danger that we will be charged with watering the stock?" And I remember still—perhaps he will remember it, too—the reply he made. It was this, "Well, we have let the whole lake in already!"' The audience, of course, were convulsed with laughter, and there was a panic before the speaker was able to proceed with the more serious part of his speech".

Remembering very well the scene in Winnipeg, as described by Dr. Coyne, the writer now returns again to the public and legislative experiences of Donald A. Smith. Donald A. having returned to Manitoba with Colonel Wolseley in 1870 to take up his abode and to fill the post of local head of the Hudson's Bay Company, it was not at all remarkable that Commissioner Smith should be chosen to office in the new Legislature of Manitoba. He was elected to represent Winnipeg as local member, and shortly afterward when the Dominion election for Selkirk constituency, which included Winnipeg, took place it seemed quite natural that he should be returned for the Dominion House. It is to be remembered that at this time there was no restriction in the same member serving in both the Provincial and Dominion Houses. But Donald A. Smith soon found that neither of the positions was a bed of roses. To rise out of the seething cauldron of rebellion in Winnipeg into an orderly and peaceful society could not be done by simply waving the wand of the Goddess of Peace. Burning questions were in the air. Personal antagonisms, wrongs calling for revenge, recollections of wrongful imprisonments and of the shameful

tyranny of Riel, settled suspicions and most harrowing misconceptions of deeds and motives in one another, all were too serious to down speedily. The stalwart figure of Dr. Schultz was prominent. He was a man of powerful physique, strong personality, and he possessed a great brain in which marvellous contradictions had play. A. G. B. Bannatyne, a Scottish merchant, with cordial manner, personal attractiveness, and all the canniness of his race, was on the opposite side. James H. Ashdown, a true, straightforward man, carried in his soul the burning recollection that Riel had unjustly imprisoned him in Fort Garry, Charles Mair, a true Canadian poet and former correspondent of *The Toronto Globe*, was a warm follower of Dr. Schultz. John Sutherland, afterward Senator, was a cautious Scot, watching the signs of the times, and another John Sutherland, first member for Kildonan in the local House, was an ardent politician and Canadian sympathizer. Coming in the aftermath of the rebellion Stewart Mulvey, a sound and faithful follower of King William, was an honest editor. All these represented shades of opinion which could only be combined into even a working union by time, the great healer.

To the extreme Canadian, Donald A. Smith, as representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, was not acceptable, but to the English-speaking old settler he was naturally satisfactory. Some Canadians were attracted by Donald A.'s suavity and position and by the fact that he had outwitted and superseded Riel, while others who followed Dr. Schultz clamoured for revenge upon Riel and his crew. The French people largely favoured "Donald A." because the Hudson's Bay Company had always been their financier and friend. Probably there never was so complicated, dangerous and serious a situation as that which Donald A. Smith had to face. Outside influences also added

to these social complications. Donald A. Smith had sought to be a peace-maker, but now the Ontario Legislature, led by the Honourable Edward Blake, offered a reward of \$5,000 for the apprehension and conviction of Riel and his associates, while the Province of Quebec, led by Sir George Etienne Cartier, desired Louis Riel to be sent as a member for the Province in the Dominion Parliament. Many a sleepless night did Donald A. pass as he contemplated a state of things not unlike that of Mexico or Haiti of today. If Alexander Selkirk desired "to dwell in the midst of alarms", rather than in deadly solitude, no doubt Donald A. Smith on the other hand longed for some haven of rest far from the sea of perplexities in the maelstrom of Winnipeg from 1870 to 1873. His political troubles were not the only ones that menaced Mr. Smith. True he was relieved from representing Winnipeg in the local Legislature by the parliamentary restriction coming into force, but on the other hand the chaotic affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company, caused by the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada, forced themselves upon him.

This new situation demanded all the ingenuity and caution that he could command. The transfer of Rupert's Land had led to the payment by Canada of a million and a half of dollars to the Hudson's Bay Company. The officers of the several grades of employees in the Hudson's Bay Company, formerly known as "wintering partners," claimed their share of this money. The "Old Gentlemen" of Lime Street, London, refused to recognize this claim. Donald A. Smith crossed to London and showed his superlative power of negotiation — after a severe struggle — in securing half a million of dollars for the officers of the company in Canada as compensation for their share in these assets of the company. It was the keen, cautious, suggestive mind of Donald A. Smith that served him alike in his political, financial,

and complicated social problems. In public life he never considered himself a "party man". Though usually classified as of a Conservative turn of mind, he always announced himself as an "Independent". The ardent party man usually suspects and denounces this class of mind. Donald A. Smith always considered himself to be the representative of the commercial and social interests of his constituency. For the twenty years in which he was a representative in the Dominion Parliament, careless of the innuendo made that he was "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways", he always claimed the right to vote according to his own judgment, and to consider "measures, not men".

It is to be remembered that after ceasing to be a parliamentary representative, for a decade and a half, he worked with equal faithfulness and comfort with governments of both shades of politics, both in Canada and the Mother Country. There are three or four outstanding, startling episodes in Donald A. Smith's parliamentary life, during the first period, which covered the decade from 1871 to 1881, including as it did four elections, which force themselves upon us. The first of these was a struggle in 1871 with the Honourable William McDougall and others in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Donald A., out of courtesy, had introduced to the House Delorme, the lately-elected member for Provencher—the French constituency in Manitoba. Pierre Delorme, who was known to the writer for more than forty years, lived on the banks of Red River a few miles above St. Norbert, the scene of Riel's first outbreak. He was a most respectable métis farmer, who, like the men of the Dauphinais settlement, did not join Riel. Archbishop Taché, wishing to make for peace, had considered him a more acceptable representative for Ottawa than any follower of Riel could be, and so Delorme was elected for Provencher. Feeling was running high in Ontario against

Riel, and the Honourable William McDougall, the rejected Governor for the Northwest, took up the case against Delorme and sought to show that he, though sponsored by Donald A. Smith, as being in a so-called picture, a member of Riel's council, Donald A. still held to Delorme, who maintained that the group shown was simply a group of French métis and not the council. Donald A., thus despising temporary popularity, stood out for the truth.

Another incident which showed the persistency, power, and parliamentary influence of the member for Selkirk took place in the courageous stand, when alone he was the means of forcing the resignation of the Macdonald Ministry. This was in what was known as the "Pacific Scandal". The debate was proceeding on the charge that the Government of which he was a supporter had received moneys for an election in consideration of having given a promise to a syndicate of a charter for a transcontinental railway. A very few votes, one way or the other, might seal the fate of the ministry. Donald A. had been closely pressed and besought by his leaders for support. He had kept his own counsel. The day coming was to be eventful. It was November 5th, 1873. At one o'clock in the morning Donald Smith arose in his place. A dead silence ensued. His last words declared that he could not support a discredited party. His words defeated the Government. Another episode. Several years of the Mackenzie Government had passed away in 1876. Donald A. had been a most active and useful member of the House. Dr. Schultz, his quondam opponent, had been most active in his criticism of Donald A.'s relation to the métis of Red River. The member for Selkirk was charged by the member for Lisgar with having met in council with Riel. Although an old charge, it created much excitement. After a few days Mr. Smith tabled legal affidavits from prominent men

in Red River settlement that the charge was untrue. Recriminations followed. Dr. Schultz compared Donald A. to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner", as coming with his story of complaint, and Donald A. made the retort courteous that his opponent was a veritable Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff.

Again the last days of the reign of the Mackenzie Government were passing away in 1878, when perhaps the most explosive and harrowing scene that ever took place in the Canadian Parliament was witnessed. The animosity of the leaders of the former Macdonald Government against Donald A. Smith had steadily increased. It was on May 10th, when just before the arrival of the Governor-General to prorogue Parliament, Donald A. Smith, lifting an Ottawa newspaper in his hand, raised in the House a question of privilege. The newspaper contained the statement made by Sir John A. Macdonald that the Senate had thrown out the bill to build the Pembina Railway, because it was simply to reward a member of the House for his servile support—one who had admitted that he was interested in this monopoly. This, of course, referred to Donald A. Smith, who most strenuously denied it. Immediately such a storm raged as the Dominion Parliament never before or since has seen. It may be faithfully described in the words in Lowell's "Biglow Papers":

He didn't put no weakenin' in, but  
He gin it to 'em hot,  
'Z if he an' Satan 'd bin two bulls  
In one two-acre lot.

The three participants were Donald Smith, Sir John Macdonald, and Dr. Tupper. Pages of the Hansard of the time record the wordy warfare.

In 1880 Donald A. Smith was unseated and for several years was out of Parliament, though in the ten

years during which he had served his country he is credited with having achieved the following:

1. Opening up of Manitoba to railway communication with the outside world.

2. Promotion of immigration to Western Canada.

3. Service to the country in protesting strongly against the lands of the Northwest falling into the hands of monopolists, or in the taking up of townships by speculators.

4. Efforts to save the buffalo from extinction.

5. Saving the Indians from the dangers of the liquor traffic.

6. Pressing the organization of the Northwest Territories under a governor and council.

For six years after his retirement from Parliament in 1880 he was busily engaged, as we shall see, in building the Canadian Pacific Railway. For his great services to Canada he was knighted in 1887. On the suggestion of Sir John Macdonald he again entered politics and became member for perhaps the most prominent legislative seat in Canada—that of Montreal West. Following this he spent ten useful years in Canadian public life. That Dr. Tupper and he had made up differences was seen in the appointment of Sir Donald Smith by Dr. Tupper, when Premier, to the Canadian Commission in London, a position which he filled for sixteen years with great distinction till his death early in 1913.

On Sir Donald Smith's elevation to the peerage in 1897 as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal he became a useful member of the House of Lords. It is said on his being introduced to the Chancellor in the House of Peers, with his Scottish pride, he objected to kneeling to the Chancellor on the ground that he knelt to no one but his God. His plea was granted.

# THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE :

## POET AND PATRIOT

BY JOHN MARKEY

IT is a good many years now since *The London Athenaeum*, speaking of the poetry produced by Canadians, said: "They have at least one true poet within their borders—that is, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In his younger days the principle of rebellion inspired him with stately verse; let us hope that the conservative principles of his more mature years will yield many a noble song in his new country." McGee was still among the living and able to speak for himself. No doubt he would have resented the statement that it was the spirit of rebellion which inspired his early verse. For "rebellion" he would have substituted "patriotism," or perhaps "nationalism." He did rebel, it is true; but it was his own contention, even when conservative principles had come with the maturity of years, that it was not against constituted government he rebelled, but against persistent misgovernment. But without presuming to argue the point let us ask ourselves if the hope then expressed has been realized? Even if *The Athenaeum* did believe that the principle of rebellion had inspired him, it recognized him as a true poet. What position does he hold to-day as a poet? How, if at all, does he rank in Canadian literature? How many Canadians are familiar with his poetry? He wrote for the people; has he any honour, as a poet, among the people? And if he is forgotten

as a poet is the explanation to be sought in the indifference or in the quality of his work?

Instead of devising a definite answer to such questions it may be more interesting and profitable to look at the work he did. And to understand his work at all it is necessary to know something about the man himself, his aims, and his motives. This knowledge in itself would be interesting, even if it led to nothing else, for his career was a rather remarkable one. He was born in Carlingford, in the county of Louth, Ireland, on April 13th, 1825. He received such education as an Irish day school at that time could afford. Anything higher was beyond his reach. This must be kept in mind. He was indebted to the school for little more than the whetting of his appetite. Fortunately he had the appetite, and the determination to satisfy it. He was of the student type. The world was his university, and a student he remained while he lived. But if he lacked the higher advantages of school education, there were compensating privileges. His mother was evidently a woman of genuine if limited culture. She seems to have experienced in herself a passion for the history, the music, and the poetry of her country, and to have communicated it to and fostered it in her son. We can readily imagine that an important part of the young lad's education was

the work of the mother, and that the songs she sang, the books she read, and the legends she told had much to do with determining the qualities of the man, both as poet and as patriot. He seems to have been born an orator. He came to America when he was only seventeen years of age. He landed in Boston in June, and only a few weeks afterwards he addressed a meeting on the fourth of July, and, according to the traditions that survive, fairly astonished the multitude with his eloquence. It may be that this genius for oratory which characterized so many young Irishmen of McGee's early days—and since—does not require any laboured explanation. Educational facilities were few for Irishmen of even the middle class; printed books were much more of a luxury than they are to-day, and daily newspapers much less commonplace. There was no text-book on Irish history in the school; there was no attempt made to teach Irish history. What there was in the shape of national literature was not within the easy reach of the average reader. Lacking text-books on history, young Irishmen fell back on the old legends and ballads and chronicles, and in the absence of other national literature they satisfied their hunger by devouring bodily the speeches of Grattan and Flood and Curran and Sheil and O'Connell. This was fine exercise for the memory, at any rate, and afforded great stimulation for the imagination. And, of course, it was the kind of training to bring out and develop what capacity there was for both poetry and oratory in a man. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, writing of conditions in those days, says that "speech-making was a universal recreation. It was no uncommon thing to hear half a dozen harangues uttered of an evening over a dinner-table."

The young McGee seems to have found in the United States an immediate and increasing demand for both his poetry and his oratory.

