

APRIL, 1913

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS



THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

MOONEY'S

SUGAR WAFERS



are
two spicy layers
of Crisp biscuit
Crusts, with a delicious
Cream filling.
Suitable for all
occasions. In tin
boxes, 10c and
25c sizes.

EASY ECONOMIES

Nothing goes to Waste
when you use

Pears

It is of such complete
PURITY and of such
incomparable quality
that every particle of it
comes into use as Soap.

PEARS

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XL.

Contents April, 1913

No. 6

MEETING OF CHRIST AND MARY MAG- DALENE FROM THE PAINTING BY TITIAN	FRONTISPIECE	
THE GRAPE FESTIVALS AT SPENCER GRANGE ILLUSTRATED	Bernard Muddiman	501
PROVINCE OR NATION?	John Lewis	512
THE LOST SHIPMATE. VERSE	Theodore Goodridge Roberts	515
THE MARTIAL VERSE OF CANADIAN POETESSES	J. D. Logan	516
MANY LONDONS ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL	Britton B. Cooke	523
THE STRATEGY OF HSU. FICTION	Ashby Ford	530
NEE CORRIGAN. FICTION	Robert Barr	533
THE SPECTRE OF RUDALL PLACE. FIC- TION	Edwin Pugh	539
SPRING IN THE FOOTHILLS. VERSE	Peregrine Aeland	546
JAMAICA. ILLUSTRATED	Lewis W. Clemens	547
THE POSTMISTRESS AT ST. MONIQUE DE GONZAQUE. FICTION.	Ben Deacon	556
THE EMANCIPATION OF SANDY MAC- GREGOR. FICTION.	M. C. Ramsay	562
A PAGAN PRAYER. VERSE	Virna Sheard	568
THE MASSE SHOT. FICTION.	W. Lyttleton Cassels	569
NOTTINGHAM THROUGH THE AGES. ILLUSTRATED	H. Linton Eccles	571
EDMONTON CASUALLY	W. Lacey Amy	577
THE LIBRARY TABLE. With Criticisms of Dr. Logan's article, "A Decade of Canadian Poetry," and a Reply		580
TWICE-TOLD TALES.	Current Humour	591

\$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, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.

Copyright, Canada, 1912, by The Ontario Publishing Co. (Limited.)

Hotel Cecil

LONDON

Interesting Facts about the World's Greatest Hotel

THIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground.

Its tastefully furnished and quietly situated bedrooms can accommodate 850 guests. The bathrooms number 400, and altogether there are over 1,200 apartments of various kinds.

The public restaurants are among the finest in the world, and the Banqueting Halls can seat 2,500 persons.

The CECIL is independent of municipal water supply, having its own wells, sunk 450 ft., from which, with its own hydraulic machinery, it obtains the purest water in London.

This wonderful hotel makes its own ice, its refrigerating machinery yielding an output of some 6 tons daily. At times of ice-famine, by no means rare in London, it is therefore always independent of outside sources for the supply of this very necessary luxury.

The CECIL has its own electric light plant—the largest private installation in Europe. The hotel is therefore independent of the public supply.

The CECIL maintains, on the premises, its own laundry, employing a laundry staff of some 80 persons. Guests can give out their linen over-night, and have it got up ready for donning in the morning. This laundry is responsible

for some 80,000 pieces per week.

Ask at the Travel Bureau of this Magazine for copy of the Hotel Cecil Booklet. This shows, by text and illustration, some of the luxuries of the Hotel's interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information that will be found very useful to the intending visitor to London.

for some 80,000 pieces per week.

The great kitchens which cater for the large population of this small town require a staff of 120,—in the persons of bakers, pastrycooks, butchers, cooks, etc.

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 400. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

There is a floor at the Cecil known as the Indian Floor. The Smoking Room, American Bar and Grill Room are all daintily decorated in pure Indian style, and these apartments offer a peculiar sense of Eastern luxury and restfulness to the tired visitor sated with the fatiguing arduous of "doing" London.

A notable feature of the world's greatest hotel is its tariff. This is no more expensive than the tariffs of lesser establishments. Meals in the charming Empire Restaurants can be had at PRIX-FIXE, and single bedrooms or the most elaborate suite are available at modest tariffs.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU
TORONTO, CANADA

THE MAY CANADIAN

THE WOODEN WALLS OF CANADA

By CHARLES S. BLUE

Just now, when there is so much discussion about a navy, this article will be read with intense interest. It shows that Canada already has a naval history of more than a hundred years in extent.

OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN

All who have read Mr. Haultain's "Two Country Walks in Canada" and "The Mystery of Golf" will want to read this humorous, satirical, ironical appreciation of the Oxford habit. Mr. Haultain knows Oxford better than many who claim her as their Alma Mater. His essay is a masterpiece of its kind.

A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION

By J. C. SUTHERLAND

The Inspector-General of Public Schools in Quebec Province reviews some of our weaknesses in systems of education and makes valuable suggestions, particularly along the lines of agriculture.

UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES

By WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

The Honourable Mr. Riddell reviews an old volume of travel sketches by Dr. John Howison, in which some interesting comment is made on the people and places encountered in Upper Canada about 100 years ago. This review was announced for the April number, but it is held over for May.

SPRING IN THE BEECH WOODS

By DUNCAN ARMBRUST

This is the kind of descriptive article that takes one back to one's boyhood days in the country—days full of the charm and mystery of budding life. The illustrations are exceptionally fine.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

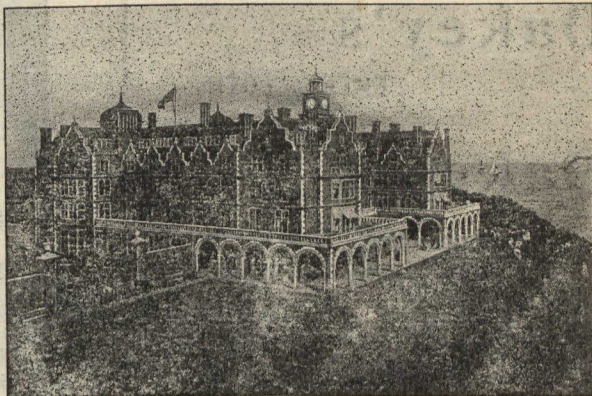
TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION
 : : : PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS POST PAID. : : :

When in England Canadian Visitors should stay at
THE FELIX HOTEL
FELIXSTOWE

The Most Select and Sunny Seaside Resort.

On the East Coast, 80 miles from London. A convenient starting point for Continental Tours (*Hook of Holland Route*).

Charmingly situated on the Cliff-edge, this fine hotel faces South and Sea: with 15 Acres of beautiful "Old - Time" gardens terracing to the shore.



20 Tennis Courts, 10 Croquet Lawns.
 Golf Links, and all other Sports.
 High-class Cuisine. Band. Select Dances. Garage.
Write to Manager for Illustrated Booklet.

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.

IT HAS NO EQUAL
 FOR KEEPING
 THE SKIN
 SOFT,
 SMOOTH,
 AND WHITE
 AT ALL SEASONS

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

Beetham's
La-rola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING

after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, CHAPS, Etc.
 INVALUABLE for Preserving THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION from the effects of the FROST, COLD WINDS and HARD WATER

Ask your Chemist for La-rola, and accept no substitute.

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, LTD.

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

H.P. SAUCE

is the new
Sauce imported
from England.

It is made by blending together the most delicious Oriental fruits and spices, with Pure Malt Vinegar by a secret process.

The Grocers and Stores over here are already selling H.P. Sauce.

Buy a bottle to-day!



**The Painful Plight,
Does him confound,
His friend Fluxite,
Can not be found.**

Essential in every tool kit is

FLUXITE

the paste that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Anyone can do soldering work with Fluxite. Practical men will have it.

Of Ironmongers & Stores in Small and Large Tins.

The 'FLUXITE' SOLDERING SET, with which is included a pamphlet on 'Soldering Work' contains a special 'small space' soldering iron with non-heating metal handle, a pocket blow lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

Price \$1.32, post paid direct.

AUTO-CONTROLLER CO., 266 Vienna Road,
Bermondsey, Eng.



The Dentifrice of Royalty

What dentifrice would a queen naturally choose? Surely the cream of the world's finest productions. Thus, Queen Alexandra's selection of

GOSNELL'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE

suggests at once to you that it must be better than anything you have ever tried. Learn today the new delight of this exquisite preparation.

The famous Cherry Blossom Perfume is also used by Queen Alexandra. An exquisite article. At your druggist's, or write

NERLICH & COMPANY
146 Front Street West - Toronto

For sale by the seven Owl Drug
Stores in Toronto.

NEW SUMMER CLOTHING FABRICS of "Old Country" Quality and Style

For Quality and Style "Old Country" Fabrics are pre-eminent, and because of their excellence of make and finish, their superior quality and dependable character, they are in great demand in almost every part of the world, and are exceedingly popular in Canada.

Egerton Burnett, Ltd.'s New Summer Ranges consist of a choice variety of Costume Tweeds, Habit Cloths, Cheviots, Plain and Fancy Wool Poplins, Fancy Corduroys, Alpacas, Whipcords, Coatings, Motor Tweeds, Hopsacks, Nuns' Veilings, Delaines, Cotton Poplins, "Tobralcos," Prints, Linens, Cambrics, Casement Cloths, Voiles, Foulards, Zephyrs, Muslins, etc., in the new fashionable self colors, fancy mixtures and choice color combinations, for Ladies' and Children's wear.

Also English, Irish, and Scotch Tweeds of most reliable makes, "Wellington" Suitings, "Excelsior" and "Wontarewilware" Suitings, Trouserings, Breeches Cloths, Covert Coatings, Overcoatings, etc., in refined colorings and designs, fashionable and distinctive, for Gentlemen and Boys.

Black Dress Materials and Black "Dress Suit" Fabrics a specialty.



BY APPOINTMENT
To H.M.
THE QUEEN.



26 Royal and Imperial
Warrants of Appointment.

E. B. Ltd.'s Pure Wool "Royal" Navy Serges, Estamenes and Coatings

are excellent Clothing Fabrics with a rich permanent color which effectively resists light, sun, and sea air, and does not turn a bad shade.

This is a Positive Fact

based on the experience of Ladies and Gentlemen who have proved it to their great satisfaction.

Nearly 40 Years' Reputation

for Excellence of Quality, Good Appearance, and Lasting Wear.

Prices from 49 cts. to \$3.30 per yard, double width, in many qualities and weaves.

Also in Black, Grey, Cream, Brown, Green, Helio, Saxe, Moss, Cardinal, Plum, etc.

TAILORING AND DRESSMAKING TO MEASURE, A SPECIALTY

Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to satisfy their individual taste in choice of fabric and style of garment are invited to examine E. B. Ltd.'s Samples and their New Styles for the Summer Season. Their fabrics have a world-wide reputation for Quality and Refinement, and their made-to-measure Costumes and Suits are noted for Fit, Style and Workmanship.

READ THIS VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY.

C. L. G.—Esq., wrote:—"I am very pleased with the Clothes indeed: they are a perfect fit, and I would like you to keep measurements."—Red Deer, Alta, Canada, 3.2.13.

Summer Samples, Price Lists of made-to-measure Clothing, Illustrations of Styles, Measurement Blanks, etc., mailed on request.



No 893

Stylish Costume as illustration made to order in superior quality Habit Cloth, in a variety of new fashionable colors, for \$14.95. Also in Sterlingworth "Royal" Navy Serge—a beautifully soft make with a rich appearance and permanent color, for \$18.15. And in cheaper materials from \$7.05



No. 98

Suit made to order as illustration, or in the Canadian Style, in "Wellington" Suitings, for \$15.45. These suitings are made from fine quality wools in a variety of high-class striped designs, are soft in texture and light in weight. Also in cheaper Suitings, from \$11.45.

ADDRESS

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.

R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England

VINOLIA

*Toilet Requisites
Soaps & Perfumes*



Those who take a just pride in the delicate condition of their skin use VINOLIA with confidence, for they know VINOLIA cannot harm, but always soothes even a neglected complexion. * * * *

VINOLIA CREAM - - - Price 35 cents and 50 cents per box.
VINOLIA POWDER - - - Price 35 cents and 50 cents per box.
VINOLIA OTTO OF ROSE SOAP - Price 30 cents per Tablet

On Sale at all good Druggists or Stores.

HORROCKSES' FLANNELETTES

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 comfortable material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE, they would avoid the risk they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

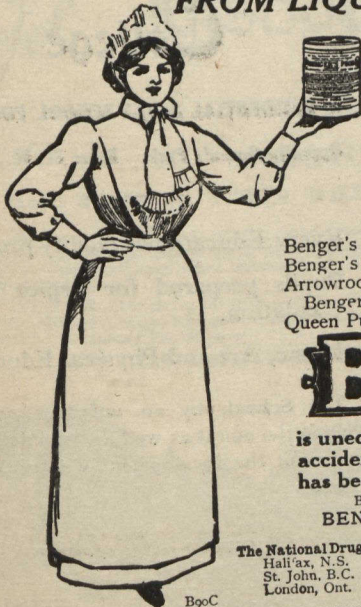
See the name "HORROCKSES" on the Selvedge every two yards.

ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION yards.

Awarded the Certificate of The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER and LONDON.

HOW BENER'S FOOD PROVIDES A CHANGE FROM LIQUID MILK DIET FOR INVALIDS.



Invalids gradually recovering strength and who yet require light diet will find the special recipes in Benger's Booklet a welcome change from liquid or semi-liquid foods. These dishes, consisting as they do largely of Benger's Food, will be found exceedingly appetising, most digestible, and very nutritious for Invalids.

Some of the Recipes:

Benger's Food with Chocolate.
Benger's Food and Raw Egg.
Arrowroot Pudding made with Benger's.
Queen Pudding made with Benger's.

Benger's Food thickened.
Sago Pudding made with Benger's.
Ground Rice made with Benger's, etc.

Benger's Food

is unequalled when the digestive system is weakened through accident, pain or illness, and whenever a light sustaining diet has become a necessity.

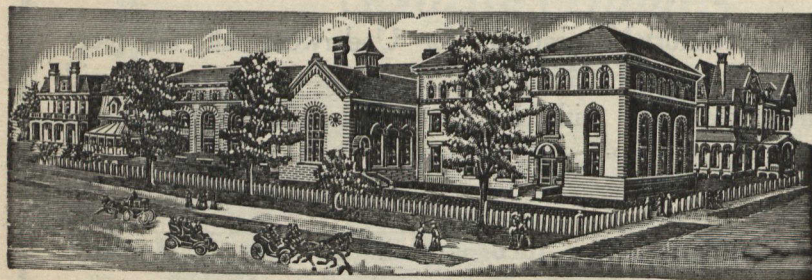
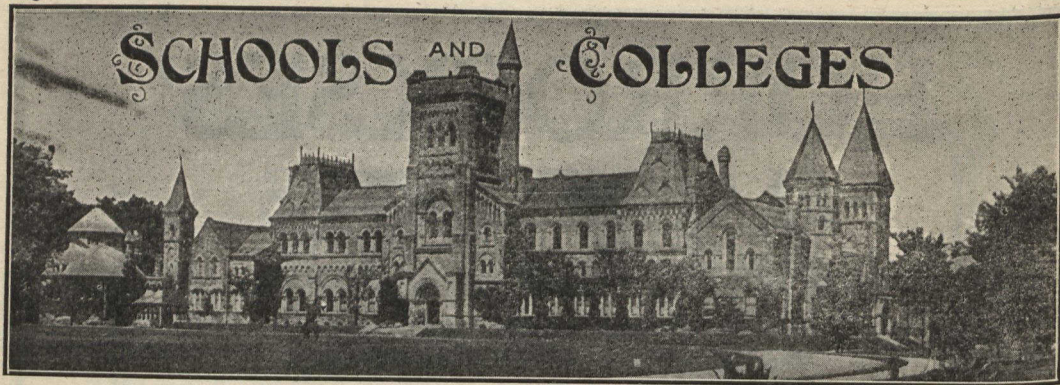
Booklets and Samples may be obtained post free from the Manufacturers—
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester, ENG.

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. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B.C. Nelson, B.C.
St. John, B.C. Toronto, Ont. Victoria, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
London, Ont. Hamilton, Ont. Calgary, Alta. Regina, Sask.

through whom supplies may be obtained.



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

YEAR BOOK for 1912-13 will be mailed on application. **Special Calendar** for School of Expression

**Faculty of 100
Specialists.**

**Students may enter
at any time.**

**Women's
Residences.**

Westminster College

A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Opposite Queen's Park. Bloor St. W., Toronto

Every Educational facility provided.

Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.

Music, Art and Physical Education.

The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

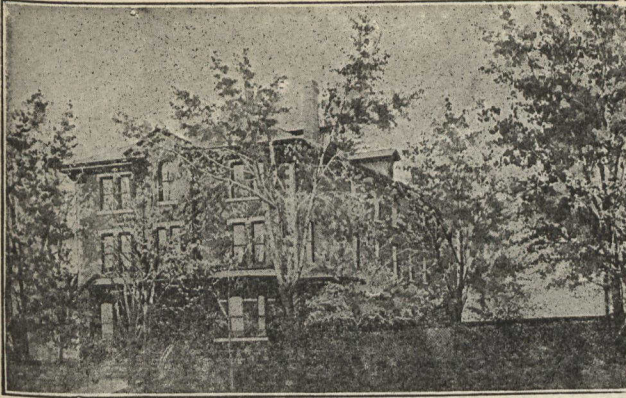
Calendar mailed on request.

JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C., President.

MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal.



WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, TORONTO



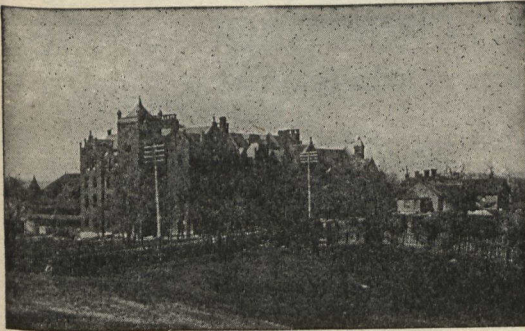
Glen Mawr

SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO
A Boarding and Day School for Girls

Principal—MISS J. J. STUART
 (Successor to Miss Veals)
 Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England

Large well-ventilated house, pleasantly situated. Highly qualified staff of Canadian and European teachers. The curriculum in both Lower and Upper Schools shows close touch with modern thought and education. Preparation if desired for matriculation examinations. Special attention given to individual needs, Outdoor Games, Rink.

New Prospectus from Miss STUART



Trinity College School

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO
Residential School for Boys

FOUNDED 1865

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.

For Calendar apply to
REV. OSWALD RICBY, M. A. (Cambridge) L.L.D.
 HEADMASTER



Bishop's College School

LENNOXVILLE P.Q.

Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

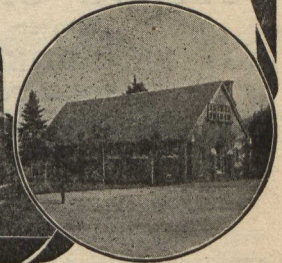
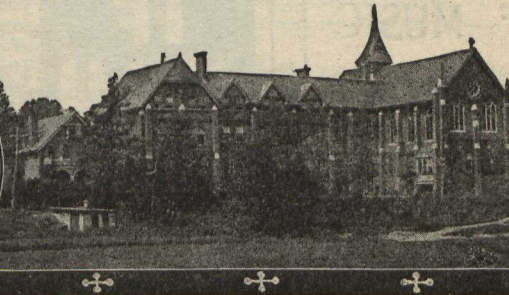
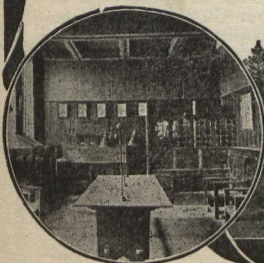
Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

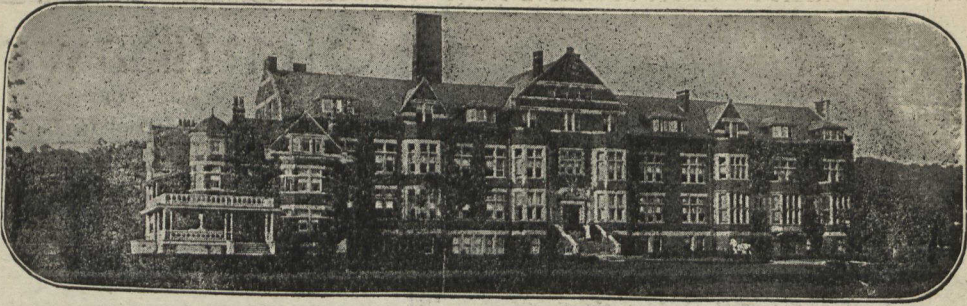
All B.C.S. candidates for Matriculation into the Royal Military College Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

FOR CALENDARS, INFORMATION, Etc., APPLY TO THE HEAD MASTER.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

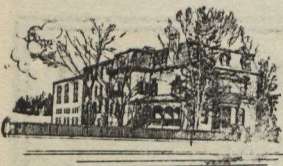
Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.





ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. UPPE¹⁴ and LOWER SCHOOLS. Calendar sent on application. **REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER** Summer Term Commences April 1st, 1913.



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.

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

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

Successes:
1st Place McGill Science
Matric. in 1910 and 1912

MONTREAL

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED

12-14 PEMBROKE STREET TORONTO

F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.

PIANO ORGAN VOCAL VIOLIN THEORY

Fully qualified staff of teachers in each department.
Calendar and Syllabus sent free on application

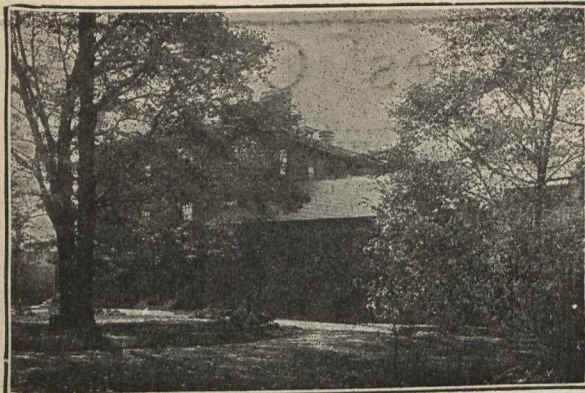
IF YOU WISH

A Business Education, you cannot do better than to plan for a course in one of our Business Schools—The Central Business College of Toronto with Four City Branch Schools.

All give thorough and practical courses of training which qualify our students to earn good salaries. Our free catalogue explains fully. Write for it.

W. H. SHAW, President

395 Yonge Street Toronto



Bishop Strachan School

WYKEHAM HALL

College Street TORONTO

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

Pres.—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls. Full Matriculation Course. Elementary Work—Domestic Arts—Music and Painting.

Principal: Miss Walsh,

Vice-Principal: MISS NATION.

Also at 221 Lonsdale Ave., a Branch Junior Day School.



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

278 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed, and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

St. Jerome's College **BERLIN, ONT.**

Residential School for Boys and Young Men.

COURSES: BUSINESS, HIGH-SCHOOL, COLLEGE COURSES.

New Buildings, Hygienic Equipments, Private Rooms, Shower Baths,

Fine New Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Running Track, Auditorium.

Rates Very Moderate.

Rev. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., Pres.

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

Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

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 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.

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION

IDEALLY SITUATED—EFFICIENT STAFF—ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Calendar and Particulars promptly sent on application.

REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M. A., Ph. H., D. D., President.

Havergal Ladies' College

JARVIS STREET

TORONTO

PRINCIPAL

MISS KNOX

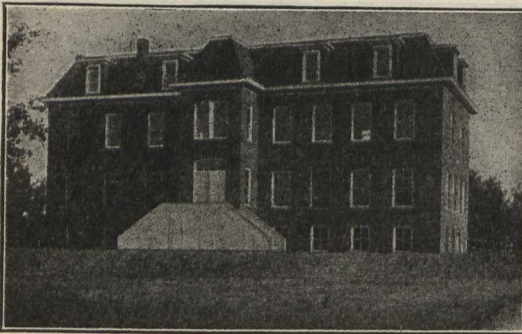
Thorough education on modern lines. Preparation for honour matriculation and other examinations. Separate Junior School, Domestic Science Department, Gymnasium, Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

HAVERGAL-ON-THE-HILL - College Heights, Toronto
Junior School

For the convenience of pupils resident in the Northern and Western parts of the City. Large Playing Grounds of nearly four acres—cricket, tennis, basketball, hockey. Under the direct supervision of Miss Knox, assisted by specialists in Junior School teaching and in Languages.

For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar.

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas



A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls

St. Alban's Ladies' College

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

President—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan

Regular Course of Study—That laid down by the Department of Education. Pupils prepared for the Universities for the Normal School, for the Examination of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and for the Royal Drawing Society. Fully Qualified Staff. Special attention given to Language and Music. High and healthy situation. Good grounds and Tennis Court. Steam Heating and Electric Light. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

For Illustrated Booklet (all information) apply to Lady 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.

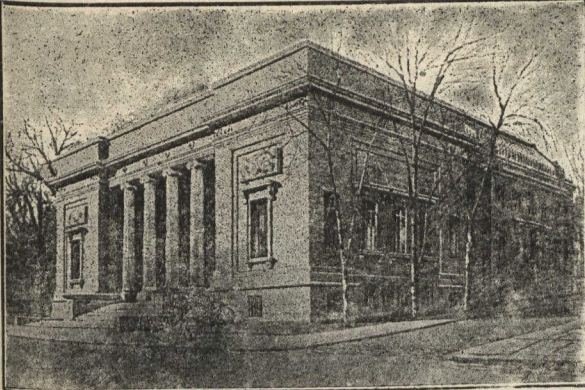
The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

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.



Art Association OF MONTREAL

The Schools of Art in connection with the galleries are now open. **Senior, Elementary, Life, Antique and Painting** Classes.

Application should be made to
J. B. ABBOTT, Secretary
Write for Prospectus



ARTISTS, COLLEGES and STUDENTS Using Oil and Water Colors should write for our Catalog

Special Discounts to out of town Customers.
Trade discount to Dealers.

We are Agents for—

CAMBRIDGE COLORS (Madderton & Co.)

MEDICI PRINTS (Medici Society)

**MANSELL'S COLORED and PLAIN PLATINUM
and CARBON PICTURES of Old Masters**

**ARTISTS' SUPPLY CO. 77½ YORK STREET
TORONTO**

ASHBURY COLLEGE

Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa

**RESIDENT and DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOYS.**

Modern, fireproof buildings. Excellent Sanitation. Ten acres of playing fields. Gymnasium. Careful preparation for R. M. College, Universities and R. Canadian Navy. The last seven years all candidates for R. M. C. entrance passed, one first place. For Calendar apply:

**Rev. Geo. P. Woolcombe, M. A. (Oxon.)
Headmaster.**

Branksome Hall

10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto

**A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS.**

Hon. Principal, **MISS SCOTT,**

Principal, **MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.**

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Well equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playgrounds. Outdoor games—Tennis, Basketball, Rink, Healthful locality, Primary school for day pupils. For prospectus apply to The Secretary.



There's Money in ART

Practical Illustrators earn good incomes. We teach you **RIGHT AT HOME** this very interesting profession.

Our courses are the products of the best artists in America—a staff of six specialists.

We will gladly furnish particulars and references if you are interested in this money-making work.

WRITE;

**The Shaw Correspondence
Art School**

393 Yonge Street - Toronto

W. H. Shaw, President

ALL ABOUT SCOTTISH TARTANS
SEND FOR A COPY

**RENTONS
SCOTTISH
TARTAN BOOK**

A complete authoritative Tartan Book illustrating in colour 120 Tartans and giving concise his-
tories of all important Clans complete with list of Scottish Family Names, Badges, Arms, Slogans, etc.

175 Pages, bound in Cloth
50c.
EDITION

POST 300, FREE

RENTONS' LTD, Princes St., EDINBURGH.



BECOME A NURSE

"No nurse can afford to be without the course."
—Martha E. Bare, Harper, Kan. (portrait).

WOULD you adopt the most attractive profession open to women today—a profession that will be of advantage to you, whether you practice it or not? Then let us teach you to become a nurse.

Thousands of our graduates, without previous experience, are today earning **\$10 to \$25** a week.

Write for "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book, explaining our correspondence and home practice method; 370 pages with the experiences of our graduates.

48 specimen lesson pages sent free to all enquirers

The hautauqua School of Nursing
210 MAIN ST. Eleventh Year JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

BOOKBINDING IN EVERY STYLE OF THE ART

From the cheapest Magazines
to the Finest Works of Art.

Illustrated Papers, Periodicals,
Music, Law Books, Library Books,
Etc. Bound in a manner un-
surpassed for Genuine Style,
Durability and Value.

A Single Volume or a
Whole Library.

Established Toronto 1846—Telephone 3851

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

51-53 Wellington St. W., TORONTO.



Royal Naval College of Canada.

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May 1913, and afterwards annually in May, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of 14 and 16 on 1st July 1913.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, February 1st, 1913.

Unauthorised publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—35457.

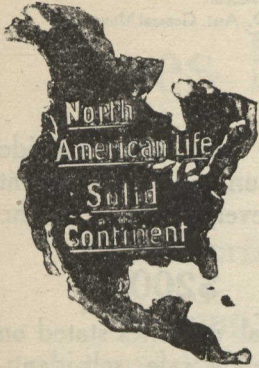
Royal Victoria College

MCGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL.

For Resident and Day Women Students.
Students prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure
Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded
annually. For all information apply to the
Warden.

Dutch Artists & English Painters
use only the celebrated
WINSOR & NEWTON'S
Oil and Water Colors
acknowledged by all the standard in
the art world. Ask your dealer.
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.

Story of Another Successful Year



The thirty two years of North American Life history have been years of uninterrupted growth. But in 1912 more substantial gains than ever were registered all along the line. New Policies in 1912 ran 25 per cent. in excess of those for 1911. Assets increased by nearly one million dollars and Net Surplus by 21 per cent. Policies in Force now total nearly fifty millions. The swing of success is with the

North American Life Assurance Co.

THE FIGURES TELL THE STORY:

	1912	1911	Increase
Policies Issued - -	\$ 7,630,336	\$ 6,129,426	\$ 1,500,910
Policies in Force - -	49,469,581	45,849,515	3,620,066
Assets - - - -	13,224,159	12,313,108	911,051
Net Surplus - - -	1,576,046	1,300,784	275,262
Cash Income - - -	2,404,757	2,295,177	109,580
Total Payments to Policyholders - -	1,116,908	988,313	128,595
Profits Paid to Policyholders - - -	166,368	148,135	18,233

You Can Make No Mistake

In insuring with the North American Life. It is a Company of proven worth. In the past ten years it has distributed \$1,165,388 by way of profits among its policyholders. In 1912 disbursements of profits to policyholders amounted to over \$166,000.

A steadily increasing earning-power on investments, a favorable death-rate and a management that skilfully combines progress with conservatism, are your guarantees that North American Life Policies will pay.

North American Life Assurance Company

"Solid as the Continent"

L. GOLDMAN
First Vice-President and
Managing Director

EDWARD GURNEY
President

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, - Toronto

Established 1855

President—W. G. Gooderham
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews
Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey
Superintendent of Branches & Secretary,
George H. Smith

Paid-up Capital - \$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned) 4,000,000.00
Investments - - 31,299,095.55

The Corporation is a

Legal Depository for Trusts Funds

Every facility is afforded Depositors. Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail with perfect convenience. Deposits of one dollar and upwards are welcomed.

Interest at

Three and One-Half Per Cent

per annum is credited and compounded twice a year.

Debentures

For sums of one hundred dollars and upwards we issue Debentures bearing a special rate of interest, for which coupons payable half-yearly are attached. They may be made payable in one or more years as desired. They are a

Legal Investment for Trust Funds

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND \$12,500,000

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., LL. D., D. C. L., President

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager.

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager.

Travellers' Cheques

Issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the traveller to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in every country in the world in denominations of

\$10. \$20. \$50. \$100. \$200.

with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries stated on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe, self-identifying and easily negotiated.

LONDON, ENGLAND OFFICE, 2 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

New York Agency: 16 Exchange Place.

Mexico City: Avenida San Francisco, No. 50.

BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

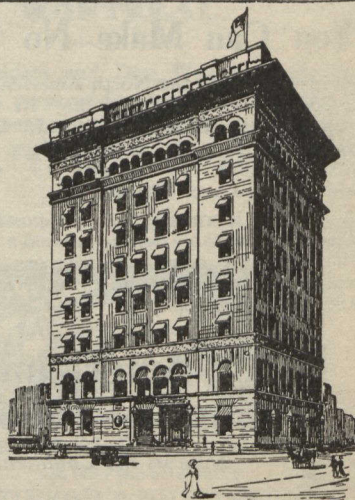
RESERVE AND UNDI-

VIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000

\$6,750,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES



“The Mutual Life of Canada Does Not Need to Advertise”

So at least many of our friends tell us :

“ It advertises itself ”---others say.

“ A snap for the Advertising Manager ’---
remarks a third.

All of which may be true : but there are many thousands of uninsured people in Canada, who do not know the Company as well.

To them we must appeal. In short---

When all our fellow citizens do know us :
When there is a Mutual Life policy in every
home in Canada, then we may fall in line with
our kind critics and close up the department.
Till then, you will be hearing from us every
little while.

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

WATERLOO

ONTARIO

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

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

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,000,000
Total Assets - 180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

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

Officers.

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

310—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—310

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands and British Honduras.

LONDON, ENG., 2 Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.

NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

Assets \$ 2,842,654.08
Insurance in Force \$15,000,000.00

Security and Profit are what intending insurers desire, both obtained under "Excelsior" policies which also contain the "Last Word" in liberal features.

The Reason the Company has been able to pay satisfactory profits is because it has been continuously foremost in those features from which profits are derived.

In 1911 Interest Earnings 7.33 per cent.
Death Rate 34 per cent of expected.
Expenses decreased 2.50 per cent.

Agents Wanted: to give either entire or spare time.

E. MARSHALL,
General Manager

D. FASKEN,
President.

THE WESTERN

ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated in 1851

ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, *President*
W. R. BROCK, *Vice-President*
W. B. MEIKLE, *Managing Director*

Head Office: - Toronto

**Wife and
Children
Left Penniless**

Safeguard them against this terrifying contingency with our Life Rate Endowment.

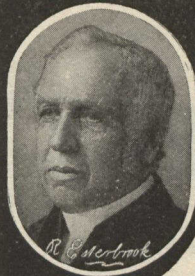
Same rate as ordinary pay-till-death policy, with this difference—after you reach a certain age policy can be cashed for full death-claim value. Booklet if interested.

**London
Life**

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

**Esterbrook
Pens**



250 styles

To those who use a pen only occasionally, Esterbrook

Pens are the most pleasant and satisfactory assistant; to those who write constantly, an invaluable ally and friend.

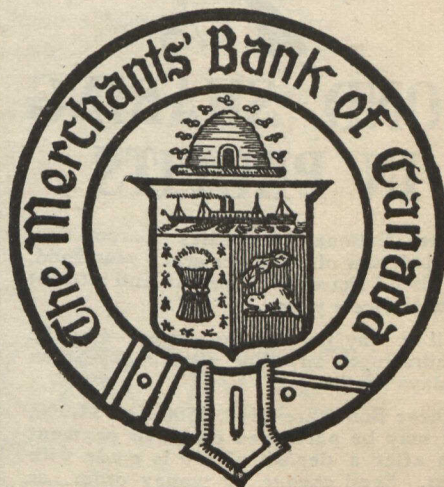
Backed by a half-century's reputation.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works: Camden, N. J.
Brown Bros., Limited
Canadian Agents, Toronto.