O'Connell had started the repeal movement in Ireland. It naturally attracted the interest of Irishmen in America. McGee threw himself into the work with so much enthusiasm that his fame went back across the ocean, and attracted the attention of the Immortal Dan himself. Before long McGee was offered and accepted a position on *The Dublin Freeman's Journal*. The engagement afforded him some scope for the work he loved; but the decisive incident of this period of his life was his joining the staff of *The Nation* newspaper on the invitation of Charles Gavan Duffy, its founder. *The Nation* was established to stimulate, direct, and voice the national aspirations of the Irish people. The story of *The Nation* covers one of the most interesting and fruitful periods of Irish history, a period that witnessed the rise and fall of the repeal movement, the abortive rebellion of 1848, and the Irish Famine. So far as immediate results were concerned, it was a period of dismal failure, yet much of what has since been accomplished for the peace and welfare of Ireland may be traced directly back to the preparatory work then done and the seed then sown. And *The Nation* newspaper was the means by which this work was done and this seed sown. What strikes the student of to-day as remarkable is the part that poetry played in creating or awakening and vitalizing the national spirit. "The body of national poetry produced at this period," says T. W. Rolleston, "first as fugitive verse in the columns of the newspaper, afterwards collected and reprinted in countless editions, entered profoundly into the heart and mind of Irishmen of that and subsequent generations. Other writers have produced poetic work of loftier order; but of this it may be said, and of this alone, that no one who is unacquainted with it can understand the contemporary history of Ireland." And Mr. Rolleston adds that the keynote of all the poetry

which gave wings to the purposes of *The Nation*, and which has served more than anything else to keep the fame of the Young Irelanders fresh to-day, was the doctrine of Irish nationality.

But what has all this to do with Thomas D'Arcy McGee? Everything. It is a necessary introduction to a study and appreciation of his work. If we are to read his poetry at all we must read it in the spirit in which it was written. We must remember that for the most part it was poetry written for a purpose, and a political purpose at that. If we are to feel any of the spell of it we must endeavour to create within ourselves something of the emotional stimulus under which it was produced.

We have Duffy's description of his first introduction to McGee. "The young man was not prepossessing. He had a face of almost African type, his dress was slovenly even for the careless class to which he belonged, he looked unformed and had a manner which struck me at first sight as too deferential for self-respect. But he had not spoken three sentences in a singularly sweet and flexible voice till it was plain that he was a man of fertile brains, a man in whom one might dimly discover rudiments of the orator, poet, and statesman hidden under the ungainly disguise." Duffy introduced him to Thomas Davis, the man who, according to Duffy, was destined to influence and control the whole of McGee's after life. It is interesting and useful to recall that Davis produced no poetry till he joined *The Nation*—his whole career as a poet was limited to three years—and that the best of his poetry was written for a specific political purpose, namely, the promotion of nationalism. McGee was an apt pupil. Duffy ranked him as the equal of Davis in everything except those things in which Davis was held to be supreme. Indeed, *The Dublin Nation* declared that not even Davis had so thoroughly infused the spirit of Irish

history into his mind and heart as McGee. That was written in 1857, eleven years before McGee's death, and it is worthy of note that even then *The Nation* complained that the fame of McGee as a poet was already suffering from neglect. Perhaps it was inevitable that a good deal of this political poetry, spirited, sincere, and even melodious as it may have been, should suffer decline with the waning of the enthusiasm which produced it. It is probably no extravagance to say with Rolleston that to understand the spirit of the Young Ireland movement it is necessary to know the poetry of *The Nation*; but the attraction of much of the poetry is for the student of history, perhaps, rather than for the student of literature. At any rate it seems scarcely possible to separate McGee the poet from McGee the Irish patriot. It was his love for Ireland that inspired his muse in the first place, and that kept it to its best endeavours. His work has always the eloquence of great sincerity and the directness of intense feeling; but the reader must not expect to find at all times the perfection of finish that one looks for from the artist who does his work and loves it for its own sake. If you overlook the fact that what is best in McGee's poetry came directly from the heart and was the outpouring of a noble enthusiasm you will probably miss what is most effective in its message. His great ambition was to sing of Ireland for Ireland.

I'd rather turn out simple verse  
True to the Gaelic ear,  
Than classic odes I might rehearse  
With Senate's list'ning near.

It may be doubted that students of Gaelic poetry to-day would look upon much of his verse as true to the Gaelic ear; but that it is genuinely Irish in spirit and purpose will be readily conceded, and that is probably all he meant. His first efforts at song were inspired by Ireland. His notion of fame was to be remembered in Ireland.

Am I remembered in Erin?  
 I charge you speak me true—  
 Has my name a sound, a meaning,  
 In the scenes my boyhood knew?

Does the heart of the mother ever  
 Recall her exile's name?  
 For to be forgot in Erin  
 And on earth is all the same.

Not great poetry, but well calculated  
 to stir the emotions of anyone who  
 can enter into the spirit of it.

So, too, his "Parting From Ire-  
 land":

O dread Lord of heaven and earth! hard  
 and sad it is to go  
 From a land I loved and cherished into  
 outward gloom and woe;  
 Was it for this, Guardian Angel, when to  
 manly years I came,  
 Homeward as a light you led me—light  
 that now is turned to flame.

Not great poetry, either; yet there  
 is something in it greater than poetry  
 —the tragedy of a life. He had gone  
 back to Ireland to place his abilities  
 at the service of his country. He be-  
 came one of the leaders of the revolu-  
 tionary party, of those who had be-  
 come impatient with the slow and ap-  
 parently fruitless methods of O'Con-  
 nell, had been sent to prison for the  
 violence of one of his speeches and  
 was finally compelled to fly to Am-  
 erica with a price upon his head,  
 leaving his young wife behind. But  
 wherever the man went the heart of  
 the poet was still in Ireland.

O Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-  
 off land a sign,  
 Let it be some token still of the Green  
 Old Land once mine;  
 A shell from the shore of Ireland would  
 be dearer far to me  
 Than all the wines of the Rhineland or  
 the art of Italie.

Again and again he returns to the  
 theme:

O blame me not if I love to dwell  
 On Erin's early glory;  
 O blame me not if too oft I tell  
 The same inspiring story.

The *New World* offered its novel-  
 ties and attractions in vain:

Where'er I turned some emblem still  
 Roused consciousness upon my track;  
 Some hill was like an Irish hill,  
 Some wild bird's whistle called me back.

He had left his wife behind when  
 he fled into exile, a marked man with  
 a price on him; therefore he had two  
 loves to sing about, and these were  
 the only loves, it seems, that ever in-  
 spired his song:

I left two loves on a distant strand,  
 One young and fond and fair and bland;  
 One fair and old and sadly grand—  
 My wedded wife and my native land.

He wrote a history of Ireland in  
 prose; it might almost be said that  
 he wrote a history of Ireland in verse.  
 A mere list of the titles of his Irish  
 poems would fill a goodly page. It  
 was part of the work of *The Nation*  
 writers to show the people of Ireland  
 that their country had a history;  
 that it had a civilization of its own  
 extending back into the mists of the  
 ages, and that it had all the elements  
 of national life that a glorious tradi-  
 tion filled with noble names and  
 splendid deeds could afford. It was  
 in this work that McGee excelled all  
 others. He seems to have ransacked  
 the whole field of history and legend  
 for material. And many of his poems  
 are of distinct literary merit. At  
 times he seems to have caught the  
 spirit and the rhythm of the old  
 Scottish ballads:

She wanders wildly through the night,  
 Unhappy Lady Gormley,  
 And hides her head at morning light,  
 Unhappy Lady Gormley,  
 No home has she, no kindly kin,  
 But darkness reigneth all within,  
 For sorrow is the child of sin  
 With hapless Lady Gormley.

As an exile in America McGee de-  
 voted himself whole-heartedly to the  
 service of his fellow-countrymen. It  
 is worth noting that he was one of  
 the pioneers of the "back-to-the-land"  
 movement. He saw his countrymen  
 flocking to New York and other large  
 centres of population, and he found  
 them living there under conditions  
 that were far from favourable for

their moral or physical welfare. Meanwhile the broad fields of the West were calling out for men and offering them at least the certainty of healthy life in a wholesome atmosphere. With pen and tongue, by speech and poem and essay, McGee devoted himself to the task of diverting the Celts from the slums and hives of the cities to the open spaces of the country. It was at a convention held at Buffalo for the purpose of promoting this movement that something happened which changed the whole of his after life. From certain Canadian delegates to the convention McGee received a very cordial invitation to throw in his lot with the people of Canada. He had already lectured in several Canadian cities, and had attracted attention by the power of his eloquence. He had gone to the United States as to a land of freedom; but he had had his troubles and difficulties and had undergone a process of disillusionment, and when the invitation came to him to take up his residence in Montreal, it was apparently not wholly unwelcome. It was one of the little ironies of his fate that, having rebelled against British authority in Ireland, he should find in the end the freedom for which his soul had craved under the British flag in Canada, and should end his life as one of the staunchest of the admirers and upholders of British authority. And yet from his own point of view he was quite consistent. Of his Canadian poems the most familiar no doubt are the ballads on "Jacques Cartier." "The Launch of the Griffin" is worthy of preservation, if only for its historic association. So, too, are some of his pioneer ballads. Here is a song of hope and courage for the men who are going into the unbroken forests to make homes for themselves and families and to become the founders of communities:

Arm and rise! no more repining,  
See, the glorious sun is shining—  
What a world that sun beholds!

White ships glancing o'er the ocean,  
All earth's tides, too, in swift motion,  
Pouring onward to their goals.

One tear to the recollections  
Of our happy young affections,  
One prayer for the ancestral dead;  
Then right on; the sun is shining,  
No more doubting or repining,  
Firm's the path on which we tread.

In the forest stands the castle—  
Silent, gloomy; bell nor wassail  
Echoes through its sable halls;  
Night and chaos guard its portals;  
They shall bow even to us mortals—  
Strike and down their standard falls.

Crowns—aye golden, jewel'd, glorious,  
Hang in reach before and o'er us,  
Sovereign manhood's lawful prize.  
He who bears a founder's spirit  
To the forest, shall inherit  
All its rights and loyalties.

The following stanza, from a poem written on the War of 1812, shows at least a cordial appreciation of the Canadian spirit:

Wealth and pride may rear their crests  
Beyond the line! beyond the line!  
They bring no terror to our breasts,  
Along the line, along the line.

We have never bought or sold,  
Afric's sons for Mexic's gold,  
Conscience arms the free and bold,  
Along the line, along the line.

Even in this young country such a lover of legendary lore could find material for a ballad legend, and perhaps it is worth remembering that long before Kipling spoke of "Our Lady of the Snows" McGee had told in simple verse, as befitted such a subject, the story of "Our Ladye of the Snow," a story associated with the original church of Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal.

All his life McGee was a religious man. He was a devout Catholic, and many of his poems are inspired by deep religious feeling. He had had his controversy with the authorities of his church because of their attitude to the Young Ireland movement, but that did not interfere with either his faith or his devotion. There is plenty of evidence, too, that in his later years, in the free and wholesome

atmosphere of Canada, he outgrew his revolutionary tendencies. At any rate his later poems were mostly of a religious character, and his papers, found after his death, indicate that he had planned a whole series of poems, all on religious topics.

McGee's poems were collected and edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier, of New York, in 1869. If a later edition of his complete poems has been published I have not seen it and am not aware of it. Mrs. Sadlier's book must

be getting very rare. Will there ever be another? Many of his poems are to be found in different collections and anthologies, but some of the best I have not seen outside of Mrs. Sadlier's book. It seems too bad that they should be utterly lost. He will not rank among the great singers; but surely he has an honourable place among the minor ones. He wrote too much, perhaps, to write well all the time, even if he had the genius; but he wrote honestly and bravely.

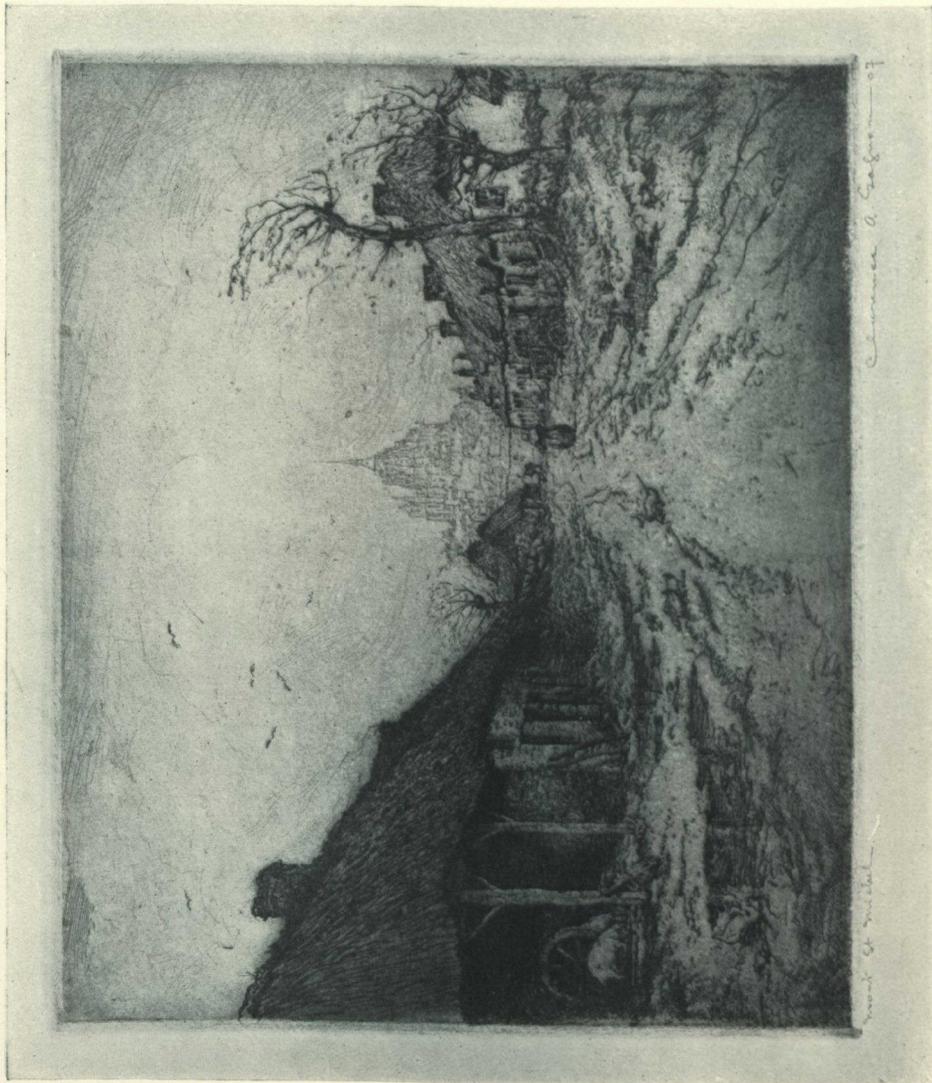
---

## AUTUMN IN CANADA

By JAMES B. DOLLARD

THE loon is calling over lakes of gold  
 That belt the hazy north. The maples glow  
 Yellow and red; the drowsy torrents flow  
 Along where coloured vistas aye unfold;  
 The wild deer stalks upon the matted mould  
 With stealthy tread. Pensive the evenings grow  
 And all the woodland creatures seem to know  
 Their year of sport and pleasure hath grown old!