Ask your stationer



Paid-up Capital - - \$6,747,680
Reserve Funds - - 6,559,478

187 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.

1912

THE
NORTHERN
Life Assurance
Co. of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE
Managing-Director

The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.

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.

7%
BOND SHARING
IN PROFITS

The National Securities Corporation, Limited, now offer a 7 per cent 5 year Bond. This Bond shares in all profits, and interest is paid twice a year.

All or any part of investment may be withdrawn at any time after one year on 60 days' notice.

These Bonds are \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, and may be purchased on small payment plan after a deposit of \$10 is made with order. Send cheque or money order, or write for particulars to

National Securities Corporation,
LIMITED
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
TORONTO CANADA

"The Great West Life offers the best prospect of insurance at lowest net cost."

This statement—from the Twentieth Annual Report—is borne out by the most ample evidence—and is occasioned by an unequalled record in the three essentials of successful Life Insurance management:

- 1. High Interest-Earnings on Investments.**
- 2. A Favorable Mortality.**
- 3. Low Expense Rates.**

Over \$86,000,000 is now held in force by

The Great-West Life
Assurance Company
Head Office - Winnipeg

Strength

THE Strength of the Bank of Toronto lies in its proportionately large Reserved Funds; its long experience and steady growth; the ability and high standing of those who conduct its affairs; the soundness of its loans and investments; and its large resources.

The Managers

The Managers of the Bank are pleased to offer the up-to-date facilities of this well-known institution to all who have banking business to transact.

Interest is allowed on Savings Deposits.
 Current Accounts for business people opened on favorable terms.
 Letters of Credit and Travellers' Cheques issued
 Money Orders and Foreign Drafts sold.

INCORPORATED 1855

CAPITAL	- - - -	\$5,000,000
RESERVED FUNDS	- -	\$6,176,578

THE
 BANK OF TORONTO

Head Office :

TORONTO

116 Branches in Ontario, Quebec, and the West

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	181,888.26

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President. W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Stability



FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

Capital and Assets \$ 4,513,949.53	Paid Policyholders in 1909	...\$347,274.43
Insurance in force \$21,049,322.31	Surplus to Policyholders\$292,695.53

DAVID DEXTER,

President and Managing Director



A miss of Spotless Town you see
 Who misses no economy.
 Her ways are shy; her way is shined;
 Her pans as fine as you will find;
 Her cleanser's quick but weareth slow—
 She banks upon

SAPOLIO

If you want to know whether a cleaner is economical, figure out what it costs you *per week*.

Never mind the cost *per package*—some packages use up very quickly.

As Sapolio works without waste, a cake lasts a surprisingly long time.

Its cost *per week*, you will find, is very low indeed.

Sapolio's rich suds help to give Sapolio its remarkable cleaning powers.

Wasteful cleaners that give poor suds simply scrape off the

dirt. But, even if you use them freely, scraping with strong, harsh materials cannot give your tins the delightful mirror-like glitter that you get with Sapolio.

Rub a damp cloth on a cake of Sapolio. You then have a quick, economical cleaner for tin-ware, enamel-ware, kitchen knives and forks, pots and kettles, dishes, woodwork and marble.

Our Spotless Town booklet tells more about Sapolio and more about Spotless Town. Write for it. Sent free.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company
 Sole Manufacturers
 New York City



This is the grocer of Spotless Town.
 He hears your wants and notes them down.
 He gives you credit for being wise
 And charges you to use your eyes.
 The names upon the labels show
 He deals in real

SAPOLIO

100% PURE

IT is our proudest boast that every article carrying the well-known "E.D.S." Trade Mark is absolutely pure, no coloring matter or preservatives of any kind being used. But don't accept our unsupported statement. Send to the Department of Inland Revenue for Bulletin 194 which tells how

"E.D.S." BRAND GOODS

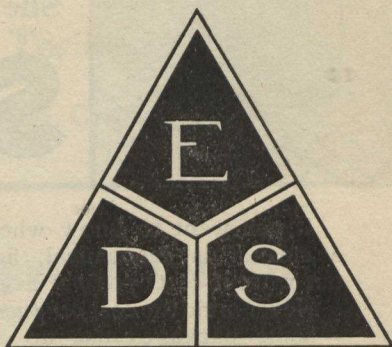
under the most exhaustive tests, have proved to be of unvarying purity.

Here are a few "E.D.S." leading lines which all good grocers handle:

"E.D.S." BRAND JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE
CATSUP AND GRAPE JUICE

INSIST ON GETTING "E.D.S." GOODS

E. D. SMITH - WINONA, ONT.



The London Glove Company

London's Celebrated Glove Store



The "Bon Ami"
A smart Real Kid Glove, made from stout skins, pique sewn; in Black, White and Colours, 2 large Pearl Buttons, 69c. per pair.

Ladies' White Washable Real Kid Gloves; an excellent make that will wash with ordinary soap and water, 3 Buttons, 65c. per pair.

Remittances, including postage by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY General Post Office, London, England.

The "Claretie." A charming Real Kid Glove in Black, White and all Colours, made from fine selected skins, 3 Buttons. 61 cents per pair.

The "Francine" A very superior Real Kid Glove in Greys, Beavers, Tans, Browns and Black with 3 Press Buttons, 69 cents per pair.

The "Royal" Ladies Fine Suede, a highly finished Glove in Black, White and all Colours, 4 Buttons, 73c. per pair. Ladies' Stainless Black Suede absolutely fast colour, the finest Black Suede Glove ever produced, 3 Buttons, 91c. per pair.

The "Hestia" A Stout Suede



Glove specially suitable for the fall in Black,

and Colours, with Silk Braid Points, Pique sewn, 3 Press Buttons, 71c. per pair.

The "Brava" Ladies' Fine Real Mocha Doeskin Gloves, in Tan, Grey, Beaver, or Black, pique sewn, Imperial points, 3 Buttons, 73c. per pair.

The "Canadian" Ladies' Buck finish Gloves, in Tan, Grey or White, an excellent wearing, British made glove, 3 Buttons, 95c. per pair.

LONG GLOVES

The "OPERETTA"—Ladies' Real Kid Gloves in White, Cream or Black.

12B length Mousquetaire,	95 cents per pair.
16B " ditto	\$1.20 "
20B " ditto	\$1.69 "

The "EMPRESS" Ladies' Superior Quality French Suede Gloves, in White, Cream, Black, and all Colours.

12 B. Mousquetaire	..	\$1.03 per pair.
16 B. "	..	\$1.28 "
20 B. "	..	\$1.52 "

Address all Orders **The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.** Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.



THE MEETING OF CHRIST AND MARY MAGDALENE AFTER THE RESURRECTION

From the Painting by Titian



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XL

TORONTO, APRIL, 1913

No. 6

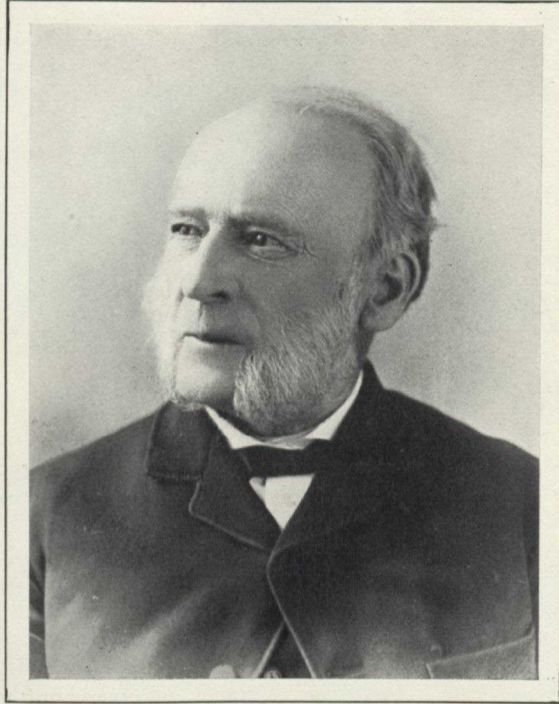
THE GRAPE FESTIVALS AT
SPENCER GRANGE

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

ON the death of Sir James Macpherson LeMoine, February 24th, 1912, there passed away the only author in Canada who has ever attained the distinction of a knighthood for his literary services. And on no one, indeed, in this connection could the honour have been more worthily bestowed. For more than half a century the story-tellers, the historians and the poets of our Dominion have been under a debt of gratitude to the owner of Spencer Grange, the veritable "Nestor," as the author of the "Chien d'Or" calls him, of our literature. He was their guide to the romantic in Canadian history and life. The "Chien d'Or" itself, our best historical novel, owes its very existence to him. For, if the Niagara novelist, William Kirby, while he watched the progress of a bill introduced in the legislature, then at Quebec, in 1863, had not purchased by chance a modest volume entitled "Maple Leaves": a budget of historical, legendary and sporting lore by J. M. LeMoine, he never would have written the "Chien d'Or's"

highly-coloured but vivid pages. The motive, indeed, of his romance he found in two little sketches, in this quaint and modest volume of LeMoine's, concerning the history of Chateau-Bigot and the legend of the Golden Dog. Their picturesqueness so delighted Kirby that he vowed he would make them the ground-work of a Canadian novel. Thus the "Chien d'Or" was inspired by Sir James LeMoine. And his, too, was the spirit that quickened most of the great Canadian books from 1860 to 1910. And it is from this standpoint I purpose in this article to evaluate Sir James's place in our native literature. But it must not be forgotten that there were many other sides to his long and active life. For years he was at first a busy barrister and subsequently a servant of the Crown.

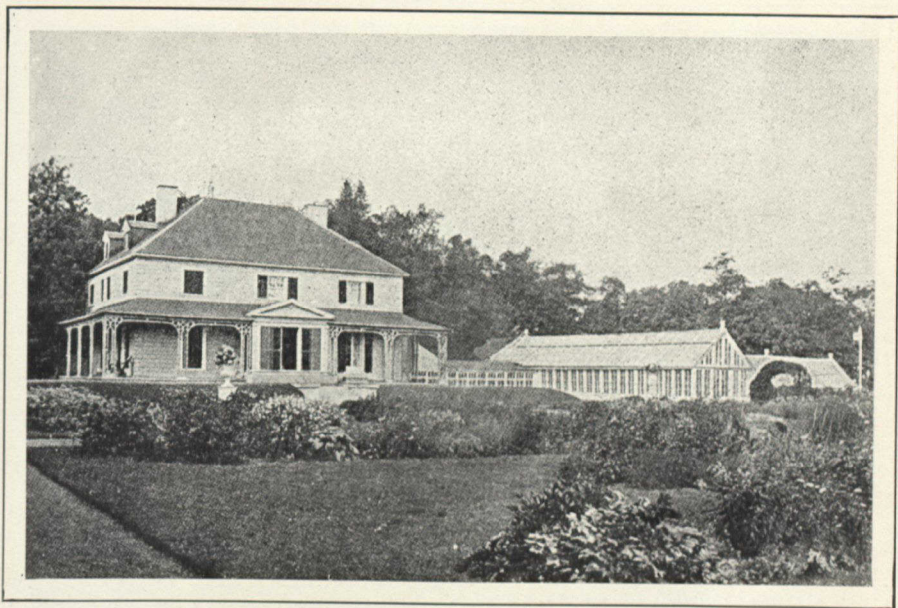
Since, however, his literary activity extends from his early manhood to his latest years, it is necessary to recapitulate some thing of the man's own life, in order that we may arrive at a better understanding of his work.



SIR JAMES LEMOINE

LeMoine was born at Quebec in 1825. His father came of one of the few French noble families that ever settled in Canada, for, according to the historian Freland, they were connected with the Baron de Longueuil. His parental ancestor landed at Quebec about 1665, and the subsequent deeds of the Lemoines in Canada are too well known to every student of history to mention here. On his mother's side he was descended from a Scotch race of Loyalists, the MacPhersons of Inverness, Scotland, and later of Philadelphia. Daniel MacPherson, his grandfather, who thus sacrificed comfort and ease to follow the old flag, unlike the majority of the unfortunate Loyalists, succeeded in amassing considerable wealth in his new northern home at the United Empire Loyalist settlement at Douglastown, Gaspé. He subsequently purchased the Seigniorial manor of

the turbulent de Beaujeu family of the Isle aux Grues and Isle aux Oies, opposite Montmagny in 1829. When Sir James's own father, a partner in the exporting house of Stuart & LeMoine, died after financial difficulties, the Scotch grandfather adopted three of the youngest boys, of which Sir James was one. Consequently from the very first Sir James had in his veins the two best tinctures of blood that have gone to the making of the Canadian—French and Scotch. And this no doubt gave him from the very first that pure Canadian outlook and pride which runs like a thread of gold through all his writings. He was a blend of the Canadian Seigneur, the Scotch Highlander and United Empire Loyalist. These are the best essences in our Canadian aroma. Out of gratitude to his kind old grandfather he added "Macpherson" to his name. He was adopted when only three years old and his early educa-



SPENCER GRANGE. FROM THE FLOWER GARDEN

tion at the village school of St. Thomas was French, though at home his mother tongue was always English.

The death of Sir James was indeed the passing of one of the links that bound us to our past. For as a boy on St. Jean Baptiste Day, June 24th, 1837, as the biggest boy of the local school, Sir James made his only political speech to Papineau on his way to Kamouraska on his electioneering tour before the insurrection of Lower Canada in 1837-8. The scholars lined up while Sir James cried, under the direction of his Master, a fiery patriot: "Honneur et Gloire au brave et généreux défenseur de nos droits!" And shrill boyish cheers rang out. "The Canadian Demosthenes," Sir James, describing the scene, wrote, "stopped his carriage, bowed gracefully and smilingly; and on rolled the soft-cushioned old-style carriage—on the highway to sedition."

It was in the woods of St. Thomas, where old Macpherson subsequently moved, that Sir James imbibed as a

boy that taste for birds and natural history which became one of his lifelong studies. Here he conceived the idea of studying their lives minutely. Here he fished for trout in the tiny Rivière des Perdrix, or shot birds on the vast mud flats that line the St. Lawrence, or ransacked, in the woods of the Seigneurial manor, birds' nests and squirrels' hoards.

In August, 1813, he went to Quebec to attend the Petit Séminaire for his collegiate course. Here, no doubt, in the ancient city, he acquired his second great love—Canadian History. In 1845, he was indentured for five years to the Honourable Joseph Noel Bossé, one of the leading barristers of the time of the Quebec Bar. The first literary project, in which he took a prominent part, as one of its eight founders, was the creation of the Institut Canadien, in 1847. In establishing this, he showed his great love for the vast folk-lore of Quebec and began the golden work he achieved for Lower Canada. In 1854 he became a partner in the Law Firm of Kerr & LeMoine. In 1856, he mar-



SIR JAMES LEMOINE, (about 1900)

ried Miss Harriet M. Atkinson, a niece of Henry Atkinson of Spencer Wood. He himself soon after acquired the smaller house, Spencer Grange, which he made so famous. It is situated just outside Quebec, on the St. Louis Road, and adjoins the residence of the Lieutenant-Governors of Quebec. Embowered in pine, beech and maple, the house with its graperies and lawn stretches away to the St. Lawrence on the south. The gardens in season are full of summer flowers and the walks bird-haunted, as befits the home of its old master.

Sir James turned the place into a veritable museum. Here he gathered one of the rarest libraries of Canada and a collection of birds that Audubon came to see. On the southern lawn is a monument made out of the corner stone and inscriptions of three of the old city gates of Quebec. Old cannons belonging to Admiral

Sir Hovenden Walker's ill-fated expedition in 1711 stand not far from a row of shot gathered up around Wolfe's camp at Montmorency in 1759. But there were numberless curiosities of Indian, French and English interest, such as a collection of walking sticks, including General Brock's bludgeon when he commanded the 49th at Quebec in 1806. There was another staff wrought from the timbers of the old *Original* (a vessel launched from the Royal Shipyard under the French Regime in 1750, at Diamond Harbour, Quebec). Other historical ships, too, were represented by carved canes. I understand Sir James bequeathed his museum to Bishops College School, Lennoxville. In the house were some remnants of the old social life of France, that, for a decade, at the end of the French regime in Canada, lived so gaily in Parloir street. And then there were



SIR JAMES LEMOINE. (about 1908)

In the grounds at Spencer Grange

plates, maps and manuscripts—the bones of our national history.

In 1867 Sir James became a Lieut.-Colonel in the Sedentary Militia. Subsequently he was Collector and then Inspector of Inland Revenue for Quebec District. All his life he battled for the preservation of our national monuments. As early as 1867 he was President of the Committee entrusted with the erection of a monument to the historian F. X. Garneau. He always advocated the erection of a monument to Samuel de Champlain, and in 1897 became Vice-President of the committee formed for that object. In 1893 he rendered timely service against the vandalism of Quebec walls. In the same year he urged the formation of a national historical museum at Quebec. Why should not his own house be taken over for such an object? Surely there could be no more fitting shrine. Of his services

to our archives and our sport, I have no space to expatiate here. My object is rather to write of his literary work, which continued right up to his final volume of "Maple Leaves," issued in 1906, when he took farewell of his readers. But up to the last "he retained his clear bright mind." He was only ill a month. An attack of pneumonia, from which he never regained his strength, carried him off at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

In this long life Sir James published over thirty books, pamphlets and brochures. Some twelve of these are in the French language, while the remainder are English. Sir James also delivered, either in French or English, some eighteen studies before the Royal Society of Canada.

It will be remembered that when the Marquis of Lorne founded the Royal Society he called upon Sir

James and Faucher de St. Maurice to prepare a list of suitable candidates for the French section. Faucher de St. Maurice made out a list of the French poets, while LeMoine took charge of the historians. And it is necessary to bear in mind that so important and voluminous a writer in English should have been so closely connected with the French section. He was absolutely bilingual. This gave him exceptional facilities for dealing with Canada's past. No one who is not bilingual can essay the task. And this was the delight of his life. And in that he was bilingual, he was also released from all those puerile feelings of pettiness which wreck so many writers in Canada, on the reef of national prejudices. The French without English are poor figures; but in Eastern Canada, at any rate, the English without the French are equally sorry minds. Sir James has succeeded in writing of French or English things without jarring the feelings or religions of the respective races, for his ideal Canada was a land where men are neither French nor British, but simply Canadian. His knowledge of both idioms has steered him clear of all heartburnings in either direction. There is not a blemish of sectional prejudice in any of his writings. He is a Canadian whether his pen describes the triumph of the beautiful flag of white silk with its golden lilies in the wooded gorges of Carillon or the victorious roll of the British drums around Quebec's citadel. Indeed, one might even go so far as to say it was not for nothing his first grape festival germinated at the time of Confederation. He was one who carried on the work of Confederation. In himself he united the best features of the best elements that have gone to the making of our national character.

To name the various English works of Sir John published in all kinds of formats, would be as tedious as to enumerate the numberless learned

societies to which he belonged. For the general reader, however, the most interesting bulk of his English writing will be found in the seven volumes of miscellaneous Canadian themes he issued under the national title of "Maple Leaves." It was in 1859 at a gathering of friends he first conceived the idea. From that day onwards he carried it on as a labour of love to his death. His scheme was to issue from time to time, in volumes written in light and popular style, "the brightest as well as the darkest pages in Canadian annals with their various accompaniments." The first volume appeared in 1863, and is a valuable mass of historical material and folklore, which, as we have seen, stirred Kirby to write his novel. It awoke, indeed, a widespread interest and popular enthusiasm among Canadians for their picturesque past. Encouraged by the welcome this first essay received, he went on delving deeper in the mine of Canadian history. And musty old letters, illegible M.S. accumulated on his library shelves. To them he would resort during the many long, but pleasant, winter evenings, forgetting the hours, whilst the northern blast was howling amidst the leafless oaks and old pines of Spencer Grange. The result of these hours is hardly history in the strict sense of the word. His pages have a scattered diffuseness which demands a certain inkling into the common facts of our history and they would be a bewildering labyrinth to anyone who had just heard of Canada. The result, indeed, is rather a quaint *olla podrida* into which he has poured anything and everything. Historical data, archaeology and legends are jumbled in delightful medley. He wanders with us through Canadian scenes. As he remarks in one of his volumes, he had a fancy for historical contrasts. The last of Maple Leaves appeared in 1906. But it is not all history and none of it is musty records, whether he writes of dear dull Mrs. Francis Brooke or

jolly Peter Kalm. One volume gives a very full account of the great Canadian homes. Another is devoted to Quebec, the city he loved and knew better than any one. Sometimes he takes us for a ramble on the St. Lawrence or through what he calls "eastern latitudes." He has always a legend to relate or a wonder of nature to disclose. Often he stops us and his narrative to listen to some one of the birds he loves, like the white-throated sparrow with its call "sow-the-wheat! sow-the-wheat!! sow-the-wheat!!!". At Portneuf he remembers that it was there Abbé Provencher wrote his great work "La Flore Canadienne," and wandering in the neighbouring roads he wonders whether Herr Peter Kalm also botanised there in 1749. "How I should have enjoyed botanising through the neighbouring fields and woods with him!"

Sir James knew the plumage and habits of every bird. Every woodland, valley or hillside flower gave up its secret to him. Every stream, running or still, with its shoal of fish was a delightful place. Moreover, he writes with something of old Izaak Walton's gusto of the sweet air and good sport. Then the folklore of his books is perhaps the richest gift of them all. When Sir James comes to "Trois Pistoles," for instance, he has a tale here as everywhere. How did it acquire its quaint name? Trois Rivières, one can understand; but, Trois Pistoles? A hunter, it would seem, one day came to a river and hailed across to the ferryman to fetch him over. "It's trois pistoles," shouted back the mercenary Charon of a habitant. When they landed, the hunter asked, while paying his exorbitant fare: "What's the river's name?" "It has none as yet," replied the ferryman. "Well, call it Trois Pistoles!" chaffed the hunter.

If you look at the map of Quebec, you will find a "Ruisseau de l'Ours." Hear Sir James on it: "What gave it

its sporting name? I have a faint remembrance of a bear story, more than 200 years old, in which the local Nimrod, Seigneur Gifford, while lying perdu for wild geese—one spring—on the sedgy banks of this river, is stated to have spied a huge bear roaming in the neighbourhood, mayhap in quest of Seignorial mutton. Gaunt, tired, possibly unconscious of evil intent, Bruin was lapping the crystal draught of the Ruisseau. To substitute in his long gun slugs for goose shot was the affair of an instant for this sporting Laird, and, lo! bruin's brave spirit was wafted to where all good bears go."

In all his work Sir James never wrote in technical terms as a specialist. He wished rather to popularise a science, to stimulate interest in it, to awake a cultivated love, to stir the people, possessed with a proper sense of national pride, to a lively idea of the beauties of their own land. This was the motive of his little works on Canadian birds and Canadian flowers and Canadian fishes. His object was to evoke a national feeling about these heritages. He spoke not as a scientist to scientists, but as a charmer who would pipe us into paying heed to these things. And in this we see the whole spirit of his life and work. Nothing could be more admirable or more appropriate. In our search for riches as a nation to-day, we are too apt to forgo these pleasures. We are somewhat too overbusy getting and spending to care much whether our maples are leafless or not.

In the same way, in his historical studies, Sir James was not a codifier, but merely a voyager wandering entranced in the land of dear dead men and women, culling any flowers that took his fancy. He never essayed to write history like a college professor or a Gibbon. In his dressing gown and slippers, over the walnuts and wine, he tells, as simply as he can, the little things that go to make up history. For what colour a man's

waistcoat was, and all the other materials the novelist has appropriated, belong just as much to fact as to fiction. Sir James never intended to be scientific in his method, like Professor Seeley, or even to subordinate details and group the thousand and one clusters of facts that encircle each movement in the world of statesmen. The common hodman's task was rather his aim. He would bring us some of the bricks with which the palace of the history of Canada could be built. How richly he gave Parkman of these their life-long friendship testifies. He relates everything that struck his fancy in the charming illogical way of the chronicler. In fact that was what he was—a chronicler with a talent for history. And like all chroniclers, he was born not made. Scholastic historians abuse chroniclers, but they would be in a bad way without them. For history is written with a thousand things—with wampum belts, earth mounds, names, stone-heaps, documents, etc. The chronicler and the archivist prepare the way of the prim professorial prattler who evolves a succession of theoretical studies on mankind, living between two eternities perpetually warring against oblivion. And how often in their learned treatises is the human touch lost. This the chronicler always has and can never lose. And for this reason I would sooner read Sir James's tangle of ideas than the most scientific book on Canada.

But it is not so much by his works on Canadian flora, ornithology and fisheries that Sir James LeMoine will always be remembered in Canadian literature or even by those charming studies of his in Quebec folklore or again as an antiquarian of wide knowledge. I doubt not but that when the history of Canadian Literature comes to be written, it will rather recall far more vividly those literary *Zusammenkunfts* held by this gracious old man in his picturesque home at Sillery. The writer will have one of the most fascinating chapters

of our early literature to paint and its title will be the "Grape Festivals of Spencer Grange." For, hither, to Spencer Grange, came, at one time or another, to sit in the bow-windowed library, sheltering so much that was precious even to the old world, all the men of distinction whom love, whim or caprice brought as pilgrims to the venerable town of Quebec, enthroned, with its thousand and one memories of sad unhappy things and battles long ago, above the proud flood of its wondrous river. As to the origin of these gatherings and their influence during half a century over our literature, I cannot do better than, in a bald way, recapitulate the facts given in this connection by the veteran himself scattered through many a charming page of *Maple Leaves*. But for those who wish to know in full how literature was fostered by this latter-day kindly, Colonial Macenas, how he nourished and watered some of its sweetest blossoms, they cannot do better than turn to the pages of the delightfully garrulous original.

When the Fathers of Confederation were discussing on Mountain Hill, at Quebec, during September, 1864, the amalgamation of the various provinces into a Dominion, the Mr. LeMoine of those days quietly entertained George Augustus Sala, one of the Napoleons of English Victorian journalism. In order that Sala might meet the Quebec *littérateurs*, a party was arranged for a Saturday afternoon. It so happened that the Spencer Grange graperie was at this season at its best and the festival was held under its green arches. The guests were Francois X. Garneau, historian; Abbé Ferland, Professor Hubert La Rue of Laval, Dr. J. C. Taché, busily engaged on Confederation work; the Hon. Joseph Cauchon, editor of *Le Journal de Quebec*, together with the guest of honour. Everyone had his joke, including, Sir James adds silyly, the grave Garneau. Taché in his usual style contradicted everyone;

while Sala, a thickset figure, dark-haired, ruddy complexioned, with sparkling eyes, flashed away repartee in French. It was such a success that the festivals continued annually, lasting indeed to the end of their host's genial life. What a sweet pagan idea it was, with the clusters of black hamburgs and chasselas doré hanging overhead, the table in the largest compartment bedecked with the gayest flowers and the richest varieties of the cultivated grape. Are there such men now in the hour of our larger prosperity and wider sphere? With its touch of Attie Salt it always rises to my mind, as a companion picture to old Lescarbot's "Order of the Good Times." But lest fancy lead us from the actual facts, it should be said, that, though the grape-festivals continued, as stated, the majority were not held in the vinery itself. "As," writes Mrs. Frank Rhodes, Sir James's daughter, to whom I am indebted for many things, "these festivals were held early in the autumn, when there is still great heat under the glass, it was found oppressively hot, so the festivals were as a rule held in the dining room."

Among the other celebrities this hospitable knight entertained was Charles Kingsley, whom, however, he does not seem to have found congenial. Dean Stanley came in 1878, and we have a quaint picture of the two driving down from the citadel to Louis street, Stanley's historical mind all interrogation point as to why the streets were called d'Auteuil, Anne and Richelieu while LeMoine anxiously wondered whether he could answer what his learned guest would ask next.

The late Justin McCarthy, author of the well-known "History of Our Own Time," no doubt tasted the Spencer Grange vintage in 1886. The present Lord Morley called on the genial soul in October, 1904, and they had a quiet chat on Canadian history, which ended in LeMoine sing-

ing the praises of one whose name is inseparably bound up with Canadian history and literature and life as the Homer of our heroic age—Francis Parkman. He finished his laudation with "The chair you are occupying now, Mr. Parkman has more than once sat in;" and then he chronicles, with charming naïvety, "Morley became thoughtful."

As a matter of fact LeMoine knew Parkman for upwards of thirty years, and they had two great loves in common—Canadian history and horticulture. Parkman the horticulturist, as the "Lilium Parkmani" and his "Book of Roses" testify, rivalled Parkman the historian of New France. They visited each other; the walks of Spencer Grange or of Parkman's retreat at Jamaica Pond often found them pacing up and down in deep discussion. Often they wandered through the quaint old streets of Quebec, which to them were still the legend haunted forest paths of Champlain's infant town. The famous battlefield, the land from Cap Rouge on the west to the Falls of Montmorenci on the east was sacred ground to them. LeMoine had history in the rough, the ore in the quartz stage, which, when it had gone through the crucible of Parkman's mind, came out pure molten metal purged of all dross. LeMoine knew where the treasures of the past were, but it was Parkman who came back with them in his hands.

But in 1892 there was a visitant at Spencer Grange of even greater interest to Canadians than Parkman. He was a black-bearded young man, a few years past thirty, slender, quiet, with an urban, well-bred manner of his own. This was none other than the novelist we now know as Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., of the Imperial Parliament. "Through Dr. (later Sir) John Bourinot's good offices," Parker himself writes, "I came to know Mr. LeMoine of Quebec, the gifted antiquarian." He adds: "Mr. LeMoine placed in my hands

certain historical facts suggestive of romance." For when Sir James asked him "What brings you to Quebec at this inclement season of year?" He replied, "I have come here to write a novel on Quebec I want a hero. Can you supply one?" After a moment's thought Sir James remembered a sketch he had written nearly nineteen years before of the adventures of one Major Robert Stobo, a hostage from Fort Necessity imprisoned in Quebec from 1755 to 1759. Years ago he had said: "What a subject for a Canadian novel?" Therefore calling the next day at the Florence Hotel he brought with him "Maple Leaves" for 1873 and read his young visitor the sketch of Stobo. Four years later Messrs. Copp, Clark Company of Toronto issued the result of this gift to the world in the shape of the famous romance of "The Seats of the Mighty," wherein Robert Stobo as Robert Moray lives his life half in history, half in fancy. The history was LeMoine's work, the fancy Parker's work. It is interesting to note that the Duvarneys of the novel are the Duchesnays, still one of the oldest families of the Province of Quebec. Strangely enough in giving these details, Sir James notes that Stobo was also probably the original of Captain Lemahago in Smollet's classic novel "Humphrey Clinker." Sir James's own remarks on the merits of Parker's novel must be at least quoted direct: "There is assuredly much to admire in "The Seats of the Mighty;" it is a scathing exposé of the tainted social atmosphere which polluted the colony under the Bigot régime. 'Tis a theme which will never be lost sight of by Canadian historians. Some passages, however, I should like to be altered; some might with propriety be removed without weakening the original plot of the romance. Sir Gilbert has had his fair share of popular applause. He has been styled by one critic "a new Kipling," another calls him "a second Robert Louis

Stevenson." Time will tell how much of this taffy will survive. One thing is certain, the novelist in 1892, when he was gathering the materials for his Quebec book, his residence in our midst had not been sufficiently long to acquire what his eminent confrère Henry Van Dyke, possessed in such a high degree, that real, but indescribable aroma of the soil; *la senteur du terre*, as the French express it."

Perhaps it is not altogether a coincidence that as I write now, a striking condemnation of Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel "The Judgment House" should begin: "Its author had better have somebody who is familiar with South Africa go over the proofs with him." It is clear, indeed, that Sir James never conceded "The Seats of the Mighty" the place he gave to that other offspring of his, Kirby's "Chien D'Or." As a matter of fact Sir Gilbert's novel is about as valuable as a work of art as Miss Agnes Laut's "Lords of the North," and no more. Kirby's old-fashioned, stilted "Chien d'Or" and Roberts's dainty fancy "A Sister to Evangeline" stand out beyond them all in point of accuracy and fidelity to local colour. Historical novels of Canada, as of other climes and times, are often too lightly undertaken. Why even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his novel "The Refugees" finds it necessary to rescue Huguenots at Quebec from imprisonment for their faith! But any schoolboy knows that New France is the only region where there has never been persecution for the sake of religion. The only law that concerned Huguenots in the French régime was to the effect that they could not winter in the country without permission or assemble for the sake of religion.*

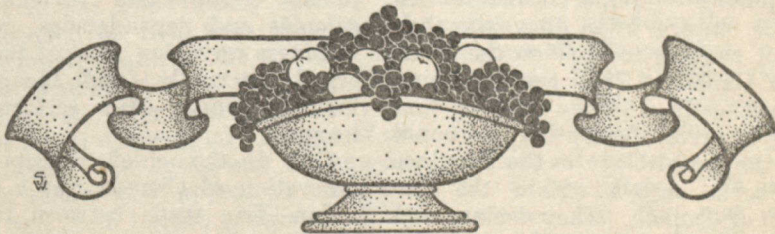
But I have by no means mentioned all who came to see Sir James, with whom he gossiped literature, history, birds or flowers. Governors-general, poets, divines, naturalists, historians, journalists and men of action are on the roll. Sir Erasmus Om-

*"Prose Writers of Canada," by S. E. Dawson—P. 37.

maney, the Arctic explorer, scientist and Admiral of the British Navy, when a septuagenarian, paid him a visit. W. D. Howells the American Novelist came. Roberts, our national poet, stayed with him. He met Joaquim Miller, the singer of "Songs of the Sierras," whom Swinburne hailed as a brother, and who for a space sat cross-legged in Rossetti's own magic circle at Chelsea smoking cigarettes. There were others. For instance Audubon Avenue in the garden at Spencer Grange commemorates the visit of the great John James Audubon who came to present Sir James with a copy of his famous "Ornithological Biography."

Then, too, a band of young French-Canadians thronged to him, such as Joseph Marmette, the historical novelist, Faucher de St. Maurice, one of the best of French Canada's story-tellers, Achille Frechette, Benjamin Sulte, the historian of Three Rivers, etc. In fact he knew everybody who was anybody. There was no trend of Canadian history; there was nothing about our birds or our wild flowers or the St. Lawrence fish or the habitant legends he did not eagerly throughout his long life seek out. On all he gossiped in the same charming way, as I have

said before, in dressing gown and slippers. His books and brochures, his leaflets and scattered letters are a bountiful treasure without which no one can really know much about the early days of our country. Whether he give us old Château St. Louis memories of Guy Carleton's nose freezing or of Jean Baptiste and General Prescott; whether he wander with rod and gun as Jonathan Oldbuck through his beloved province; whether he give us a nut for antiquaries to crack in locating Champlain's tomb, a learned foot-note on horses in the French régime, or an exposition on French-Canadian oaths; whether he has a legend to relate or a scientific fact to attain concerning our flora, he is never tiresome, never dull. As a bedside book for Canadians young and old, as a haggis of antiquarian lore for novelists and others there is nothing in our literature like his work for interest and value. Historians of the future will bless his name, antiquaries will desire to canonise him, and we, the average readers, will long to have the time to read him as he ought to be read, leisurely, in the good old-fashioned way. For he was of the old school and there will be no more Le-Moines



PROVINCE OR NATION?