Thus shall the earth grow gray, and so shall man  
 Ripen unto the end. Ah, well for him  
 If the rich day that he so glad began  
 Sees such a mellow sun on life's last rim!  
 So shall he, weary, claim a welcome sure  
 In the Great Father's lodge, and rest secure!



**MOUNT ST. MICHEL**

From the Etching by  
Clarence A. Gagnon, a noteworthy  
Canadian etcher



# CANADA'S PREMIER TOURIST PIONEER

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

**H**ERE is a little experiment that will prove interesting. Stop the next settler you meet—the settler in town or country—and ask, "What made you first think of coming to Canada?" Ten to one the answer will be something like this: "Well, I read about it in a railway booklet. I really knew nothing about the country until that booklet was placed in my hands. It was a revelation to me. Canada became at once a part of my dreams—and here I am."

We in Canada do not realize what a mighty force these railway booklets have been. We who know Canada so well; who can reel off its history by the yard and its beauties by the mile; who can talk of its marvellous resources by the hour, and to whom its golden opportunities are the commonplace of everyday life—we do not realize that outside of Canada the many millions of the English-speaking world, to say nothing of those who are not English-speaking, know little of Canada and care less. How true this is of the United States those who have travelled in that country know well. How true it has been of Great Britain only those who have lived in that country can appreciate.

Against this vast wall of indifference to the south and east many forces have been striking mighty blows during the last decade, but none, probably, have struck with

greater power, more persistence, or such splendid results as our great railway organizations by means of the printed word. And the work is still going on. In every city of the United States and Great Britain may be found, in one of the leading thoroughfares, Canadian railway offices that are knowledge depots of the great Dominion. From these depots are distributed innumerable brochures that seem literally to breathe forth the invigorating air of Canada. The world is being reminded constantly through a never-ending succession of these brochures of "God's Own Country", which offers to the landless, land; to the ambitious, golden opportunities for successful careers; to those seeking health and rest, the healing spaces and the clean, pure, champagne-like air of the north; to those seeking sport, game big and little and a wider variety and greater profusion of game fish than is to be found anywhere else in the world; to the adventurous, satisfaction for their wildest dreams; to nature lovers, thousands upon thousands of square miles of the unspoiled wild, in which is included rivers and lakes in never-ending variety, forests that seem to stretch to infinity, and an Alpine region that is equal to fifty Switzerlands rolled into one.

If you want something inspiring to read, go into one of the offices of the big railways and ask for a batch of

this year's booklets for abroad. Your enthusiasm for your country will be redoubled by reading them, though you know Canada so well. Imagine, then, the effect of these upon those who dwell in thickly-populated lands of lesser opportunity.

Now who has been responsible for all this flood of bright, alluring literature about this bright, alluring land? You could count the men upon the fingers of one hand. And second to none among them is Harry Charlton, head of the publicity department of the Grand Trunk System.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Charlton's pen has written all that amazing flow of advertising literature by which the Grand Trunk has attracted to Canada so large a share of the settlers and the tourists who have come here during the last decade. But it is he who has been the master architect behind it all.

Prior to the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific his activities in this direction were directed to the central portion of Canada through which the old Grand Trunk runs. He has done more than any other man to make the Highlands of Ontario known far and wide, and to attract to this region that ever-swelling annual flood of wealth and beauty by which it is enriched. Since the Grand Trunk Pacific has come into being his activities have been spread over a vaster range, and he has become the apostle of the farther north.

He is no mere desk man. He lives himself the life he wants the world to know about. He knows from personal experience everything which any man can be expected to know about the districts reached by the Grand Trunk lines. His life is one continual adventure. After a spell of office work, he gets out his penknives, packs his traps, and with a photographer and a newspaperman or so whenever he can get them—sometimes an artist as well—he starts off for the woods to experience, to explore, and to plan. He lives the life. He hunts

and fishes, canoes and portages, poses the human interest for pictures of nature's beauty spots, and guides summer hotel-keepers into likely spots and fosters them when they locate there. And when he arrives home he gets produced advertising literature that glows with reality. And by a hundred different methods he sees that literature reaches the people it ought to reach.

There are pioneers and pioneers in Canada. Some are homesteading pioneers. Some are business pioneers. Mr. Charlton is Canada's premier tourist pioneer. After the right-of-way of the Grand Trunk Pacific was located through the Rocky Mountains to Prince Rupert, he was the first tourist to make the trip through that country. Hardships? Adventure? Well, it will take Harry years to work off the stock he accumulated on that trip—and meanwhile he's accumulating more. Heaven only knows what he is up to at this very moment. But it is safe to say that he is accumulating more experiences to help him in another grand assault on outside ignorance of the greatest country ever.

That first trip of his over the new north route through the Rockies was no parlour-car trip. It was made in the true adventurer style with the broncho pack-train. The party scaled mountains, slashed their way through forests, swam rivers that nothing but the blue sky had ever bridged, gazed down bottomless abysses, cursed at refractory campfires, fished with the passionate intensity of savages to whom success means surcease from hunger. And after months in the wilds, shut off from the rest of mankind, they came home safely—the publicity chief with a stock of invaluable knowledge and "atmosphere", a photographer with priceless negatives, an artist whose soul was aflame with the colour and majestic beauty of the northern Rockies, and writers who would know whereof they wrote.



MR. H. R. CHARLTON

A pioneer in the practice of advertising Canada

Such constitute one phase of the activities of H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk. Another phase is the work of representing Canadian beauties and resources at international exhibitions. At the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco at the present time one of the most attractive and sumptuous displays is that constituted by the Grand Trunk building and its contents. The site of that building, the building itself, the character and extent of its contents, are all the result of the planning of Mr. Charlton. He has travelled much in connection with this exhibition work, both on this continent and in many parts of Europe.

Another duty that invariably falls to Mr. Charlton is that of playing the official host to distinguished visitors. Of late years many distinguished men have visited Canada in an official or semi-official capacity, and most of them have as a matter of course visited the many scenic wonders and splendid agricultural and industrial regions reached by the Grand Trunk. To Mr. Charlton has fallen the honour of acting as guide and companion for their trips. Those whom he has thus piloted around include Princee Fukushima, whose tour of Canada a few years ago is well remembered by many. This representative of the royal house of Japan was so appreciative of Mr. Charlton's services that on his return to his native country he induced the Japanese Emperor to confer on Mr. Charlton the Order of the Sacred Treasure, an honour in Japan that is only conferred for notable military or civil service. Mr. Charlton will find this decoration an open sesame when he visits the Flowery Kingdom.

The present King, when he was Prince of Wales, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, are among the royal personages Mr. Charlton has also

piloted around. When that distinguished delegation of statesmen, scientists, and literary men from France visited Canada a few years ago, it was Mr. Charlton who headed the party in its sight-seeing tour of Middle Canada. They were delighted to find in Mr. Charlton not only an interesting and informative companion, but one who could talk to them in their own language with all the fluency and gay abandon of a boulevardier.

Mr. Charlton is a native-born Canadian, hailing from St. Johns, Quebec. His first experience in advertising work was gained on papers in his native town and in Montreal. Then he became advertising manager for the Canadian Pacific, and from the Canadian Pacific he went to the Grand Trunk to take over a similar position in 1898. With the Grand Trunk he has been ever since. The present advertising organization of that company is one of the greatest single advertising departments on the continent, and the whole organization is the creation of Mr. Charlton.

Of Mr. Charlton's qualities of heart and mind a word may be permitted. He is held in almost affectionate regard by that brotherhood of Grand Trunk men whose life efforts have combined to lift the old Grand Trunk from stagnation into one of the greatest and most progressive transportation companies in the world. And among all ranks and classes, throughout Canada and in the United States, his friends are legion. Cheery and genial, a "good fellow" in every sense of the word, "Harry" Charlton, as he is familiarly known, is synonymous throughout the length and breadth of Canada with the Grand Trunk, while his acquaintanceship in the United States is perhaps hardly equalled in extent by any other man in the Dominion.

# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ALL eyes are now centered on the Balkans, that prolific breeding-ground of international strife. By the rejection of the Russian ultimatum demanding the dismissal of all German officers from the Bulgarian army the Government of King Ferdinand definitely espoused the cause of the Teutonic powers. The negotiation with Turkey of an agreement regarding the Adrianople-Dedeagatch railway; the resignation of the pro-Ally Chief of Staff; the conferring of the Iron Cross on King Ferdinand—these and other cumulative evidences revealed the Germanophile attitude of the King and his government toward the Teuton powers. The battle of the diplomats is over and Germany so far holds the trump cards. The Allies are now within striking distance of the Bulgarian troops near the Greek frontier and the first engagement has resulted in the defeat of the enemy. But the Bulgarian people are not at all disposed to fall in with the pro-German sentiments of their sovereign, who is evidently swayed by the belief that the Teuton armies are invincible. The Opposition groups, which favour an alliance with the Allies, command a working majority in the Sobranje, but the King, who is ruling the country under martial law, has hitherto refused to convene the Chamber. In mobilizing the army King Ferdinand had primarily in view the importance of overawing the opponents of the German alliance; but in this he may o'er-reach himself.

Another disappointment to the Allies has been the attitude of King Constantine of Greece, who, to prevent Greece going to the aid of Serbia, dismissed M. Venizelos, the Premier, and formed a Coalition Cabinet on the basis of a continued neutrality. A solemn treaty between Serbia and Greece renders it obligatory on the latter to go to the aid of her ally, but King Constantine, whose wife is the sister of the Kaiser, contends that Serbia, by her proffered territorial concessions to Bulgaria, abrogated her treaty rights. The Allies, on the other hand—assuming that Greece is bound by the treaty and that the port has been used since the outbreak of the war for transporting supplies to the Serbian army—landed seventy thousand men at Salonika as reinforcements for the Serbian army menaced by a huge Austro-German invasion. Even with the assistance of Greece, Serbia, attacked by the Austro-Germans on the north and by the Bulgarians on the east, would be hard pressed to maintain a defensive. The utmost importance, therefore, attaches to the attitude of Roumania, which is partly mobilized and is on the most friendly relations with the Allies.

With a force estimated at two hundred thousand men, supported by numerous batteries of artillery, the Austro-German commander, Field Marshal von Mackensen, has crossed the Danube, occupied Belgrade, and is pushing along the Morava valley to Nish, the new capital of Serbia.

Military opinion is divided as to the importance of the German Balkan campaign for the relief of Turkey and the defence of Constantinople, but the British press is vigorously urging concentration of military effort in this theatre of war. For the present all hope of an autumn victory in the Gallipoli Peninsula has been abandoned, and the Allied troops there are making preparations for a winter campaign. The inadequate supply of water and the stifling heat and dust of an arid desert land add greatly to the difficulties of the campaign in the Gallipoli region. The Allied troops there have performed wonders in face of terrible difficulties. Dysentery has been rife among the troops and there are few opportunities for home leave as in other zones. The Australians and New Zealanders have covered themselves with glory in this campaign. In their case at any rate democracy has stood the test of war, for Australia is of all the Dominions the most advanced in its democratic tendencies.

On the western front the Allies continue to make progress, but there does not seem to be any justification for the confident expectations of a big advance on Germany so widely entertained a few weeks ago. How far the Balkan situation has modified the plans of Joffre and French is not yet disclosed. The situation is still favourable for the Allied armies and there is no ground for pessimism in the capture of Belgrade and the Austro-German advance through Serbia. The position of Germany is desperate unless she can effectively aid the Turks in the defence of the Dardanelles. The transference of large forces from the eastern front and the conduct of another great campaign over most difficult territory only adds to the worries and anxieties of the German General Staff. The dissipation of her strength over a widely extended area tends to weaken the German offensive on every front.

Already indications of this are dis-

cernible in the revival of the Russian offensive and the slowing down of the German advance along the eastern line of operations. Having carried on a most vigorous offensive over the inhospitable passes of the snow-bound Carpathians last winter, it is not at all likely that the Russian forces will be deterred from carrying on a winter campaign under conditions favourable to the success of Russian arms.