BY JOHN LEWIS

NEARLY every advocate of self-government says that he is also an imperialist, if you will let him define imperialism; and so nearly every imperialist says that he is for self-government. It would be easy for the two classes to come together and pass a resolution to this effect: "Resolved that we favour the largest measure of self-government that is compatible with imperial unity," or "Resolved that we favour the largest measure of imperial unity that is compatible with self-government." But the agreement would be a sham. It would leave the question unsettled. There is a difference. The interest, the anxiety, the earnestness, sometimes the anger with which the subject is discussed shows that the difference is felt, even where it cannot be exactly defined.

The difference is that one party seeks to make Canada a nation; the other seeks to make Canada a province.

This definition is compatible with the sincerity of the statements of both parties. Imperial federations may be sincere when they say they are not seeking to abridge the liberties of Canada. They are not doing so consciously. They believe that under imperial federation we could enjoy the same liberty as the Province of Alberta enjoys within the Dominion of Canada. They declare that the British Empire has now reached a stage resembling that of British North America in the early sixties, and that the next step, now as then, is federation.

The other side of the case may be

stated thus: The analogy is by no means complete. To the extent that there is an analogy, it furnishes an argument not for but against the proposed constitutional change. The degradation of Canada from a national to a provincial status would be reactionary, revolutionary and dangerous.

The various communities of the British Empire are absolutely unlike the provinces which were united at confederation or have since joined Canada. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, probably South Africa, may be compared with the Provinces of Canada, and they might be federated on something like equal terms, if federation were necessary. The United Kingdom, which is at present more populous and wealthy than all the rest combined, is unlike all of them, notably in social structure. India, which contains three-fourths of the population of the Empire, is not self-governing, and the strongest imperialists declare most vehemently that it never can be self-governing. There remain Egypt and various Crown colonies and dependencies, governed in divers ways, but most of them governed paternally, and incapable of forming parts of a self-governing league.

One of the chief objects of the federation of Canada was a customs union—free trade between the Provinces and a common tariff against the rest of the world. Such a customs union would be absolutely impossible in the British Empire. Canadian manufacturers would not for a moment entertain the proposal to ad-

mit British manufactures free. The people of Great Britain will not consent to have their food taxed. The abandonment of food tax as proposed by the Unionists is significant.

Since the establishment of self-government some seventy years ago, the progress of Canada has been as satisfactory as that of any country in the world; satisfactory whether you consider it from the Canadian or from the British point of view. The Empire can grow strong only as its parts grow strong. Nevertheless, there has always been a timid and reactionary class which feared and resisted the growth of Canada, and regarded every step in self-reliance as a movement toward separation. It opposed responsible government bitterly until the logic of facts showed that the country could be governed in no other way. It was fearful of confederation. It is to-day opposing the formation of a Canadian navy. The avowed reasons are strategic; but beneath this there is a fear that if Canada loses the sense of dependence on the protection of Great Britain she will break away. All history is against the belief; but for some men history is written in vain. The same errors are repeated from age to age.

Nationality has been a powerful force in the progress of Canada. It supplied one of the strongest arguments for confederation. British connection and British sentiment the Provinces had before confederation. Yet it was undoubtedly felt by the statesmen of that time that British sentiment required the aid of Canadian sentiment as a unifying force. Wherever, after confederation, there was a real or imaginary danger of annexation, the opponents of annexation made their appeal to Canadian as well as to British sentiment. They appealed to the pride of Canadians, reminding them that they had a country larger than the United States to develop, and that they might hope to establish here a nation which would

vie in greatness with the Republic.

They argued that Canadians could enjoy within the British Empire an autonomy and an identity which they must surrender if they became part of the United States. In those days it was not the fashion of imperialists to sneer at autonomy. They were wise. Their appeal to national pride was not made in vain. Some of their successors are not so wise. A Canadian member of Parliament tells us that the progress of self-government has now gone far enough, and if carried farther must result in separation. His ideal is that Canada should have a place in the Empire similar to that of a Province of Canada. Carried to its logical conclusion that means that the identity of Canada will be lost, and that the name of Canada will no longer stand for citizenship or be an incentive to patriotism. The powerful national sentiment to which the opponents of annexation appealed is to be thrown away. Surely that is a dangerous experiment. Surely it is better to pursue the old and well-tried policy of letting British sentiment and Canadian sentiment grow together.

National spirit prevented Canada from accepting the position of a group of States in the American Union. National spirit was the impulse of the Canada First movement, which powerfully influenced the public life of Canada. National spirit inspired Canadians to undertake the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a tremendous enterprise when you consider the available resources of the country in the early eighties. Now consider the result of making Canada a Province of the Empire. It would place Canada in a position of permanent inferiority to the United States. To-day we can compare the two—nation with nation. But under the altered arrangement, the position of Canada would be like that, say, of Texas in the Union. The Texan is doubtless proud of his State, as the Ontario man is

proud of his Province. But that is not the same as national citizenship.

Should Canada be reduced to a Province, and should there be in future any danger of annexation—and the Imperialists have that danger constantly before their minds—the opponents of annexation could no longer appeal to Canadian national sentiment, to the desire to build up on this continent a nation which may rival the United States. The policy of consolidation and absorption tends to destroy that sentiment. They would find that in belittling and jeering at autonomy, they had destroyed one of the most powerful forces on their own side.

Some of the advocates of centralisation comfort themselves with the notion that provincial autonomy is the same thing as the autonomy which Canada now enjoys. It is a delusion. A Province of Canada does not control its own tariff. It has only a very limited control over taxation; for the Dominion Parliament levies taxation not only for Dominion purposes, but to provide large subsidies for the Provinces. A glance at the British North America Act shows that the Provinces surrender to the Dominion powers at least as great as those which they retain.

Advocates of centralisation may plead that they do not intend to go that far, or to surrender that much to their new Imperial Legislature or Council. Do they know how far they intend to go? Do they realise how far they may be drawn by the progress of events, even against their own intention? If not, they may study with profit the development of the idea of Canadian confederation.

In 1859 a convention of Upper Canada Reformers resolved in favour of recasting the constitution of Canada, giving each Province local freedom, and allowing matters of common interest to be controlled by a central body. One of the delegates, Mr. George Sheppard, warned them that the central government would

overshadow the Provinces. He told them that there was an inherent tendency in central bodies to acquire increased power. In the United States, he said, a Federal party had advocated a strong central government and excuses were always being sought to add to its glory and influence.

The convention was deeply impressed by this speech, and in deference to it, the proposed resolution was amended, so as to provide for "some joint authority" for federal purposes, instead of a general government.

Yet, in spite of this precaution, when the scheme of Confederation was worked out a few years later, it did provide, not for a league, with "some joint authority" for common action, but for a powerful central government and Parliament, and for limited Provincial powers. There is no guarantee that the rage for centralised Imperial government will not carry is that far, or at least farther than those who are now playing with centralising schemes expect.

The British Empire has grown through recognition of national sentiment and national autonomy. It is a successful concern. The Roman Empire and the Spanish Empire, and the Empire of the first Napoleon may have been more symmetrical and more centralised. But they had two great faults. First, they were not free. Second, they died. The British Empire is free, at least as to its self-governing communities. It is alive. It is growing. If you have a family in that happy condition, will you dose it with a quack medicine about which you know nothing except that it has produced a crop of funerals in your neighbour's household?

What motive except a restless desire for change is there for substituting a revolution for the evolution which constitutes the history of Canada and of the Empire? Why leave the path along which we have travelled in safety from strength to strength, and plunge into the jungle?

THE LOST SHIPMATE

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

SOMEWHERE he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—
Youth, in his ignorant faith and his bright array.
The tides go out; the tides come flooding in;
Still the old years die and the new begin;

But Youth?—

Somewhere we lost each other, last year or yesterday.

Somewhere he failed me. Down at the harbour-side
I waited for him a little, where the anchored argosies ride.

I thought he came—the steady “trade” blew free—

I thought he came; ’twas but the shadow of me!

And Youth?—

Somewhere he turned and left me, about the turn of the tide.

Perhaps I shall find him. It may be he waits for me,
Sipping those wines we knew, beside some tropic sea.

The tides still serve, and I am out and away

To search the spicy harbours of yesterday,

For Youth,

Where the lamps of the town are yellow beyond the lamps on the quay.

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—
Youth, with his ignorant heart and his bright array.

Was it in Bados? God, I would pay to know!

Was it on Spanish Hill, where the roses blow?

Ah, Youth!

Shall I hear your laughter to-morrow, in painted Olivio?

Somewhere I failed him. Somehow I let him depart—
Youth, who would only sleep for the morn’s fresh start.

The tides slipped out, the tides washed out and in,

And Youth and I rejoiced in their wastrel din.

Ah, Youth!

Shall I find you south of the Gulf?—or are you dead in my heart?



THE MARTIAL VERSE OF CANADIAN POETESSES

BY J. D. LOGAN

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE MAKERS OF CANADA"

THE literary history of Canada contains several phenomena which are extraordinary, peculiar, anomalous, paradoxical, or unique. It contains one to which all these epithets or qualifications may be applied, namely, the priority, facility, and popularity of Canadian poetesses as martial lyrists—as the first “voices”—first in time and first in power and honour—of the Canadian people’s militant patriotism.

The relative strength of Canada’s “lady singers” (as Mr. W. D. Lighthall finically phrases his nomenclature), I should signalise as an extraordinary and peculiar literary phenomenon. The quickness with which the men of Canada have perennially, from early nineteenth century days to the present, perceived and acknowledged the gift of literary speech in the women of Canada, and the respect and admiration with which the men have regarded the prose and verse of Canadian women—this I should signalise as an anomalous literary phenomenon. Neither of these phenomena, however, may be regard-

ed as paradoxical or as unique. It is conceivable that one or both might have obtained in the literary history of any other country, and may obtain in more notable degree in some later civilisation, when, as it appears must eventually happen, women will attain full spiritual and social enfranchisement—their indubitable natural right to complete freedom in self-expression.

On the other hand, the fact that the “lady singers”—the gentle poetesses—of Canada should have been the first and most potent “voices” of the patriotic military spirit of their country or countrymen, the first and readiest and best in producing, for immediate need, popular martial verse—this seems to me a unique paradox, a literary phenomenon in itself.* For the paradox does not lie in the fact that in Canada during the Civil War of the Rebellion of 1837-8, the Fenian Raids, the Metis rebellions, under Louis Riel, and the South African War, the women, rather than the men, of the country, produced the first and most popular—the best—

*Mr. Eric S. Robertson in the Preface to his excellent “English Poetesses” needlessly worries himself over the fact that, as he says, “Ladies who write verse nowadays do not care to be called ‘Poetesses.’ Just as ‘man’ is a generic term, embracing both sexes, and ‘woman’ a specific term, connoting no loss of spiritual dignity, so ‘poet’ is a generic term for all singers en masse, and ‘poetess’ is a specific term to be used when sex as such is required for exact distinction, the ending ‘ess’ having the function neither of a diminutive nor of endearing innuendo.” As for Mr. Lighthall’s “lady singers,”—that phrase is vulgar and abortive. It suggests the prudish origin of the terms which some “nice” people apply to domestic animals—“lady dog” or “gentleman cat,” for instance.

patriotic martial verse. The paradox lies in the fact that the most gentle, sensitive, and refined sex, to whom war, above all other social evils, is most saddening, ruthlessly ruinous, and abhorrent, should, as it were, have "sprung" to the occasion, as if it were providentially created for their sole privilege and glory, of singing the martial lyrics which either inspired, inflamed, and sustained the patriotic military spirit of their husbands, sons, and brothers, or commemorated that spirit and heroic deed and event in times of war, and that Canadian poetesses should have excelled extraordinarily in martial verse. This is a *genre* which seldom rises to the dignity of pure poetry, and which, under the craftsmanship of Canadian poetesses did not attain to such dignity, but which, nevertheless, was always popularly received, proved effective of its purpose, and not infrequently was so inspired and well wrought as to win the notice and public appreciation of eminent foreign poets and literary critics.

Further: the phenomenon seems the more paradoxical and unique when we reflect on the nature and culture of the chief Canadian poetesses—Canadian by residence or by birth—who essayed martial verse. Mrs. Susanna Moodie, first and supreme lyricist of the Civil War of 1837-8, was married to a veteran soldier. Besides, she and her husband, Colonel Moodie, had spent several years, preceding this war, in Canada, daily fighting for mere sustenance and against destruction from nature, wild beasts, and mishap by water and fire. Continually thus "roughing it in the bush" (to use her own apt phrase), and ever battling against death, the "fighting spirit" was naturally engendered in her by her intimate companionship with a soldier-husband, and by her constant battle with her environment. And having natural literary gifts, which she had frequently exercised with success, both in prose and verse, inevitably—for

she was left alone in the wilderness during the Papineau-MacKenzie fracas, and, in her abject loneliness, thoughts of the war and its possible dire results to herself and Canada, as well as Great Britain, must have been uppermost in her mind—Mrs. Moodie turned for diverting mental occupation and solace to writing, and, to use Aristotle's famous medical metaphor, purged out her surcharged emotions by expressing her fighting spirit and militant patriotism in ringing, rousing, popular martial verse.

No psychological subtleties are required to explain Mrs. Moodie's essays in patriotic martial verse. The Law of Parsimony compels us to find a sufficient explanation of the fact in Mrs. Moodie's innate literary genius and in the stress of her social and political environment. But when we observe such an innocent, naive, philanthropic, and suffering creature as Harriet Annie Wilkins, or such a rare, tender, delicate spirit as Isabella V. Crawford, or such domestic, cultured, and retiring women as Mrs. Sarah Curzon, Mrs. Annie Rothwell-Christie, and Miss Agnes Maule Machar, celebrating the patriotic militarism of their countrymen or commemorating Canadian valour, heroic deed or event, we are face to face with something which is no mere *jeu de joie* (possibly caused by some accidental pathological conditions of patriotic ecstasy), but which is a literary phenomenon in itself.

Finally: I have been careful to observe that the martial verse of Canadian poetesses is to be regarded strictly as *verse*, but that, though the *genre* seldom attains, even in the most highly cultivated countries, to the dignity of poetry, the chief Canadian poetesses who essayed this species of verse excelled in it. Also I must be understood to be dealing strictly with, first, martial verse as such, and, secondly, Canadian martial verse, that is to say, verse which was inspired by local Canadian conditions, or

which, if British or Imperial event is involved in it, coloured the cause or circumstance with references to Canadian manhood, valour, civilisation, or ideals, and which was composed by resident or native-born Canadian poetesses. I am forced to call attention to this limitation, because the martial verse of Canadian poetesses, by reason of its social origin, its practical and ephemeral purpose, its required popular appeal to the heart and elementary emotions, rather than to the æsthetic sensibilities and the imagination, the necessity of its matter counting for more than its form and artistry, and the forthright method of its composition, must not be compared with that finer species of patriotic verse which sublimates sentiments of homeland, of national characteristics, virtues, exploits, institutions, and ideals, and which, though composed under patriotic fire of heart and imagination, is written with patient craftsmanship and an eye single to lyrical eloquence and to beauty of diction, imagery, and verbal music.

I am not thus derogating from the excellence of the martial verse by Canadian poetesses. I wish merely to make it plain, at the outset, that other forms of patriotic verse by Canadian poetesses and poets are nearer the standard of pure poetry; that, for instance, Mrs. Moodie's "Address to the Freemen of Canada," while a ringing, rousing, war-lyric, is hardly poetry, or not so superior as poetry as is her "Quebec"; that Isabella Crawford's "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," while vigorous and rhythmic, is merely good verse as compared with the beauty and dignified eloquence of her fine poem, "Canada to England"; that Miss Machar's "Our Lads to the Front," while inspiring, is neither so winning nor so satisfying as her "Canada's Birthday"; or that the war-lyrics of the Canadian poetesses, save the extraordinarily fine martial verse or poetry of Mrs. Annie Rothwell-Christie, inherently are not as

excellent as the best patriotic verse of the other species by themselves or by George Murray, John Reade, William Wye Smith, or the grandiloquent patriot-singer, Charles G. D. Roberts.

Still, when this distinction in species and artistry is kept in view, my original proposition stands. The fact that the first and readiest and best, that is, most popularly received, singers of martial verse in Canada were Canadian poetesses, is a literary phenomenon in itself. And since so eminent a poet as the late Sir Edwin Arnold and other poets and critics have remarked the phenomenon, without adding any detailed appreciation or explanation of its causes or qualities, it is worth while for us to attempt a critical appreciation of the martial verse of Canadian poetesses. To these pleasant occupations I now turn. I shall begin with matters of literary history and æsthetics.

Patriotic martial verse in Canada began with the Civil War of the Rebellion of 1837-8. At least, I have been unable to find any published samples of martial verse, either by Canadian poets or poetesses, contemporary with the War of 1812-14. There were, of course, before that war poems whose themes were connected with the history of war in Canada, as, for instance, Valentine Neville's "The Reduction of Louisborough," (1759), and Middleton Howard's "The Conquest of Quebec." The latter, which I have in my collection of *Canadians*, appears in a volume of collected Oxford Prize Poems, the volume bearing the date of 1807, but the poem itself bearing the date 1768. All such verse, however, was wholly British in spirit. On the other hand, the sentiment of a country not long enough dwelt in, though inherited "to have and to hold," could not have developed sufficiently to cause it to burst forth into martial song. The required poetry at the time of the War of 1812-14 was, to use a hackneyed phrase, the poetry of

splendid deeds. But if that war produced no poets or poetesses who sang inspirational martial verse for the occasion, it must have increased the sense of solidarity amongst the people inhabiting Canada, which would still more increase as the years went on up to the time when not a foreign foe but internal civil strife drew the Canadians together for the preservation of their inherited homeland within its own borders and within the possessions of the British Crown. All that was further necessary to make possible the appearance of martial songs in Canada was the presence of someone who possessed natural lyrical gifts, the surcharge of patriotic and militant emotion which would compel lyrical utterance, and the leisure to "turn off" ready verse which had the rhythm that trips naturally along the tongue and that also sings its way into the heart and memory.

All these conditions were fulfilled in the genius and solitary "bush" life of Mrs. Susanna Moodie. And she became the first Canadian singer of inspirational, as distinguished from commemorative, martial verse. She must have been a woman of extraordinary good sense, and certainly gifted with a saving sense of humour. At any rate, she had a very modest and half-humorous estimate of the value of her martial verses, and, from the critical point of view, her own modest estimate of them is sound and admirably phrased in the plain vernacular. For while the writer of "The Advertisement" (which is a sort of Preface inserted by the publishers) to her "Roughing It in The Bush," states that "during the rebellion in Canada, her loyal lyrics, prompted by strong affection for her native country, were circulated and sung throughout the colony, and produced a great effect in rousing an enthusiastic feeling in favour of public order," Mrs. Moodie herself modestly remarks (*op. cit. sup.*, vol. ii., p. 191):

"I must own that my British spirit was fairly aroused, and as I could not aid in subduing the enemies of my beloved country with my arm, I did what little I could to serve the good cause with my pen. It may probably amuse my readers, to give them a few specimens of these loyal staves, which were widely circulated through the colony at the time."

I should be a myopic critic if I did not respect the beginnings of things, and so, before I deal with the aesthetics of martial verse, I will quote a few lines of Mrs. Moodie's "loyal staves," as she calls them, which, fifteen years after they were composed ("Roughing It in the Bush" was published in 1852), might, in her opinion, serve to "amuse" readers of her book in which her martial lyrics were reprinted. I will quote the third and last stanzas of her "Address to the Freemen of Canada," (*op. cit. sup.* p. 191):

"Canadians will you see the flag
Beneath whose folds your fathers bled,
Supplanted by the vilest rag
That ever host to rapine led?
Thou emblem of a tyrant's sway,
Thy triple hues are dyed in gore;
Like his, thy power has passed away,
Like his, thy short-lived triumph's o'er."

In a footnote Mrs. Moodie explains that "the vilest rag" is "the tri-coloured flag assumed by the rebels." The use of the phrase has, of course, both psychological and aesthetic warrant. The thought of the tri-coloured flag, of its bloody history in the French Revolution disgusted her sense of nobility and righteousness, and like Homer's, her diction and imagery sank in correspondence with the fall in spiritual dignity of her subject. I observe this in order to forestall the criticism that this specimen of her martial verse is hardly martial and not worthy verse. Aesthetically, she is quite justified in sinking and rising with the emotional dignity of her subject. She sinks in the third stanza, but she rises magniloquently in the fifth (final) stanza. Thus:

“By all the blood for Britain shed
 On many a glorious battlefield,
 To the free winds her standard spread,
 Nor to these base insurgents yield,
 With loyal bosoms beating high,
 In your good cause securely trust;
 ‘God and Victoria’ be your cry,
 And crush the traitors to the dust.”

Compared with standard martial songs, such as Burns’s “Scots Wha Hae wi’ Wallace Bled,” or “The March of the Men of Harlech,” or “Die Wacht am Rhein,” the first three lines of the foregoing stanza are really excellent. The vocables are mouth-filling, the rhythm moves rapidly and carries one with it, and though the third line might be improved by the use of the word “fling” for the word “spread” in the text, still “To the free winds her standard spread” increases respiration, and stimulates ideated sensations of free movement and expanding personality. Altogether, it is a vigorous—a “breezy” line. No Canadian need feel ashamed of it. And what magnificent energy is in the last two lines of the stanza! The reader no sooner reaches this line, “God and Victoria” than he shifts back the accent to the word “God,” emphasises it with a full burst of breath and with a change in pitch, and then impulsively spurts out the utterance of the remaining syllables in the same changed pitch until he attacks the word “cry,” which is both oxytoned and emphasised. Thus the line becomes a veritable battle-shout and inspiring slogan. After this ringing, rousing, energising oxytone line comes the barytone cadence, “And crush the traitors to the dust.” The reader braces himself for action—takes in a full breath, fronts his eyes, sets his jaws, and all his muscles, and lunges forward to the fray. Both are brave lines; both are energising, impelling; and the whole stanza is a magnificent sample of inspiring martial verse. No Canadian need feel ashamed to recite it before the admirers of Robert Burns, William Duthie, or Karl Wilhelm.

Though historically and æsthetically the third and fourth stanzas of Mrs. Moodie’s first martial lyric are justifiable, poetically viewed they are not. They are too much like the quality and inspiration of Alexander Muir’s “The Maple Leaf Forever.” The fifth stanza alone is worth a hundred martial songs of that ilk. And if the third and fourth stanzas were eliminated from Mrs. Moodie’s lyric, the remaining stanzas would form a genuine martial poem worthy to be preserved as an excellent sample of its *genre* in Canadian literature and quite worthy to stand beside the specimens in other literatures. I disagree, therefore, with Mrs. Moodie’s modest estimate of her martial lyrics. They are better than mere “loyal staves,” fitted solely to “amuse” casual readers. That they were widely circulated and sung throughout Canada at the time when they were needed, is proof that they possessed lyrical eloquence and the inspirational power which stirs the heart and impels the will to honourable action. They are good verse, but they are not genuine poetry. And this conclusion leads me, before passing, to consider some samples of martial verse, which happen to be also fine poetry, by Canadian poetesses, to remark the æsthetic standards by which we must judge martial verse as such.

When verse of this species is meant to be inspirational, and not commemorative, when it is designed to move the will, and not to delight the imagination, the matter must count for more than the formal structure, the direct appeal of conative ideas must take precedence over considerations of the diction and imagery in which they are expressed, and sensual rhythm—lilt—must be given greater sway than vowel-melody and verbal harmonies. Now, this is a practical exigency, not an intrinsic æsthetic necessity. For the inspirational martial lyric or song is a forthright, immediate meeting of a crisis in national life and affairs. As such

the materials come from beyond the lyrist; they are furnished by the nature of the crisis. What is paramount is a medium to express an idea or a system of ideas, and the very readiest lyrical expression of these ideas. The last thought on the part of an inspirational martial lyrist must be his craftsmanship or artistry, so long as his verses have a carrying rhythm and lilt. Bayard Taylor's famous lyric, "A Song of the Camp," though its origin and structure were literary, expresses the immediate necessity to which the martial lyrist responds as best he can. The soldier must have a song—a means of expression of emotion—at all hazards. Let the words or thoughts be crude, but so long as they are real and have a simple and "catching" rhythm they suffice for the purpose and are welcomed.

The danger, then, in the case of an inspirational martial lyric is two-fold. The fact that the occasion or exigency is patriotic or moral, leads the ungifted, as well as the gifted, to attempt martial lyrics, and, in any case, both respond to an outside influence and not to a personal necessity for self-expression. The result is that what is produced as martial verse is either rhythm without ideas or sense, that is, doggerel, or ideas without rhythm, that is, metrical prose. So that while it is true that a crisis creates the demand for martial verse, and that this species of verse needs no fine artistry, to compose a war-lyric which is neither doggerel nor metrical prose, and to compose it immediately on demand, is an extraordinarily difficult task. It must come warm from the heart and hand, it must be human, manly, direct in thought, and it must be ringing in lilt and swinging in rhythm.

When, then, we observe the necessity for all these qualities in inspirational martial verse, we can truly say that Mrs. Moodie excelled in this species of lyricism. It is true that Harriet A. Wilkins, Mrs. Curzon, Mrs.

Annie Rothwell-Christie, Miss Crawford and Agnes Machar surpassed her, but this was due to the fact that their martial verse was commemorative, and was written *after* the deeds or events celebrated by them, and at a time when they could compose in peace and at leisure.

Of these later Canadian martial poetesses the supreme artist was Mrs. Annie Rothwell-Christie. The verse of the others, even Miss Crawford's novel, "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," and Miss Machar's swinging "Our Lads to the Front," though choicer in diction and imagery than Mrs. Moodie's, hardly rises above the quality of good verse. Mrs. Annie Rothwell-Christie's martial verse, on the other hand, attains to the dignity and beauty of pure poetry. We do not need the statement of Sir Edwin Arnold that "the best war songs of the Half-breed Rebellion were written by Annie Rothwell." Dignity, and beauty, and compelling pathos are in every line she wrote and we shall see this for ourselves in the samples I shall quote. I choose, first, two stanzas from "After the Battle":

"Ay, lay them to rest on the prairie, on
the spot where they fell,
The shout of the savage their requiem,
the hiss of the rifle their knell."

.....

"As the blood of the martyr enfruitens
his creed, so the hero sows peace,
And the reaping of war's deadly harvest
is the earnest his havoc shall cease."

The extraordinary imagery of the last line of the first stanza (couplet) and the novel beauty of the comparison in the first line of the second stanza are enough to raise these verses to the dignity of pure poetry. Besides, there is a hymn-like music in the rhythm that soothes or solaces, while it solemnises, the soul, begetting resignation to the Will of the Universe. Or listen to the triumphant, sonorous verbal music of these lines from "Welcome Home:":

“War-worn, sun-scorched, stained with the
dust of toil,
And battle-scarred they come—victorious.
Exultantly we greet them; cleave the sky
With cheers, and fling our banners to the
winds;
We raise triumphant songs, and strew
their path
To do them homage—bid them ‘Welcome
Home.’”

We hear drum beats, bugle calls, and the tread of armed men on the march in those first two lines—“war-worn, sun-scorched” and so on. A new emotional experience comes to us with the quicker moving syllables in the next two lines; the rhythm is fitted to exultation. Also we are treated to a new but brilliant metaphor—“cleave the sky with cheers.” We are in the realm of poetry. Here I might close. But fine as the preceding samples of Mrs. Annie Rothwell-Christie’s martial verse have been, the pathos of the following, from “The Woman’s Part,” is overwhelmingly human and moving and ennobling. The inspiration is derived from reflecting whether to those who, fired by love of adventure or country, have gone to the war, the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts shall give regrets, words, prayers, or tears. The poet disparages all these, and turns to solace the mother or wife whose son or husband has died on the battlefield:

“O, woman-heart be strong,
Too full for words—too humble for a
prayer—
Too faithful to be fearful—offer here
Your sacrifice of patience. Not for long
The darkness. When the dawn of peace
breaks bright
Blessed she who welcomes whom her God
shall save,
But honored in her God’s and country’s
sight
She who lifts empty arms to cry, ‘I
Gave.’”

After reading that noble poem of love and pathos, and being moved to emotions too deep for tears, one knows that all distinctions of sex are man-made and ephemeral and abortive—that only “soul,” whatever be its form of earthly tenement, is real. For Anne Rothwell-Christie who wrote that poem was altogether soul—superman, superwoman—gifted with the speech of angels. In my view her martial verse is absolutely unique amongst all literature, and a distinct contribution, *sui generis*, to world-literature. We raise monuments to heroes and heroines, to soldiers and statesmen. If ever we reach the stage in civilisation when we shall see that some poets are as worthy of such memorials as are heroes, at least one Canadian poetess will deserve the honour, namely, she who made immortal this long unrecognised truth
“As the blood of the martyr enfruitens
his creed, so the hero sows peace.”



MANY LONDONS

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THERE are many Londons. Each of us knows one. Those who have not seen London have their pre-conception of it. Those who have been there and have returned retain recollections, for it is not a city that is ignored nor forgotten. It has its peculiar appeal to the imagination and will not be denied.

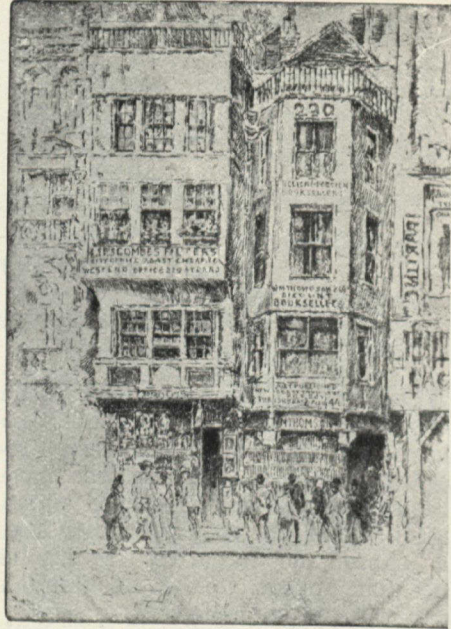
It is well known, but no less curious to observe, that London makes no effort to gain the reputation it holds. It is by its very indifference, its very self-sufficiency, that it piques the curiosity of mankind and draws to it, year by year, hordes of men and women anxious to see it. New York is systematically advertised. It makes a business of attracting visitors and causing them to stare at its prodigies when they come. Each year it has new wonders to show, each year fresh advertising. London has no designed wonders, no prodigies except the prodigy of so much humanity in one place. It makes no effort to be friendly, has no desire to be known or to be admired. It is like a man whose quiet poise suggests immeasurable reserves of information and interest.

Of course, it would be presumptuous to undertake, or to pretend to undertake, to describe London. It would be as though someone volunteered an essay on Truth in an after-dinner speech. No man knows London, not even those who have passed their lives in the city, nor those who pass back and forth once, even twice and

three times a year, on business excursions. No one would agree with any one conception of London other than his own. There is commercial London and financial London, "society" London, and political London; that London which smacks of the Foreign Service, of ambassadors, special missions, great appointments and heroic services in far lands; and that other London, the city of the mediocre, the city of crime, poverty and corruption. For us, who have little better than a militia, whose experience with kings and ambassadors is meagre to say the least, and whose greatest financial affairs are petty compared to the financial transactions and the financiers of London, Financial, Social, Political and Imperial London command our imagination at once, but it is poorer London, the City of the Mediocre, the city of crime, poverty and corruption, that makes the deeper and wider appeal. Generation after generation of men have left their habits and their names written in the pavements of London. London streets are centuries deep in the lore of humanity, which has been accumulating there since the days of the Hegemony. The Strand and the distorted streets of the city are beaten hard by the feet of countless men, by the countless caravans that have left their litter in book and story, in old court-yard and alleyway, in hall and attic. It is Human London that matters. It is the reek of humanity that makes it fascinating.



SAINT-MARTINS-IN-THE-FIELD



No. 230, STRAND

Imaginative persons prefer to think that every city has a personality, a blending of characteristics by which an observant man, without other assistance, could distinguish it from others. I have heard it said of Paris that it might be represented in the character of a woman—a French woman—in whom has been developed, over a dim background of early simplicity and country life, vivacity, sympathy for human weakness, capriciousness and good fellowship, cruelty and impulsive generosity, and that she is brilliant at midnight, peevish in the morning, and mischievous by five o'clock. You have probably heard New York characterised, and some of the humbler but well-known cities such as Bruges, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Naples, and Rome. But none of them has the character of London. London is not a city, but the abiding place of a spirit or many spirits—spirits which, when one has felt their influence, hold a certain power over one's thoughts, the power almost to com-

pel one's steps back from anywhere.

That phrase "stony-hearted step-mother" was well-made. But London might better be referred to as a much-loved woman than as a step-mother. Men do not call London beautiful; it would be *maukish*. Yet she has a fascination for men which is not the fascination of a step-mother. It is a sort of binding spell which draws them back to the gloom, the filth, the misery, the monotony, the brilliance and the stupidity of the Inscrutable City. Every rusted tramp hanging in the dirty water off the Limehouse docks has brought at least one man back this trip to her strange charms. Every liner carries, mixed with the mere pleasure-hunters and money spenders, some man returning to London, not for relatives, nor friends, nor business, but for London! I heard of a man who had escaped Scotland Yard and was on the way to re-making his life as a bookkeeper in a Montreal dry goods house, who threw away position, opportunity, and almost assured safety,



THE HALL DOOR, LINCOLN INN



THE LAST OF OLD LONDON

and ran the risk of arrest, imprisonment and disgrace, to see London again. She had never treated him well. He had known only a shabby mean existence beside the Thames. But a smell of fog and a glimpse of a yellow lamp through the murk, had stirred the toxin, and he answered. They come back to her from ten thousand places, and you meet them in the five-shilling promenade of the Empire, or at the Savage Club, or the Bath Club, down in Billingsgate public houses, idling in Kew Gardens, working a barge across the pool of London—military men, clerks, foreign agents, sailors, criminals, wanderers. London neither welcomes them nor rejects them; does not rejoice with them if they have prospered, nor condole with them for their misfortunes. If they fall she pays no heed, nor if they rise. They love her with the still, quiet passion of men who continue to love when they secretly know that there is neither hope nor friendship nor mercy to be had for their pains.

I doubt if she holds any more for

a victorious general returning from Egypt or India than she holds for the outcast from society. Indeed, it would be inconsistent with her indifference if she did. Men may light the city with gay colours and send regiments and brass bands marching from Marble Arch to the Bank, but these things do not make London gay. Kaisers may arrive and depart, great artists shake the foundations of the artistic world, but the Inscrutable City goes on about its own business.

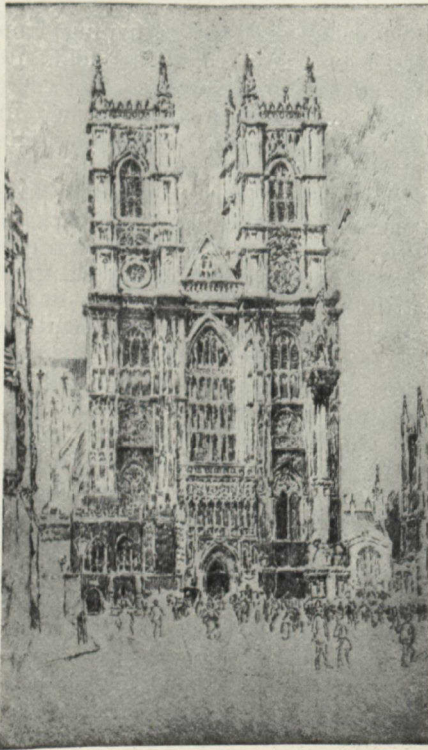
So many men and women mistake London's monuments for London, that it might be said that few out of the millions who yearly visit that city have really seen even part of the great cosmopolis proper. The beauties of London architecture, softened by years of London weather, and enhanced by the atmosphere of historic importance which hovers over almost all of them, are not to be overlooked. The man who makes the journey across the Atlantic and who does not see Westminster and the Houses of Parliament, who does not pause before the entrance to the Henry VIII.