Serbia, on whom the Prussian mailed fist has violently descended, was the pretext for the present war. The assassination of the Austrian heir to the throne at Sarajevo, Bosnia, in July, 1914, was attributed to the machinations of a Serbian secret society, of which leading Serb officials were members. But it is now recalled that this regrettable crime was only a favourable pretext for which the Teutonic nations had been looking. As Dr. E. J. Dillon pointed out some time ago, none of the disclosures made since the war caused such a stir as that which ex-Premier Giolitti made in the Italian Chamber in December last, when vindicating the policy of Italy. Signor Giolitti then stated: "During the progress of the Balkan War, on August 9th, 1913, the Marquis di San Giuliano addressed to me the following telegram: 'Austria makes known to us and to Germany her intention to take action against Serbia, and she maintains that such action on her part cannot be construed as other than defensive. She hopes to bring the *casus foederis* of the Triple Alliance into play, which I deem inapplicable under the circumstances. I am endeavouring to confine my efforts with those of Germany in order to hinder such action by Austria, but it is requisite that we should state clearly that we do not look upon this eventual action as defensive. Consequently we do not admit that the *casus foederis* exists.'"

Serbia need expect little mercy at the hands of the German invaders. She is making a gallant stand against great odds and brave men everywhere

will follow her fortunes with keen anxiety. Beaten in the Balkans, the plight of Germany will be desperate indeed. The Allies cannot afford to let the German flag fly over Constantinople. The loss of prestige which such a German victory would mean for Britain in the Near and Far East precludes the possibility of such a contingency. For Britain, victory in the Dardanelles is imperative, having in mind her vital interests in India and Egypt.

Many eyes have been turned to Holland as the road through which an Allied army will one day advance and turn the German position in Flanders. In her recent Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Dutch Chambers, the Queen of Holland made direct allusion to the three elements of the Dutch attitude towards the war. Their resolve to maintain their neutrality, and to secure respect for their neutrality, is accompanied by a lively fear that events may prove too strong and force their country into the vortex. The sympathies of the Dutch people incline strongly to the side of the Allies, but the impelling force is negative rather than positive. They fear Germany, knowing that a victory for the Teuton armies would be followed by a German occupation of the lower course of the Rhine and Dutch ports, on which Berlin has long cast greedy eyes. Holland possesses advantages over Belgium in case of a German invasion. Her vital and thickly-populated districts lie within her wonderful water defences and would, therefore, be less exposed than her neighbour was to German brutality. On the other hand, she holds the key to the heart of Prussia. Given the right of entry the Allied troops passing through Holland would turn the flank of the German position in the west and expose the heart of Germany to a crushing knockout blow.

Close observers at the front have been deeply impressed by the striking dissimilarity in temper and out-

look between the British Tommy and the French soldier. The British soldier still persists in regarding war as a dangerous and exhilarating form of sport. He laughs and sings and cracks jokes as Death in most awful guise visits the trenches. His buoyant spirits and irrepressible humour are reflected weekly in the infectious pages of *Punch*, which has steadily increased in favour as a national tonic for the downhearted. The French soldier has lost his gaiety of manners and seemingly frivolous outlook on life. His country has been ravished by the brutal sword-clanking Prussian. His home has been violated. He is dominated by one idea—*revanche*. He no longer sings or laughs. He fondles his rifle and longs for the day. God help the German soldiers if they once get on the run with the French and Belgian soldiers at their heels! The British, on the other hand, have no wives and children in danger from the invader. Zeppelins and submarine raids have stimulated recruiting in Great Britain and confirmed the nation in its resolve to destroy the Prussian military machine. But there is as yet no deep and lasting hate for the German such as possesses the Frenchman and Belgian. The navy stands between the German ravishers and British homes. There is no fear tugging at the heart of the British soldier. The British navy has decided the campaign as far as Britain is concerned. And Tommy bubbles over with humour and relieves the dull monopoly of trench life.

Describing the recreations of men out from the trenches in *The Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Philip Gibbs says the British army is a playful one and that those who see the daily tragedy of war are not likely to discourage that playfulness. Here is one of his little pictures:

While I stood watching the card-players some shrapnel shells were bursting over a neighbouring wood, but did not spoil the laughter over the game in the

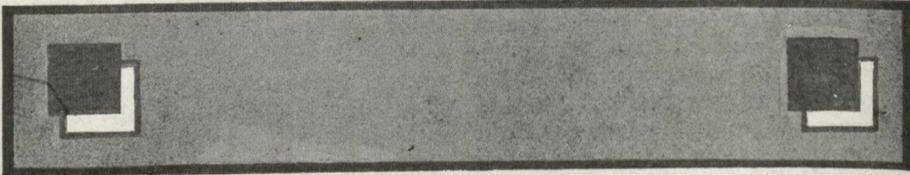
barn, nor the meditations of the literary corporal on a biscuit-box, who was editing the next week's number of *The Lead-Slinger*, and composing his editorial notes "A future subscriber," he was writing, "hopes it will be a Hooge success." He explained that the title of the paper had nothing to do with plumbing, "although many of the staff had water on the brain, and are light-headed, and full of gas." There might be shells overhead, but the comic poet of the West Riding Field Ambulance was in a playful mood, and not to be put off his parody on "There is a tavern in the town". His first lines were a good beginning:

"There is a cavern in the ground,  
In the ground,  
Where in the winter I am drowned,  
I am drowned."

There are many of these literary publications in the trenches and behind the lines. One day, perhaps, many of them will find their way into the British Museum as historical relics of the great world-war. If so, posterity will acknowledge the sense of humour of those men who fought in 1915. It is a humour which jests at death, and finds the spirit of mirth in the discomforts and dangers of the trenches and the dug-outs.

The bloody mantle of Abdul the Damned has fallen on the Young Turks. Nothing in the long and cruel record of the crafty Sultan, who was driven from the throne by Enver Pasha, surpasses in fiendish atrocity

the reported extermination of Armenian boys and young men and the unspeakable outrages on Armenian girls and women by Turkish troops. It is a deliberate attempt to wipe out a race. The Turk has outstayed his welcome in Europe. The Ottoman Government has signed its death warrant by its latest anti-Christian crusade. A few short years ago the British people did not disguise their satisfaction at the rise of the Young Turks. They entertained the liveliest hopes for the future of Turkey following the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Even so recently as the Turco-Italian campaign in Tripoli the sympathy of the British people in the main inclined to the side of the Turks. This adventure of Italy on the continent of Africa was viewed with disfavour in the United Kingdom, and her final victory, after a costly and protracted campaign, evoked no enthusiasm in the British Isles. All that is now changed. Enver Pasha has proved to be the evil genius of his country. Under his influence the Young Turk movement has degenerated into an orgie of graft and murder. National principles have been betrayed and Turkish independence barteded for German gold.



# The Library Table

LAND OF THE SCARLET LEAF  
BY MRS. A. E. TAYLOR. Toronto:  
Hodder and Stoughton.

**M**ORE than a year ago the publishers of this book announced that they would give four prizes totalling five thousand pounds for four novels that might be termed distinctively Canadian, Australian, South African, and Indian. "Land of the Scarlet Leaf," as one might infer by the title, won the prize in the Canadian competition. It is the story of Delia Chichester, a young English-woman who comes to Montreal in the capacity of companion to Lady Dunlop, a dowager of sufficient means to enable her to gratify an ambition to establish in Canada a home adorned with an English butler, an English footman, and an English cook. Lady Dunlop is a pleasant, wholesome, middle-aged woman, with an eye for beauty in her associates and her surroundings. The good looks, therefore, of Delia fit in well with her ideas, and, having no jealous impedimenta, she loses no opportunity of displaying Delia to the best advantage. Delia has the misfortune of possessing ordinary qualities with extraordinary desires. She craves wealth and all that wealth can provide, but she is commonplace enough to fall in love with a poor but handsome man. At the same time another man, wealthy if not strikingly handsome, falls in love with her. She passes many sleepless nights trying to decide which offer she ought to accept, for they both offer themselves.

Avarice wins, and she takes the rich suitor. Their home is in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, but for social reasons they agree to pass a part of each winter in Montreal. All goes well enough until their baby boy dies. Then the mother, grief stricken, seeks distraction in bridge and in nearness to her former lover, who is now a tutor at McGill. She associates with so-called smart people, and at length becomes so financially involved, as a result of imprudent card-playing, that she appeals to her former lover rather than to her husband. She commits one foolish act after another, and ends by forging her husband's name. Before she is wholly discovered in this crime, however, the husband is accidentally killed, and her lover is suspected of having murdered him. The suspicion, happily, is removed, and Delia publicly confesses the forgery. Then the young widow and Lady Dunlop go to England, where they abide for the next two years; and there in the end the lover, finding Delia, persuades her to return with him—not to Montreal, but to Western Canada. As a portrayal of the type of woman that tolerates a man because of his wealth this book has some points of merit. But on no ground can it be set up as a good piece of work. In the first place, the title suggests a book of travel. Then it has but little about it that is distinctively Canadian; most of the incidents might have taken place anywhere. The characters are commonplace, the incidents trivial, the dialogue artificial, and there are as well

whole pages of inanities. It has not even the merit of being cleverly written, and it contains numerous incidents that reveal the author's slim knowledge of the immediate details.

\*

### THE LAND OF PROMISE

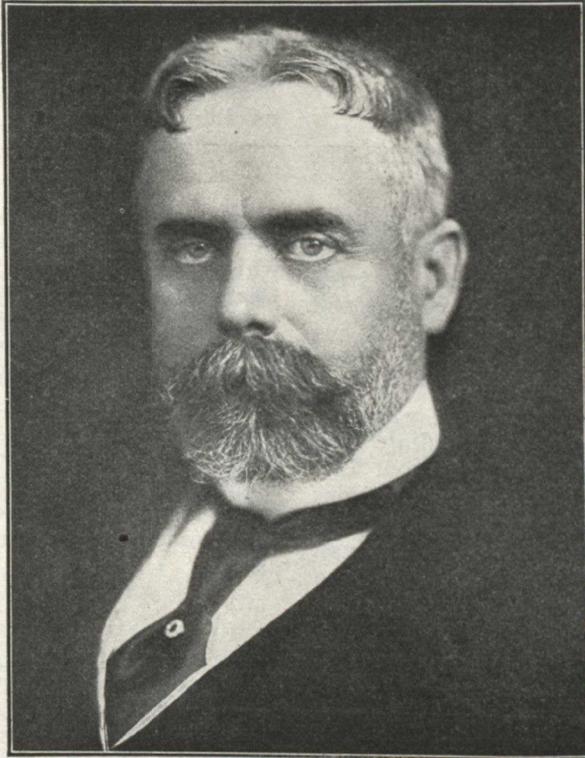
By E. B. MITCHELL. London: John Murray.

THIS is a very different book from what we have been accustomed to reading about Western Canada. Instead of being very optimistic and full of roseate passages for the expectant immigrant from Great Britain, it pretends to show conditions here as they actually are to-day. The writer, who apparently is a Scots-woman of intense purpose, has undoubtedly seen Western Canada at its worst, and it is quite true that a great many visitors from abroad must think that conditions there are pretty crude. The rural life struck Miss Mitchell as being in a very precarious condition, the depression appearing so general. Farming life there, she thinks, is undoubtedly a very severe struggle, the ground, for one thing, being as hard as iron with frost for five months of the year. The farms, again, are all large, a quarter-mile square being the least, and the country wants filling up with a hardy British agricultural population (with capital) to dissipate the awful "loneliness." Commercial and social combination is almost impossible, the immigrant from home frequently having for his nearest neighbours Galicians, Ruthenians, and Indians, owing to indiscriminate granting of land. The farmer, manifestly the backbone of the country, is ignored in the craze of speculation in "town lots", and unless something is done to better his economical position there is a real danger, the author thinks, of a decay setting in like that in the rural areas of the East, and the country will then be left mainly to foreigners. We have every reason to believe that Miss Mitchell's picture is a bit one-sided.

### THE MONEY MASTER

By SIR GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

ONE can only marvel at the industry displayed by this author, an industry which seems to be turned at one time towards many ends. Besides his political, social, and philanthropic work, Sir Gilbert recently produced a book on the war, and now we have a new novel from his pen, a novel indeed that is in line with his earlier and most virile style. He returns again to French Canada, and there in the person of Jean Jacques Barville, landowner, proprietor of gristmills and sawmills, money-lender, and man of many affairs, he depicts a character of rare interest and charm. The book opens with Jean returning from a grand tour of France, and on shipboard he meets a young Spanish woman whom he soon marries. The match is not a happy one, and in time Jean is beset by many misfortunes. He has reason to suspect the relations of his wife and a man who has been admitted into the home. Then his wife leaves him in anger, never to return. Years later, his daughter runs away with an actor, an *outsider*, a Protestant; his business interests go wrong; his gristmill, his last mainstay, is burned, and his Spanish father-in-law, a scoundrel by nature, steals the money with which he has hoped to redeem his fortunes. In face of all this his simple faith in himself, his pardonable conceit in his own powers, his peculiar arrogance remain as a stay, and he faces the situation bravely. While there is a certain amount of conventionality in the novel as a novel, the chief character itself is distinctive, and there are many thrilling, dramatic, and even melo-dramatic moments. There is in the close a touch of quiet, one might almost say pathetic, happiness. It is a book that should help to sustain the author's reputation and to increase his popularity.



SIR GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Money Master," his latest novel

### THE ENGLISH ESSAY AND ESSAYISTS

BY HUGH WALKER. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

TO all who can appreciate fine writing, wit, humour, and that intimate humanity in which the greatest essayists deal, this book may be commended, for it is really a series of essays on essays written by one who loves, and consequently understands, the most delightful, if least easily defined, form in which good literature has been cast by the masters of the craft. As a rule one opens books written by professors of literature with fear and trembling; for literature may not be professed unless it can also be practised, and professors—well, perhaps the least said about

professors the better. Consequently we approached the work before us prepared for the worst, and dipped into it with a caution begot of hard-earned experience. We were soon, however, reassured, and presently it dawned upon us that here was no dry-as-dust scholasticism, no rattling of dry bones. It would be impossible adequately to review a work covering so wide a field of literary endeavour, yet so closely knit that we believe every essayist of any importance from Bacon to Francis Thompson is therein submitted to acute and subtle criticism. We cannot praise Dr. Walker too highly for the chapter entitled "The Character Writers," in which the quotations are so aptly illustrative of their authors and of the general style of "characters" that their

selection alone would stamp their selector as a master of his subject.

\*

### THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a novel by one of the cleverest and keenest of present-day English writers. One has to treat with respect all that he writes, and although we feel that many of our readers might not like this book purely as an entertainment, it is well worthy of being read by all who take an interest in the immediate tendencies in the writing of fiction. This novel deals with two young persons whom we should regard normally as cranks. The book, therefore, although the author may not think so, is a study in crankiness. And who of us likes a crank? Still, we like Mr. Galsworthy's style as a writer, and we like the way he makes his youthful cranks tell on our feelings. Born of uncomfortable, extremely intense parents, with settled views as to the wrongs of the rural population and the manifold sins and wickedness of the landlord class, Derek and his sister were, of course, handicapped in the matter of normal breeding. Still, we think that among the many gifts that fate bestowed on the eccentric

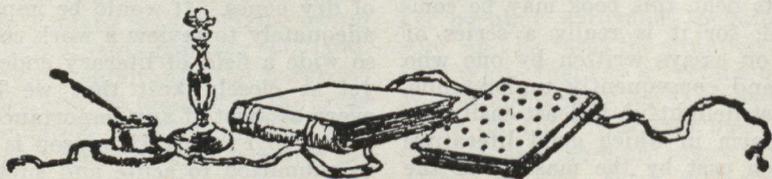
pair good manners were left out. Mr. Galsworthy, who understands so much, may understand the inwardness of cranks. But he does not make us like them for all his uncanny cleverness.

\*

—"The Canadian Annual Review," which is admirably edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, has been issued for 1914. Perhaps more than ordinarily the year 1914 is rich in material of unusual historical interest. The war and the part that Canada as a British Dominion immediately took in it is fully recorded in this volume, as well as are all other events worth reviewing for ready reference. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

\*

—The author of "Where's Master?" gives us another touching dog story in "Captain Loxley's Little Dog," which tells of Bruce, who was given to Captain by his son soon after the outbreak of the war. The Captain took the dog with him aboard the *Formidable*, which was sunk by a German torpedo on New Year's morning. The little dog was beside his master on the bridge when the vessel went down, and both perished.





#### IF YOU MUST DRINK

To the married man who cannot get along without his drinks we suggest the following as a means of freedom from the bondage of the habit. Start a saloon in your own house. Be the only customer. You will have no license to pay. Go to your wife and give her two dollars to buy a gallon of whiskey, and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in one gallon. Buy your drinks from no one except your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have eight dollars to put in the bank and two dollars to start business again. Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, and marry a decent man and quit thinking about you.—*Anonymous.*

\*

#### ONLY HE DIDN'T

"Most of the world's real literature was written by poor authors in their garrets."

"Quite so! Homer, for example, wrote in the Attic."—*Boston Transcript.*

#### A POOR APPRENTICE

A certain negro lad had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens.

The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honour, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"I doesn't blame you, Jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him the right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, Jedge, he always gets caught."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

\*

#### READ IT AGAIN

Eugene Clough, of Ellsworth Falls, has a calf, born Tuesday, which has three perfectly-formed hind legs. One of the hind legs is grown where a foreleg should be.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.*

## A SHOUTING WIDOW

During the last G. A. R. encampment there was one woman amid the crowd of spectators on the day of the parade who made herself conspicuous by her noisy hurrahs and excited waving of a flag as the old veterans marched past. One of the bystanders told her sharply to shut up. "Shut up yourself!" she retorted. "If you had buried two husbands who had served in the war, you would be hurrahing, too."—*The Argonaut*.

\*

## UNANSWERABLE

"Can you wonder that our statesmen sometimes make mistakes? Why, only yesterday I got into a bus that was going in the wrong direction!"—*Punch*.

\*

## THE DANGER

At the Capitol one day a California Representative was discoursing on the sport of fishing for tuna off the Pacific coast.

"We go out in small motor-boats," said the Representative, "and fish with a long line baited with flying fish. Anything less than a hundred-pound tuna isn't considered good sport."

Just then a coloured messenger, who had been listening, stepped up.

"Seuse me, suh," said he, wide-eyed, "but did I understand yo' to say dat yo' went fishin' fo' hundred-pound fish in a little motah-boat?"

"Yes," said the Congressman with a smile, "we go out frequently."

"But," urged the darkey, "ain't yo' 'feared yo' might ketch one?"—*Houston Chronicle*.

\*

## PREREQUISITE

"Are you unmarried?" inquired the census man.

"Oh, dear, no," said the little lady blushing; "I've never even been married."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## EMANCIPATED

"I have just been reading the Constitution of the United States."

"Well?"

"And I am surprised to find out how many rights a fellow really has."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

\*

## PHONE FRENZY

"I believe," said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone, "that I'll go fishing."

"Didn't know you cared for fishing."

"I don't ordinarily. But it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."—*Washington Star*.

\*

## PENALTIES OF GENIUS

Cubist Artist (who is being arrested for espionage by local constable): "My dear man, have you no æsthetic sense? Can't you see that this picture is an emotional impression of the inherent gladness of spring?"

Constable: "Show it. Clarence! D'ter think I don't know a bloomin' plan when I sees one?"—*Punch*.

\*

## WOMAN'S BROADER VIEW

"Well, Maria," said Jiggles after the town election, "for whom did you vote this morning?"

"I crossed off the names of all the candidates," returned Mrs. Jiggles, "and wrote out my principles on the back of my ballot. This is no time to consider individuals and their little personal ambitions."—*New York Times*.

\*

## NARROW MARGIN

New Man on the Road: "What is the best time for me to see the head of the firm I'm working for, boy?"

Office Boy: "Between the time he gets your sales-account and the time he gets your expense-account."—*Puck*.

A CLOSE RELATION

A story is told of an Irishwoman who tried to wean her Scotch husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home.

"Wha are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition arose before him from behind a bush.

"I am Aul Nick," was the reply.

"Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

\*

THE LAST STRAW

"Noo, John, what hev Aw to bring ye frae the toon?" asked the Scottish guidwife of her husband, as she was leaving to catch a train.

"Ma snuff's done, an' Aw wad like you to fetch me half an ounce," said John.

"Nay, nay," replied the guidwife, "ye mustn't be extravagant. Ye ken ye've been aff work a week, so you mustn't use ony snuff. Jist tickle yer nose wi' a straw instead."

\*

A POPULAR DOCTOR

A well-known lawyer was trying to make clear to a legal student the significance of the term "coloured evidence," meaning by that evidence which has been tampered with, says *The Philadelphia Times*. "The best illustration I can think of came within my observation not long ago," said the lawyer. "A physician had said to a fair patient: 'Madam, you are a little rundown. You need frequent baths, and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes—nothing stiff or formal.' When the lady got home this is how she rendered to her husband the advice given to her by the doctor: 'He says I must go to the seashore, do plenty of motoring, and get some new summer gowns.'"

LUCK IN ALL THINGS

"Tommy," said his mother at dinner on Christmas Day, "do stop eating. How can you possibly eat so much?"

"Don't know," said Tommy, between bites, "I guess it's just luck."

\*

HELPING A LADY

"Jack, I wish you'd come to see me occasionally."

"Why, Vanessa, I thought you were engaged to Algernon Wombat."

"No; but I think I could be if I get up a little brisk competition."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

\*

THE RESTORATIVE

Madge—So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted yourself to Red Cross work?

Marjorie—Indeed I do, dear. I've had my name in the papers nine times.—*London Opinion*.

\*

A MORE EFFECTIVE REMEDY

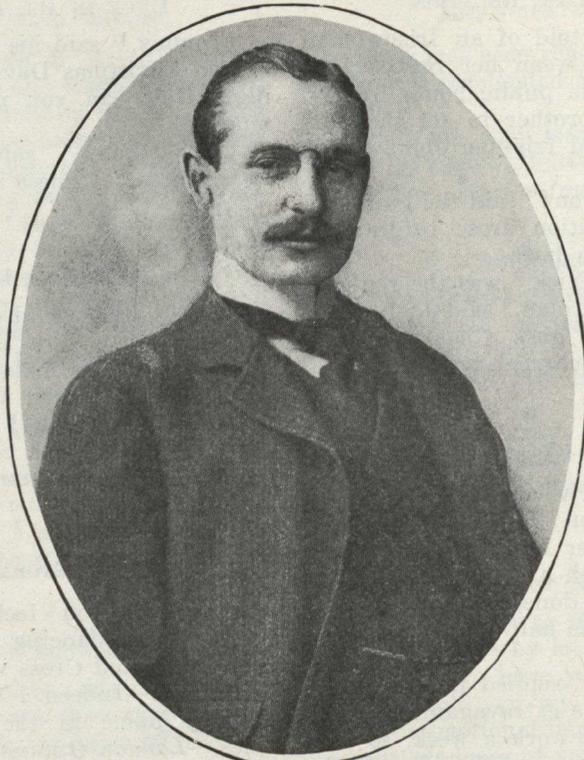
The jubilee of the Salvation Army is a reminder that there are probably more good stories told in connection with it than in connection with any other existing institution.

One of the very best is the following, which the late General William Booth, founder of the Army, was never tired of telling:

One day a woman came to him from one of the slum districts, and complained of the bad conduct of her husband, who, she said, was an utterly worthless fellow.

General Booth, who was always very fond of Scriptural quotations, listened patiently to her tale of woe, and when she had finished, asked her solemnly: "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?"

"No," replied the injured wife, "but I've tried hot water!"



FRANK H. WIGGINS

Mr. Frank Wiggins, who was recently appointed assistant manager of the Vanderbilt Hotel, in New York, is one of the best known of the younger hotelmen of the United States. He is a native of Collingwood, Ontario, but has been engaged in the hotel business in New York for some years. One of his chief assets is an extraordinary memory for names and faces. A stranger walked into the Vanderbilt the other day, and immediately Mr. Wiggins stepped up and addressed him by name. "How did you know my name is Smith?" the stranger asked. "You never saw me before, did you?" "No, but I remember your brother very well. He has stayed here, and you look like him."

Mr. Wiggins is regarded as a walking directory of the visitors to Gotham, and nothing pleases him

more than to recognize the features of a fellow-Canadian. Any person from the Dominion going to the Vanderbilt, whether Mr. Wiggins knows him or not, will be remembered when he goes there the second time.

Mr. Wiggins has earned his promotion by strict attention to his business, and his kindly and courteous attention to those with whom he comes in contact. To be assistant manager of the Vanderbilt, one of the largest and finest hotels on the continent, is only gained by one thoroughly competent and of good executive ability.

This hotel is situated at 34th St. East and Park Avenue, is decorated in Adam's style, and is one of the sights of New York. An invitation is extended to inspect the various departments of the hotel, particularly the kitchens and wine cellars. Upon request, guides will be sent from the office.

# Kitchen Economy

If you consider its body-building powers Bovril is probably the most *economical food* you can buy. No other food, no matter how high its price, has been proved to possess Bovril's wonderful body-building powers. Bovril saves butchers' bills and is a great economiser in the kitchen.

S. H. B.

"Made in  
Canada."



"Spreads  
like Butter"

THE  
**Ingersoll**  
TRIO

Delicious and  
Appetizing

Sold by all  
Grocers

**INGERSOLL  
Pimento Cheese**

Sweet Spanish Pimentos blended with INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE. Makes a delicious delicacy. 10c. and 15c. a package.

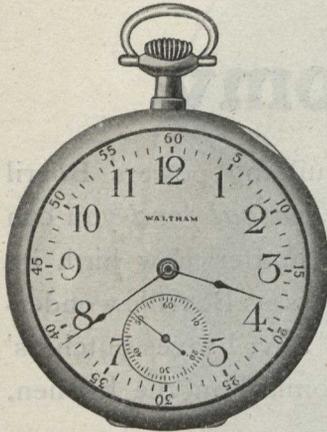
**INGERSOLL  
Cream Cheese**

The purest and finest of all Cream Cheese—so rich in cream—so delicious in flavor—so economical in use. Makes all kinds of tasty dishes—and just the thing for dainty sandwiches. 15c. and 25c. a package.

**INGERSOLL  
Green Chile  
Cheese**

Piquant California Green Chile blended with INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE. Good and tasty. 15c. a package.





## A 14 K Gold Waltham Watch For \$24

This remarkable Marsh Patent Waltham Watch has been invented to meet the demand for a solid gold watch at a moderate price. This watch has an inner protector which allows a thin outside case to be used without endangering the movement.