Chapel, in reverence—not to the man whose name is thus commemorated, but to the man who designed the commemoration — has indeed been travelling blindfolded. The Horse Guards, Whitehall, Lincoln's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn Fields—these are items in a catalogue of indispensables. One must not overlook even the Old Curiosity Shop, which is part of another London—the City of Dickens—and the dozen and one corners of the great city which have had their place in standard fiction. But these things, the monuments and the sanctified localities, are no more London than the city hall tower in Toronto is Toronto.

But take, for instance, what we might choose to call "The Jollies" Theatre. Some night your evil genius may lead you to that famous home of alleged humour. It is worth

purchasing a ticket, and even enduring the unpleasant sensation of being shut in an absolutely air-tight cellar—for the ventilation of the theatre is not at all—to see what passes for an evening's entertainment on the part of the lower middle-class Londoner. The strumming of two double-concert grand pianos in unison takes the place of an orchestra. An alleged humourist dominates the stage. The doings are frightfully "funny," but nothing more. Slapstick trick fellows clumsy joke until it is time for the clerk and his wife or the little broker's assistant and his fiancée to escape from the mausoleum in time for the suburban tube. The place is filled with clerks—row after row of bad complexions and misfitting English collars, sandwiched in between fresh-faced young women with jarring colours in their dresses, and poor teeth. These are the people of one London, a depressing London. In a year of two you may meet some of these clerks in Canada, revived with the freer air of the New World, earning better salaries, eating better food, sleeping in more wholesome quarters, and dreaming bigger dreams than they ever dreamed in England. But their places "at home" are always filled.

Close by the Billingsgate Fish Market is a public house called the *Bell*. Visit it. Sit in the little room at the far end of the bar from the door, and observe the men who enter—particularly at noon. The proprietor of the *Bell* is a short, rotund man with a red beard and kindly blue eyes. Besides owning the *Bell*, he does an enormous business in the fish market. His wife, a heavy woman with a shrewd eye but a kindly mouth, looks after the house while the husband is absent in the market. The daughter, a pretty, fresh-faced girl of nineteen, with far more refinement of manner than the average ribbon-counter girl in a Canadian departmental store, waits on the bar. For some reason



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WEST FRONT

or another—probably due to the girl herself—it is an orderly bar. There is rough talk among the horde of fish-porters passing through for their “penn’orth” of bread and cheese and their “penn’orth” of beer; there are jokes with the bar-maid, but all of them good-natured and innocent of offence.

I met the father on a Sunday excursion boat running from London Bridge to the Nore lighthouse and return. It was dark when the boat came in at the dock and I had asked his assistance in finding the proper ‘bus. From a casual conversation came an invitation to see the market the following morning.

“I ‘ad a bad morning,” confided the fish-merchant the next day, while the newspaper camera was in operation on the market-place, “I bought Norwegian salmon, thinkin’ the price was goin’ up owin’ to short supply, and lo and be’old a big consignment comes in from Nova Scotia and knocks the price ‘way down! I ‘ad to sell out quick!”

Back in the *Bell* the bar-maid was handling the noon rush. During a lull she returned to that part of the polished counter which was intended for the more leisurely customers.

“What do you do,” asked the newspaperman, “if there is any trouble or disturbance among all those fish-porters out there?”

“Wot do I do? Oh!” with a laugh, “I just says, ‘Ere you, stop your fi-ighting or else I sh’ll ‘ave to come out and thr-ow y’owt!’ Then they all laughs and that gen’rilly stops ‘em. If it don’t, I calls up the lift (a miniature affair for lowering sandwiches from the kitchen upstairs) for ma”

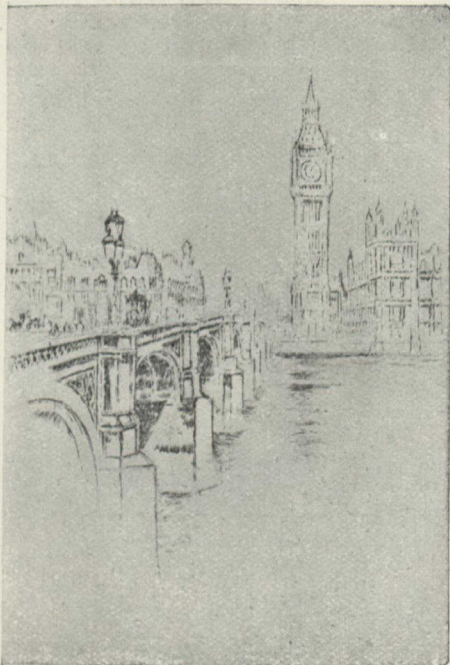
Presently the more select patrons of the *Bell* begin to drop in for their noon-day refreshment. First a large gentleman of rubicund countenance and large waistline, to whom the girl behind the beer-pumps ap-



THE CHOIR, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

plies the term “uncle.” Uncle is, it appears, a coal broker from the near-by coal exchange. He has brought with him his papers and a small lunch, which has been secreted by some means or another in his tall, silk hat. Having removed the lunch, he dusts the hat carefully, places it on a chair, spreads his handkerchief on his fat knees and calls for his ale. The girl is at pains to be pleasant to uncle. There is something Dickensian about him, as though perhaps he has a few hundred pounds saved from the business in coals and as though it may be the duty of the maid to mind her p’s and q’s with an eye to a wedding present—she was engaged to a young fish-broker—and a legacy some day.

Bachelor apartments for a man of fair means are another feature of London. Of course, there are ex-Canadians in the metropolis who live in richly-furnished flats and work be-



THE CLOCK TOWER, LONDON

From the Surrey Side

tween a butler—who is also valet—and a cook-and-house-maid. But take some Oxford or Cambridge man practising law and enjoying an occasional journey to the Continent. He has much more comfortable quarters and much simpler. Probably he lives high up in an old building somewhere between Temple Bar and the River. It is a long climb up an old worn stone stairs to his room. There is a knocker on his door, or else a shabby electric button. The door itself is of heavy material and badly in need of varnish.

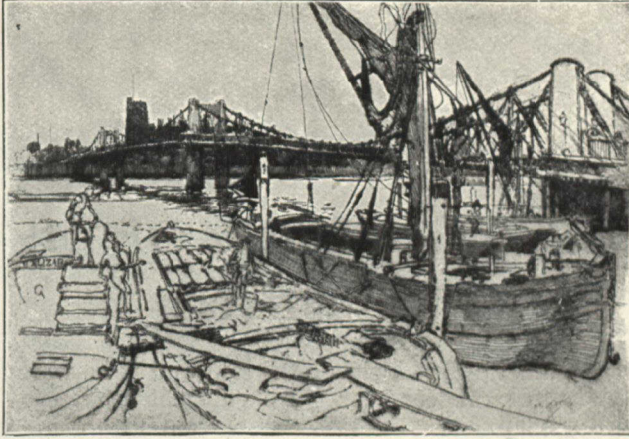
His secretary—if he is at all a successful man—opens the door for you, a lean man with weak eyes and a courteous manner. If you have an appointment you are ushered into a sitting-room, which may also be the lawyer's dining-room, and there you receive the papers while you await your host.

One might multiply little patches of real London for a year and a day.

There are those which are very pleasant, those that are brilliant, and others that are mostly a dull gray. I think the real London is gray. Even its most splendid spectacles are merely the glint of gold through a gray mist. In one of the silent coniving streets that run out off Leicester Square figures of the half world people—to talk of them is trite. But among them are even sadder figures and faces—those of the waiting chorus girls, the girls who have made the pilgrimage to London from Scotland, from Ireland, from the North Country and the South Country—from everywhere—waiting and starving and praying for a chance to go on the stage at the Alhambra, at the Empire! They live in attics in strange, evil old buildings; even in cupboards built into the shoulders of chimneys. Sometimes they win the goal. The pleasure-hunters at the Alhambra are electrified by the dancing of some new beauty—a “Femina!” or a “Lucille!” As *they* pass out to their taxi-cabs, many that hope and will



TEMPLE BAR



CHELSEA (LONDON)

die hoping some day to wear the gorgeous clothing and hear the quick, furious applause of stage life, are passing by in the rabble of shamed ones. One or two of them may tomorrow get a place in the ballet, the next day make an influential friend and fame! And the next perhaps, having wasted opportunity, be out once more in Piccadilly.

Ask the porter in your *pension*, if you are staying there and not at an hotel, for the key to the garden. It is a great iron affair, related to the creaking iron gate which lets one into the green haven in the centre of the square. Sit under the trees, at the side of a gravel path; watch the quiet men and women coming out after dinner. This is a more pleasant London. Down by the docks night falls like an ominous cloud, shutting out all but the yellow glow of the lamps. By the Parliament Buildings it falls slowly, with dignity, swallowing the filthy river and its barges gradually. In the Strand it comes leisurely; by St. Paul's, solemnly. But in the garden of the square it drops tenderly down, slowly, tenderly, to the noise of twittering birds. One would think, sitting there, that London knew no

evil. It may not. Personally, as I said before, I think there is no London. It is a region inhabited by a score of ghosts and a fairy or two.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

THE STRATEGY OF HSU

BY ASHBY FORD

"NO, I wont," said Yu Hsien, closing her wilful thirteen-year-old mouth with a snap.

"Indeed," I gravely answered: "remember what may be the result of disobedience. A parent may send an unfilial child to the magistrate for decapitation. I suppose that I, as your legal guardian, could do the same to you."

"You can, but you won't," she said, looking up at me with a broad smile from her favourite seat on the rug at my feet. "Even when I'm really bad, you never so much as beat me. I saw a woman once who tried to have her son executed."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"I was with my mother then; she used to do sewing and embroidery for Mrs Hsu, whose husband was district magistrate of Yin Cheng, so we lived in the Yamen there. Mrs Hsu was fond of me and often had me in her own rooms to play with her daughter. She wanted to buy me from my mother, but my mother would not sell me.

"I was playing there one day when Mr. Hsu came in, carrying a folded red paper.

"I am exceedingly worried," he said to his wife, "I want your advice about this petition. It is from a woman called Fang; she says she is a widow, living in the Nan Hotung ('South Alley'); she asserts that her son, twelve years old, is incorrigibly disobedient and that she wishes me to behead him. Such a case is most distressing. Of course, the law is

the law, and if he were a grown man I should not hesitate.

"I told the clerk to send the woman away, with a promise that the matter should be attended to. The boy—he is a nice-looking child—has been put in the prison meanwhile."

"That is good—and not good," Mrs. Hsu said. "You did well in coming to me about this. If that boy is really so unfilial at twelve as to deserve decapitation, be sure it is his mother's fault. A good parent makes a good child. You must inquire carefully into the case. Fetch that boy from the prison; you were wrong to send him these. I will take charge of him and we may find out something that way."

"Such doings are not usual are they?" I interrupted Yu Hsien.

"What, for an official to consult his wife about business? It happens every day."

"Taking a boy from prison, that way," I explained.

"No, most people would not, but both Mrs. Hsu and her husband were very clever and very good. He used to disguise himself very often and go about the city at night, finding out what people thought, and who were bad and who were not. Everybody said he was the best magistrate Yin Cheng had ever had. I know he took no bribes and his servants only dared take very little ones. There are few officials like him.

When the boy was brought to Mrs. Hsu, she gave him very good words and told him not to be afraid. She

ordered my mother to look after him and let him play with me if he would. I was to take careful notice of anything he might say.

"We never got much from him; he was a good boy, seeming to respect his mother exceedingly. When asked why she had sent him to the Yamen, he said he didn't know, but later that she had done it 'because a man Chou told her to.' Chou was a poor neighbour whom he evidently disliked very much, saying that he never did any honest work, but had been hanging round his mother ever since his father's death and was always getting money from her. This—and that his mother was rather well off—was all he would tell, though he stayed with us in the Yamen nearly a month and seemed quite happy there.

"At the end of that time one morning the magistrate came into Mrs. Hsu's room, where I chanced to be with her. He always spoke quite freely before children or servants—Chinese officials are like that, you know, not like you foreigners.

"I have the whole story now," he said, 'about that woman Fang and her son. I have confirmed every detail of it. The boy's father was quite well off when he died; he owned several shops and houses, besides land outside the city walls. That was five years ago. Now there is a man called Chou who lives near the widow and who has become much too intimate with her. I think she wants him to marry her, but he isn't willing to have her without the property and that will be claimed by the boy, as soon as he is big, if his mother marries again. This couple made a fine scheme. If they had starved or beaten young Fang to death, nobody could well have interfered, but the neighbours would have talked and there would have been a bigger scandal than they dared face. So the mother has accused her son to me, thinking I would act without inquiry. I don't know how to manage, but I must try to save that boy.'

"Yes," assented Mrs. Hsu, 'he is a good child and, from what you say, his mother is all bad. I have an idea. Send for the woman to-day; she will come, thinking you are going to sentence the boy. What you must then do is this,—' and she outlined her plan.

"But the law,' objected Mr. Hsu when he heard her out.

"You a district magistrate and think about the law!' his wife answered. 'You know well that this will be justice; and who would object? Not a soul that hears of it but will praise you, and you know it. Do exactly what I have told you.'

"As soon as I understood what was to happen I got away and kept out of sight so that I should be free to run down the street and see the fun when the time came.

"Two of the magistrate's 'runners' were sent to Mrs. Fang, with word that she was to go along to the Yamen at once. Of course, they talked to people on the way, so that there was soon quite a crowd outside the Yamen, waiting to see what was in the wind.

"When Mrs. Fang arrived she was detained for a time in an outer court and then, to her astonishment, was ordered into a sedan chair. As she got into it, the magistrate was carried out in his own official four-bearer chair, with his regular retinue of guards, servants and gong-beaters. Mrs. Fang's bearers followed, closing the procession, so she had to sit still, evidently much frightened and wondering what would be next.

"The crowd outside followed as a matter of course, and it soon grew when it was seen that the magistrate was not out to make a social call on one of the local gentry, but was bound for a part of the city where nobody of any importance lived. Just inside the East Gate was the largest butcher's shop in the city. It was opposite this that Mr. Hsu stopped and, descending from his chair, motioned Mrs. Fang to do likewise and

come to him, which she did, fearfully.

"When she was by his side, he called to the owner of the shop:

"Mr. Butcher, what are you paying for pork to-day?"

"One hundred and fifty cash per chin,* your honour," replied the astonished butcher, making an awkward salutation.

"I have here," said the magistrate, as he pushed forward Mrs. Fang, 'a hog for sale. I judge she weighs ninety chin.**

"Send the money to the Yamen and keep her. As you see, she has the form of a woman, but that is only accidental. She is really an old hog and a very mischievous and dangerous one. You can do as you please with her, but I should advise you to cut her throat at once, before she does

any more harm.' Whereupon he got again into his sedan chair and returned with his following to the Yamen."

"What did the butcher do?" I asked Yu Hsien. "Did he pay for her and keep her?"

"No, of course, he could have done so, but who would want such a woman as that? She ran away the same night and it was supposed Chou went with her. Neither was ever seen in Yin Cheng again.

"Nobody was sorry for that, and all said how wisely and justly the magistrate had managed things. He found that one of the boy's uncles was a good man, so he was allowed to act as the boy's guardian, but Mr. Hsu kept an eye on him as long as he remained in office at Yin Cheng, and made sure that all went well."

*This would mean about ten cents a pound.

**120 pounds.



NÉE CORRIGAN

BY ROBERT BARR

THE interview with her father left Mrs. Godfrey Wentworth somewhat depressed. For the first time in her life, Peter Corrigan had definitely refused to accede to a request of hers; an occurrence so unexpected that at first the girl failed to grasp its significance. Even when her marriage was in question, much as Peter disliked his prospective son-in-law, he had not withheld his consent. In point of fact Dorothea had quite ignored the trifling formality of requesting it, being well accustomed to dispense with permission when she made up her mind to any particular course of action. Therefore Dorothea Corrigan became Mrs. Godfrey Wentworth, and then gradually arrived at the conclusion that it was easier to get along without her father's consent than his cheque-book. Dorothea had given no thought to settlements; the young man would have scorned to ask for them, even had it occurred to his unsophisticated mind that the income enabling him to enjoy a comfortable bachelor's life, following no more serious pursuit than the writing of dainty *belles lettres*, would be insufficient for two people. Yet the amount which kept Wentworth in comparative luxury, and paid for the publication of little books in elegant bindings, represented Dorothea's idea of abject poverty, and although she was willing to endure martyrdom for her husband's sake, if needs be, she had inherited too much of her father's

capability to admit the necessity. Until the critical conversation with Peter Corrigan, she had never given the idea a second thought. She was still her father's daughter, and he had no other child on whom to lavish the wealth he continued to accumulate.

When Dorothea set out to visit her father, her anxiety was solely lest Godfrey Wentworth's sensitiveness should be hurt by the idea of his wife contributing so largely to their household exchequer, and her mind was busy with a scheme for avoiding any injury to his pride. She knew that Peter Corrigan's financial standing gave him considerable influence; many offices which her husband might fill would be offered to him instantly if his father-in-law but said the word, and this word she resolved to request on Godfrey's behalf. Dorothea foresaw some difficulty in overcoming her husband's scruples as to his fitness for a responsible post, but this obstacle, not insuperable, was the most serious she expected to encounter.

At first she treated her father's refusal as a joke, but by degrees she came to realise its uncompromising decision. Peter Corrigan expressed his opinion of his son-in-law in brief, but pithy phrases that left little room for doubt as to his meaning. For a few moments Dorothea's impulse was to walk away in hot indignation, but her upbringing had imbued her with the belief that emotions and sentiment should never be allowed to in-

terfere with things of material value, and now the result of that training re-asserted itself. She snapped her fingers at her father's objections to placing in any important position a man so totally unfitted to undertake it as he believed his son-in-law to be.

"That's nonsense, papa," said Dorothea calmly. "I'm not asking you to make Godfrey a bank manager, or even a book-keeper; I admit Godfrey is an infant in financial matters. If he were not, he would never have dared to marry an extravagant luxury like me. But surely, among all the companies you have floated or financed, you have had something to do with publishers of one kind or another. Indeed, you told me yourself that it was you who stood sponsor for Fraser and Foote, when they started some years ago. Now, if you only mentioned that Godfrey was your son-in-law, hinting at your high opinion of his literary judgment, just think how easy it would be for Godfrey to become one of their literary advisers."

"You overlook the fact, my child, that I wish the firm of Fraser and Foote to prosper, since I have invested in it so largely. You can hardly expect me to place any obstacle in the way of their success, and incidentally of my own. He might even advise them to publish one of his own books, you know."

"They are going to do that in any case," said Dorothy proudly. "They are to publish his new volume of essays."

"H-mm!" growled the millionaire, without enthusiasm. "How much are they giving him?"

For the first time Dorothea hesitated.

"Godfrey is not *selling* his book," she said reprovingly. "I said Fraser and Foote are publishing it."

"H-mm!" commented the financier again.

"And he is paying them for doing so? Exactly. Well, Dorothea, that should show you what your hus-

band's scribble is worth, which is less than nothing. Now, my intellect isn't the sort that runs to poetry, but when I was much younger than your husband, and tramped up to London from the country, having scarcely a penny to bless myself with, my intellect was good enough to—"

Dorothea's hands were pressed over her ears, and she gave a little protesting shiver.

"Please don't, papa," she begged. "Remember, you trained me up on that story, so now that I'm old, I'd like to depart from it. I'm quite ready to admit it showed great ability on your part to persuade your wealthy employer to support your scheme to the extent of a thousand pounds, but—"

"That's not the point at all," said the financier bluntly. "What matters is that when I asked for a thousand pounds I showed a very good reason for my demand, and though I occupied almost the humblest position in his firm, I convinced my employer that the plan I outlined was worth at least that amount to his business. I proved it, too, for I more than made good, and not only did I repay the money advanced with interest, but I netted a profit that laid the foundation of my present financial position. Now, let your husband do the same. If he thinks he is competent to fill such a post as you suggest, I want more tangible proof of his ability than his mere word—or yours. I made the head of my firm believe my idea was worth a thousand pounds not just by saying it was, but by showing it conclusively. You want to advance your husband on the strength of high-faluting essays that publishers need to be paid for printing. It won't do, Dorothea. If he can write something worth a thousand pounds, or even half that amount in actual cash, I'll find the place for him you want. Otherwise—"

Peter Corrigan swung round to face his desk with a gesture that expressed finality.

"That's a bargain, papa," said Dorothea so clamly that Peter Corrigan suddenly turned again, looking at his daughter in astonishment as she rose. "You know the kind of position I want for Godfrey, so have it ready when I come to see you again."

"Do you mean to pretend that your husband can—"

"I know it," said Mrs. Wentworth confidently. "Good-bye, papa, and please be in a nicer mood next time I visit you."

Dorothea's good spirits were less real than apparent as she returned homeward. She appreciated the truth of her father's indictment of Godfrey Wentworth, yet was secretly proud of it. The practical atmosphere of her girlhood had not smothered an instinct for less sordid things, and that instinct developed rapidly in the companionship of such an artist as her husband undoubtedly was. His indifference to money appealed to her as a desirable trait that she herself could never succeed in cultivating. A daughter of Peter Corrigan must be forever practical. She looked up to Godfrey, adored him as completely as he did her; nevertheless, she was not blind to the fact that left to himself he would never in a lifetime, make a thousand pounds by his own efforts.

Peter Corrigan overlooked an important factor in the case, forgetting that in challenging Godfrey Wentworth, he challenged two people, the second being that very clear-headed young person, his own daughter, who had never failed to achieve her own way, and possessed an ample share of her father's fighting spirit. Dorothea made Godfrey's troubles her own and combated them with an enthusiasm that no one could have appreciated better than Peter. Therefore, she resolved to take a hand at the present crisis, and identifying herself with her husband, bring about thereby the end she held so tenaciously in view.

Not until the following morning,

however, did the girl see a possible solution of her problem. She had not spoken to her husband regarding her visit, and as she came into his study with the morning's letters, she appeared quite untroubled. With the carelessness of his temperament, Wentworth's custom had been merely to skim over his letters, and fling them to one side, to be answered at leisure, if ever at all, and this habit Dorothea, with her love of method, set herself to correct. She instituted herself private secretary, and each morning went thoroughly through his correspondence, waiting while he wrote replies to those needing his personal attention, and taking away the remainder to answer herself.

"There's not much to bother about this morning," said Godfrey, with relief. "Just one letter I need answer. Fraser and Foot have sent an estimate for producing the new book, but I must go into the figures a little before I settle anything. These circulars may feed the waste-basket."

Dorothea rescued a long envelope from the debris, pulled out a company's prospectus, and with her practised eye quickly took in its import.

"Perhaps you had better reply to this, dear," she suggested mildly.

Wentworth laughed a little.

"Oh, Dorothea, surely your zeal is a little too far-reaching," he remonstrated. "It isn't necessary to bother about a circular. No one ever answers them."

"But you see, this is a new company papa's putting through," explained his wife sweetly, "and perhaps if you took the trouble to reply, he might be rather pleased. You know, dear," she went on persuasively, "I do want him to have a high opinion of you, and if he finds how promptly you attend to even unimportant matters of business, why—"

Had Wentworth been anything but the most impractical of men, he might have pointed out that the great business man would be apt to bestow very little respect on anyone who de-

voted valuable time to trivialities; as it was, he yielded to Dorothea's seemingly good logic.

"That being the case," he said, "let's get it done at once." He took paper, and brought out a fountain pen. "What shall I say?"

Dorothea was studying the prospectus.

"I think you'd better address it to J. R. Harris," she said.

"But I understood that the object of this communication was to impress your father?" suggested Wentworth. "Why not send it to him direct? I suppose Harris is only the manager, isn't he?"

"Not exactly," said Dorothea, "but he and father are working together in this flotation—here's his name on the prospectus, you see—and perhaps it would be more business-like to send it to him. Don't you think so?"

"My dear Dorothea, to be frank with you, I don't see any reason for doing so. But the ways of business are past my comprehension, and I rely implicitly on your invariably correct judgment. Whatever course you direct, I follow."

"That's right," said Dorothea approvingly. "Go on with the letter. Make it quite brief and formal, something like this:

"Dear Sir,—Referring to your communication of September 17. I regret that after going into the matter of the Redwings Runabout Company, I do not feel disposed to invest in that flotation."

Guilelessly the young man inscribed the letter, signed his name, addressed an envelope, and slipped the sheet inside. Dorothea held out her hand.

"I'll post it," she said. "I'm going out presently."

Godfrey looked at her admiringly as he gave up the envelope.

"What a capable little girl you are!" he said, but Dorothea only laughed, and blew him a kiss from her finger tips as she went out. Went-

worth, however, was very much in earnest, and left alone, began to wonder, as often before, what he had done to deserve such good fortune as had befallen him, and what was more to the point, how he could prove his appreciation. His marriage had brought him for the first time from his student's seclusion, and contact with a commercial world was beginning to teach him what great material sacrifices Dorothea had made in becoming his wife. Now he picked up his publishers' letter, glancing at the estimate therein, and it seemed to bring to a point resolutions that had lately been forming in his mind. With a decision Dorothea would have approved, he wrote a brief but comprehensive note saying he had definitely decided not to go on with the production of the book, and when this was sealed and stamped, Wentworth felt he had taken an important step. In future he would earn money, not spend it. Dorothea had made uncomplaining sacrifice for him, and this chivalry demanded that he do no less for her. He must put aside his shrinking from the commerce in everyday life and endeavour to serve his lady as faithful in deeds as he had done hitherto in beautiful words. Where exactly lay the field of labour Wentworth was uncertain, but a resolution to discover it was a step in the right direction.

In the meanwhile, Dorothea burst cheerfully into the private office of Peter Corrigan, kissed his brow dutifully and seated herself in a comfortable chair near her father's desk. She took from her handbag the letter she had dictated to Godfrey, and without any explanation handed it to Mr. Corrigan, who glanced over it, and tossed it contemptuously to one side.

"Really, Dorothea," he said urbanely, "disheartening though such a communication must be to an anxious company promoter, I fancy the company will be floated even without the assistance of your husband."

"I'm delighted to hear that," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Then you don't think it will make any difference to Mr. Harris?"

Peter Corrigan sat up suddenly, and picked up the letter again. He had not noticed to whom it was addressed. He re-read the communication, then glanced at his daughter through half-closed eyes.

"Why should it?" he asked sharply. "Has Harris been trying to get information out of your husband?"

His ever-suspicious mind was at work. Harris was the man on whom he depended for the successful flotation of his company; he had not committed himself finally, it was true, and though Corrigan felt confident of his support, he knew only too well that only a completed bargain is effective. Had Harris been seeking further information than that furnished through the usual channels? The letter Dorothea showed him was obviously an answer to some communication. What would be the effect on Harris as he learned that Corrigan's son-in-law, who might reasonably be expected to have inside knowledge, refused to invest in the company? To that there was but one answer. Yet how should Harris imagine that Godfrey Wentworth would testify against his father-in-law, even if he could? By the simple process of making it worth his while to do so, of course, and a poor man might be dazzled by a moderate inducement. Dorothea's next question confirmed this suspicion.

"Would Godfrey's opinion be worth anything to a clever man like Mr. Harris?" she ventured.

"My dear Dorothea, it is absurd for you to ask such elementary questions," said her father, impatiently. "You know perfectly well the value of such a letter as this to a man in Harris's position, and are shrewd enough to understand it would pay him handsomely to get what he thinks is reliable inside information that might prevent his losing thousands in

a bad or even worthless speculation."

"Would it be worth five hundred pounds?"

"H-mm! So that's the price, is it? It's worth it if he thinks so. Come, Dorothea, we may as well be frank with one another. What do you want? You didn't show me the letter merely to get my opinion, did you? I'll give you a cheque for five hundred pounds to cancel that note to Harris. I suppose that's what you're after."

"Is it worth five hundred to you?"

"If Harris is ready to pay that much for it; yes."

Dorothea tore the letter in two, placed the fragments in the envelope, and passed it to Peter Corrigan, who drew out and opened his cheque book. Dorothea placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"I don't want a cheque," she said. "That wasn't in the bargain. I want you to write a nice letter to the influential person in the Fraser and Foote's publishing office, to say how admirably fitted your son-in-law is for a post on their staff. You won't express it baldly like that, of course, but that is the meaning you will convey."

"What!" roared Peter Corrigan, gazing in angry astonishment at his daughter, who burst suddenly into merry laughter.

"Papa, dear," she said. "I'm afraid you ignored the fact that although I am now Mrs. Godfrey Wentworth, I am also 'née Corrigan,' as the newspapers put it. As I reminded you at our last interview, I was brought up on the story of how you came to the city almost penniless, and so won your employer's confidence that he advanced you a thousand pounds, yet it seems to cause surprise when I try to follow your example. I know that Godfrey can win distinction is his own line of work, just as you have done in yours, and he will do it, too, ultimately, even if you go back on your word now, and refuse to help me. For you did make a

promise, you know, and Godfrey has carried out the condition you laid down. Here's writing of his that you yourself admit is worth five hundred pounds, and you must own I never even hinted you should pay for it; only asked your opinion of its value."

"You overlook the fact that I stipulated your husband should make the money," said Corrigan, drily, "while you evidently are at the bottom of this little plot, for I suspect it is a plot, and that letter was never intended to go to Harris. I consider your victory wholly fraudulent."

"Nonsense, papa; it is merely an example of that bluff you have so often boasted about working off on other people. But your proviso was carried out to the letter. Although the poor boy hadn't any suspicion what I meant to do with it, he wrote that letter in all good faith, and would have posted it but for my intervention. "If he can write something worth a thousand pounds, or even half that amount, in actual cash," were your words. That's Godfrey's writing, and you yourself were prepared to pay five hundred pounds for it. No; you're beaten this time, papa, and you'd better give in graciously. You know you will have to, sooner or later."

Peter Corrigan, having recognised that fact some time ago, yielded with a sigh, which was caused less by resignation than a feeling of relief that he need keep up the estrangement no longer. But when he wanted to give Dorothea the cheque for five hundred pounds, she would have none of it.

"No," she said, "I don't want the money, but if you like, I'll tell you what you may do. Send that cheque, or part of it, to Godfrey's publishers, and order in advance a number of copies of his new book, which you can give away to people you know. That will be of mutual benefit, for it will help Godfrey with Fraser and Foote, when they know he is your son-in-law, and your friends will have a new point of interest in you when

they learn that the author of those clever critical essays is a relative of yours."

Peter Corrigan appeared doubtful about the latter part of this argument; nevertheless, when Dorothea had gone blithely home to her unsuspecting husband, Peter Corrigan followed her advice. Thus it happened that affairs seemed to be working out smoothly for everyone except the publishers, who were in a quandary when by next morning's post they received Wentworth's withdrawal of his book, and the millionaire's handsome subscription to the same work. Peter Corrigan's offer was one they did not wish to refuse, and they came to the conclusion it would probably pay them to publish Wentworth's book at their own expense. But a further surprise awaited them in Godfrey's answer. His first impulse had been to accept their offer with gratitude, but the stimulus of his new resolution emboldened him to demand for his work not only publication, but payment on a reasonably adequate scale, and to this the publishers were compelled to agree, rather than turn away the handsome order from Peter Corrigan.

A day or two later, Godfrey, with modest but unmistakable pride, showed the signed contract to his wife.

"You were right, Dorothea, as always," he said, complacently, "in saying that a man should insist on his own worth. See how completely I have proved that in bringing these people to terms."

Dorothea replied smilingly: "They could not help recognising it, dear, and I am glad they are learning to estimate your business acumen, also. Haven't I always told you you were bound to be successful when you tried? I can't tell you how proud I am, Godfrey."

"I owe it all to your help and encouragement," said Wentworth, with most becoming humility, but he never knew how closely that statement coincided with the truth.

THE SPECTRE OF RUDALL PLACE

BY EDWIN PUGH

THERE is a ghost, of course, Mr. Bondam?" said the Sugar Girl. (She was American: the only daughter of Jan Van Poortz, the mighty Saccharine King.)

"Oh, yes," answered young Bondam. "The governor took the whole place just as it stands. Castle and grounds and everything. And the ghost was included in the fixtures, naturally. A movable fixture you might call it, since it only exists once a year, I believe."

"On Easter Sunday?"

"Right on the threshold of it, Miss Poortz. Between twelve and one, to be exact. It's rather a hackneyed sort of bogey though, I'm afraid. In life it was a rightful Heir who returned from some Holy War, to find a dastardly Usurper in possession of its rights. Unfortunately it elected to come home in the silly clandestine way of a midnight spy upon the premises; and the dastardly Usurper—who was also its cousin—stabbed it, just to find out if it were alive, out there in the terrace behind you."

Several of the company started and half-turned in their seats as Tommy Bondam pointed over their shoulders towards the row of long, narrow windows where the frosty gloaming made latticed patches of pale blue light in the glossy blackness of the wall. There were two fires burning in the spacious, dim hall. The smouldering red glow of the embers struck prismatic flashes, as of precious gems, out of the mullioned panes, and touched the carved oak and the age-dimmed

oil portraits in their heavy, moulded frames, drawing fitful, mysterious gleams out of shining yellow gilt and wine-coloured wood.

"Don't scoff, Mr. Bondam," the Sugar Girl adjured him. "It's profane."

"You believe in ghosts?" asked the Honourable Paul Tracey.

"Of course!" said she. "Every good American does. It's the one drop of gall in our full cup that ghosts won't emigrate; and so we haven't a solitary unquiet spirit of our own that will bear being looked at—even with the eyes of faith."

"And that is curious, too," remarked the Professor; "since—or as I understand—many of the professional spiritualistic mediums who flourish in England were born in your delightful country."

"That is because, as I say, they were simply wasted where they were," replied the Sugar Girl. "And so they just had to come over here to find suitable material to operate on." She turned to the Explorer. "You believe in ghosts, Mr. Clowes, I feel sure," she said. And every man of the party writhed as he marked how she smiled on the lazy, blonde Esau, who lolled on the high-backed settle beside her. And every girl there ached to think that somehow she could never quite acquire just the Sugar Girl's knack of compelling all men—at least, for the time being—to appear wholly and undividedly absorbed in her.

"I'm sorry, drawled Jack Clowes.

"But I've seen too many unaccountable things in my time to believe in a single one of 'em."

"How do you mean?" asked Miss Poortz.

"Well," he said, slowly, "there are all sorts of witch doctors and sorcerers and devil-worshippers and divers other kinds of unclean carrion in back-of-the-world places in Africa and the East, you know, where I've been; and they go in for all manner of picturesque beastliness. And, moreover, some of them do perform the most amazing tricks at times. And if these ignorant savages can exploit these mysteries, why not we? But there is something draughty and thin and colourless and quiet about our home-bred ghost-shows, I think, that isn't half so taking as the supernatural orgies of those poor half-baked pagan priests. Our English products leave you in a too coldly critical and severely analytical frame of mind. They don't frighten you enough. Whereas, I do assure you, those witch doctors—"

He paused expressively.

There followed a brief spell of silence, and then the Honourable Paul Tracey said softly: "I think we ought to have the usual bet. Eh, people? Really, I do think we ought. For here we have all the appropriate accessories, you know. The dining-hall of a real ancient castle, eight hundred years old, at least. And a real ancient ghost, due in a few hours."

"Well?" prompted young Bondam.