The Marsh Patent Watch ranges in price from \$24 to \$55 according to the grade of movement. In each instance the word Waltham on the dial is a guarantee of the accuracy and durability of the watch.

There is much information about other Waltham Watches in our new booklet which we will be glad to mail you free. Please send for it.

# Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal



## Study-Food

Recently, among 9,000 Minnesota school children, it was found that 75% made their breakfast largely of starchy foods; also that a large proportion of these children suffered from headache, tooth troubles and other ills — **“There’s a Reason”**

Most starchy foods are hard to digest, and lack the very elements that build healthy bones, teeth, muscles, brain and nerves. White bread is notoriously lacking in this regard. No wonder so many children suffer from frequent headaches, constipation, dullness or fretfulness!

Twenty years ago a food wonderfully easy of digestion and rich in the very elements lacking in the usual starchy foods, was devised to meet this very condition. This food is

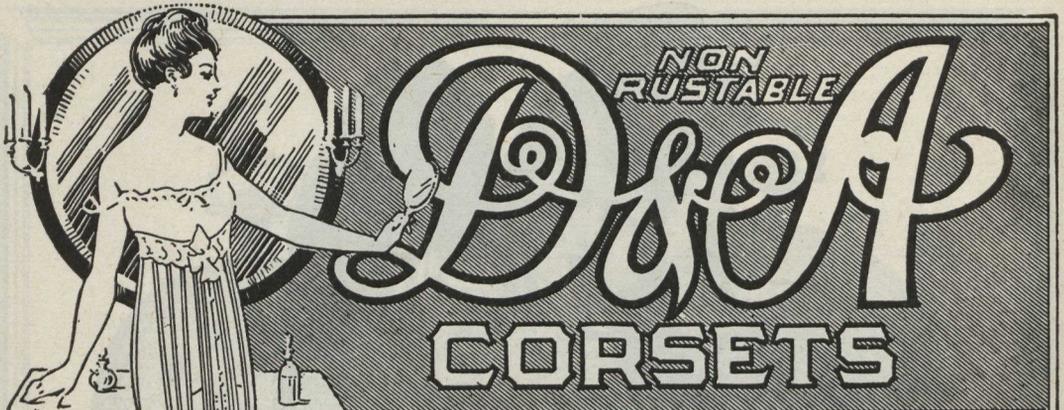
# Grape-Nuts

Made of whole wheat and barley, Grape-Nuts retains all the nutriment of these grains, including the vital mineral elements on which depend physical and mental vigor and the warding off of disease.

Switch the children’s diet from demineralized foods to those rich in Nature’s own provision for health and efficiency, and watch results.

Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

**“There’s a Reason” for Grape-Nuts**



**NON RUSTABLE**  
**D & A**  
**CORSETS**

The War tax on corsets adds nothing to the retail price of a D & A or a La Diva Corset because they are Made-in-Canada—But, about fifty cents, out of every dollar paid for imported corsets, now goes for customs duties and profits on them, which add nothing in corset value.

2-15 "BUY MADE-IN-CANADA CORSETS"

Made by the "Dominion Corset Company," one of the best equipped Corset factories in the World.

16 856

## Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce    Chili Sauce    Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal

## New Round 25c Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package.



# Look Into The Box

## You Can See Why Folks Want Quaker

See how big are the flakes. You can see that each is a queen grain rolled.

Note what that means. Every puny grain, deficient in flavor, is discarded in this brand.

We cast out all but the richest oats—all but ten pounds per bushel.

You would surely pick out such flakes if you saw the open box. But we promise you will always get them when you ask for Quaker Oats. And they'll cost no extra price.

# Quaker Oats

*Queen Oats Only—Luscious Flakes*

These things are all done with one object—to multiply oat lovers. To make this dish, as it should be, the welcome daily staple.

Oats are the vim-food. Their spirit-giving power is proverbial. They are rich in rare elements. And like

energy value derived from meat may cost twenty times as much.

For all these reasons you want your folks to like oats. Then supply these luscious flakes cooked in this perfect way. It calls for no extra effort and no extra cost.

## Premiums

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silverware, Jewelry and Aluminum Utensils. See folder in each package. We insert one coupon in the 10c package and two in the 25c round package. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on the premiums wanted.

*Regular Package, 10c*

*Except in Far West*

*Large Round Package, 25c*

Peterborough, Ont.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Saskatoon, Sask.

# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark  
which identifies the best of cutlery

*Look for it on every blade.*

**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited**

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

# REGAL

"Made in Canada"  
**Table Salt**



**Free  
Running**

"REGAL"  
Salt is made  
in Canada by  
Canadians,  
and it is an  
ideal Salt for  
the table be-  
cause it stays  
dry and free  
running the  
year round.



Be practically  
patriotic. See  
everything you  
buy — whether  
it costs 10c. or  
\$1,000 — is  
"Made in Canada"





# A CHRISTMAS GIFT

that will lighten the labor of those you love will be found in our

# “CADILLAC”

## Electric or Hand Power Vacuum Cleaners.

These are the machines that were Awarded the Grand Prize and Gold Medal at the Panama California Exposition, 1915, in competition with almost every other make of Cleaner sold.

This in itself guarantees you against getting an inferior article.

Every part of our machines are MADE-IN-CANADA and guaranteed.

We give you Ten Days Free Trial.

Our prices range from \$8.00 to \$45.00.

We sell on easy payments if desired.

Write us for particulars or phone Main 6148.

**CLEMENTS Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 78 Duchess St., Toronto**



253

## Be Healthy

For nervous break-down, over-work, over-exertion, as well as for the correction of disorders of the blood, the nerves, the heart and premature decline of vital powers

# Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT

(à la Quina du Pérou)

IS SPECIFIC

It will maintain the physical strength and energy of the body, animating all the organs of the human system to healthy vigor.

BIG BOTTLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALL DRUGGISTS



## If you can't pull the shade up—

—or if sometimes it will not stay down, the trouble is in the roller. Buy Hartshorn's, and you avoid such annoyances. They are used in over 10,000,000 homes. No tacks are necessary.

**FREE:** Send for valuable book, "How to Get the Best Service from Your Shade Rollers."

In buying shade rollers, always look for this signature, Made in Canada.

Stewart Hartshorn Co.  
Dept. 5, Toronto, Ont.

*Stewart Hartshorn*

**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**



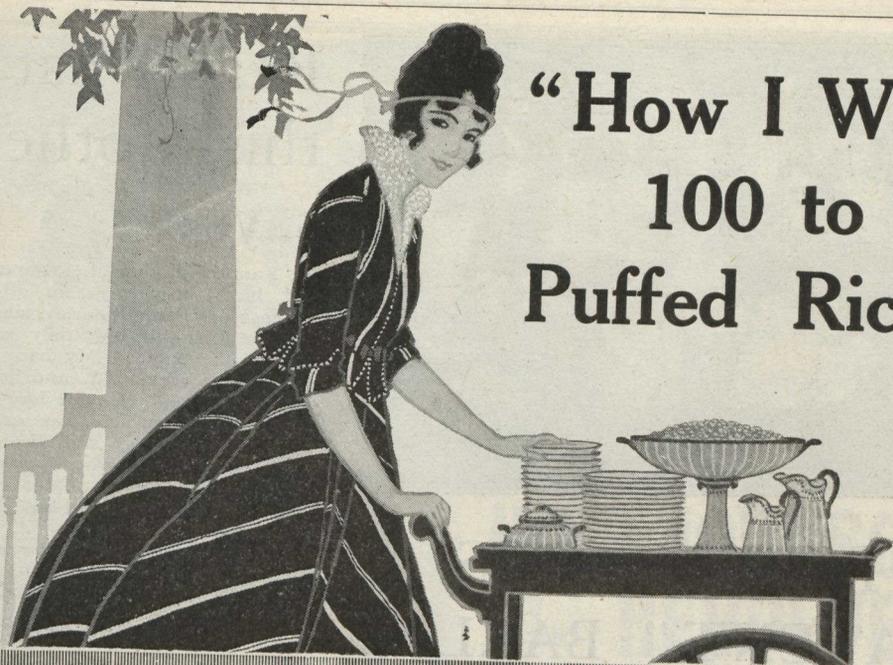
## CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

**THE ARLINGTON CO.  
of Canada, Ltd.**

58 FRAZER AVENUE  
TORONTO





## “How I Won 100 to Puffed Rice”

Some months ago we asked users of Puffed Rice to tell us how best to win others. One woman answers this way:

“Invite in the children to Sunday suppers, and serve them Puffed Grains in Milk. I did that this summer in my country home, and it won them all. I think I created 100 new users.”

That is a sure way. One breakfast of Puffed Rice with cream will win all the children who taste it. Or one supper of Puffed Wheat in milk.

### Have One Puffed Grain Day

So we now urge this, for the sake of all concerned: Get one package of one Puffed Grain. Serve it as a breakfast cereal, or mixed with the morning fruit. Salt some grains or douse with melted butter for the children after school. And at night serve in bowls of milk.

Let your folks see these toasted whole-grain bubbles. Let them feel their fragile crispness. Let them taste their flavor—much like toasted nuts. You will find that you've established forever in your home a new kind of food and confection. And these tit-bits will reign at a thousand meals, to everyone's delight.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in Extreme West*

Bear in mind that Puffed Grains, though, are not mere cereal bonbons. They were invented by a great food expert—Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they have solved a problem never solved before.

Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. So every atom of the whole grain feeds. Every element is made completely available. Ordinary cooking can't do that. It breaks up but part of the granules.

Every mother may well be glad if her children learn to revel in Puffed Grains.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

Sole Makers

(1119)

Saskatoon, Sask.



## ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

gets the credit for the health,  
of this family of eleven. . .

**MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL**

# Read what this Mother says:

"I am the mother of eleven children and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

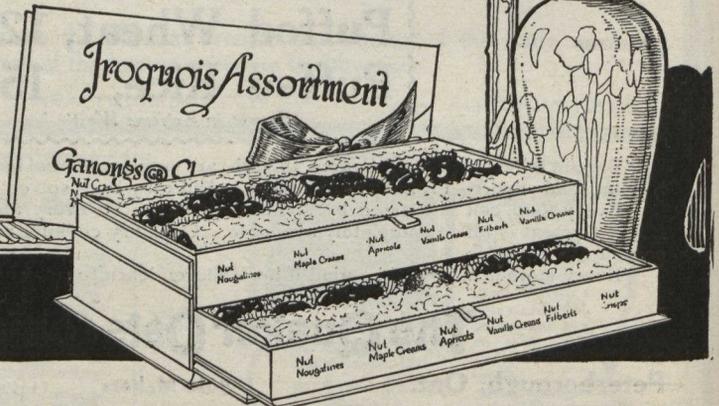
Mrs. A. C. Goodall,  
12 Mount Ash Road,  
Sydenham Hill, S. E.,  
London, England.

## Iroquois Assortment

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

Another revelation of the high  
standard of

**Ganong's**  
  
**Chocolates**



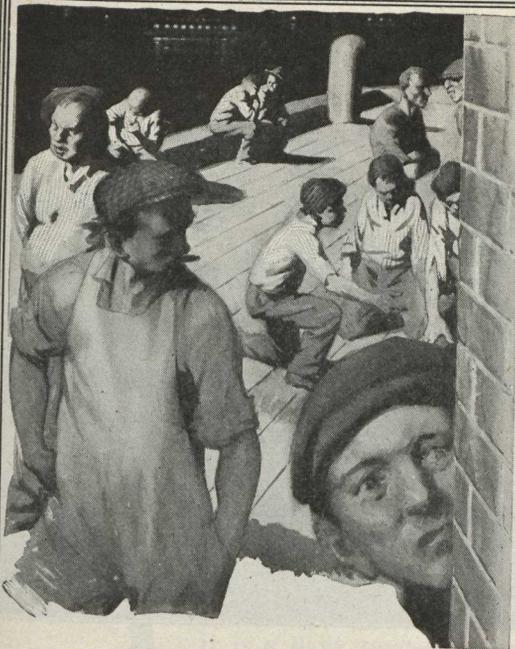
## Gangs of Tough Boys Breed Criminals

To know criminals, study their origin, study the years spent, as boy and man, with dissolute, lawless, perverted companions. Study the slow, inevitable death of every moral impulse. Study the finished product: debased, diseased, drug crazed — wholly dangerous.

Then admit that as long as society continues to breed thousands of criminals every year it is a civic duty for every honest man to protect himself and his family. The law has but one representative in your home—you are that representative. The

# IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Hammerless  
32 calibre  
6 shot



is well adapted for home defense. It is the most dependable, the simplest and quickest to operate, and the safest small arm that you can own. It is so safe that you can drop it, throw it against a wall or "Hammer the Hammer." Only by an intentional pull on the trigger can it be fired. It is equipped throughout with unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs.