"Well," repeated the Honourable Paul; "I'll bet Clowes he doesn't sit up and face the ghost. I'll bet him . . . What shall I bet him? Miss Poortz, perhaps you would be good enough to name the stakes?"

"I'll name the stakes with pleasure," said the Sugar Girl, "after the wager is won and lost. But not until then."

"Do you take me?" asked the Honourable Paul.

"Don't be an ass," said Clowes.

"And, anyway, the idea is utterly absurd," Clowes's sister rejoined, sharply. "The ghost walks on the terrace. You are not, I hope, going to ask Jack to sit out there all night in the frost and snow?"

"He wouldn't need to, Miss Clowes," said young Bondam. "There are plenty of rooms he could occupy that open out on to the terrace. He could be made quite warm and snug in one of those."

"Thanks, old chap," murmured Clowes. "But I am quite content with the palatial apartment you have already allotted me. And, then I'm not a betting man."

"Besides which," smiled the Honourable Paul; "it is a bit of an ordeal, you must remember. I don't believe in ghosts myself, of course—no sane man could; but all the same, I fancy I shouldn't sleep too well in a room that was said to be haunted. My nerves and my liver might join forces and get to work together and make me see things, or give me nightmare."

And he laughed constrainedly.

"By Gum, though, now I come to think of it!" cried young Bondam. "The window of the guest-chamber that we have put you in, Clowes, does open on the terrace. So that there would be no occasion for you to be shifted about, after all!"

"So!" said Clowes, indifferently. "That being the case then, the matter is out of my hands, I imagine. Only, mind you, I don't promise to keep awake to oblige any mere unsubstantial spectre, if I feel like dropping off before the appointed time arrives. And this I tell you that you may understand that I am not in the least interested in this nocturnal foolishness, one way or the other."

"You don't take my bet, then?" queried the Honourable Paul.

"I never bet," said Clowes definitely.

"What a pity!" cried Miss Poortz. "And I was looking forward dreadfully to handing over the stakes to

the winner. It seemed so—so sporting," she concluded ruefully.

As she spoke, Clowes turned and looked at her intently. He sat upright and his fibres seemed suddenly to stiffen and grow tense. His habitual languor fell away from him like a discarded disguise, giving place to a quickened expectancy.

"I should be very sorry to deprive you of any innocent pleasure, Miss Poortz," he said gravely. "Tracey, I take you, after all."

"Good man!" exclaimed the Honourable Paul. "But you must promise to watch out, you know, and not go to sleep."

"My word for it, I won't," replied Clowes.

"Joy!" the Sugar Girl ejaculated. "And I reckon it will be a real un-knightly ghost if it does not walk for you now, Mr. Clowes!"

II.

It was drawing on toward eleven o'clock. There had been dancing, romping. There had been round games. There had been riding on a muffled broom-head up and down the polished floors, and tobogganing on tea-trays down the wide staircases. There had been blind man's buff; and a little—but not too much—music. Finally, there had been supper, and a speech by old Joe Bondam into which—despite the boisterous attempts of his son and daughters to cry him down—he had successfully contrived to introduce mention of the Rubber Ring that had floated him to affluence. Now it was all over and the young people were bidding one another good-night.

Jack Clowes and the Sugar Girl stood side by side in a deep embrasure, looking out through one of the windows at the moonlit wilderness of hill-slope and tree and star-dusted sky that lay sleeping before them.

"You will keep awake?" said the Sugar Girl.

"You mean—? Oh, yes. The ghost. I had forgotten," said Clowes. "Well,

anyway, I don't fell drowsy now."

"I should guess not," she cried indignantly.

"But the — stakes?" he hinted. "What—"

"I am to name the stakes, and hand them over afterwards, you know," she reminded him.

"Do you think I shall win them, Lilith—I mean, Miss Poortz?" he inquired.

"I think you will, Jack—I mean Mr. Clowes," she answered, demurely.

"Then I will, for sure," said he.

"Now, people all, bed—bed—bed!" bawled out young Bondam. "We don't allow yawning over breakfast at Rudall Place, you know. Only person allowed to yawn is . . . I say, where is Clowes, by the bye?" Then as the Sugar Girl and Clowes moved out of the embrasure into the candle-light. "Look here, no squaring the stake-holder, old chap," he said.

"You ought to know, Tommy," said Miss Portz, with an ethereal sniff, "that I am incorruptible."

"Ah, but is Clowes? And . . . oh, there you are Tracey. Shall we escort the brave man to the place of his vigil?"

"I think we should be in order if we did," said the Honourable Paul.

"And I'll give you a view halloo at one to prove that I'm still awake," said Clowes.

"No, pray don't do that," the Professor implored him, nervously. "The ghost I myself should not have the slightest objection to meeting. In fact I have always wanted to meet and interview a genuine ghost. But any noise in the night—!" he shuddered.

After the young men had escorted Clowes ceremoniously to the door of his bedroom, and chaffed him, and expressed a proper mocking solicitude for his safety, they dispersed to their own rooms, one by one; and darkness and silence fell abruptly, like a pall on the corpse of mirth, upon the weather-scarred old castle.

The Honourable Paul sat on the edge of his bed, with his chin in the palm of his hand, and his elbow propped on his knee, ruminating. To him came young Bondam, knocking gently at the door of his chamber, and asking, "Can you sleep yet, Tracey?"

"Come in," the Honourable Paul called out. And Tommy entered.

"I say," he began; "what's the idea, old chap?"

"What's which idea?" asked the other.

"This wager of yours with Clowes. I don't quite grasp it. You don't really suppose Jack Clowes is the sort of slack-back to frighten himself into seeing things, do you?"

"I don't know. He got my hair off, rather. He's got such a confoundedly supercilious go-and-behanged-to-you way with him. But I daresay I was a fool. What does it matter?"

"I wondered—you don't mind my saying so, old man?—I wondered whether you thought you might be able to give him a fright in some way."

"You don't believe in your own family ghost, then, Tommy?"

"Well, hardly!" was the frank response. "Nor do you, I'm sure. Who could?"

"Maybe there never was a ghost?" suggested the Honourable Paul.

"There's a legend right enough, if that's what you mean," replied Bondam. "But I say, you haven't even started undressing yet!" He regarded his distinguished guest with a quizzical frown. "It isn't as if Clowes were the sort of fellow to play tricks with, either, is it?" he went on, irrelevantly, and laughed, with an assumption of carelessness that sat very ill upon his guileless personality. "I believe he'd think less than nothing of potting the ghost—if it did appear—with that great nigger persuader of his."

"But isn't it generally understood that ghosts are not to be hurt in that way?"

"Ghosts, of course, are invulner-

able," Tommy assented, dubiously, with a heavy accent on the word "ghosts."

"Very well, then," said the Honourable Paul.

"You won't—" faltered Tommy.

"I won't get much beauty-sleep if I stay chin-wagging with you any longer," his guest replied.

"Don't be rude to your host: it isn't manners," said Tommy, smiling but still looking troubled. "Well, good-night, old man. Hope you'll sleep." And he went slowly out, and closed the door with a lingering hand.

After he had gone the Honourable Paul continued to sit on the edge of the bed, all bunched up like a human note of interrogation, still brooding deeply.

III.

A clock in the hall below chimed the hour of twelve. The sound of its booming came, faint and muffled, to the listening ears of the Honourable Paul Tracey as he sat alone in his bedroom.

He had not once changed his attitude since the departure of Tommy. Now, at last, he rose—stiffly, for his ungainly posture had cramped his limbs—and began to bestir himself feverishly. First, he sloughed off his dinner-jacket and waistcoat, his collar and his boots. For these last, he substituted a pair of white canvas tennis-shoes with rubber soles.

Then he opened his case of toilet-requisites, took out the usual box of pearl-powder, that he was in the habit of using after shaving, and dabbed his face over with the puff till it was as white as chalk from the roots of his hair to the place where his stiff shirt-collar rimmed his neck with a scarlet line. Gazing at his reflection in the mirror he was bound to confess that he looked a sufficiently ghastly object already. He looked, indeed, like some horrible variety of clown.

"Perhaps I had better not do it after all," he said to himself. "If he isn't frightened I'll look about the

most foolish kind of fool that's extant, I reckon. . . . I don't see why I should, though. I could explain that it was all a joke. And if I did frighten him . . . Well, then, I guess, as she would say, it will do his business with her, pretty effectually. Women cannot stand a man who not only plays the craven but is made ridiculous into the bargain. At the same time . . . Oh, pickles!"

He sighed. Still inwardly debating with himself he turned his back on his reflection and crossed the big room to the bed. He dragged off a sheet and he had considerable trouble with the adjustment of his draperies. "I don't want to trip over my ceremonies," he muttered.

Then he turned again to the dressing-table and again gazed at his transmogrified self in the glass. Such a hideous apparition was mirrored there that in his own despite he felt a sudden poignant chilliness between his shoulder blades and his lower jaw dropped till the round black hole of his mouth showing just below the tip of his pendulous nose looked like a note of exclamation in the mask of a deadly whiteness that stared back at him.

"Holy Smoke! if I startle myself!" he breathed.

Then he observed that his well-kept soft hands appeared, on a sudden, grossly coarse and red against his snowy draperies.

"Much too human!" was his verdict.

He rummaged in his bag for a pair of dress-gloves. An inspiration prompted him to allow the fingers of the gloves to dangle limply. Their suggestion of bonelessness, then, was horrifying and nasty enough to satisfy even his exigent desires. He chuckled. Then the chuckle was abruptly strangled in his throat as he saw the hideous transformation which has caused that involuntary outbreak of mirth to take place in the awful visage leering back at him out of the depths of the looking-glass.

"'Pon my gracious! I'm more than half afraid of myself," he muttered.

IV.

He was out on the terrace at last. It had been a long and tiresome journey from his bedroom and he had lost his way once or twice, and tripped over his draperies, despite his precautions, half a score of times at least. He had some difficulty in getting out of the house, too, though he had been at pains to take his bearings beforehand, realising that it would not do for a poor flimsy spirit to draw bolts, loose chains, turn heavy iron keys, and unhasp spring-bars. So he had made his inglorious exit by way of a newly-fitted French window in Tommy Bondam's private and particular smoking-den. In getting out, however, he had had the misfortune to tear and generally to disarrange his voluminous draperies; moreover he had scraped a few inches of bark off his shin, and now his leg was bleeding into his sock and smarting badly.

He paused outside the castle, in the shadow of the high, frowning wall, to adjust his disordered, tattered attire, and to reconnoitre. To add to the material discomforts of his condition he was beginning to realise that he was making a most stupendous idiot of himself. He wished from his heart that he had never embarked on this most silly and fatuous escapade. But there was a certain quality of stubbornness in the Honourable Paul; and having come so far and suffered so much he was not one to turn back now. So, he set his teeth, and swore to go through with the business to the end, fraught with whatever danger that end might prove to be.

Clinging closely to the ivy-mantled wall he cautiously groped his way past numerous darkened windows in the direction of the haunted terrace, the sheet snapping and fluttering and billowing about him tempestuously, as he went. But when he had successfully rounded the last flying buttress that interposed between him

and his goal, that the wind did not blow upon him quite so shrewdly or unkindly on the terrace itself as it had heretofore delighted in doing. He paused, in a welter of conflicting emotions, to take breath and consider his next proceeding.

The moon still suffused the surrounding landscape with a tender pale effulgence, casting dark shadows that shifted and wavered mysteriously as the trees and bushes swayed in the sea-borne breeze. The whole visible world seemed to breathe softly in sleep under that mystic veil of pallid radiance. There was not a sound save the far-off, hollow roar of the surf on a distant, cavernous shore. Now and again a fox barked shrilly or a night-bird called, discordantly. But the universal stillness and peace seemed only the more profound and infinite for these occasional disturbances.

The straight, broad path of the terrace, bordered with dark shrubbery, seemed to stretch away illimitably before his view, and finally to merge into the ultimate gloom of the plantation beyond. He had lost all self-consciousness now, and realised not at all the grotesque figure that he must cut in that austere solitude. He was beginning to shiver, as the virtues of the food and wine of which he had plentifully partaken an hour before gradually evaporated. He was quite sure, now, that he did not want to carry his folly to any further extreme. He wondered what insane deviltry could have possessed him to engage in it at all, and cursed himself, roundly and comprehensively, for the greatest dolt in the whole, wide world.

"I'll go back at once," he resolved, laughing at himself, contemptuously; and he gathered up his sheet about his knees, and prepared to retrace his steps.

But, even as he was about to turn, he fancied that he saw an amorphous something forming in that ultimate gloom at the farther end of the ter-

race. He stood, as one transfixed, motionless, every sense and faculty alert. Yes; there was undubitably something . . . What—? . . . He felt his scalp creeping and tingling under his absurd, perked hood as he gazed. His tongue seemed slowly to swell, and then suddenly to shrivel and curl up in his mouth. His knees jolted together. It was as if the life-blood drained slowly out of his carcass, leaving him void of all sensation, all power or semblance of volition.

For assuredly there was something forming in that patch of fathomless blackness beyond the long, level vista of the empty terrace-path. It was imperceptibly assuming the proportions of a shrouded human figure. Out of the impalpable air it formed itself, and began to approach him on noiseless feet. He saw it bearing swiftly toward the spot where he stood, helpless. He saw it—monstrously tall and erect—swooping down upon him, mercilessly, unswervingly, threateningly. He almost felt the wind of its irresistible approach.

Nearer it came until he fancied he could hear the faint hiss and rustle of its grave-clothes, trailing in the night-wind. He uttered a low wail of terror . . . collapsed about the ankles, weakly . . . fell forward.

Kneeling abjectly before the spectre he battered on the ground with his hands in a frenzy. Then all proximate matters coalesced into one white star of dazzling brilliancy and he toppled down.

Out of a rolling, red, nauseating fog he seemed to emerge in a new, strenuous world of violence and riot. His weakness had, after all, been only momentary, and though the sickly spell of his overmastering terror still hung upon his senses heavily, he was not so far gone that he could not pull himself together again by a prodigious effort of will. And the effort was forthcoming. He rallied his truant faculties to his aid . . . and was instantly aware of

such eminently mundane and prosaic elements in his immediate vicinity as a sound of human voices, cursing heartily, and a palpable, tangible commotion of solid bodies hurtling confusedly about him. With a final effort he shook off the last, clogging aftermath of his partial swoon and peered about him in the darkness, fearfully. He was still grovelling in the turf. But, otherwise, the aspect of his surroundings was miraculously changed. The scene was no longer eloquent of calm and peace; but of bitter strife and fury. A handspell away two figures of men fought and struck blindly at each other. A turn in the conflict showed him the face of Jack Clowes, grim and terrible and fierce in the stress of the struggle. Then he heard him speak.

"Bear a hand—quick!" he gasped out.

A moment later, the Honourable Paul had fully recovered all his wits; and in a trice was assisting to secure a badly-mauled and breathless stranger who heaved convulsively and floundered like a landed trout, sobbing and quivering, in the clutches of the imperturbable and victorious Clowes. Still in a state of dazed bewilderment, in which all thought seemed temporarily suspended, the Honourable Paul further helped Clowes to tie up his captive in a sort of bag made out of some sheets that were strewn about untidily over the ground.

"Rub that muck off your face, Tracey," whispered Clowes. "Quick! All the people in the house will be down in a minute."

"Thanks," muttered the Honourable Paul, and did as he was bidden—as he would have done anything just then that Clowes commanded.

And then he perceived that every window in the front of the Castle was ablaze with lights. Many of the casements were flung open, inquiries eddied down from them. Then, a dishevelled rabble of men

streamed out upon the terrace, requesting to know with one accord what was the matter.

"I think thievery is the matter," said Clowes. "Ah, would you! . . . Here, Tommy!" he called out to young Bondam, who had just appeared, clad diaphanously in cherry-hued pyjamas and a pea-green dressing-gown. "Do you know this gentleman we have here?"

Tommy stepped forward and stooped over the prostrate man, who moaned faintly as he was scrutinised. "It's Scotti—my own valet!" he cried. "The best valet I ever had, too."

"A gentleman with misdirected talents in other directions, also, I should say," remarked Clowes. "Look at this make-up. Lucky Tracey here and I are not troubled with nerves, eh, Tracey? He looked ugly and spectral enough in that rig to put fear into any man."

V.

"One can't withhold a certain admiration for the fellow, though," said the Sugar Girl.

It was the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and she and Clowes had again come together mysteriously in the window-embasure.

"He's confessed, hasn't he?" she pursued.

"Yes. And the rogue seems to have some humour in him of a sort. He says he heard the legend from the maids and thought that if he made up as the spectre it might possibly help him through in his nefariousness. He calculated, you see, on frightening anybody he might be unlucky enough to meet, in such a way that they would lose their wits, and so give him time to escape. A most excellent make-up it was, too."

"And he was unlucky enough to meet you," she remarked.

"No, I merely saw him creep past my window, and stole out and followed him. It was the Honourable Paul he met."

"But what was Mr. Tracey doing there, I want to know?"

"Behaving like a little man. I expect he followed the burglar, too. Oh, there is stuff in Tracey," he assured her, lying nobly out of the generosity of his youth.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that of a sprig of your nobility, anyway," said the Sugar Girl. "But," she added, "I do wish they would let the poor thing off."

"Perhaps Tommy Bondam will—if you ask him prettily. It's his likes, I suppose. But why?"

"Oh, because he helped the vigil to be dramatically effective, I suppose. And, anyway, I consider I

ought to have a voice in the matter, since I am given to understand it was my trinkets he was after."

A somewhat lengthy pause ensued. At last Clowes ventured to say tentatively:

"You have a voice in another matter."

"Yes?" she queried.

"About those stakes, you know. Are you ready to deliver them?"

"Now?"

"Yes, please," said he.

She sighed, laughed, then put her small, capable hand in his with the nearest approach to shyness that a properly-constituted American heiress is capable of.

SPRING IN THE FOOTHILLS

By PEREGRINE ACLAND

RIDE! Ride!

For the Winter snows have run
From their foe, the April sun,
And the roses rise in pride on the grassy mountain side,
(Then ride!)
Where the echo of my shout
Comes a-rolling round about,
As if winding on his horn had young Spring himself replied.

Ride! Ride!

For the timid calves are bawling,
And the antelopes are calling,
And each buck to each doe has cried that Winter at last has died.
(Then ride!)
When the scented winds blow strong,
And the old Earth-love calls long,
Swiftly leap into your saddle and westward, westward ride!

JAMAICA

BY LEWIS W. CLEMENS

WITH the approaching completion of the Panama Canal and the probable change of traffic routes caused thereby, it is interesting to note the present conditions prevailing in certain West Indian Islands. From being in a comparative side-street of commerce, they will shortly be facing one of the main highways.

A new commercial era is apparently dawning on these fertile tropical islands and it is in this that Canadian business men are most interested. The trade agreement, with its preferential tariff, will be in operation for ten years, which should be a satisfactory test period, at the end of which time the advantages or disadvantages of the agreement will be quite apparent.

Although Jamaica is one of the islands which has not, as yet, passed the bill, it is probable that Jamaica will be the largest gainer in both trade with Canada and increased importance of position consequent upon the opening of the Panama Canal, Jamaica being in a straight line with the traffic between Colon and the eastern coast of North America.

In twenty years Jamaica's trade with Canada has risen from \$210,000 to \$1,265,000 per annum, an increase due for the most part to the large quantities of sugar shipped to Canada. In 1911, Canada took 8½ per cent. of the total exports of the island, according to official returns, but this does not include the shipments which find their way to the Dominion

through United States ports. Mr. E. J. Wortley, of the Jamaica Agricultural Department, in his report to the Jamaica Government on the Toronto Exhibition says: "Speaking generally, far more interest was shown by Canadian business men in the Jamaica exhibits this year, and there was evidence of greater desire on the part of the brokers and others to handle Jamaica products."

Canadian business men have already sought this field for investment to some extent, and two Canadian banks have extensive connections there. The Bank of Nova Scotia has a number of branches in various parts of the island, and the Royal Bank of Canada has an office in Kingston. The only other bank doing business is the Colonial Bank (of London). The West India Electric Company, with capital of \$800,000 and bond issue of \$600,000, is a Canadian company. They acquired property and right for development of water-power on the Rio Cobre, and they transmit the power twenty-one miles to Kingston, where they operate twenty-five miles of electric railway, covering all parts of the city of Kingston, and extending six miles, in two directions, into the suburbs. This company is also the lessee of the property and business of the Jamaica Light and Power Company, Limited, of Canada, operating the electric lighting and power business of Kingston.

After increased steamship service has been established between Canada and Jamaica, it is understood that



BANANA TREES, SHOWING AVENUES AND AN IRRIGATION DITCH

another large hotel, backed by Canadian capital, will be erected on one of the finest sites in Jamaica.

A number of Canadian insurance companies have offices in Kingston and there are many Canadians owning and managing properties and plantations throughout the island. It is usually surprising to the casual visitor to find so strong a bond already existing between this tropical land and our own northern Canada.

Lascelles Hasbouck, a New England writer, says: "Kingston, the capital of the island, is a bright and pleasing city; its thoroughfares are bordered with trees, broad sidewalks and handsome white buildings, and have a general air of prosperity and alertness. There are many flower beauty spots, and in a park filled with gorgeous flowering shrubs and trees is a fine specimen of the banyan, with whipcord roots, descending from lofty branches, which if permit-

ted to take root, soon form an impenetrable jungle. Two large covered markets filled with native products and tropical fruits of exquisite quality and vegetables in endless variety are a never failing source of interest and pleasure to the tourist." In their market accommodation we in Canada could very well take a few pointers. Shelters have been erected for those who come over-night, whose inmates, with the early morning arrivals, form a dense crowd of laughing, chattering, good-tempered humanity of various shades, which it would be difficult to duplicate.

Since the British occupation in 1665 Jamaica has known little disturbance, except of an economic character. The abolition of slavery caused considerable disorganisation, succeeded by a long period of financial depression, as the great sugar industry steadily declined. Changed labour conditions, equalisation of



THE SEA ROAD, NEAR MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA

sugar duties, and finally the European bounty system, brought the once wealthy island to the verge of bankruptcy. Being possessed, however, of boundless natural resources, several products were cultivated in succession which temporarily staved off the evil day, but were eventually killed by a variety of causes, natural and artificial. An American tariff destroyed the export of oranges and pineapples on a large scale, although their qualities are superior to the California product, particularly their flavour, and still sell in limited quantities in the best fruit stores in New York; logwood and indigo fell before aniline dyes, and quinine when vast forests of chinchona were discovered in South America. Bananas brought the much needed relief, as Jamaica's especial adaptability to their growth was soon made apparent by the superior quality of the fruits. Abandoned sugar estates, long classed as

"ruinate," emerged as productive banana plantations, and new life flowed in the stagnating veins of the island. Jamaica now stands at the head of banana-producing countries, especially as to quality, but also as to quantity. Her exports for 1909 were 16,712,210 bunches of the value of \$1,403,829, which rose \$2,000,000 in the following year, and is still increasing at a nearly proportionate rate.

The banana tree attains about twenty feet in height, and with its long broad, gracefully drooping leaves is exceedingly beautiful. It is not difficult of cultivation and bears fruit, one bunch in twelve months, when it gives way to its successor, springing from the same roots; which process may continue for several years. Bananas are set in avenues, sometimes irrigated, according to the character of the district, and run from 250 to 350 plants an acre, with a gross yield of

from \$50 to \$75 under favourable conditions. With its variant, the plantain, it forms a large part of the food of the inhabitants. Fruit is never allowed to become ripe on the

deep red, heart-shaped bud crowning the end.

The standard "bunch" of commerce has nine "hands," twelve bananas each. Sometimes they rise to



KING STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA

stalks, its degree of ripeness when cut, depending on the time for transmission. The banana is of the indigenous order of plants, and its fruit-bearing is curious. A large bud formed of innumerable layers of fruit and fleshy leaves, rises from the centre of the stalk, like a gigantic tulip of delicately blended hues, drooping over its stem. As each layer of fruit swells, a leaf turns back, deepens to crimson and falls; which process continues on the quickly growing stem until the number of "hands" which the plant is able to nourish is set, the fruit standing upward. The stem continues to unfold successive rounds, which fall, until it extends a yard below the closely set bunch, the heavy,

fourteen hands, but are graded down in price from nine to six, below which they cannot be sold for export. Prices are advertised each week by buyers, ranging from twelve to sixteen cents a bunch of six hands (seventy-two bananas) up to twenty-four or thirty cents, according to the season, for a nine-hand bunch or larger delivered to the ship's side.

As only one day is allowed between cutting and shipping, the greatest activity prevails on the days when ships are receiving cargo. The highways are alive with horse, ox and mule teams, and panniered donkeys, bringing in fruit through the day and night, while the long procession of head-carriers, chiefly peasant culti-

vators, gives a strange picturesqueness to the whole scene. Many of these are women, who have walked through the night probably a distance of twenty-five miles, carrying bunches

For some time under increasing demand and unfettered competition, prices were sufficiently remunerative to justify the opinion that the long-suffering island was about to enjoy



SUGAR CANE GROWING IN JAMAICA

weighing sixty pounds. When a fruit steamer can load from her dock, a line of head-carriers, like a bucket brigade at a fire, is formed, up a sloping stage and down ladders to a lower deck, as the fruit requires the greatest care in handling. All night the work goes on; and when the "fruiter" lies off shore, lighters of whale-boat shape, loaded to the gunwale, are ready to go out as soon as she drops anchor. Additional picturesqueness is often given to the scene by the refulgent light of a tropical moon; and at others by the gleam of lanterns through the darkness, showing the moving figures and the snowy line of foam that marks the coral reef within which the vessel lies.

its old-time prosperity. Growers, however, soon awoke to the fact that their market was controlled by a powerful trust, which cut down prices to the lowest point compatible with production, leaving no margin to planter to tide him over a year when his crop is destroyed by storm. Banana growing still continues a great and increasing industry, but the large part of the golden harvest is reaped by the trust. Some idea of this may be gained from the fact that for a bunch of 100 bananas the planter in Jamaica receives only an average of twenty cents, (or one cent for five), from the trust after his labour of cultivating and hauling the fruit to the ship's side; even then his fruit may be re-

fused, in which case it is entirely lost.

The firm attitude taken by Mr. Chamberlain in regard to the European bounties, though too long delayed, had a most beneficial influence on Jamaica's old industry, and in consequence the dethroned King Sugar has begun to show signs of returning vitality. Although it is improbable that cane growing will approach its former importance, there is unquestionably a feeling amongst conservative planters, that if not so tempting as to immediate returns, it is a safer industry than bananas. Though at present it does not loom so largely in the public eye as its youngster rival, its extension means more for the island; it calls for a greater amount of capital, and per acre gives more employment than any other industry, especially in the field of skilled labour.

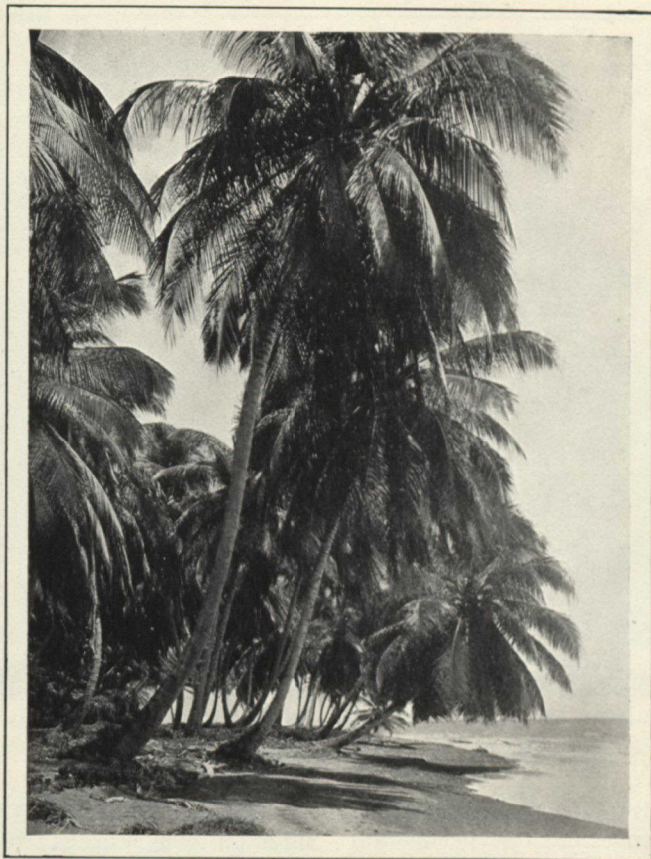
Sugar cane matures in fourteen months and ratoon (all later canes from the same roots) may be harvest-

ed for several years. Harvest continues from December to June; the cane about ten feet in height, is cut close to the ground, denuded of its leaves, and transported to the mill for grinding, in long waggons drawn by a dozen oxen. The cane is drawn through a chute by an endless chain, under successive sets of rollers, which press from it the last drop of juice. The fibre, known as "trash" is used as furnace fuel. After the juice has passed through successive stages of boiling and granulation, it is rapidly rotated by centrifugal force, which drives out the molasses, leaving the sugar perfectly dry, in the form of crystals ready for shipment.

Great advantage has accrued to the cane grower through the studies and experiments pursued at the government sugar experimental station. Several new varieties of cane have been introduced and successfully grown, yielding from twelve to twenty-five per cent. more sugar than the



ON THE WAY TO MARKET IN JAMAICA

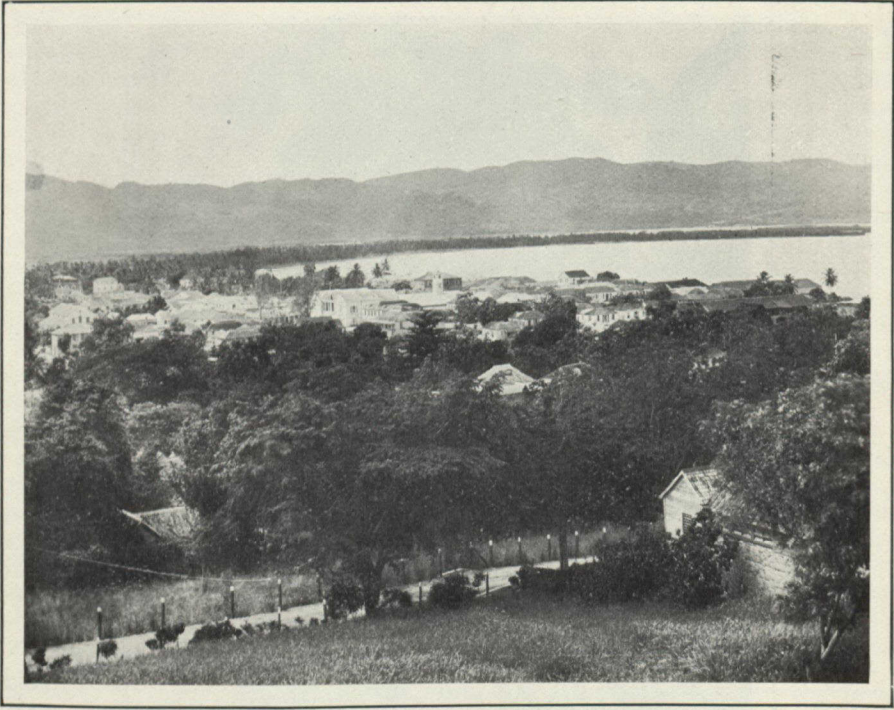


COCOANUT TREES IN JAMAICA

old. Jamaica's exports of rum and sugar last year exceeded \$2,500,000, and increases steadily, but the industry will not enjoy a successful future until the old, elementary methods are abandoned. Success obtains only on large estates, where first-class machinery having been installed, sugar is put on the market in the finished state. It is interesting to note that Canada takes the bulk of Jamaica's sugar.

In addition to the banana and sugar industries, Jamaica has several other industries of rapidly growing importance. Cocoa, one of the most beautiful of crops, is remunerative, and coffee of the finest quality is grown in elevated regions; while an extensive experiment in tea growing

on the Ramble estate has resulted in the production of a tea of a delicate flavour and highly abundant yield. Sea island cotton of the finest quality, which brings the highest price, is raised; while the growing of coconuts, and also bee-keeping can be very profitably combined with other industries. Yams, which form a large part of the food of the people, grow to an enormous size, a single tuber often weighing 100 pounds. Fruits are abundant and perpetual in succession and offer a promising field for export in preserved form. The number of plants from which medicines and essential oils can be extracted also is large, as well as those which are spice producing, not forgetting the famous ginger.



MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, A PALM-EMBOWERED TOWN

As a result of investigations pursued at the government experimental farm, and its system of giving instruction through the island, great improvements and economy have been introduced in agricultural methods generally. Similar attention directed to the breeding of live stock, with judicious importation, has resulted in the production of fine animals. Especially is this noted in cattle, particularly the cross between English Devon and Indian Mysore, which is large, gentle, handsome, and almost impervious to attack from insects and disease. Ordinary farming, known as "pen" keeping, is both pleasant and profitable; indeed to the man with capital, Jamaica presents an infinite variety of opportunities. The climate is healthy, the heat is tempered by sea breezes, and the attitude of residents to the stranger is exceedingly cordial.

Although Jamaica possesses a sup-

erabundance of unskilled labour, she suffers at busy seasons from uncertain supply, owing to the impossibility of controlling it. The advantages to be derived from continuous work the coloured man cheerfully and persistently ignores. The importation of indentured coolies, however, has relieved the situation considerably. The East Indian coolies are a handsome race, and as the women are adorned with every description of silver jewelry, including heavy anklets, they are striking figures amid a picturesque population. The coolies are under the direct supervision and protection of the Government, and when their four years of service is ended, they are given the price of their return passage, but are free to go or stay. The majority remain, some to renew their service, others to become traders. In no case do they enter into any association with the coloured natives, whose notorious disregard

of the marriage tie is in marked contrast with the strictness with which it is held by the coolies.

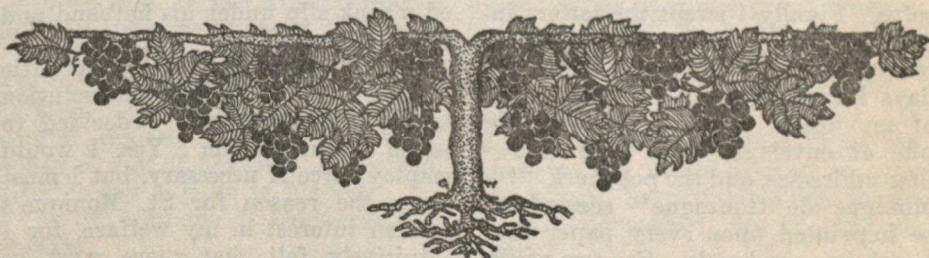
The governmental organisation of Jamaica consists of the Governor, Privy Council and Legislative Council. The Privy Council, appointed for five years, includes the senior military officers of the island, Colonial Secretary, Attorney-general and other leading persons, not exceeding eight. These constitute the advisory body of the Governor, who may, if he deem fit, act in opposition to their wishes, in which case he must report his reasons to the Imperial Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Legislative Council consists of the Governor, five ex-officio, ten nominated members (by the crown) and fourteen elected members. Members are unpaid, and a small property qualification or salary is required in order to vote.

The Present Governor, Sir Sydney Olivier, is a scholarly man with democratic tendencies; he is possessed of unusual urbanity, which stands him in good stead in occasional trying situations.

There is little serious crime in the island, predial larceny being the chief offence, against which, it may be added, authority wages strenuous but well-nigh hopeless struggle. With this exception, general respect is paid to the law, a fact largely due doubtless, to the absolute confidence felt in its strictly impartial administration. The question of colour is not a disturbing element; most happily in a

country where, in a population of a million about 25,000 only are white. The business of the island is chiefly carried on by the brown men, and social status depends largely on character, culture and wealth. Among the pleasant features of social life are the entertainments given by Sir Sydney and Lady Olivier, at their official residence, King's House, which possesses, among other attractions, a splendid collection of orchids, for the growth of which the island is famous.

To the beauty lover, Jamaica calls with a thousand voices. The traveller speeds along the excellent roads of this enchanting land; in upland and pastoral plain, cascade and winding river, steep declivity and fern-clad gorge, plantation of the stately sugar cane and graceful banana, the abundant orange and grapefruit, everywhere is the intoxication of novelty and contrast. Lofty trees with blossoms of scarlet, graceful palms, giant cacti, arcades of feathery bamboo, with ferns air-plants and mistletoe, orchids and clinging vines are everywhere. Nature indeed turns a smiling face with wealth of leafage and bloom. It is a wonderful island, this pearl of the Antilles, rich in the glory of perpetual summer, joyous with riotous overflow of eternal youth. This is the island which is being drawn closer to us in Canada and to which we are extending our hand in the warm clasp of friendship and trade.



THE POSTMISTRESS AT ST. MONIQUE DE GONZAGUE

BY BEN DEACON

L YING on my desk were dozens of letters, every one of them post-marked "St. Monique de Gonzague." Why had the entire population of that little village suddenly aroused to such an unaccountable interest in my welfare? St. Monique de Gonzague! The name clung in the back of my memory—so far back that I pondered long over it before I could recollect where and when I had heard it before.

Mme. F. X. Dubeau! Who was Madame Dubeau? Why did she hope that I "retained excellently my very good health"? Ah, yes! It was with the good Monsieur and Madame Dubeau that I had boarded during that three weeks of assault upon the Latin tongue. But who was Pierre G. Letourneau? Who Jules Bazin, Theophile Delphis, Jean B. Depatie and a score of others? And why did they one and all take it into their heads to inquire so solicitously regarding the state of my health?

It was a riddle that I could not solve. Finally I swept the letters into the waste basket and decided to let it remain a mystery. But for days I could not get the matter out of my head. I could see that big pile of envelopes with their scrawling addresses, and the postmark "St. Monique de Gonzague" seemed to be imprinted upon every paper that I took into my hands. For two weeks I puzzled over it; then, just as I had

given it up for the twentieth time, that name came hurtling after me again.

"St. Monique de Gonzague!"

The train had just pulled out of Montreal. I had established myself comfortably in the smoking compartment with a magazine and a fairly good cigar, when the quiet calm of the smoking compartment and my peace of mind were simultaneously shattered by the sound of that name.

It came from an extremely thin, melancholy looking little man who occupied the seat opposite to me. He said it with a rush, as though he considered it absolutely necessary for him to get it all out in one mouthful. It disturbed me greatly—it seemed as though there was something tragic connected with the name. The conductor, on the other hand, managed to remain quite unconcerned. St. Monique de Gonzague meant nothing but an insignificant little flag station to him. He calmly took up the thin traveller's ticket, laboriously inserted a pink slip under his hatband and strolled onward.

I felt instinctively that the little man opposite to me held the solution to my mail mystery. I decided to worm it out of him. Yes, I would employ force if necessary, but I must know the reason for St. Monique's sudden interest in my welfare, for I intuitively felt that there must be something mysterious behind this

rush of inquiries regarding my state of health and prosperity.

For over three miles my companion gazed mournfully out of the window, occasionally heaving a sigh that most certainly seemed to come from the heart. Then, just as the fourth milepost flicked by, he produced a somewhat soiled document from an inner pocket and his face, solemn and sorrowful before, became an absolutely heart-rending spectacle as he mumbled the contents over half aloud.

Suddenly he addressed me—in French.

I hastily conjured up every single French word that had stuck in my memory, but I found that I was unable to answer him. One reason for this was, perhaps, that I hadn't the slightest notion what it was he had said. Of course this made reply doubly difficult. I decided not to speak in French.

"I regret that, though I have studied the French language, I cannot speak it fluently," I admitted.

"Ah! M'sieur has studied the French?" he inquired.

"Oh yes, at St. Monique de Gonzague," I replied.

The little man shrugged his shoulders with a puzzled expression.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "That place! I have not the honour to be acquainted with it!"

This declaration appeared a trifle strange to me in view of the fact that, but a few moments before, I had distinctly heard him inform the conductor that St. Monique was his destination. On reflection, however, I decided that he had misunderstood me. My pronunciation of the name of the little village had sounded rather different to his. Of course, some of the French-Canadians spoke a rather peculiar dialect, and quite possibly he had a way of his own. I decided to try to say it more in his way.

"At St. Monique de Gonzague," I repeated.

"Ah!" he murmured, and relapsed into silence.

I felt that I had made but very little progress. But I was still undaunted. I meant to worm the secret out of him—if he had it in him, of course.

"Travelling is a very tiresome business, isn't it?" I hazarded at length.

"It is, p'raps, a little so," he agreed. "But many things are worse—much worse!" he added with another tremendous sigh.

"You are travelling far?" I asked.

"Mais oui! But yes, m'sieur," he replied. "I have come all this way from Ottawa, m'sieur. It is indeed a very long way. I have been engaged in politics. Politics, bah! It is an ungrateful thing!"

"You find that devoting your time to political activities does not bring sufficient recompense?" I queried sympathetically, with the object of keeping him talking.

"Ah, m'sieur is, p'raps, engage in the politics?" he questioned in return.

I hastened to assure him that I endeavoured to make a living quite honestly; that my worst crime was trying to write things.

"The politics, bah!" he muttered and was silent again.

His gaze returned to the window, and for a long time he remained dolefully quiet. I thought that I had lost him. But just as I was beginning to despair, the explanation came—and it came with a rush.

"For me, the politics never again!" he exclaimed fiercely. "No nevairre! I have organise a campaign; it has been one grand success, but to rae what has it brought? Nothings, you say? Mais yes, but it has brought to me—what you call it!—ungratefulness—treason, m'sieur. It has well illustrated that those we think we are much devoted to may also p'raps be without faith to us. It is ungrateful! it is without t'anks!

"But p'raps m'sieur would listen! I would explain it, this campaign. It

has occur like this very same way:

"On St. Monique de Gonzague we have one very fine post office, m'sieur must know. It is very—what you call it?—convenable. It is situate, true, not in the very middle of the little ville, but it is near the side where there are most house—where most of the people are to reside.

"For many years this post-office has been the charge of the good Madame Peloquin, a widow, m'sieur, an' ah! but she is tres belle—most pleasant to the gaze. It is for very long this Mme. Peloquin was my very good frien'. Alas, m'sieur, I say she was my frien,' for no longer can I believe she is like that to me.

"Many nights I have go to that post-office, an' I have close it up for Mme. Peloquin when the letters it was late. I have protect also that Mme. Peloquin many time when some habitant would come in town on feast day an' would make too happy with that whiskey blanc. Ah, at those time, m'sieur, Mme. Peloquin she is very glad for have me there. She have press my han' sometime an' say I was to her a true preserver.

"Ah, yes, it is true I am not beeg, but m'sieur must know I am not easily to be afraid. An' I have keek more often that one time some of those big rowdy-men out from the door of that post-office. Many time they would have been very disagreeable for Mme. Peloquin but for I have been there to interfere for her.

"You must know, m'sieur, I was a friend devoted indeed. An' I have sometime hope that the good madame would at one time no longer be the post—what you call it?—the post meestress. Oh, yes, for I have hope that myself I would have charge the posts, an' she—well, you understand maybe?—I have hope that also she would be in that post-office, but she would be there only for my wife.

"But, alas, m'sieur, it is not safe, it is nevairre sure to believe jus' what you t'ink. Myself, I have learn that

most recently. We think, p'raps, we are sure to ourselves maybe, that we have everything mos' smoothly in our path, an' then, at that time when everythings it looks mos' beautiful, mos' brilliant maybe—bzim! bzump! we are cast down; we are jolt mos' suddenly!

"Well, one day, p'raps about three weeks ago it was, I have gone to that post-office for to get my posts; also to see p'raps if I could help to separate the letters of others, if maybe there should be some. What do I find? I find, m'sieur, that good madame in—in—weeps—no, it is not that—I find she is in—in—m'sieur, she is cry; oh, so very sad.

"I have ask, of course, what it is the reason for that enthusiastic griefs, but the good madame she is so much engage in cry that it is long before I have discover what is the fault.

"Oh, good M'sieur Letourneau, she have say at las', 'the wicked government, it is going to remove away the post-office from out my house!'

"But, no! It is impossible,' I have exclaim.

"Mais aui!' she have reply. 'It is impossible to doubt. They will take that post-office away from me, a poor unfortunate, M'sieur Letourneau. They will place it instead at the house of the Notary Biron. It is so! I have receive from that government a letter which explains it so.'

"But why?' I have inquire, m'sieur, I am very much amaze.

"It is because some peoples complain,' she have answer me. 'They have say that here the post-office is no longer in the convenient middle of the village. The Notary Biron, he is place more central. They have declare this post-office it is of no use for the reason that it is but seldom that one posts some letters here. It is too far, they have say. Also, the money which is collect here for the post-stamps, it is very small.'

"Alas, m'sieur, it is but too true! She have show to me that letter. It

declare that the Government have decide to remove the post-office to the Notary Biron on the firs' day of that nex' month. The Notary Biron, also, he will open that new post-office immediatement. An' on the firs' of that nex' month an officer from the Government he is to come an' close up all those accounts in the post-office of Mme. Pelouquin.

"It is strange, is it not? But it is true! The little village of St. Monique de Gonzague is for two weeks to have two post-offices just like it was big city. The letter it is say so!

"Madame is cry some more, an' that is make me feel—what you call it?—deesperate. I try to speak some word of soft comfort; but she is cry an' cry, an' don't seem like she will ever be stop.

"'Courage!' I say at las'. 'I promise they will not take away this post-office. Be brave an' I will arrange all!'

"'Mon cher M'sieur Letourneau,' she is cry with sudden delight. 'You are indeed to me one very good, brave defender.'

"Of course, I am very much please at that, but a little later when I have depart I am maybe not so much please. M'sieur, the Government it is very powerful, an' myself, I am only Pierre George Letourneau, carriage maker, of St. Monique de Gonzague. What can I do? I have promise much, but I know not how it is I will perform what I have promise.

"I walk down that road most slowly for some time, an' then I think maybe p'raps I will to begin have jus' one little talk with the Notary Biron. Maybe, I think, I can make him feel very bad about taking charge that post-office. Maybe he will say he will refuse. Who can tell?

"The Notary Biron, he is still up out of bed when I arrive. He is writing one letter all by himself. But he is very much like business, m'sieur. He is not understand' I have just come in for talk friendly-like.

"'An' what is it for you, good

M'sieur Letourneau?' he ask to me as soon as I enter in his house.

"Myself I am not expect that. I have think maybe I would just visit in to talk a little. But I decide very quickly I would be better p'raps to start by telling him some business.

"'I come, M'sieur Biron, about that cochon Lefebvre,' I say. 'His cows they have spoil my garden. I would have some damage.'

"'Ah, m'sieur, this Jean Lefebvre is my very good neighbour, an' in many year we have not quarrel. But it is the only business that come into my head. So I tell it that lie to the Notary Biron.

"The notary he is please very much. He is rub together his hands an' smile. 'We will make him to bleed,' he say.

"An' after that, m'sieur, I am force to continue on that lie. I tell the notary a story about the cows of the good M'sieur Lefebvre. It is long because I tell many small details all out of my own head. It is a good story! But, bah! it has not one word of truth.

"We talk for long time about the damage I will get from my neighbour, an' then I get started to talk about the post-office. 'It is too bad,' I say. 'This poor Madame Pelouquin she is all alone. The post-office it is all that now she has. It is a very bad thing to have it take away. It is too bad!'

"'I also, I think it is too bad,' the Notary Biron is reply to my surprise. 'I would not have this post-office, though undoubtedly it is an honour, but I am force to do so. It is my good wife! I have protest, but it is of no use. She tell me I must have it! What can I do?'

"An' then I know it is of no use to have more talk with the Notary Biron. For m'sieur must know that when a woman is decide to have a thing she must have it—unless it is something much better that she would get.

"I say good-night just as quickly

as it is polite for me to do so, an' I start to pass out. Just while I am at the door the notary he is call to me an' ask me will I post for him some letters as I pass on my way home.

"I take the letters and pass out. It is to me a little amusing, m'sieur. The notary he has forgotten that he has a post-office in his house already. I look at the letters. There are six. Sapriste! The notary he is one very lavish writer. It is the truth that he is the one to receive most of the letters that come to St. Monique de Gonzague. Also it is he that writes more letters that maybe p'raps ten other men in that village. It is but just that he should have charge the post-office. But I have promise to preserve it for Madame Peloquin. An' I must keep that promise, for I feel most certain if I can accomplish this she will most sure be my femme.

"I walk along very slowly with the notary's letters in my hand an' I think how can I succeed. Suddenly the letters give to me one grand idea! It is now all very clear in my mind.

"An' then, m'sieur, I begin my campaign.

"They have complain that there is but few letters, I have said. But to write a letter! It is easy! One simply has to find some persons for to write to. Bien! For me the thing is quite without difficulty. I will make Madame Peloquin's post-office much more busy; I will make it demonstrated that to remove it would be but a folly!

"That night, m'sieur, I make it a special labour to recall all my friends. I sit down in my little house an' I write an' write. Many times I write the same thing in—what you call it?—in repeat. But, bah! of what difference does it make? The letters they are all to different peoples. It is very late when I am finish—so late that it is already morning.

"I have twenty-three letters; also a headache of great violence! But I care nothings for that. I have start

my campaign! I take all those letters down to that Madame Peloquin, an' when she is open up her door I pass in an' ask twenty-three post-stamps. The good madame she is much astonished.

"'You maybe will have a party?' she ask of me.

"'You have mistake,' I reply. 'One must not be of neglect to one's friends. One must write sometimes some greetings. If you will permit I will suggest that you ask the good Government to send some more post-stamps right off at once.'

"'But no!' she is reply, 'I have two hundred now. In a whole month I will not sell so many! Also in two weeks, my good friend, I will not sell post-stamps.'

"An' then that woman she is begin to cry all over once more.

"M'sieur, it is a most wonderful thing! A woman she will sometimes get very much of pleasure out of crying. It is one very hard thing for to understand—for a man.

"I comfort her some more until at last she is stop. 'Please send for some more post-stamps very quick,' I make request again. 'The good people of St. Monique, I am of certainty, will be very much in need very soon of post-stamps.'

"At last she is say she will send for some more, an' I leave her an' pass out on the street. I go immediately at once to the house of all of my friends in the village. I explain to them what has befallen to Madame Peloquin. Sapriste! They are all of very much regret. 'But I will prevent this unjust thing to happen,' I announce. 'Letters must be written—many letters!' They all promise to me that they will be of much assistance in this regard. To them it is a pleasure!

"An', m'sieur, I must tell you that they all have keep their promise. So many letters have not been written in St. Monique in long time. Every one I have ask write many, many letters. An' Madame Peloquin she is

very busy selling post-stamps. I have start big business in that little post-office.

"But, ah, m'sieur, it is not finish! Madame Biron—she is the wife of the Notary Biron—she soon find out. She is also start campaign. She demand of her friends that they also write some letters. Many do so. The new post-office also is busy.

"Every day I pass around among my friends, an' I keep up my campaign. More letter, I demand! When they sometimes say they have no more friends left for to write letter to, I lend them some of mine. Many people are get letters! Many post-stamps are sold!

"Then it come pretty near almost the time for that officer of the Government to arrive in St. Monique. I take the train an' go to Ottawa. There I am sent around to many offices; many officers ask me for what I have come. At last I find the right officer. I show him what big business has been at the post-office of Madame Peloquin. I argue for long with him. I stay at his office for nearly all day. Next day I am there again. On the third day he is say, 'Very well, all right! That post-office it would not be change if you would be good enough to return away from Ottawa right quick.' I promise I will go; I am very content. My campaign I have won it.

"But, no, m'sieur, I find I have not won. I have deceive myself. For when I pass back at my hotel I find there for me a letter. It is very sad—it is very unjust! P'raps m'sieur will read the letter. It is this. But no! P'raps m'sieur would have some little difficulty. The writing it is

maybe a little hard to understand'. I will read it to m'sieur:

"Dear Friend Letourneau,—If it might please you to ask the good Government in Ottawa to have this post-office change. The reason is that I can no longer have the charge of it. Many letters have been written by my friends. Myself I have written some. I have written also to M'sieur Theophile Leblanc, who was used to keep the store, and who sends to you his most faithful remembrances. It is long time he has not heard about me. He is all the time ignorant that I have become widow. But he has now returned back to St. Monique, an' he has ask me will I marry with him. To-morrow night, my friend, I will no longer be Madame Peloquin—I will be then Madame Leblanc. An' I will go to Boston at once with M'sieur Leblanc. To-morrow night this post-office with much regret must be close.—Your old friend, Marie Peloquin, soon to be Leblanc.'

"Bah! That Leblanc! He is in love with Marie many many year ago. I have thought she have forget him. But it is not so. Myself it is she has forgotten.

"But that is not all, m'sieur! My good neighbour, Lefebvre, he is very angry. Also I have another letter. It is from him. He is declare that I have scandal him—about the cow, m'sieur. He will now seek for the damage.

"I have organise a campaign. I have work like I have gone crazy. I have lose my bes' frien'. An' Madame Peloquin, does she t'ank me? No, m'sieur, she is gone away with some other man. The politics? Bah!

M'sieur, I have here to change the cars for St. Monique. But I would first tell you this. You must never believe what you think—more so if it is about a woman."



THE EMANCIPATION OF SANDY MACGREGOR

BY M. C. RAMSAY

MR. EDWARD MAXWELL is neither slow of action nor of speech, but on this particular autumn evening, he was, for once in his life, at an utter loss for words, as he stood at his horse's head, fumbling with a buckle which was in no need of readjustment, and wondering how best he could break the truth to the stolid-looking country-man who was watching him so anxiously, the only son of the woman who lay in the big bare bedroom at the back of the West Mains of Knowehead farm-house, suddenly stricken down in what had seemed to all her hale, hearty old age!

But of a sudden, Sandy Macgregor flung himself—perchance for the first time in his life—into the conversational breach.

"For ony sake, doctor, tell me what's come ower ye?" he cried. "I never heard tell o' the like! Ye're no surely thinkin' it's onything serious wi' ma mither? She'll be a' right again in a twa 'r three days?"

"Aye, Sandy," very curtly, "she'll be all right in a few days, but—stand still, Bess!—not in the way you mean!"

And as the meaning of the words came slowly home to him, Sandy, but a big, gawky boy, despite his five and thirty years, snatched at one of the gateposts for support, and gasped:

"Losh keeps, doctor, ye dinna surely mean that she's deein'?"

"Yes," still more curtly. "She may live a week: she may not see to-morrow!"

"Losh keeps," said Sandy again. "And it culdna hae happened at a waur time, doctor, i' the very middle o' hairvest!"

"I daresay not," said the doctor drily, springing into the saddle, "but you see, Sandy, King Death is not given to consulting our convenience. Good-night!" and with a wave of his hand, he galloped off.

"Poor old Sandy," he said to himself, as he wheeled into the main road. "Tied to his mother's apron-strings all his five-and-thirty years, he'll be as helpless without her as a new-born babe! Yet yon was a real touch of the mother, 'it culdna hae happened at a waur time'! After all, once you find your feet, I wouldn't say but you'll do!"

And meanwhile Sandy had made his slow way to his mother's room, and now stood gazing down upon her, with unbelieving eyes, for there was an unusual flush on her thin, sallow cheek, and her keen old eyes were strangely bright. But just as he was about to speak, to belie the doctor's statement, she lifted her head, and said in her ordinary tone:

"Sandy Macgregor, did ye clean yer feet?"

"No, mither. I forgot," humbly.

"Weel, back this instant and dae't! An' bring a besom an' shovel

an' clean up that mess ye hae made! I hinna leaved clean a' ma days to dee amon' dirt, an' dinna ye think it! Helps up, noo, or I see if ye've swept it clean." When his task was done, and, as usual, he silently obeyed. "Oh, aye," grudgingly, "it'll dae! Awa doon wi' the besom, noo, an' see that ye hing 't on the richt nail. Hae ye gotten yer supper?"

"No, mither!"

"Weel, get it than, or ye come up again, and ye maun tak' milk to yer tea, mind that!" sharply. "There's to be nae cream used i' this hoose till we mak' up for that I skelt whan I fainted, the only real doitit thing I ever did a' my life, an' that I tellt the doctor whan he wad say I shuld hae been restin' months syne! What need was there to rest? quo' I. I've lived in harness, an' I'll dee in't, or as near tillt as I can manage. Gwa, man, an' get your supper," for she was beginning to breathe with difficulty, and her sturdy Scotch pride would not admit of such weakness being displayed even before her son.

"Willna I send up the lass?" he ventured.

"No! Leave the door open, so's I can hear what's gaun on!"

When he returned, she had dragged herself into a sitting posture, and condescended to say:

"Ye can shove that pillow at ma back, noo, sit ye doon, there, for I've a lot to say till ye, and as lang as I am able and there's nae time to waste during the day! This culdna possibly hae happened at a waur time, Sandy Macgregor, an' that ye ken! Hooever, we maun submit to Providence, an' seein' we're no very far frae the kirk-yaird, ye needna loss mair than hauf a day, an' if it happens to be a rainy day, we'll no grudge it sae very muckle! Ye'll find a' thing ready i' the back, left hand corner o' the boddom drawer there, an' ye'll mind that there's to be nae useles flummery at my bureal! Mind ye that noo!"

"Aye, mither, I'll mind!"

"See an' dae't than! Gie's a moo-fu' o' water. The doctor was for sendin' oot a bottle, but I tellt 'im he needna fash, wastin' gude siller! Thank ye. Man, but ye're a clumsy chield, if ever there was ane. I thoct the tumbler was broken. Losh, but the wadin' and wastin' there'll be i' this hoose whan am awa. I believe I'll turn i' my grave at the thoct o't! An' that minds me, ye'll send for auld Tibbie Broon the morn, an' I'll gie her a' directions masel, an' ye culdna dae better than keep her on as yer hoosekeeper till decent time for ye to tak' a wife. Had I kent this was to come sae sune, I'd hae ha'en ane lookit oot, but we can maybe saddle that the morn tae. Tibbie's no muckle use, but as she's baith auld an' ugly, haein her here will save the Knowehead tongues clattern' ower muckle about yer affairs!" A somewhat lengthy pause, and then,

"Though a' thing maun be dune decently and in order, an' yer Auntie Meggy sent for the meenit am awa, ye mak' it plain to her, frae the very start, that she has nae say whatever i' the arrangements, an' that her pryin' fingers are no' to be inside a drawer or press o' this hoose! Fine div I mind the day ye war born, a Friday forenicht, as ill-luck wad hae't, she ta'en on hersel, to get a' thing ready for the market neist mornin', an' if the useless, thriftless limmer didna tak' ane o' ma verra best damask tooels, that ma grannie spun wi' her ain hands, to cover the egg basket! I wadna come to the point o' forgeein' her for that, tho' I leaved to be a hunder!"

"But naething cam ower the tooel, mither," ventured Sandy.

"That wasna her to thank! An' the day yer faither was buried, five-an'-thirty 'ear come Martinmas, she cracked ane o' ma best cheena cups, an' it's i' the back o' the corner cupboard i' the best room, an e'-sair till this day! An' yet efter a' that, I was fule eneuch, seein' she happened to be bidin' wi's, to leave her i'

chairge whan I gaed to ma ain faither's funeral an' aither her or the lass, I never culd find oot whilk, broke my biggest milk-basin, an' she got her nose buriet i' some novelle or ither, an' luit you wauner to the jeuk's pond, an' tumble in, for ye see I hadna ta'en ye wi' me, as it wasna worth while gettin' ye a black frock whan ye was to be breekit in six months time. Weel, what did the limmer dae, but dress ye i' yer best Rob Roy tartan frockie, an' brak a twa pund section o' honey—an't unco scarce that 'ear!—an' spread ye piece tae comfort ye, as she had the brazen-faced impidence to tell me! An' there ye was, sittin' on the rug yer braw Rob Roy tartan frock a sclaried wi' honey, whan I got back. And afore I got aff my bonnet, even, lat alane a cup o' tea, I had to buckle tae and gie ye the gude skelpin, ye wad hae haen afore haund, had yer Auntie Meggy haen ony sense ava, but instead o' that, she hadna the gumption to ken that ye wasna bein' lickit for tumblin' i' the pond, but for gaun near't ava whan I had tellt ye ye wasna! An' fine I mind the names she ca'ed me, 'cause it was a fell sair skelpin,' for I wasna to hae her gaun hame an' sayin' to her faither an' mither that ye was bein' spoilt for want o' her brither's, yer faither's haund!"

"I daursay that accouted for mony a lickin' whan ony o' the three o' them was by!" said Sandy shrewdly.

"Hoot aye!" acknowledged his mother. "But ye're nane the waur o' ony o' them the day, an' better sair banes till a bairn than a broken heart till a faither or mither, or maybe baith, twenty 'ear later on! Solomon kent what he was speakin' about—(he culdna help bein' wise wi' sae mony wives, ye ken!)—and dinna ye forget his advice, ma man, whan ye've bairns o' yer ain! The noo-fangled wey that yer Auntie Meggy has tried wi' hers hasna wrocht sae very weel that ye need

gang against yer auld mither's auld-fashioned wey!"

"Brawly ye ken, mither, that I never yet gaed against ye, quoth Sandy.

"See an' mind that than. Noo." for again was she struggling for breath, "awa to yer ain end, an' put on yer blacks, or I see what like they are. Hoot aye," on his return, "they're rael snod like yet, an, wad dae brawly for an' ordinar' occasion, but seein' ye'll be the chief figure, as it were, ye'd better get a noo suit, an' a noo lum hat forbye, an' they'll be there ready whan yer marriage comes roond. Ye'll gang inbye to the toon the morn, an' get measured for them, an' they maun dae them at aince, for I maun see that a' thing's right afore I g'wa! What for wad the tailor think it some queer?" sharply. "There's nae sense in fouk shuttin' their een to fac's, is there? Ye'll get a noo tie an' gloves as weel, for a man doesna bury his mither ilka day, nor yet dis ilka mither leave her son sae weel providit for. Noo awa an' shift yersel'," and again she had time to recover herself in his absence, as well as to do some hard thinking.

"I've been thinking," she began, as he crossed the threshold, "that ye culdna dae better than gang owerbye to Myreside for yer wife, the only deeficulty is, whilk ane o' the lasses there will ye hae! Jean mak's the best butter, an' in fac,' if I was awa, her equal at the job winna be to be fund i' the hail pairis o' Knowehead, 'deed, I micht weel say 'i the hale coonty o' Farfarshire, but Mirren is the best haun wi' the hens, an' this while back, wi' a' the Dainish rubbish thae toon gomerils eats, the hens hae been even mair consequence than the butter. Maybe if I'd haen a while o' her, I micht hae made Marget mair use than ony o' the twa, but ye see that wasna to be, an' of coorse it's no' to be expected that ye culd get a wife as gude a' roond as yer mither!"

“Marget mak’s graund scones,” suggested Sandy.

“Hoot aye, but that’s mair fancy wark,” for it so happened that graund scones were beyond Mrs. Macgregor’s skill. “I wadna offer her bannocks till my warst enemy’s dog. But we’ll no saddle the nicht, as I’m gettin’ sleepy, but gin the morn, we can hae’t a’ discussed, an’ we’re no’ bund tae Myreside ye ken, for wi’ the gude stockin’ fit I’ll leave ye, ony lass i’ the pairis ’ill be ower glaid to rin to yer whistle, I’se war-ran’ ye! But whaever ye mairry, Sandy, lat her understand frae the very start, that what’s laid by, is laid by, an’ maunna be meddled wi’ on ony account! An’ anither thing, ye’ll never turn ower till her aboot the cream I skelt whan I fainted! I culdna lie at peace if I thocht ma gude-dochter kent that that doinit like thing was the last thing I did i’ the West Mains dairy! Noo, gude-nicht wi’ ye. We’ll leave the rest for the morn!”

But no morn dawned for her, for in the still watches of the night “God’s finger touched her, and she slept,” and the kingdom she had so sternly ruled was without a head.

*

Whatever qualities and graces he might lack, Sandy Macgregor certainly knew his business thoroughly, so matters went smoothly enough out of doors, though the mistress was gone—(all the more smoothly some of the men were not slow to declare, now that there was nae wumman body to interfere!)—but at every turn within the house, he missed his mother sorely, and though the shrewd mistress of Myreside—(to say nothing whatever of all the other match-making mothers in the parish!)—had given him three months, two months of the muddling ways of auld Tibbie Broon were amply sufficient for Sandy, and one Saturday afternoon, as he returned from Fairhaven Market with Myreside, he said, in would-be-casual fashion:

“If it’s convenient, Myreside, I was thinkin’ o’ takin’ a stay roond your wey the morn’s nicht, an’ haein’ a crack ower things wi’ yer guide-wife!”

“Come to yer tea, West Mains,” said Myreside cordially.

“Weel a well. Thank ye kindly,” answered Sandy.

And so the next afternoon found him seated at the hospitable board of Myreside: praising the mistress’s tea, congratulating Jean upon her butter, taking his fair share of one of Mirren’s prize pullets — ruthlessly sacrificed for the great occasion, and roasted to a nicety!—and, above all, doing full justice to Marget’s graund scones, but all the while listening, with strangely mingled feelings, to the merry chatter of the farmer’s niece, who had lived at Myreside since her mother’s death some six months before, her father being a sea-going engineer. A very forward, spoilt young monkey was Miss Alice Wallace, in the opinion of her staid country cousins, who were unblissfully conscious that she was already winning her way with the stolid-looking Sandy, concerning whom, truth to tell, they had already been quarrelling amongst themselves!

After tea, the three Misses Jack—to give the Myreside family their Sabbath name—needs must clear up, for they kept no maid, but Miss Alice, who never soiled her dainty fingers, led the way to the best parlour, to play and sing her way into Sandy’s hitherto sleeping heart!

And, to make a long story short, before many more weeks had passed, he screwed up his courage to whisper the needful words, to which, equally to his surprise and delight, she answered, with a sigh:

“Yes, I love you, Sandy, but my auntie says I’m not fit to be a farmer’s wife!”

“Yer auntie can juist mind her ain business,” quoth Sandy, who was certainly developing apace. If I think I can afford a leddy wife, that’s

naebody's business but ma ain! An' besides, ye'll be willin' to learn?"

"I'd learn anything to please you, Sandy," whispered Alice, "and if I do make mistakes you won't be very angry, will you, because," again hiding her face on his shoulder, "that would break my heart!"

"Dinna ye worry, dawtie," answered Sandy, with a strange catch in his breath. "We'll work awa' brawly, never fear!"

Having thus obeyed the letter, if not the spirit, of his mother's dying injunction, Sandy—not in the least concerned about the conventions!—saw no reason why he should wait for his wife, and so the very next Sunday morning, the banns of marriage between Alexander Innes Macgregor and Alice Jack Wallace were proclaimed in Knowehead Parish Church, and the parish, with one accord, declared that West Mains had gane clean gyte!

And when the happy couple went off to London for the honeymoon, and spent a whole fortnight there, staying—to think of it!—in a first-class hotel, the bride's aunt held up her hands in horror, and exclaimed in horror:

"It fair coves a'! Eneuch to gar his mither turn i' her grave!"

"Hoot awa, 'umman," said Myreside, "they're very wise, to tak' the use o' their siller as lang's they're young, an' able to enjoy it!"

And with a snort of disapproval Mrs. Jack flung off to the byre to flyte with that pattern dairy-maid, Jean, who "hadna as muckle gump-tion as keep a grip o' the man when she had him!"

"Wha said I ever had him mither?" said Jean sharply, with a toss of her head. "I wadna hae ta'en the man tho' he had been worth his wecht in gold!"

And, for a wonder, her mother kept the obvious retort to herself!

*

One of young Mrs. Macgregor's first callers was the Laird of Knowe-

head, gruff old Angus Fraser, who had a finger in every pie! And he went straight from West Mains to the residence of his second son, Donald, parish minister of Knowehead, and into his sympathetic ear poured the whole tragic tale:

"I tell you, Donald, West Mains has gone clean gyte! I found him, and it barely four o'clock, tending her flower beds, and he asked for leave to build her a green-house! 'Havers, man, havers!' I said, but I tell you, Don, the witch wheedled the necessary consent from me before I had finished my first cup of tea! Tea out of egg-shell china cups, mind you, nothing finer in Knowehead House or Manse, I can assure you. Her father's wedding present she told me, only arrived yesterday from Japan! They had cabled him the news, if you please! I unwittingly quoted a French saying, and she capped it with another before you could say Jack Robinson. And she sang to me, and played, gad, Jenny—the minister's wife—"couldn't have done better herself! A grand piano, too, to all appearance every whit as good as the one I gave your wife, and it cost me two hundred guineas, cash down. Bought it second-hand in Dundee, fifty guineas, he told me, thinking I'd agree it was a bargain but I told him he was daft, clean daft, though she's worth it all, Donald boy, worth it all, but it means ruin, man, means ruin as sure as fate! And there have been Macgregors in West Mains as long as there have been Frasers in Knowehead House, and it's a thousand pities, Don, a thousand pities! That's what comes of a man being tied to his mother's apron strings till he reaches middle life without the chance of so much as a mild flirtation: he falls a victim to the first pretty face! No wonder the whole parish is aghast; fire in the best room every day, and West Mains tidying flower-beds in the middle of the afternoon! Only eighteen months of his lease to run.

I only hope he holds out till then! A Macgregor of West Mains bankrupt! I never heard the like! But gad, she's a bonnie creature all the same, and it's a thousand pities!"

But ere a year had gone, Sandy, a wonderfully smart, cheery looking Sandy, betook himself to the Big Hoose, and ushered into the Laird's study, plunged straight into his business.

"I've been' hearin' that when the wife's uncle's lease is oot, he's to retire, an' gang intil the toon, so we've been thinkin,' the wife an' me, that we culdna dae better than seek a tack o' Myreside coorsels, seein' oor tack o' the West Mains is oot at Martinmas!"

"What?" gasped the Laird. "You want to leave West Mains, when the Macgregors have been in it for hundreds of years?"

"Hoot aye, Laird, that's what ma auld mither aye said, but naither the wife nor me sees the sense o' gaun on peyin' a hunder an' twenty pound a year for ane o' the puirist farms i' the piaris, wi' mair stanes than earth aboot it, whan ane o' the best anes is to be gotten for anither ninety!"

"And how on earth can you raise another ninety?" snapped the Laird. "Whenever has the rent of the West Mains been payed without a grumble? And had the tenant been anyone but your mother, it would have been raised nineteen years ago!"

"Hoot aye!" cheerfully agreed Sandy. "But you see, Laird, ma auld mither culd aye manage ye fine, the only ane i' the pairis wha culd dae't," he hastened to add, as the Laird's frown grew still darker. "It was a' i' the plan to complain o' hard times! Man, I've mair siller i' the bank than pay the rent o' Myreside for a dizzen 'ears!"

"Havers, man!" said the Laird, "You're bragging now."