**\$6 to \$8** at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

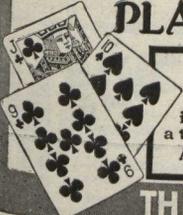
Send for 84-page book which tells all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works  
145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.  
99 Chambers St., New York  
717 Market St., San Francisco

**CONGRESS**  
50¢  
PLAYING CARDS

**HOYLE**  
UP-TO-DATE  
THE OFFICIAL RULES OF  
CARD GAMES  
ISSUED YEARLY  
SEND

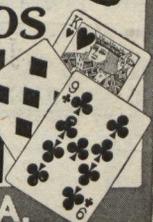
CLUB INDEXES  
**BICYCLE**  
25¢  
PLAYING CARDS



**For Social Play**  
Not to know Congress Playing Cards is to deny oneself a thousand pleasures.  
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes



**For General Play**  
Every why hath a wherefore. Bicycle Playing Cards are known and used the World over.  
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish



**THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.**



# CANADA

## Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

**W. D. SCOTT, Esq., Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.**

or

**J. OBED SMITH, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,  
11-13 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.**

It's good for  
little girls,  
too

Everybody — young  
and old loves the  
rich delicious flavor of



## EDWARDSBURG "Crown Brand" CORN SYRUP

It is a daily treat—the perfect sweet. Just what the children should have on Bread—costs far less than butter or preserves. Delicious with Hot Biscuits, and Batter Cakes. Gives a new delight to Baked Apples, Blanc-Mange and Puddings. Makes the best Candy you ever tasted.

31

"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup, not as pronounced in flavor as "Crown Brand." Your Grocer has both Brands, in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—or can easily get them for you.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal

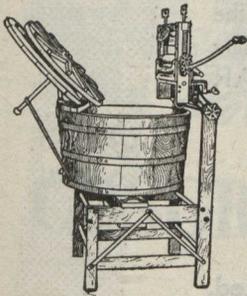
### THE CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER

is the solution to your Wash-Day Trials. Through it your washing is done in less than half the time required in any other way. By its improved method of washing the boiling hot suds are forced through every thread and fibre of the clothes, while the clothes, are also washed by the gentle rubbing of the rub-board. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics—stands ready to deliver at all times the most pleasing and satisfactory results.

*May we have your enquiry by early mail? We can supply a machine anywhere in Canada.*

J. H. Connor & Son, Limited

Ottawa, Ont.



**MAGIC TRICKS**

Let us send you two clever card tricks—puzzling to your audience, yet easy to do. Also booklets illustrating

numerous Magic and Card Tricks. All For **10¢**

We have a selected number of new Card Tricks Sent for **1.00** postpaid

13 N. 13th St. Phila., Pa.

THE MAGIC SHOP

### WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25¢ and 50¢ Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25¢ and 50¢. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Buy now and save money.  
You can buy CEETEE UNDERWEAR this Autumn, about one-third cheaper than you will probably have to pay for it next Autumn.

**“CEETEE”  
UNDERCLOTHING**  
ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE  
MEANS ECONOMY PLUS COMFORT

Wool has gone up from 50 to 75% in price since war was declared, yet “CEETEE” UNDERWEAR remains the same price at present because most “CEETEE” Dealers had the foresight to place their orders for fall requirements *before* the great advance in wool and yarns, also that we had a large stock of wool on hand, therefore made up what we could out of this stock at the **old prices**, but in the future we shall be compelled to charge higher prices according to the market price of wool thus CEETEE UNDERWEAR will, of necessity, cost more.

**Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers**

*In all Sizes, for Men, Women and Children*

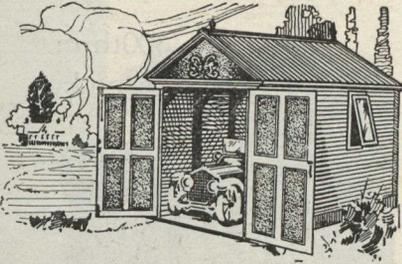
Made in Canada from all British material by

**THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited,  
GALT - - ONTARIO**

1753

**LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT**





## Own Your Own Garage And SAVE Rent

**PEDLAR'S** "Perfect" Garages are more ornamental, and much cheaper, than brick or wood. Easily erected. Sizes 10 ft. x 10 ft. to 12 ft. x 18 ft. Made in both types - *All Steel* and *Metal Clad*. All parts numbered and erection diagram supplied. Special sizes to order. Our new *Metal Clad* Garage is the best value ever offered for the money.

Apply branch nearest you for prices and full particulars.

**THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED**

ESTABLISHED 1861  
Executive Office and Factories 20-S  
OSHAWA - - - - - ONT.

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg

## It's not the stenographer's fault

The best operator in the world can't make unreliable carbon paper give satisfactory copies.

Supply her with MultiKopy and your records will be beautifully neat, clean and permanent. In black or blue, MultiKopy never fades.

MultiKopy copies often actually rival the original in neatness and legibility.

Canadian Distributors:  
**UNITED TYPEWRITER CO.**

135 Victoria St., Toronto, Canada  
**F. S. WEBSTER CO.**  
363 Congress Street  
Boston, Mass.

Makers of the famous  
**STAR BRAND**  
Typewriter Ribbons



Write for  
**FREE Sheet**



"MADE IN CANADA"

## IN THE HOME

and  
Everywhere

# COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

(Chill-Proof)

Leads them all. Bottled only at the Brewery.

For over half a century the Cosgrave Label has meant the best in Hop and Malt Beverages.

On Sale at all Hotels, Licensed Cafes and Dealers



As light as Lager,  
but better for you.

(W-77)



**Vapo Cresolene**  
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**For Whooping Cough,  
Spasmodic Croup,  
Asthma, Sore Throat,  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

**For Sale by all Druggists.**

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.**

# DON'T LOOK OLD!



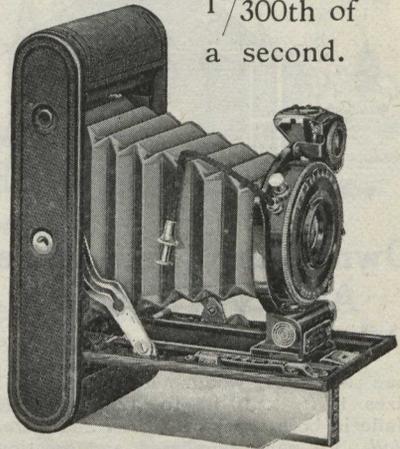
**BUT—**  
restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR

**HAIR RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

**75c. SOLD EVERYWHERE 75c.**  
Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing. This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., LTD., Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained from any chemists and stores throughout the world. Wholesale, Lyman Bros., Toronto.



1/300th of  
a second.

## No. 1 Autographic KODAK, *Special*

Small enough to go in  
the pocket—conveniently.

A shutter with a speed of 1/300 of a second, and of sufficient size to utilize the full working aperture of the lens. And the lens has more than speed, it has quality—and, what is equally important in a small camera, a sufficient length of focus to avoid distortion.

Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

Price with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat  
Lens, f. 6.3, - - - - \$45.00

*All Kodak dealers'.*

**CANADIAN KODAK CO.,  
Limited, Toronto.**



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.**



## NEW Book of Knox Gelatine

Recipes is just out—  
 we will send it to you

### FREE

Besides the NEW recipes for **Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Candies, Ice Creams and Ices**, this book contains the very latest in **Table Setting and Serving**. Valuable recipes, too, for the **Invalid and Convalescent**.

This is one of the NEW IDEAS from the NEW BOOK

### A SALAD-DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water	1 teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup mild vinegar	3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, and salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves, and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

Remember, the

**NEW BOOK IS FREE**

Just send us your grocer's name. If you wish a PINT SAMPLE, enclose a 2c stamp.

**CHAS. B. KNOX CO., Inc.**

599 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.  
 Packed in Montreal, P. Q. and Johnstown, N. Y.



## A SCORE OF HONORABLE YEARS

For twenty years the Kelsey warm air generator has been on the Canadian market. Its production solved the problem of house heating economically and satisfactorily.

The Kelsey is a warm air generator and is constructed entirely differently to ordinary hot air furnaces.

By patented fuel saving devices the Kelsey will save you 30% of your coal bills, thus paying for itself in a few years.

Twenty-five years ago in Cortland, New York, this generator was first used, and the results were so satisfactory that it rapidly came before the public and five years later the manufacture of it was started in Canada.

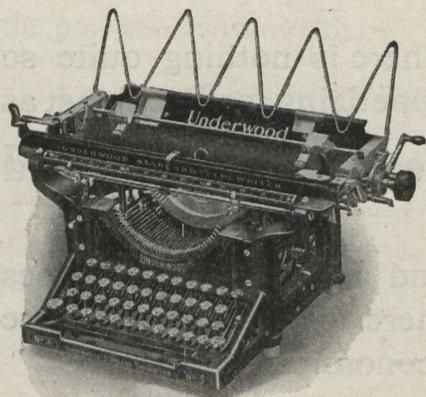
It is admittedly superior in every way to hot air furnaces.

Before installing your heating apparatus, let us submit facts to you to prove that the Kelsey will save you money and that it is superior to the hot air furnace.

**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited**  
BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO.

**T**HERE are thirty models of the UNDERWOOD- for every purpose of recording, accounting, or statistical work.

**C**oncerning one of these special purpose UNDERWOODS a manufacturer says:



“The condensed Billing Typewriter which you installed for us has saved its cost every three months. We consider it the best investment we ever made.”

**United Typewriter Company, Limited**  
Underwood Building  
135 Victoria Street, Toronto

"My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,  
Woodland, California.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething

SOLD EVERYWHERE

### A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's

### FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!



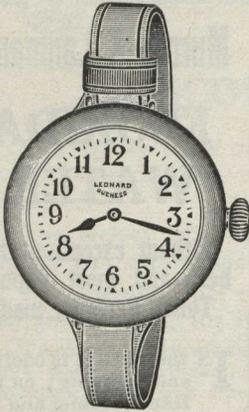
## MATCH SPECIALTIES

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING MATCHES FOR 64 YEARS NOW—DOMESTIC MATCHES AND EVERY OTHER KIND.

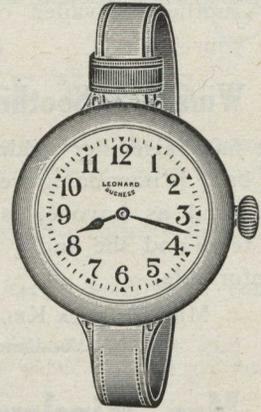
SOME OF OUR SPECIALTIES ARE "THE GASLIGHTER" WITH A 4¼ INCH STICK—THE "EDDYSTONE TORCH" FOR OUTDOOR USE (BURNS 35 SECONDS IN ANY WEATHER)—WAX VESTAS FOR THE SMOKER AND MANY OTHER VARIETIES.

FOR HOME USE THE MOST POPULAR MATCH IS  
THE "SILENT 5"

BUT FOR EVERY USE, ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
EDDY'S MATCHES



An Opportunity  
to secure a  
**Wrist Watch**  
**FREE**  
for a little work



**WE** have made arrangements with one of the largest watch factories in America whereby we are able to give to anyone securing us two new yearly subscriptions to *The Canadian Magazine* a Duchess Wrist Watch.

This Watch is stem wind, pendant set, short rounded stem exactly as illustrated, and is made in solid silver nickle and gun metal finished cases with strong leather straps.

An absolute guarantee goes with each watch which ensures service and satisfaction.

*The Canadian Magazine* is the only standard high-class magazine published in Canada and should be in every home. The subscription price is \$2.50 per year.

This is a splendid opportunity for the boys and girls to earn a watch for themselves. The Wrist Watch is now considered the correct thing for either ladies or gentlemen.

In order to secure this Watch send us \$5.00, and the names of two new yearly subscribers, and we will forward it to you post-paid.

On Subscriptions to be sent to the United States  
add 50 cents to each subscription for postage.

Address:

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**

WATCH DEPARTMENT

200 Adelaide Street W. - TORONTO, Ont.



**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**

**Canada's Best**

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole—ground—pulverized—  
also Fine Ground for Percolators.

**CHASE & SANBORN,  
MONTREAL.**



**Try Seven Bran Days**

Bran is not a cathartic. Its benefit comes from habitual use. A week of bran will win you to having every week like that.

Pettijohn's is a morning dainty made by flaking a special soft white wheat. Into the flakes we roll 25% of tender, unground bran. Thus we make an efficient, delicious bran food.

Next week serve it every morning. Then let its results decide the weeks to come. Just prove its goodness and its good effects.

**Pettijohn's**

*Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes*

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

**THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY**  
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.  
West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask. 1130

**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED**  
Office Records. Send sketch for free search of Patent  
**HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT** and **WHAT TO INVENT** with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes **FREE**  
offered for inventions sent free. Patent's advertised  
**WANTED, NEW IDEAS.** Send for our List of Patent Buyers  
**VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 835F Washington, D.C.**

**DRAWING FOR MONEY**



Are you fond of Drawing? Fondness means talent. Turn your talent into money-earning channels by learning how to illustrate.

A few months of your spare time will fit you for this profitable work. Our courses were prepared by 6 of the ablest Artists on the continent.

We have successful graduates everywhere. One of our recent graduates in Fashion Drawing was placed in an excellent position at a good salary.

We can do the same for you—fill in name and address—cut out this Ad. and mail today.

Name.....  
Address.....

**SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
393 YONGE ST., TORONTO.**

# Faces As Fair As A Summer's Day

**Are Possible if Stuart's Calcium  
Wafers are Used for a Short  
Time After Each Meal.**

Many people have been heard to say that they used creams and lotions for years without effect, yet after five or six days of Stuart's Calcium Wafers their complexions were perfectly clear.

They contain no poisonous drug of any kind, are perfectly harmless and can be taken with absolute freedom, and they work almost like magic. Calcium Sulphide, their principal ingredient, is the greatest blood-cleanser known to science.

No matter how bad your skin may be. Stuart's Calcium Wafers will quickly work wonders with it. It's goodbye to blackheads, pimples, acne, boils, rash, eczema and a dirty "filled-up" complexion. You can get a box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents a box, and you will be positively delighted with their wonderful effect.