"Never a brag, Laird! But dinna ye rin awa' wi' the idea that it was fairly an' squarely earned aff the West Mains. Nae fear o't! My mith-

er scrimpit and scrapit, an' wrocht her fingers to the bane, an' mine as weel, a' to add to her store, but I can tell ye ma wife's no tae dae that, nae fear o't. I merriet her a leddy, an' I'll keep her a leddy, as I can weel afford to dae! Ye'll risk me wi' the Myreside noo?"

"I might do worse, Sandy, I might do worse!" acknowledged the Laird, and Sandy knew the victory was won!

*

The other Sunday, Myreside was showing some visitors 'frae the toon' round the farmstading, and his first born, Sandy junior, a wild little rascal of some four years, was dodging around the group paying no heed whatever to his father's occasional mild admonition, but of a sudden one old lady missed the child, and exclaimed:

"Losh keep me, Mr. Macgregor, what's come o' the bairn? Eh, megsty me, he's drooned, he's drooned, as they came round the end of the stable in time to see the young hopeful tumble head first into the duck pond directly opposite.

"Nae fear o' him," cheerfully replied the father, as he took two great strides forward, and rescued his yelling offspring. "Them that's born to be hanged will never be drooned, ye ken! Ye young rascal," giving him a very gentle shake, "hoo often maun I tell ye to keep awa' frae there? Hoot awa, bairn, ye're no nae waur. Awa hame, an' gar yer mither puit on a dry frock, an' gie ye a honey piece! An' ye needna yell that wev! There's naething to yell for!"

"I 'sure ye, if he'd been mine, he'd hae gotten something to yell for, giein's a' sic a fricht," gasped the old lady, her hand to her side. "I'm some misdoobtin,' Mr. Macgregor, that ye's forgotten what the wisest man that ever lived had printed i' the Holy Book, them that spares the rod, spiles the child!"

"Hoot awa, wumman, I hinna forgotten," said her host cooly, "but am no' ane o' yer Solomon admirers masel! An' it seems to me an' the wife that seein' hoo some o' his ain turned oot, him an' his advice baith

are a haver ower muckle cried up, even till this day! Let sleeping kings and dogs lie, Mrs. Malcolm, lat sleep-sleeping dogs an' kings lie!"

The emancipation of Sandy Macgregor was complete!

A PAGAN PRAYER

By VIRNA SHEARD

LORD of all Life! When my hours are done,
 Take me and make me anew—
 And give me back to the earth and the sun,
 And the sky's unlimited blue.

The nightingale sings in an ecstasy
 To the moonlit April night,
 But my songs are locked in the heart of me,
 Like birds that may not take flight.

The little purple-winged swallows that fly
 Through waves of the upper air,
 Have a sweeter liberty, Lord, than I,
 Who may not follow them there.

Pavilions of sunshine—tents of the rain,
 For these, the wild and the free;
 And for us walled garden and window-pane,
 And bolt and staple and key.

We are worn with wisdom that never brings
 Peace to the world and its woe—
 For a space with Thy joyous lesser things,
 Teach me the faith I would know.



THE MASSE SHOT

BY W. LYTTLETON CASSELS

THERE lay the treaty papers Savage had mentioned, revealed by the light of my pocket lamp. A moment's scrutiny proved that it was indeed to be a coalition. Twenty-four hours and the blow would fall.

Suddenly a switch clicked, the room was flooded with light, and I heard the words "hands up" uttered in a cold, emotionless tone, and with my hands above my head, I turned to see Debrissay and Delorme covering me with their automatics.

"So m'sieu has ben reading our documents," said the latter, "search him, Jules."

It was the work of a minute for Debrissay to remove my revolver and the other smaller personal belongings from my pockets. Then in tones as cold as steel, and with sinister emphasis, Delorme spoke again.

"And now, what shall we do with our inquisitive friend?" he asked.

"Gag him, and leave him here while we are on our way across the Channel."

"No! No! It would be risking too much. He must be silenced. Gag and bind him, if you so wish, but before we go we will turn on this gas cock and close the door."

"Give him a chance for his life," growled Debrissay. "He is a poor tool at best."

"A chance. Ah, but yes," said Delorme with a sardonical smile; we will give him a chance. M'sieu can play billiards?" I inclined my my head in assent. "Well, then, we

will play a little three-handed game, and, if m'sieu is so fortunate as to win, we will gag and bind him and leave him here like a trussed fowl while we voyage gaily across the Channel. He may starve, but that is part of his chance."

Debrissay growled his disgust at Delorme's whimsical proposal, for well both he and I knew that Delorme in his character of author and clubman was one of the finest amateur players in London. My hope revived, however, for had I not been a pupil of Roberts and was I not as good an amateur as Delorme? If I could win there was still a chance of frustrating them, for when Savage returned from Dover in the morning he would miss me, and would set out to find me. And so I said:

"You jest: what chance have I against the finest player in London?"

"The fortunes of the game, who knows?" said Delorme in his cynical way. "Allow me, m'sieur, to choose your cue; what weight do you prefer—a twenty? A bit heavy. I, myself, like a seventeen. The game will be three hundred points."

Debrissay broke, and was followed by Delorme who ran twelve, falling down on a difficult canon. I followed with a score of eight. On his next shot Delorme ran twenty-seven, followed by twenty-two, while I was only able to make thirty more. When Delorme was at one hundred I was only seventy, and while I was making twenty-nine in the next four

shots, his score went up to seventy-five points.

At this point, however, I overcame my nervousness and made a nice break of fifty, but Delorme, from then on, kept drawing steadily away from me and when I still needed sixty-four, he started on his final twenty-five points. My hopes sank lower and lower as he made one, losing hazard after another.

At last he only needed one point more. A single point stood between life and death. With a look of unrestrained and bitter malice, Delorme deliberately played his shot in such a way as to leave my ball near the top of the table and in the centre, while the other two were each left practically frozen to the side cushions and each about three feet from the bottom pockets.

He was playing with me and prolonging my suspense, for he knew that almost the only feasible shot I would have was a run through along either cushion, and as a result I was almost certain to leave both balls in balk if I played the shot twice in succession.

It was an unpleasant situation for me, but I rose to the occasion, playing from the side cushion, off the red on to the end cushion, finally touching the white and leaving both balls in splendid position for a run. Hazard followed hazard, and my score kept gradually growing. As I neared the three hundred mark the excitement was intense. Both men forgot to be cautious while the run was in progress. Finally, when I was two hundred and ninety-three, an ejaculation of triumph broke from Delorme, for his ball had gone down, and my own ball was left in such a position as to make a score almost

impossible, although I only needed three points as a result of the canon I had just made.

I studied the situation carefully for a few moments. The red ball was within three inches of the top right hand cushion. My own was perhaps three-quarters of an inch farther out and almost touching the red. The only shot possible was a massé shot, for any one of the three lower pockets. In a flash, as I lifted my cue to attempt the shot, a plan came to me. I was a good massé shot, and I felt certain that I could make a good attempt to sink my ball in the lower right-hand pocket. I also knew how slowly a well-played ball travelled, and I saw that both my opponents, who were on the same side of the table as myself, would forget to watch me in watching the course of the ball.

I played the shot, and instantly dropping one hand and raising the other to the middle of my cue, I struck Debrissay, who was nearest to me, on the head. A spring, and I had Delorme in my arms,—clasping the hand with which he was trying to draw his automatic. In silence, save for the gasps for breath, we wrestled to and fro.

I managed to get a foot behind him and threw him to the floor. His automatic slipped from his hand and slid far under the table, and I pinned his throat with both hands. He struggled with all his power to free himself, but gradually he turned livid and finally lay unconscious in my grasp.

Overcome with reaction, I rose to my feet and looked around. I glanced at the billiard table carelessly, and then I started.

The ball was in the pocket.

NOTTINGHAM THROUGH THE AGES

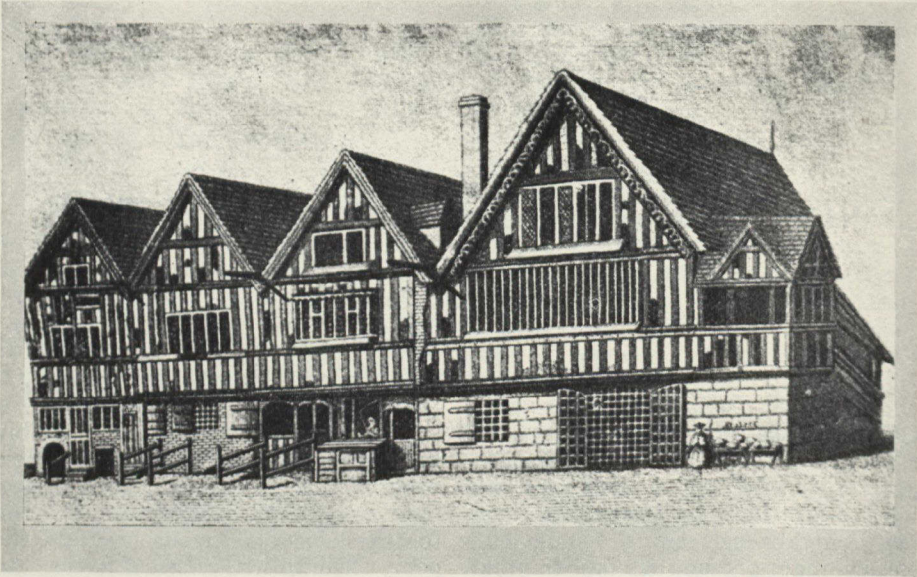
BY H. LINTON ECCLES

SOMEHOW it seems necessary, in talking about Nottingham, to start out with an apology for its lace. Not that Nottingham's lace needs any excuse-making for it, but the average person has an impression that this North Midland city has no history, has no bread and butter even, but what it draws from its intimate association with, not to say monopoly of, the art, science, and business of lace manufacture. That, let me say at the beginning, is a notion which is far from the fact. I am going, if you will bear with me, to introduce you to stones hoary with history, scenes of antiquity which you will be sorry if you miss from the itinerary of your trip to Britain. By all means get some friend of yours to show you around a lace factory, and your hundred-and-thirty-mile trip from London will be amply repaid thereby. But, having looked into the chief cause of Nottingham's present prosperity, if you close your travel eye and neglect to re-charge your camera for the sake of the past, your visit will be more than half spoiled.

A city that can substantiate its claim to have been one of the first settlements of early Britain; that was one of the "Five Boroughs" of the maurading, conquering Danes; where Prince John the Reckless loved to live and revel and to rehearse the business of being a king whilst his brother, Coeur-de-Leon, was crusad-

ing against the Saracen; where Robin Hood and his merry gang of Sherwood Foresters operated successfully their system of holding up the rich for the benefit of themselves and the poor, their allies; where Charles the First, about to make his last stand against a people's might and indignation, raised his gaudy standard; in the neighbourhood of which stalwarts like Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, Archbishop Cranmer, and a long line of other notabilities were raised—such a city has had many an interesting page in the rôle of Britain's history to fill.

Nottingham, like every spot that has lived through other times, other manners and yet kept young, has been modernised. The ubiquitous builder for the needs of a more populous, less herded generation has been allowed to riot at will. There are still plentiful traces of the old city that never was too slavishly loyal to the monarchy and the system around the monarchy to neglect a chance of standing up for what it conceived were its rights. Its mob, during the fierce Chartist riots, for a comparatively modern instance, set fire to the fine old castle, seat of the Dukes of Newcastle, just about the time that the city and the village of Sawley nearby were giving birth to two staunch defenders of popular liberties in General William Booth, the recently deceased head of the Salvation Army, and Dr. John Clifford,



OLD TOWN HALL, NOTTINGHAM, (1741)

who remains to rule as the unmitred Archbishop of Nonconformity.

That gaunt Castle Rock, frowning over a never servile city, which saw the last of Newcastle's Nottingham seat, struck the strategic eye of Wil-

liam Peveril centuries before Peveril—of the Peak, as you will remember in Scott's stirring novel—was the natural son of William the Norman, and the Conqueror gave him this grand demesne to enjoy. But



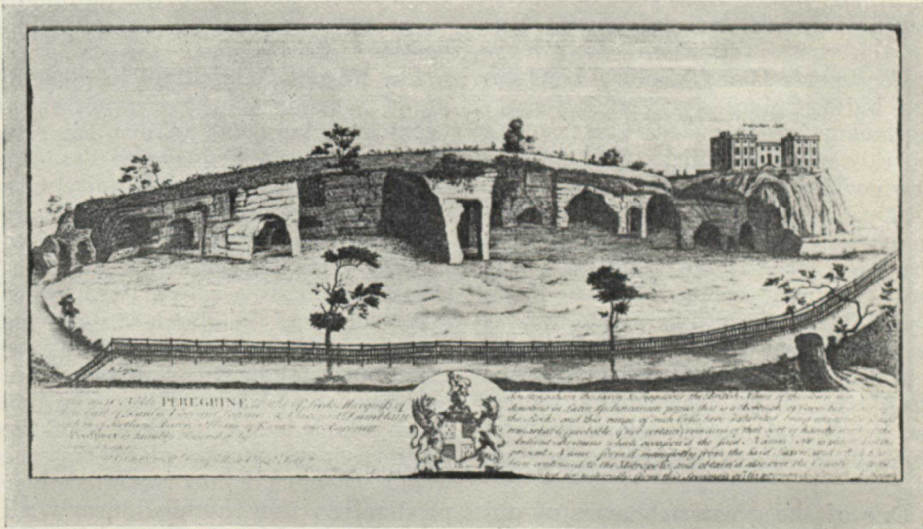
NOTTINGHAM, SHOWING THE EARLY MARKET-PLACE



TRENT BRIDGE, NOTTINGHAM

first Peveril had to subdue it, and he made a good beginning by setting up his then almost impregnable strongholds at Nottingham and Castleton in the Peak district. It was this same castle and estate that were the setting for Prince John's overlordship, and report says that John was never

happy after he had to leave it for the larger sphere in London. The Newcastle home was destroyed in 1831, and the irate Duke, disgusted with the townspeople, retired to the north of the country where he had built him the more palatial headquarters of Clumber. The citizens gained by



STREET IN NOTTINGHAM PARK, WITH VIEW OF CASTLE. (1726)

his departure, for they took a cheap and perpetual lease of the Rock, and its castle now serves the peaceful purpose of an art gallery and museum.

Nottingham's name is traced back to the Snotengahame of Saxon times, and the original designation means "place of caves." Many of these caves can be seen to-day, hewn out of the sandstone on which the city

their narrow crooked streets with overhanging eaves and other evidences of an age when geometry was not considered essential in town planning. Certainly the town-planners of Nottingham did not set about their duties with foot-rule and set square. Walking along the city's old streets to-day it is easy to imagine when they were but winding paths between the old cave and hut dwellings, trod-



A VIEW OF NOTTINGHAM. (1749)

is built. The Castle Rock itself is honeycombed in various directions, originally of course to provide an emergency exit for the defenders. One of the castle tunnelings, known as "Mortimer's Hole," made a convenient hiding place for that notorious paramour of Queen Isabella, mother of Edward the Third, until he was trapped in it by the minions of the zealous king. A row of cells is shown in one of the engravings, and these are preserved in the residential section known as the Park. Many other original cave dwellings are now used as brewery cellars, and to these excellent storage places, together with the properties of the local spring water, is usually attributed the excellent quality of the famous Nottingham ales.

One of the greatest charms of old cities to the dweller in new lands is

den out along the easiest level for walking. Bridlesmith Gate and the High Street are two of the thoroughfares which still defy the city improver.

The name "Gate" used in describing a number of the thoroughfares which still hold out against the city improver, refers, of course, to the time when this was a walled city with gates as entrances and exits. Many of the streets, naturally, have had to be widened, and Nottingham compares well in this regard with other large cities of England. But the townspeople of generations ago were generous enough to Nottingham in one respect at least. They gave it a space which is said to be one of the largest open market-places in the world. Then, as if they regretted their prodigality, they huddled nearly all the streets and houses around it. Or,

perhaps they thought it would be snugger to be close together.

Nottingham is not a cathedral city for the Anglicans, though the present vicar of the principal parish is a gaitered Bishop, but St. Mary's church, seen in the old views of the city en-

“The Shambles.” It describes bluntly that it is the city's central meat-market, though only selling and not slaughtering is done there now. In one of the shanty-like butcher-stalls lived with his parents Henry Kirke White, the young Nottingham poet



ST. PETER'S GATE, NOTTINGHAM. (17th century)

graved by the Bucks, is in every way worthy to be classed with the leading churches of the land. One of many fine old structures, St. Mary's, however, is younger than St. Peter's, which continues to defy old age and to boast one of the grandest peals of bells in the country.

There used to be standing until a few years ago the ancient gabled town hall of Nottingham, its ground floor the town gaol, where the “pen” was quite open to view. The gaoler was supposed to sit on duty on the sidewalk, and if the friends outside wanted a private chat with the ones inside they had only to fix it up with the custodian.

One of the quaintest spots still existing in Nottingham is known as

whom Byron — Nottinghamshire's greatest son of letters—praised unselfishly and highly in his “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.” Kirke White's townfolk are still debating whether they shall spend the money to secure his home against the improving vandals.

Verily, a city to be seen and known is Nottingham. Even if he cares not to turn over the pages of the past, the stranger can find enough to interest him here and in the neighbourhood over a full week's sightseeing. He will want to see the “Lace Market” at the luncheon hour, when the hundreds of factories and warehouses pour forth their thousands of mostly laughing and jostling, always smartly dressed workgirls. Viewing this

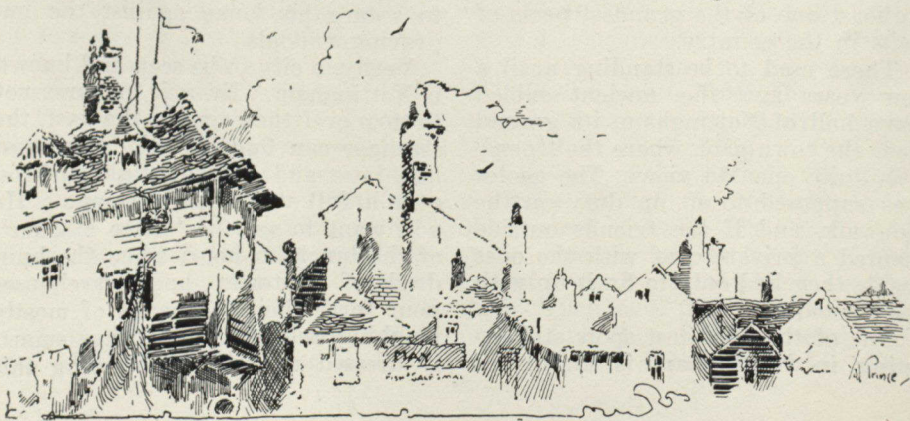


RESIDENCE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE, THE NOTTINGHAM POET

mass of femininity that earns its own right to live, he will understand why this city of nearly 300,000 souls has thirty or forty thousand more women than men. There are towns, Honiton in Devon for one, that pride themselves on their hand-made lace, but Nottingham makes it on machines (whose secrets are jealously guarded) to the tune of millions of dollars' worth a year. This wonderful world industry, practically monopolised by

Nottingham and district capital, is a tribute to the memory of Arkwright, who lived and laboured here to perfect his looms in face of the bitter opposition of the hand lace-workers.

Let me beg you, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Globetrotter, not to neglect to look up the history that is woven in the texture of your Nottingham lace and that was built into the stones of this fair city before its lace or its lace machines were thought of.



EDMONTON CASUALLY

BY W. LACEY AMY

“THE East is East, and the West is West” in spite of the politicians, and it requires more than party and patriotism to line up a Western town according to Eastern ideas: but it is to its credit that in some of its heterodoxy the West has reverted to the original simplicity of childhood.

For instance, a Western town has an expression. It laughs or grouches, or invites, or frowns with anxiety and haste, or glowers with dissatisfaction and disapproval—just like the face of a healthy child that has not learned to hide its feelings. In the East the face of a town is like that of a mummy, dead, masklike, uninteresting; or, like Toronto, it presents a cold profile of dignity, indifference and snobbishness. Every citizen, whether in East or West, reads into his town his own thoughts, but it takes the stranger to read the expression aright.

Take Edmonton. From the open arms of its wide streets to the frank interest of its pedestrians there is invitation. It is the invitation of friends and home and happiness. Calgary—if it is possible to bring the two cities thus close without a breach of the peace—Calgary is different; and that does not detract from the virtues of the southern city.

Calgary shows its profile, Edmonton its full face. Calgary is too much concerned in the future—not doubtful, but expectant—even to glance a welcome. You see, Calgary is busy every minute of its life making its future; Edmonton’s is there spread

out before it. Edmonton can lie abed in the morning and watch itself grow. Nothing short of hari-kari can stop it; and even then its successor would arise within a few miles to the north.

It wasn’t always thus. Time was when Edmonton bit its finger nails and growled in impotent wrath at the southern city.. When a Calgary paper reached the end of the railway northward the bars had to be closed to modify the riots. A few Edmonton papers travelled back, but Calgary has always had such supreme confidence in itself and its parts that nothing essential could appear in an outside paper. Edmonton papers came to town only as exchanges in the newspaper offices, where they were used as a text for to-morrow’s red-ink editorials. When *The Edmonton* ————— and *The Calgary* ————— had exchanged about two editorial remarks, the dictionary had to be combed for novelty of epithet.

But that was at least three years ago; and six months in Western Canada is a cycle. Now the representative baseball teams sometimes commence to play before the ambulance arrives, and through tickets are purchased from city to city without criminal proceedings. Each has discovered that its future rests with itself. Calgary is there to stay and stay big and important. And Edmonton looks away north and west and smiles contentedly. Once it was like the father of a large, young family, and had to hustle hard to make both ends meet. Now it can afford to smoke

good cigars and let the family look after its dad

About both cities there is infinite attraction. Calgary citizens are always rushing to a fire, and you simply have to get in on the excitement. Edmontonites are merrily skipping along to a rugby match, joyous, expectant, beckoning, contagiously laughing; and you can't and don't want to resist.

"Smile, damn it, smile," says a card in a real estate window. There, that's Edmonton.

The constituents of the city are as follows: Three real estate offices and a café, three real estate offices and a café, three real estate offices and a store. The figures may not be exact, but the principle is correct enough to show anxiety for the truth. They may not be the only ingredients of a universal appetizer, such as Edmonton, but they are the unpatented features and probably essential.

To the visitor the real estate office in Edmonton is not a cobweb with a seductive centre too enticing to be healthy, but a place that revels in window display. The Edmonton land office that confined itself to blue prints and maps would be only a restaurant next week. Dry goods and toy shops and clothing emporiums take second place in window dressing. One of three of the real estate offices fills the space with a meshed paper anaglyph of the site for sale. Stores, streets, rivers, bridges, railways with trains, steamboats, and even people, are there for inspection, and there arises in you an ambition to be one of them. In one window a few dollar bills protrude from a bit of the landscape, and it's hard to resist the appeal of the growing money. Whirligigs, revolving wheels and lights, demand consideration. An un-rushed passage down a street is punctuated by a pause before every other window to see more of that which has caught the eye.

The real estate agent of Edmonton is a brand-new brand of genius. But

then Edmonton has mapped out its own scheme of existence from the first.

Even the employment agencies are different. A doorway would mean delay. Therefore, the agent sits on the sidewalk and hands out work as a soup kitchen does steaming bowls—no questions asked, and room for all. Edmonton has a waiting hand to grasp every loose labourer and to place him at work before he has a mind to make a selection. There is an opening somewhere within the rays of Edmonton for enough workmen to stop the factories of Ontario—and then there'd be room still for the unemployed employers.

Things up there are growing so fast that the place is always getting too big for its clothes.

On the streets is definiteness rather than rush. On the way to Strathcona a short train of a dozen cars holds up a score of rigs in its crossing of the roadway: but there is no swearing or disturbance. Every driver knows the time ahead of him. It takes more than a train to interfere with his destiny. Each individual pedestrian is not an imminent menace; rather, he is a part of a steadily moving bulk, heavy, resistless, but following a definite course like a train. Only the street cars start and stop with a jerk, but that's because there is not yet sufficient outlet for the over-supply of energy generated in that vast northland.

There is no impression of dress. In the crowd mingles everything from the freshly shined tans to the hob-nailed boots. There are many of the latter, for all the north radiates from Edmonton. A khaki shirt and prospector's boots attract no more attention than a loose vest button. Everyone is a part of the whole, a part of a strong chain whose links are every nationality in the world, and every style of dress and appearance.

The life is disconcerting. A raw girl rides astride along the main street leading a red and white cow at

the end of a rope; and you're the only one to stop and look at her. Just a mile back her father is plowing a farm worth three thousand dollars an acre. Next year it will bring four, and he knows it. Two men in overalls and soiled shirts drive past in a phaeton of the early nineties. They are returning from the purchase of a block or two just off Jasper Avenue. The driver of the brick wagon is wondering whether he ought to sell now or wait until spring. The newsy on the corner has just made his last payment on a couple of lots and is willing to stop and talk subdivisions with authority.

You can't tell in Edmonton by the hang of a coat or the grime on a face what the paper value of the owner may be. Driving a delivery waggon or finding the appendix is his business only for the moment. Vocations are but the clothes. Inside, the clerk and the surgeon have the same real estate dreams—and usually the same realisations. Next year they'll be racing automobiles and laughingly paying the fine. Even the bellboy at the hotel is a burgess.

Sunday is a day lost—to those who observe it. Edmonton does not need rest; a thoughtful moving body like that does not wear out its energies. Not that Edmonton breaks the Sabbath. Oh, no! Such tireless, complacent force as Edmonton never breaks anything. It just pushes it aside by sheer weight. The stores are closed, the "movies" quiet, but that

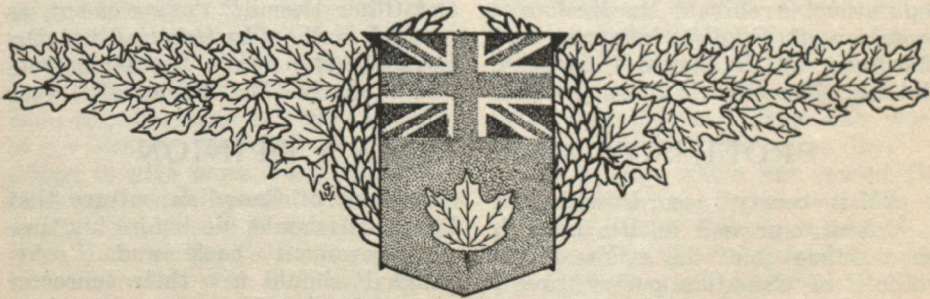
force cannot be stopped. It gets out on the streets of a Sunday and tramps, tramps, tramps. It is there impressive as ever but more quiet and dignified. Laws cannot reasonably stop Edmonton and smelters on the seventh day. So the city moves on, principally along the heights, and looks across to Strathcona.

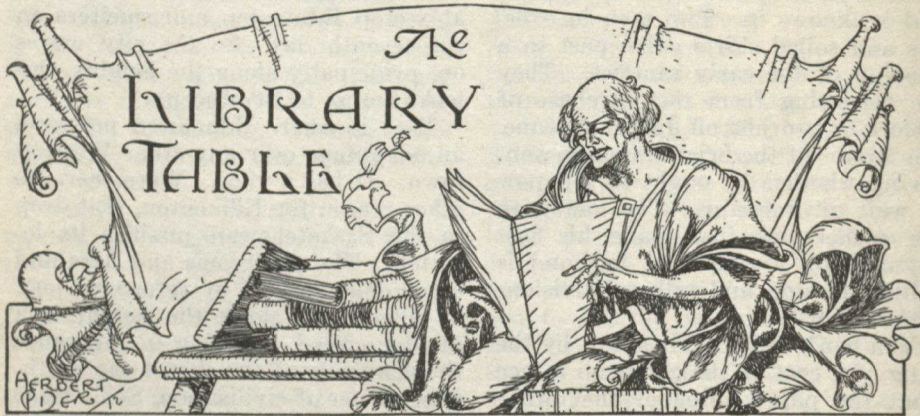
That is where Edmonton possesses an advantage over any other Western town. It has a view. Were there no other reason for Edmonton, that drop to the Saskatchewan justifies its location. The poolrooms and bars and other dens decried by reformers may be filled; but along the height is a greater crowd, enjoying in innocence the monopoly of the city at the north-west corner of civilisation. Some time, when real estate relaxes, Calgary will set out to deride that view, just as Toronto treats Hamilton's mountain. Derision is a popular covering for jealousy.

Edmonton is sure of itself. Geography, experience, eyesight and comon sense teach content.

A married daughter, leaving her father at the Edmonton station, begged a return visit next year. "No," he said stubbornly, "I'll not leave till I sell out." He kicked the edge of the platform a moment thoughtfully before he went on. "And then I'll never go back to Ontario."

He was recalling the expressionless mask of an Eastern town, and it had no attraction for him after Edmonton's smile of welcome.





THE essay by Dr. J. D. Logan entitled "A Decade of Canadian Poetry," which appeared in the February number of *The Canadian Magazine*, has caused much discussion amongst critics and others interested in the history and development of literature in Canada. We have received a number of criticisms and appreciations, and from them we have made a selection of several which we think are representative, and we reprint them here, together with a reply from Dr. Logan. We did not ask for these opinions, except in one instance, and that one happens to be unsympathetic. As to the sponsors of these opinions: Arthur Stringer, it scarcely is necessary to say, is a poet of international reputation; Archibald MacMechan is professor of English language and literature at Dalhousie University, Halifax; *The Globe's* literary editor

is Mr. M. O. Hammond, and we therefore presume that the paragraph taken from "Bookish Chat" is his; E. S. Caswell is the assistant librarian of the Toronto Public Library; "A. E. S. S.," who writes in *The World*, is undoubtedly Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, author of "Poems: Grave and Gay"; Donald G. French, author of "Points About Poetry," is literary editor of *The Sunday World*, and no doubt the opinion expressed in that journal is his; Miss Florence E. Deacon is a department editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), and P. A. Gahan is a barrister, of New Hamburg, Ontario. Besides these opinions we have from Mr. John Reade, literary editor of *The Gazette*, Montreal, and author of "The Prophecy of Merlin and Other Poems," the statement, as printed in the *The Gazette*, that Dr. Logan's article is a "most instructive study."—The Editor.

PROFESSOR MACMECHAN'S OPINION

I AM in hearty accord with the views expressed in Dr. Logan's last article on the "Vaudeville School" of Canadian poetry, and I am glad to see that you take the position that you do. It is a severe ar-

raignment of Canadian culture that Lampman should die before his time a government hack and "sour-doughs" should net their concocter thousands of dollars.

A. MacMechan.

DR. LOGAN'S TWO-FOLD ERROR

DR. LOGAN'S error is two-fold: first, in his hopeless condemnation of Service, and second in his practical ignoring of half a dozen real poets whose work is worthy of comparison with that of the "Renaissance," such as Arthur Stringer, Marjorie Pickthall, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Helena Coleman, Virna Sheard and Alan Sullivan. Dr. Logan is blinded by the big glare of the Service financial triumph, and he

has not appreciated the modest worth of the other writers mentioned. The public have bought Service because of his emotional and dramatic qualities, just as more people attend moving-picture shows than go to grand opera. Crude and all as Service often is, one is better for having read his colourful words, and an introduction to poetry even in this form may often lead to better things. — *The Globe* (Toronto).

A SPLENDID STUDY

MY Dear Doctor Logan,—In talking to Kenneth Douglas, about a fortnight ago, I asked him to convey to you my appreciation of your splendid study of Canadian poetry in last month's issue of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, but Mr. Douglas, I fear, did not return to Toronto with my message, so I am taking the liberty of writing you this line or two, and saying that it is such work

as yours that is clearing the way for the true note in native verse. There was great need for the saying of just what you have said, and I'm sure every man of thought will be with you in your campaign. And all I can say in closing is, more power to your elbow!

Most appreciatively yours,

Arthur Stringer.

TIME ON OUR SIDE

THE slashing attack which Dr. Logan has launched against the writers and readers of poetry in Canada should not be taken too seriously. I doubt if he himself appreciates his statements at their face value. With true Celtic ardour he lays about him with lusty vigour, too engrossed in the joy of the exercise to give close heed as to how his blows are directed or where they fall. He would have been more convincing had he been more moderate. With much that he says I find myself in accord. There is no question about it, your Canadian is too deeply absorbed in material things to give much heed to the finer things which concern the soul and spirit. Yet this is practically inevitable. Here we have a slender population confronted with such tasks as the subjugation of a wilderness, the conquest of the forest and the breaking

up of the virgin prairies, the tremendous problems of transportation and of the development of natural resources prodigious in their extent—is it not natural and inevitable that these great physical undertakings should for the time more or less submerge the purely intellectual and æsthetic? We must be patient. Scolding will not help matters. Time will with us, as with older civilisation, work the desired change. Let us be thankful for those high souls who in the midst of surrounding materialism cling to their ideals and work for the coming of the better day.

The apathy which has roused Dr. Logan's fine rage is by no means of recent growth. In the introduction to his volume of "Selections from the Canadian Poets," published in 1864, the late Dr. Dewart inveighed bitterly against the prevailing indifference

to the work of Canadian writers. One of the saddest tragedies in the literary history of Canada was the death of the gifted Isabella Valancy Crawford ere yet the freshness of youth had passed, life and hope crushed out by the knowledge that she was singing to deaf ears. By the way, I am surprised at the omission of the names of Miss Crawford and Alexander McLachlan from Dr. Logan's article, as also by the omission, in his mention of the really capable writers of poetry of the present day, of the names of Helena Coleman and Annie Campbell Huestis.

I incline to think that few thoughtful persons will regard Dr. Logan's onslaught on our poet of the Yukon, Robert W. Service, as quite justifiable. Mr. Service can scarcely be regarded as an idealist. He frankly admits that he is more concerned about the sale of his verse than about pleasing the critics. It must be remembered that the years of Mr. Service's life in which his powers have been developing have been spent in a rough environment, both with regard to nature and to man. He writes of nature as he has seen it in its grim and stern aspects, and of men and women as he has seen them in the grim tragedy of their lives. And what a panorama of life that new, wild country presents, with its strange mingling of men of every race and class and sort, where the appeal has been so much to the baser passions of greed and envy and lust; and yet where the residue of good which remains in every man has had much fine play. It is this life which Mr. Service has sought to portray, and such a picture, if it is to be true,

must be painted in strong colours. One would not expect the light, dainty touches which would be given to describing a sunrise effect or a delicate bloom of the garden or the wood.

Nor yet do I agree with Dr. Logan that the extraordinary sale of Mr. Service's books is owing to their appeal to the vulgar instincts of the people. It is their fidelity to nature and to human nature, to the elemental instincts of men and women, that has commended these poems to the common people. Their author modestly describes them as a "weak imitation of Kipling," but they have a character, strength and individuality of their own. They take up a new field in literature. Mr. Service is a literary pathfinder in that great grim waste of Arctic snows, and his descriptive poems give us some genuine nuggets picked up in his prospecting. And these poems have in them the prime qualities which make for popularity. The lilt and swing of the verse of the Yukon poet catches the man whom blank verse or the ordinary lyric would never attract. To say that this shows a depraved taste is an easy thing; to demonstrate its truth is less easy. Canons of taste are not fixed and usalterable in all climes and through all time. Mr. Service's verse unquestionably is marred by lack of finish and by coarseness of expression, but as unquestionably it is lit up at times by the fires of genius. Make no mistake about it, its popularity is based on broader and surer ground than the vitiated taste of a depraved people.