### FREE TRIAL COUPON

**F. A. STUART CO., 305 Stuart Bldg., MARSHALL, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name .....

Street .....

City.....Prov.....



## GENUINE DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20% down, \$1, \$2 or \$3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

**Write to-day for catalogue, it is free.**

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection, at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly.

**JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers,**  
15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Canada.

### IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 940 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 a month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.



*The General says:*

When you find this label on a roll of Asphalt Roofing it is guaranteed by its maker who knows how well it is made. Your own local dealer will tell you all about the responsibility that stands behind our guarantee on

# Certain-teed

## Roofing

The guarantee of 5, 10 or 15 years for 1, 2 or 3 ply Certain-teed is backed by the largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the world.

This roofing has given excellent service on all classes of buildings for years and years. It costs less and gives a better service than metal roofing, wood shingles, and many other types of roofings. Certain-teed Roofs all over the country are outliving the period of the guarantee. All Certain-teed products are reasonable in price. Ask your dealer.

## General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

*World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers*

New York City	Chicago	Philadelphia	St. Louis
Boston	Cleveland	Pittsburgh	Detroit
Cincinnati	Minneapolis	Kansas City	San Francisco
Atlanta	Houston	London	Hamburg
			Seattle
			Sydney



# O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

**Watch the Label  
You want the Best**

**The Light Beer in  
the Light Bottle**

400

# “JULIAN SALE”

The Name behind the Goods is your Guarantee for the Quality.

## Fine Leather Goods



### Practical and Useful for Presentation and Gift Giving

By the time you are reading this it will be high time to be giving some thought to gift giving and as such a stock as the “Julian Sale” fine leather goods presents so many opportunities for suggestion of the practical and useful, it is timely to make mention of it—and it matters not whether your giving must be of the most modest in price, or may be selected without regard to the cost of them the “Julian Sale” assortments will meet every demand for man or woman, and every article chosen be something useful—sensible—serviceable—attractive and practical.

Trunks, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Club Bags, Kit Bags, Fitted Dressing Bags, English Morocco Dressing Cases, Folding and Roll-up Dressing Cases, Ladies Hand Bags, Letter Cases, Writing Cases, Music Holders, Military Brushes in Leather Cases, Parisian Ivory Goods in Manicure and Toilet Requirements, Collar Bags, Glove Boxes, Sewing Bags and Baskets, Jewel Cases, Cigarette and Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Purses, Wallets, Bill Folds and a host of other things in Leather.

## SPECIAL

The “Rite-hite” Wardrobe Trunks \$33 to \$75

The “Berth-high” Steamer Wardrobe Trunks - - - \$30 to \$50

Write for Special Catalogue and Wardrobe Trunk Booklet

**THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS  
COMPANY, LIMITED**

105 King Street West, Toronto





# Your Fall Hunting Trip

Make Your Arrangements  
Now as Good Guides Can-  
not be Secured at a Day's  
Notice.

The Finest Trophy a Sportsman Can Show  
is a Moosehead

HAVE YOU GOT YOURS YET?

If not get out your gun and try your luck at any of those districts along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where the hunting is always good. New Brunswick, Northern Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia.

For further particulars call or write to any Canadian Pacific Agent, or  
M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Toronto.



HUNTING SEASON 1915

---

# The Highlands of Ontario

OFFER THE BEST OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOTH  
LARGE AND SMALL GAME

## The Grand Trunk Railway System

AFFORDS FINE SERVICE  
TO ALL THE DISTRICTS IN "THE HIGHLANDS"

---

### OPEN SEASON

DEER—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.

MOOSE—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.

In some of the Northern districts of Ontario, including Timagami, the open season is from October 16 to November 15th inclusive.

---

Write to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; or any agent of the Grand Trunk System for copy of "Playgrounds of Canada," giving open seasons for all game, Game Laws, etc.

**G. T. BELL**  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
Montreal

**W. P. HINTON**  
Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager  
Montreal



A famous Boston jewelry store of over half a century ago.

*"That's the make of silver-plate that we received when we were married, and we still have some that was mother's"*

*Continental Pattern*

**A**t the best stores you will be offered to-day as the leading brand of silver-plate the same make that merchants of fifty years and more ago recommended to their customers.

It is quite the proper thing to start housekeeping with 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears". Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

*At leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "F-23"*

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited**

**HAMILTON, CANADA**

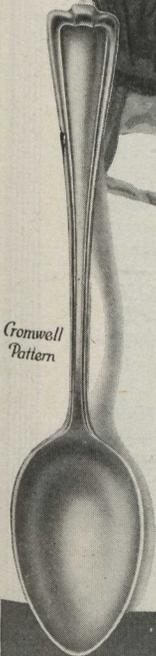
**MERIDEN, CONN.**

**NEW YORK**

**CHICAGO**

**SAN FRANCISCO**

*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate*



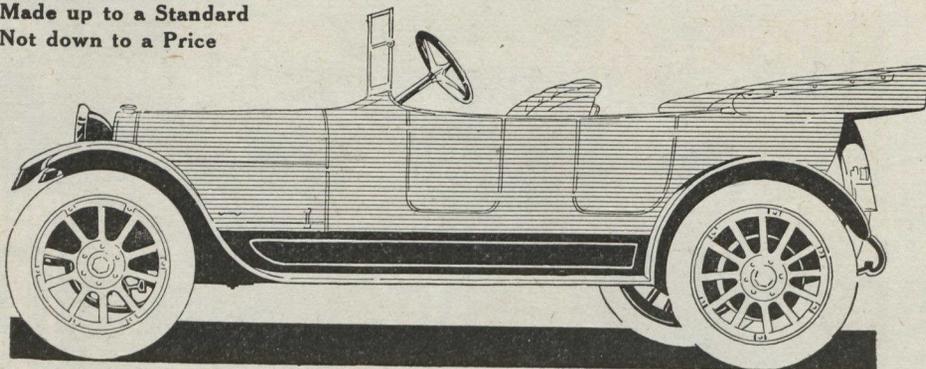
*Gronwall Pattern*



**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

Made up to a Standard  
Not down to a Price



*Russell*  
LIGHT SIX  
\$1475

When you step through the wide doors of the Russell Light Six, and stretch out in the deep, well-cushioned tonneau, you realize the importance of *length* in a motor car. The day-after-day pleasure of driving in a big, roomy car makes *long wheel-base* a thing to be demanded.

When you turn off the macadam on to the rough, unmade roads, you are grateful for the *extra clearance* Russell designers have provided in this car. Safety and freedom from annoying break-downs loom large in the family touring car.

*The Russell Light Six has a wheel-base of 121 inches. Road clearance 10 1-2 inches. Tires 33 x 4 inches.*

Motor—Continental  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. bore x  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. stroke, a unit with transmission and clutch. WESTINGHOUSE two-unit electric starter and lighting system with double-bulb searchlights. UNDERSLUNG REAR SPRINGS, FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE, with worm-bevel gears. VACUUM FUEL FEED, ONE MAN TOP. NON-SKID TIRES on rear wheels. European Streamline body with oval fenders. Touring—\$1475. Cabriolet—\$1825.

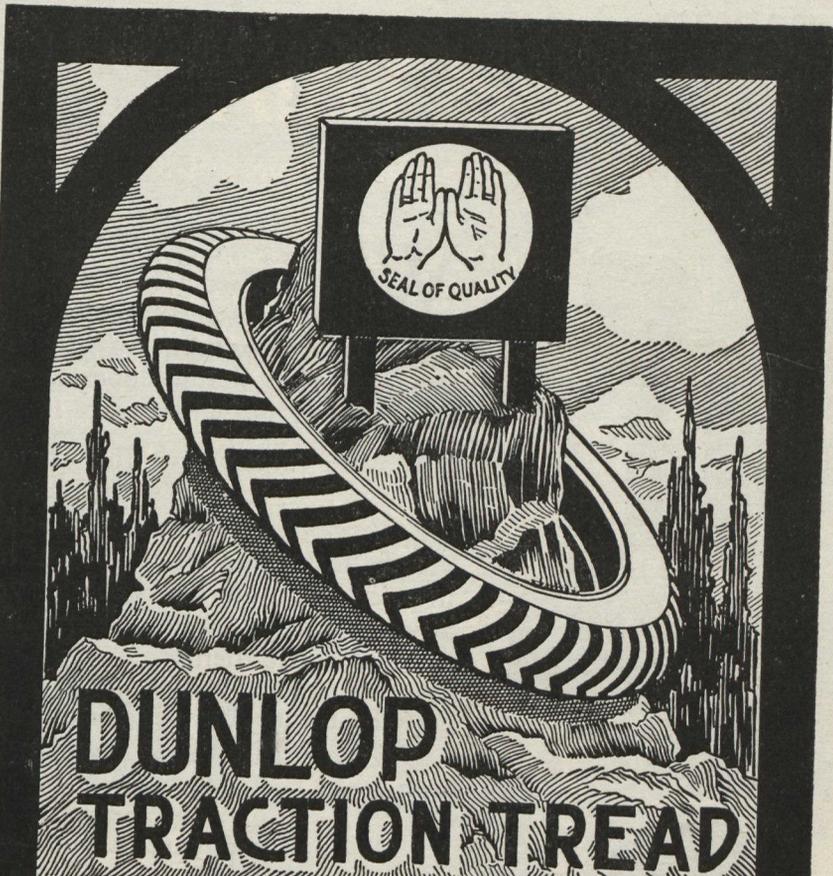
RUSSELL KNIGHT "32"—the answer to the demand for luxurious perfection, for power smooth as flowing oil. A car with the Royal Motor—the KNIGHT—coupled with elegance and grace in appointments. Four-cylinder Knight Motor. Timken Axles (rear with full floating worm-bevel gears). Two-unit Electric Starting and Lighting System. Five passenger—\$2650. Seven passenger—\$2750.

**RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED**

Executive Offices and Works: West Toronto

Branches: Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Sole Canadian Licensees Knight Motor



# DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD

Asked how he recognized a Traction Tread Tire in action so easily, a motorist said, "Why, look at the fine features of that fellow!" Those who value time and detest annoying delays are never without "THE MASTER TIRE."

**DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS Co., Limited.**

Head Office: TORONTO.

Branches in leading cities.

Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carriages, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling and General Rubber Specialties.

T. 117

Canadian  
Made

# Telephones



Presto-Phone Desk Telephone



Best Bridging Telephone Made

**W**E make Telephone Equipment for any Service, and we make it for any person at a reasonable price, and without any conditions attached except that if it does not work satisfactorily we will replace it.

Why not support the manufacturers who invested their money in the telephone business and made service better, telephone equipment lower in price and made it possible for you or anyone else to buy telephones if you wanted to use them.

**Telephones for the Home, the Factory, the Rural System or the Town and City.**

We can take care of your wants.

Information will be supplied promptly.

No. 3 Bulletin tells how to build rural systems No. 4 Bulletin describes the telephones for such systems.

No. 5 Bulletin illustrates the Presto-Phone, the latest and best system for private service.

Write us for Telephone information.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co.,

LIMITED

263 Adelaide Street West

Toronto, Ont.

# FAIRY SOAP

FAIRY SOAP is most refreshing and agreeable for toilet and bath use.

It is made of choicest materials; it lathers freely and cleanses easily in any kind of water; FAIRY SOAP floats. Each cake is kept clean and sweet by the dainty tissue wrapper and the individual box in which it is enclosed.

With all its purity, convenience and pleasing qualities, FAIRY SOAP costs but little.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL

*The floating  
oval cake  
fits the hand*

"Have You a  
Little Fairy in  
Your Home?"



# For Stains and Spots

Easily Removes  
Fruit-Coffee-Vinegar-  
and Other Stains  
From Such Things As  
Oil-Cloth Table-Tops



MADE IN CANADA

# Big Ben

Made in La Salle and  
Peru, Ill. by Westclox.



## For Those Dark Mornings

A frosty tang in the morning air makes you snuggle the bedclothes tight. A lazy sun makes the night stay late, so it's easy to sleep on through.

Big Ben's right there with a tuneful call to tell you it's morning time. The hearty cheer of his "Come on, pal!" sticks with you the whole day long.

He'll be right there with his mellow chime whatever hour you set. He'll ease your eyes open with ten gentle, half-minute rings, thirty seconds apart, or he'll rouse you with one vigorous five-minute signal. Once you're awake a touch of a switch stops him short in either call.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, slender, well built, handsome; business-like, efficient, accurate. Judge him on performance—he'll more than fulfill his promise.

He's waiting for you at your dealer's. His price anywhere in the United States is \$2.50; in Canada, \$3.00. If your dealer doesn't stock him a money order addressed to "Westclox, La Salle, Illinois," will bring him to your door postpaid.

**There is Much  
to be  
Thankful For**

After one changes from coffee  
to well-made

**POSTUM**

—the pure food drink.

A ten days' trial shows the way  
to health and comfort—

**“There's a Reason”**



*Taylor's*

**TOOTH PASTE**

**Delightful — Refreshing  
Cleansing — Antiseptic**

MEDALS 38 AWARDS  
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.  
TORONTO**



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**



The very soul of the flowers is caught and held captive in this exquisite perfume of

*Taylor's*

—the first perfumers in Canada, and the creators of distinctive perfumes that rival the choicest of the old world.

**PANDORA**  
PERFUME

is a fascinating fragrance—alluring, subtle and thoroughly feminine. The Perfume, par excellence, for dainty women

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD. TORONTO**