E. S. Caswell.

THE DECADENCE OF CANADIAN POETRY

TO give a true definition of poetry is a very difficult task, and I have never yet seen such a definition as fully satisfied me. Perhaps the best that I have so far come across is the following:—

"Poetry is an art that has for its purpose the creation and prolongation of intellectual pleasure. It is the fragrance of all human thought and knowledge, passion, emotion and language. Good sense is the body of

poetic genius, fancy its drapery, and imagination the soul that pervades every part and forms all into one placid and harmonious whole."

Poetry, exists therefore, as a genial power that enlightens the mind and carries away in rapture, not only the heart of the poet himself, but also of all those who listen to his sweet strains.

It is an historical fact that many of the Greek Rhapsodists fell into convulsions while reciting Homer. The object of this short paper is to find some other cause for the decadence of Canadian poetry than that given by Mr. Logan in his excellent essay in the January number. If Canada ever did possess a writer worthy of the name of poet, his mantle has fallen upon undeserving shoulders. In fact it would require a considerable stretch of my imagination to regard any of the so-called poets that belong to what Mr. Logan so aptly terms the "Vaudeville School," as poets in any sense or meaning of the word. Mere rhyme, and questionable rhyme at that, does not constitute poetry.

What appears to me to be Mr. Logan's chief reason or cause for the present condition of Canadian poetry is contained in the sentence:—"I remark that certain phases of the very adolescent civilisation of Canada does not assist native men and women to write good poetry." I cannot agree with this statement. Canadian civilisation is adolescent or growing only in the same sense as the civilisation of every other civilised country in the world is adolescent or growing. Canadian civilisation is as old as the oldest civilisation of Europe. Our earliest ancestors came from the most cultured spots of "Sunny France," then the Queen of the civilised world; these were followed by the most cultured men and women from Britain and the colonies, and unless the culture that these men and women brought back to Canada has

been flowing backward toward barbarism, which I humbly submit is not the case; then Canada's civilisation is young and growing only in the same sense and in the same way that the civilisation of every other civilised nation in the world is young and growing.

What we are experiencing here in Canada to-day—that is, stuff that is not poetry being more popular with all classes of the people and out-selling by one hundred per cent. readable verse—Britain has experienced, Germany has experienced, France has experienced and the United States is experiencing now.

While the works of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Southey and even of Scott and Coleridge were lying on British book shelves in British book stores accumulating their quantum of dust, "The Omnipresence of The Deity," by Mr. Robert Montgomery ran through eleven editions and the author realised thousands of pounds out of the sale of the work. If ever veritable trash, under the name of poetry, went through a printing press, that trash was the "Omnipresence of the Deity."

I doubt if Longfellow, Bryant or Whittier realised as much out of their works as did the late William M. Carleton out of the sale of his "Farm Ballads." Twenty years ago the printing presses of the United States were kept busy turning out his so-called poetry. You could not purchase a recitation book without finding nearly one-half of the book taken up with the late Mr. Carleton's productions. The walls of every school-house on the back lines and concessions of both Canada and the United States echoed and re-echoed to the declamations of "The School-Master's Guests" and "Betsy and I are Out." Perhaps Mr. Carleton's productions lacked the elements of vulgarity, but they lacked the elements of poetry and morality as well.

P. A. Gahan.

SERVICE NOT CHARACTERISTIC

IT is imperative to protest against Canadian poetry of the last ten years being characterised as "a deluge of vulgarity and an abomination," so-called by Dr. J. D. Logan. If, as the writer states, "the characteristic poetry of the last decade at its best is the work of Mr. R. W. Service and Mr. R. J. C. Stead; and at its worst, the work of the Rev. Hamilton Wigle and Mr. Paul Agar," there is some excuse for his denunciation. But who of any poetic taste considers the rhymed lines of nine-tenths of the writers between and including the two extremes given by Dr. Logan as poetry at all? And with the exception of Mr. Service, how much are these writers read? The majority of them will have to pay for the publication of their own volumes.

If this is the characteristic poetry of Canada in the last ten years, we Canadians should quite properly feel humiliated. I trust, however, that no one but Dr Logan believes that it is. To select all the inferior poetry and almost none of the best, and to call that the characteristic poetry of an age, is an injustice. In England every year are published many volumes of impossible poetry, but no one would dream of calling it the characteristic poetry of England. The characteristic poetry of England at the present day is that of Alfred Noyes, Alice Meynell, John Davidson, William Watson, and that of a score of other poets, men and women whose work is read throughout the English-speaking world by lovers of poetry, but some of whom have scarcely earned a living through their poetry.

Canada should be judged in the same way, i.e., by its real poets, not its "vaudeville poets," and this, the characteristic poetry of Canada, has never attained as high a standard as during the last ten years, Helena Coleman, Arthur Stringer, Virna

Sheard, Pauline Johnson, Frederick George Scott, Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabel Ecelestone MacKay, Ethelwyn Wetherald, L. M. Montgomery, Alan Sullivan, Marjorie Pickthall, these are some of the characteristic poets of Canada to-day.

Mr. Service's poetry differs so radically from that of the poets just mentioned that he can hardly be classed in the same way, yet he has done an estimable service to Canadian poetry. A long time ago I resolved to know something about Canadian poetry, and the first volume I bought for this purpose was an anthology. I read every poem in it and felt thoroughly disheartened in my quest. Pauline Johnson's lovely "The Song My Paddle Sings," was the only poem in the collection over which I became enthusiastic. There was an imitation of "Break, break, break," which would have been good had the imitation not been so evident. The rest, while perfect technically were absolutely dead—no one would ever quote those things! Now, an anthology of Canadian lyrics might be compiled, lyrics, too, that have been published within the last ten years, which would be worthy of this country, lyrics brimming with colour and emotion, perfect and rounded in thought and rhythm. Such a volume would contain the characteristic poetry of Canada during the last ten years. The second renaissance of which Dr. Logan speaks has begun!

And although Mr. Service is guilty of many of the æsthetic faults which Dr. Logan attributes to him, yet he has helped on this happy renaissance, for whatever else may be denied Mr. Service, it must be conceded that his poetry has life. And his success, largely because of this one great quality, has unconsciously influenced the true artists in poetry.

Florence E. Deacon.

POETRY AND CULTURE

"A DECADE of Canadian Poetry" is the title of a provocative article in *The Canadian Magazine* by Dr. J. D. Logan. It is provocative of thought, of questioning perhaps in some quarters of disagreement and for the very reason is a workmanlike piece of criticism. The argument is that Lampman and his contemporaries, of the "Great Lakes School," and Roberts and Carman of the "Birch Bark School," wrote inspired poetry carefully and well. The very artistic finish of their work made it an unsaleable commodity in this country, which possesses so far neither inspiration nor artistic conscience. But the last ten years have seen the rise of a new type, which Dr. Logan terms the "Vaudeville School," and of which Mr. Robert W. Service is the prophet. The people of Canada have fallen upon Mr. Service's neck, and have bought 200,000 copies of his poems. He has sung to some purpose, commercially speaking. Dr. Logan claims that Service has betrayed the spirit of poetry in his choice of vulgar or debased themes and in his carelessness of versification, and from this is deduced the unhappy state of culture in this country.

What are the popular poems of any people? Not the polished, polite, Greek urn type of verse, flawless in technique and urbanely pretty in thought; but Homer, whose graceful lines reek of slaughter, Virgil, who was not averse to conflict, the Ballads of Robin Hood, Jack Sheppard, Chevy Chase, Kinmont Willie, who was hanged, Trelawney, and Sir Pat-

rick Spens. These are the songs of men of action engaged in Doing. While the dramatic principle lives in the human soul their popularity will endure. Service is popular not because of his poetry, but because of his drama. The drama is made more powerful by the compelling force of a swinging rhythm.

It is true enough that in adjusting rhythmic values to fit contrasting thought, Service, like his artistic godfather, Rudyard Kipling, is weak. It is true that he is careless, that he does not polish each line patiently and carefully—but he is not in the jewellery business. He is an iron puddler. He gets his "pig" from the men and women about him, and—well, he puddles it. People buy his work because they like iron-puddling. They do not buy the work of a real poetic diamond merchant, because this is appreciated only by the very few in every country and in every age. Out of one thousand men you meet, either in Toronto or in London, how many have read Keats? Of the few who have done so, how many have enjoyed him?

As Dr. Logan properly points out, the verse of Isabel Ecclestone MacKay and of Alan Sullivan is of fine quality. But only in a sublimated Athenian atmosphere would that verse appeal to all classes and conditions of men. Neither one nor the other would be guilty of the rough technique or the violent colouring which Service employs. So, from their royalties neither limousines nor footmen will spring.—*The News* (Toronto).

PROFIT OR PROFITS IN POETRY

THERE is a species of criticism which consists in finding fault with the matter in hand, because it isn't something else; and there is another kind which consists in the endeavour, as accurately as possible, to

determine its intrinsic value and fairly to estimate its relation to other matters of a similar nature. An example of the first kind was recently published in which the author accused Tennyson of paraphrasing Henry

Drummond and of not having properly edited "In Memoriam." A broad-ranging and keenly scrutinising example of the second class is Dr. Logan's able essay, "A Decade of Canadian Poetry," in *The Canadian Magazine* for February. And this essay has in turn aroused a horde of critics of the primary order. The constructive critic, as Dr. Logan remarks, must never be guilty of the meanest of literary sins; scorn of others and spiritual pride in his own judgments. . . .

Very little can be said in defence against Dr. Logan's indictment. Perhaps a little might be said in extenuation on behalf of the versifiers. It is quite true that the press does not encourage good verse, nor indeed any verse. The "Poet's Corner" of former years has almost disappeared. Poets are regarded as useless creatures, for the people no longer believe in the world from which true poetry springs. There is no poetry in dollars, though dollars might provide the conditions for the production of true poetry. The day of the patron for poetry is past, though music and drama have their "angels." The multi-millionaires of the country would as soon think of supporting a boa constrictor as a poet. And they are right. The poet is a better poet for having to face the world. But he need not be starved like Chatterton nor flayed like Tennyson, who took twenty years to recover from the critics. The appreciation of mediocre or poor verse is greater on the lower

levels of society than the appreciation of good verse on the higher levels, and on this score the millionaire and his retinue may be justly impeached. The people have always welcomed the rhythmic expression of their own reflections and perceptions, and the vogue of Walt Mason and Sherwood Hart is quite significant. These writers may be trivial and flippant, but they are also ingenious, sensible and on the side of the angels. The popularity of Service and Stead is no more phenomenal in Canada than that of Will Carleton, George R. Sims or Clement Scott in their respective constituencies, and in Rudyard Kipling one finds a nexus between the lowliest vaudevillian and the loftiest lyricist. One suspects that the people discover in the more popular vaudevillians what is or what seems to them like heart and soul and sympathy, and to this they respond, while they turn away from the cold intellect of the merely rhetorical poets. Dr. Logan's problem is the problem of humanity, the education of the spiritual nature and the subordination of the intellectual faculties to the vast inspirations of humanity. The longer the stream flows the purer it becomes. Perhaps the current of Canadian poetry will purify itself from these baser inflowings as it meanders down the national destiny. And there can be no question but the good clean sand and gravel of Dr. Logan's criticism will materially assist the necessary sedimentation—A. E. S. S. in *The World* (Toronto).

A SCHOLARLY ESSAY

IN his very scholarly essay, Dr. Logan measures the work of Service and his imitators by the requirements of real poetry, and finds it lamentably lacking. And not only does he give ample proof for his conclusions, but also seeks to investigate the

origin and popularity of this "vaudeville poetry." No student of literature should fail to read the illuminating and thought inspiring essays now being published in *The Canadian Magazine* from Dr. Logan's pen.—*The Sunday World* (Toronto).

DR. LOGAN'S REPLY

NOTHING but good, I am convinced, will result from the discussion, both resentful and appreciative, which my essay on The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry has—undesignedly on my part—caused in the press and in literary and academic circles. I mean, of course, that nothing but good will result to the Canadian people in general and to Canadian literature and *litterateurs* in particular. For, frankly, since the appearance of the essay, and especially since the publication of Mr. J. E. Middleton's suggestive editorial and of Mr. A. E. S. Smythe's sympathetic and illuminating review in *The Toronto World* (Feb. 24, 1913), the Canadian press has, in one way or another, reviewed the essay, and I myself have received kind letters of appreciation from several Canadian poets and poetesses, and, further, have been met, on the street, in the bookstores, and in offices, by such remarks as this: "I want to read that article of yours on Canadian poetry. Everyone seems to be talking about it." Yet, I must remark that I should have expected—and merited—resentment from my compatriots if, by my essay, I had unjustly wounded Canadian pride or injured the reputation of worthy Canadian poets. But when I, with good-natured sincerity and with decent show of scholarly and literary attainments, acquired both in universities and in the more expanding school of experience, attempted, as I did, novel constructive criticism of traditional views of Canadian poets and poetry, I merited neither resentment nor commendation, but only respectful hearing. I am not so puerile or silly as to "resent the resentment" expressed in some of the press reviews of my essay; if I did so, I should imply that I was concerned more for my own feelings than for a genuinely patriotic interest, on my part, in helping to promote, amongst Canadian poets, the composi-

tion of poetry which shall be both beautifully or nobly conceived and winningly or exquisitely wrought. While, then, I cannot resist admitting that to have gained the appreciative regards of two such excellent poets as Mr. Stringer and Mr. Smythe is a priceless spiritual experience — and reward—in itself, over the resentment expressed in the other reviews I am forced to exclaim, good-naturedly, of course:—"Behold an acute exhibition of the Canadian national frailty." For though what Canada needs most at present is a sincere and acute critic—I do not mean a mere literary critic — of her institutions and culture, the sad fact is that amongst foreign peoples Canadians have become a byword for their perverse unwillingness to observe the historic process at work in their own civilisation, and for their peevish refusal even to listen to criticism, by sincere foreigners and compatriots, of Canadian institutions and culture. I turn now to reply to my critics.

Although, really, Mr. Smythe's review of my essay is a sufficient reply, I must add here a few considerations of my own. I was at fault in two matters. First, I should not have suggested to the editor of *The Canadian Magazine* the title "A Decade of Canadian Poetry," without having suggested also the sub-title "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry," and without having added, in parentheses, to this sub-title the *termini* during which this school flourished, namely, 1903-1913. In fact, I should have used this sub-title for the real title. I doubt, however, if this would have prevented misapprehension, on the part of my critics, as to the precise scope and aim of my essay. For I put these matters unmistakably in the very first sentence of my second paragraph. "I shall dub," I said there, "the throng of verse-makers, poetasters, and (some) poets who have flourished within the

last decade (1903-1913) the Vaudeville School, both on account of their themes and their appeal to popular taste." Further: I was careful to observe that my newly-invented sobriquet for the poets of that decade was devised solely for expository or pedagogical purposes. "Derision," I said, "is not intended to be conveyed by the sobriquet, but only a summary estimate of the quality of the poetry, and of the ideals, methods, and craftsmanship of the great majority of the poets of this group or school."

Yet Mr. Caswell calls my essay a "slashing attack" on Mr. Service and his *confrères*. There is no attack, and my criticism is not slashing; for my essays, if they are noted for any peculiar qualities at all, are certainly distinguished by a cold analysis of fact, philosophical application of principles, logical, pedestrian movement in development of argument, and by a total absence of "Celtic ardour," in style. I have respectful regard for Mr. Service as a man and as a poet; and I said nothing in my essay that I would not, solicitously for his good as an artist, say to his face. I would say, to put it familiarly:—"Mr. Service, you are gifted, inspired, with natural poetic genius, but for the choice of most of your themes there is neither æsthetic, social, nor moral justification, and in your craftsmanship you do not exhibit patient artistry—the very best you can do." And Mr. Service would reply: "Yes, Mr. Logan, there is considerable truth in what you say. I have observed that you yourself sometimes write verse, and that you are very careful about your craftsmanship, but that you lack inspiration." In my essay I took Mr. Service as a type, as an exemplar of the gifted but artistically careless poet, and in this factitious colloquy I take myself as another type, as an exemplar of the ungifted but careful verse-maker; and in my essay I simply "explained" Mr. Service,—that is, showed that he was concerned, as he ought

not to be, less for his choice of intrinsically beautiful or noble themes and for intrinsic beauty of artistry than he was for the forthright expression of his natural poetic genius about any theme and in any rhythmic style at readiest command. I hold that poets should be enamoured of absolute beauty and perfection. And, therefore, I hold that Mr. Service (not the mere individual but as a type of poet) in not striving after absolute beauty in choice of themes and after perfection of artistry, has, in his typical poetry, failed to give us poems which have æsthetic, social, or moral justification, and that when he is naturally gifted to achieve the perfect but does not even attempt it, he is sinning against himself, his art, his country, and God who gave him poetic genius. Mr. Caswell, I know, has only misapprehended the scope and aim of my essay by having read it hastily.

I allege hasty reading of my essay as the source also of the criticisms by Mr. Hammond and some others. Mr. Hammond is well-known throughout the Dominion as an able and conscientious literary critic; but, as a very busy editor, he must have read my essay hurriedly, else he would never, I know, have said in his review that one of my two errors was my "practical ignoring of half a dozen real poets whose work is worthy of comparison with that of the 'Renaissance' (in Canada), such as Arthur Stringer, Marjorie Pickthall, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Helena Coleman, and Alan Sullivan." This criticism is, of course, a *lapsus memoriae* on Mr. Hammond's part; when writing his review he must have failed to recall the passages in my essay (pages 347 and 348), in which I eulogise the poetry of Mr. Stringer and some others besides those mentioned by my critic. But perhaps Mr. Hammond's criticism is contained in the phrase "practical ignoring." If he means by this phrase that I did not devote enough space to a con-

sideration of their poetry, he must have failed to observe that on page 345 of the essay I remarked the existence of these poets as "important exotic exceptions;" stated that "the characteristic poetry of the last decade at its best is the work of Mr. R. W. Service and Mr. R. J. C. Stead;" and that on page 351 I said: "I am not forgetting the fact that Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman, Mr. D. C. Scott, Mr. F. G. Scott, Miss Pauline Johnson, Mr. Stringer, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Sheard, Mr. Eric M. Yeoman, Mrs. Lucy Montgomery-MacDonald and others have published some fine poetry in that period. But their spirit is yet the spirit which inaugurated the First Renaissance in Canadian Poetry, beginning with the publication of Mr. Robert's "Orion" (1880), and closing with the publication of Miss Pauline Johnson's "Canadian Born" (1903). . . . In spirit and in craftsmanship the poetry of the last decade, leaving out the exotic verse by the poets mentioned, is essentially a recrudescence of the poetry that made glad the hearts of the 'Bush' and the 'Clearing' settlers of Canada in the first and second quarters of the last century." In short, Mr. Caswell, Mr. Hammond, and Miss Deacon, through careless or hasty reading of my essay, have quite missed the scope and point of my criticism.

Secondly, I was at fault in leaving a *lacuna* in the essay at page 350, second column, second paragraph, where I summarised the causes of the astonishing vogue of the verses of The Vaudeville School. I should have added a paragraph explaining that vogue according to the evolutionary hypothesis, thus: Men take pleasure in reading Mr. Service's verse because there is still in mankind a "survival" of aboriginal instincts and uncivilised habits, ingrained in men when they were issuing from the brute stage. Mr. Service's verse satisfies the coarse instincts and habits surviving in us from our immemori-

ally remote ancestors. Mr. Service, says the reviewer in *The New York Times Book Review*, celebrates "the Indian, the camp-fire, and the rough comedy and tragedy of the trail and the mining camp"; and the reviewer in *The Chicago Tribune* says: "He (Service) is a poet—a John L. Sullivan of poets." As many men of culture—and even of learning—the moment their daily newspaper is in their hands turn first, inevitably, instinctively, to the sporting pages and read with avidity and delight the exploits of rough, vulgarised, brutal champions, so refined men, and even women, turn to the poems of Mr. Service and his school and read them with avidity and delight, because, as Mr. Middleton truly states, his verse is not Poetry but Drama,—because it presents us with a continual dramatic panorama of picturesque characters who are daring in speech and action and who move amid scenes which are vulgar or sordid or wicked, but which are inevitably interesting. I will go farther than Mr. Middleton and say that my critics have confused intellectual substances,—that while Roberts, Carman, Lampman, and the others down to Mrs. Mackay and Mr. Stringer have written true "poetry," Mr. Service and Mr. Stead and their *confrères* have written verse which, on the whole, logically must be regarded as something else than "poetry." Summarising the qualities of Mr. Service's three volumes of verse in a hierarchy of values, I should estimate his work thus: Some of his verse is genuinely poetic, much of it is drama simply, still more of it is violent melodrama, and the most of it is vulgar vaudeville. In different terms his critics, some of whom are also my critics, have in their reviews, remarked these qualities; some have said that Mr. Service does not always write poetry, and others that in the interests of good taste some of his verse should not have been published. If I have altogether cast down this popular idol, my critics preceded me

in mutilating the features; or rather, all of us together have shown that if the head of this idol be gold, the torso and limbs are made of clay.

Finally: Mr. Caswell knows what the public has never even suspected, namely, that the publication of Mr. Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," his first volume, was very fortuitous. Mr. Caswell was the "Reader" for The Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, in the year when the manuscript of Mr. Service's poems was submitted to the House with a view to publication in book form; but Mr. Caswell has forgotten that he let me read, cursorily, both the MS. and the first proofs; that he asked my opinion whether I thought the House could "risk" (*morally* risk) putting out such a book with the firm imprint; and that the first edition, in view of the risk, bore on the imprint "Author's Edition. William Briggs. Toronto, 1907"; that as soon as the press copies of this small "privately printed" edition were flatteringly reviewed by the press and it was seen that a so-called "Canadian Kipling" had arrived and that The Church would not attack the young poet, the publishing House, with business shrewdness, removed the words "Author's Edition," and published subsequent editions with the firm imprint. Also Mr. Caswell has forgotten that the publication rights were offered by his publishing House, and also by Mr. J. H. Woods of Woods, Norris, Limited, through Mr. Richmond Smith, acting as agent for Mr. Woods, to several book-publishers in the United States and Canada; that these other firms refused to consider the book until considerable time after its vogue was established in Canada, and that it was published in the United States by an obscure firm who changed the title to "The Spell of The Yukon."

All this goes to prove that in their inmost hearts a Canadian firm of Christian publishers, as well as other American and British firms, doubted

the propriety of publishing Mr. Service's verse, considering it both a moral and commercial risk.

*

THE HEROINE IN BRONZE.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN. The Macmillan Company of Canada.

JAMES LANE ALLEN undoubtedly had a motive in writing his latest effort, "The Heroine in Bronze." Else, why write it?

We thought and pondered over it, and the only conclusion we could come to was that he wished to give an imitation of himself in his less successful days before the reading public had had a glimpse into the pages of "The Kentucky Cardinal" or "The Choir Invisible." In this he succeeded. One cannot well imagine a more successful attempt at amateurishness. The whole two hundred and eighty odd pages might have been written in fewer than the eighty odd. But the author's pen had begun dripping, and could not stop, it seemed. The story concerns a certain lovesick youth, just out of college. The lovesickness was caused, be it known, by one of the graduating "co-eds," on the day of her distinguished graduation, when she, mounting with her elect sisterhood, all in white, a rose-twined platform, had read to her delirious audience, her finishing essay, (the essay that had finished one); when afterwards descending from the platform and standing with bowed head—that exquisite head with the gold of dawn upon it" . . . etc Thus raved the youth. Undoubtedly the very worst kind of lovesickness.

Anyhow, he married her the next June, after he had published a book which brought him many thousands—we forgot to mention that the hero was a writer, who had to show the golden-haired deity that he could make good before she would marry him. Hence the book, "thousands," and fame. That is all.



HE MEANT WELL

She—"I envy Miss Playne She plays so well that one forgets how she looks."

He—"But you look so well that one forgets how you play." — *London Opinion.*

*

HER HABIT

"It did Jack no good to marry his stenographer, for she continued the habit of the office in their home."

"How so?"

"When he starts to dictate she takes him down."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

THE MAIN THING

The Small Boy—" 'Arf a pound o' yellor soap, please, and muvver says will you please wrap it up in a good love story."—*London Sketch.*

*

YOU CAN USE THIS

"You tould me this was really cut glass."

"So it was. Cut from \$1.00 to 75 cents."—*New York American.*

591

A GENTILE REMINDER

Nobody ever mentions it since they have come into money, but at one time there were scoffing spirits in the neighbourhood who had been known to aver that at one time old Wellerby had driven a 'bus.

If that has been so, young Wellerby has managed very successfully to banish the memory of those dreadful days from his mind. There was a reception at Wellerby House one day recently, and the young heir to the broad domains was observed to be ostentatiously showing off the family seal. It represented St. George and the Dragon.

"One of my ancestors, you know," he observed pompously, "is said to have killed the Dragon."

"Good gracious!" said a scoffer near by. "How did he manage it? I suppose he didn't—er—run over it, did he?"—*Answers.*

*

FORGOT HIS CUE

Mr. Clarence—"Sister in, Georgie?"

Georgie—"She's either in or indisposed, I forget which."—*Judge.*



"ETHEL! I hate her! Why, I saw you kiss her yesterday"
 "Yes, but that's all we do; we hardly ever speak"

—The Tatler.

GALLANT

Old Maid—"But why should a great strong man like you be found begging?"

Wayfarer—"Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."—*London Sketch.*

*

TOO BAD

A noted sociologist tells the following story of a woman in a Southern manufacturing town. Approaching her for statistics, he asked—"Madam, have you any children?"

"No," she replied. "I have to work in the factory myself."—*Life.*

*

RING OFF, WILD BELLES

Maybelle—"See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night."

Estelle—"Gracious! has that just got around to you?"—*Toledo Blade.*

WHY DELAY?

A small tailor in the Twin Cities has a head for advertising. In front of his store stands an oil-barrel with the head knocked in. The barrel is bright green and on it in red letters is painted: "Stand in my barrel while I press your suit for fifty cents."—*Zenith.*

*

MORE THAN SERIOUS

Eulalia (elderly heiress) — "Do you think the Baron regards me seriously?"

Rosa—"Seriously? Why my dear, every time I mention you he looks positively sad."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

UNHEARD OF

Jorkins—"How did you ever come into possession of such a cheap-looking umbrella as that?"

Dorkins — "Why, I got this umbrella in a very peculiar way—I bought it."—*The Pathfinder.*

SURE OF HIS GROUND

Among the coffee-drinkers a high place must be given to Bismarck. He liked coffee unadulterated. While with the Prussian Army in France he one day entered a country inn and asked the host if he had any chicory in the house. He had. Bismarck said: "Well, bring it to me; all you have." The man obeyed and handed Bismarck a canister full of chicory. "Are you sure this is all you have?" demanded the Chancellor. "Yes, my lord, every grain." "Then," said Bismarck, keeping the canister by him, "go now and make me a pot of coffee."—*Belfast (Ireland) News.*

*

NEW VIEW OF IT

"I envy the man who believes that superstition about Friday," said Mr. Growcher.

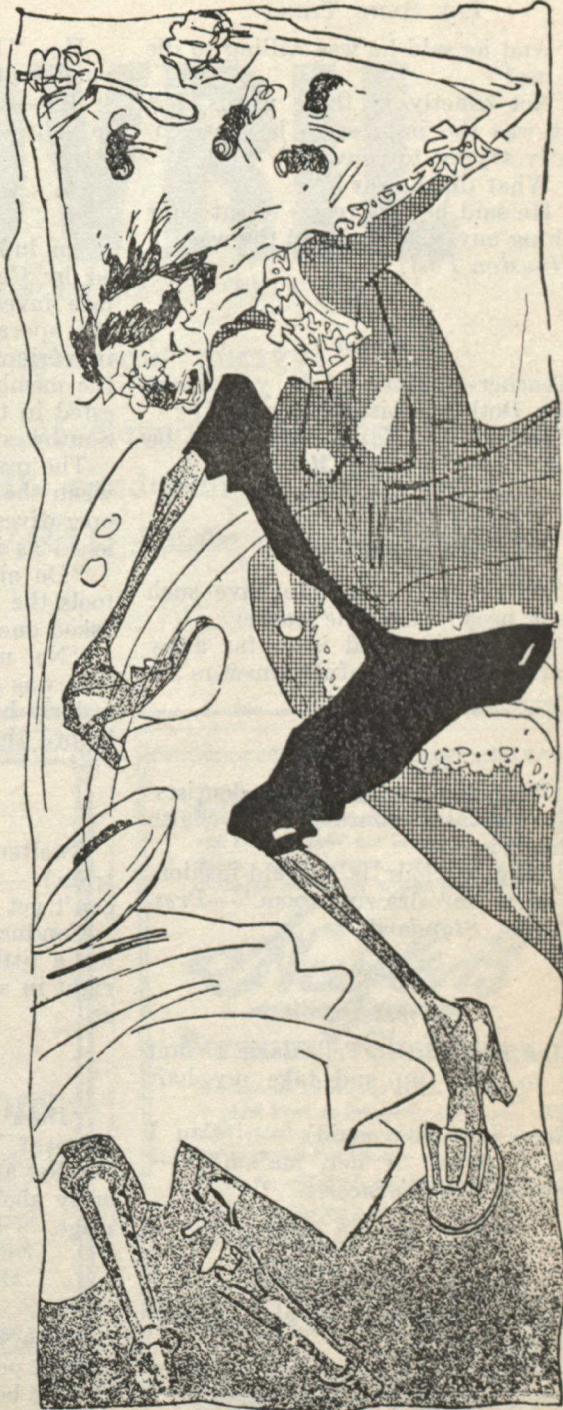
"I consider it depressing."

"Not at all. A man ought to be mighty comfortable who can feel sure there's only one unlucky day in the week."—*Washington Star.*

*

A GENTLE HINT

A miserable-sinner-looking clergyman sought advice of an experienced preacher, and was told, among other things, "If you are preaching of hell, your ordinary expression of countenance will do; but if you preach of heaven, I should try and look a little more cheerful."—*Christian Register.*



THE STARVING SUFFRAGETTE: "I will not eat my soup—no, I will not eat my soup!"
—*Kladderadatsch (Berlin).*

THE SAME THING

"And he said he was willing to die for me?"

"Not exactly in those words, but that was the impression he was evidently trying to convey."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was ready to eat your cooking any time you said the word."
—*Houston Post*.

*

STUNG

Teacher—"Tommy, do you know 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee'?"

Tommy — "No; I only know he doth it!"—*To-Day's Magazine*.

*

REASON ENOUGH

"Why does the giraffe have such a long neck?" asks the teacher

"Because its head is so far away from its body," hopefully answers the boy.—*Judge*.

*

ETYMOLOGY

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlours?" asked Smith of his friend.

"Why, parlour is the old-fashioned name for drawing-room."—*Presbyterian Standard*.

*

OBLIGING

Mrs. Chinnon—"Tell Marie I want her to come up and take my hair down"

Rose (the new maid) — "Can I take it down to her, ma'am?" —
Christian Intelligencer.

*

A KNOWING FATHER

"But will your father give his consent?"

"Don't worry about that. Father is not going to waste time opposing a summer engagement."—*Presbyterian Standard*.

DETECTED

He—"I dreamed last night that your mother was ill."

She—"Brute; I heard you laugh in your sleep."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

WISE WORKMEN

An industrial commission appointed by Congress was conducting certain investigations with reference to the operation of mills and factories in various parts of the country, and the members became especially interested in the working of one mill in a Southwestern State.

The investigators were in one room when the whistle blew for noon. The operatives put up their tools and vanished as if by magic.

"Do all the workmen drop their tools the instant the whistle blows?" asked one of the commission.

"No, not all," answered the man who was acting as guide. "The more orderly have their tools all put away before that time."—*Lippincott's*.

*

CONSOLING

Sweltering Passenger (on railroad train) — "This window sticks so I can't get it up."

Conductor—"Yes Wood is swollen a little by the rain. It'll be all right in a few days."—*The Pathfinder*.

*

TOTAL LOSS

"Does your husband ever lose his temper?"

"Not any more. He lost it permanently about two years after our marriage."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

*

INS AND OUTS

Never be in your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—*London Answers*.

BOVRIL

IS CONCENTRATED BEEF.

It gives strength and energy.

Take a cup at eleven in the morning or a dainty BOVRIL sandwich at afternoon tea. A cup of BOVRIL before retiring ensures refreshing sleep.



For Dainty Occasions

as well as every day fare, you'll find Ingersoll Cream Cheese, a *Real Cream Cheese* of smooth consistency, and of the purest ingredients.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

In packets
only
15c. and 25c.



AT
ALL
GROCERS

OUR guarantee certificate in every box of *Huyler's* asks you to return any box of *Huyler's* not in perfect condition. This insures you absolute freshness no matter where you buy

Huyler's Bonbons Chocolates

We instruct all Huyler's Sales Agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of Huyler's not in perfect condition.

Write for Huyler's Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler's products. With the book we tell you the name of the Huyler's Agent nearest you.

Huyler's
64 Irving Pl., New York

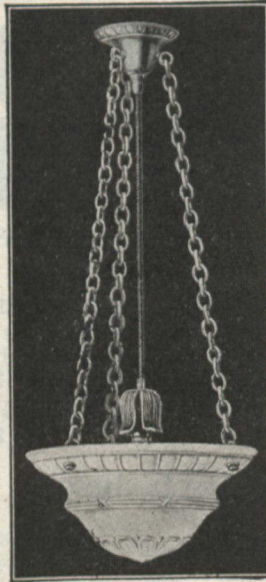
130 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Canada



Restful Light

is one of the greatest of home comforts.

It makes reading, playing games, and social intercourse easy and without strain, and surrounds the entire family with quiet cheerfulness.



*Alba Lighting Fixture
No 15064*

Beautiful Light

is one of the finest adornments of the modern home.

It is beautiful and decorative in itself, and brings out to their fullest advantage the beauties of the surroundings.

The Right Shades and Globes

will give you plenty of beautiful and restful light, at no more cost than you now pay for gloomy or harsh light.

One of the most beautiful and restful forms of illumination is the Semi-indirect by Alba Bowls, illustrated above. It is also very efficient, giving a great deal of illumination for the current. Another kind is the Ornamental Balls which completely cover the lamps, and keep all glare from reaching the eyes.

Send for Catalogue No 42 M of Shades and Globes — Alba and the many other kinds we make for electricity and gas.

Your dealer has, or can get, any of our shades and globes.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company Pittsburgh U S A

Canadian Sales and Show Rooms
70 King Street West, Toronto



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

Worth Looking Into

The choice of a table Beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family, not only the children, but grown-ups too.

The New Food Drink

INSTANT POSTUM

is proving most satisfying and beneficial in homes where it has taken the place of coffee and tea, which contain *Caffeine* and other harmful ingredients.

This new beverage requires **no boiling**.

It is regular Postum percolated at the factory and reduced to a soluble powder.

A level teaspoonful in a cup with hot water, and cream and sugar to taste, produces a very fascinating beverage *instantly*.

Instant Postum is free from *caffeine* or any harmful ingredient.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. 90 to 100 cup tin 50c; 45 to 50 cup tin, 30c

A trial tin (5 cups) sent for grocer's name and 2c stamp for postage.

"There's a Reason" for Postum



Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

VICKERMAN'S
BLUE
Serges
 AND
Cheviots
 FOR
MEN
 WHO

Appreciate
 A
 Good Article

GET THE NAME

VICKERMAN
 ON YOUR MIND

When You Want a Real
 Good Suit for any Purpose



The makers name along the Selvage every 3 yards.

Let us know if your tailor does not handle them. We can tell you who does.

Nisbet & Auld, Limited
 Toronto.

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.

"For Mother,
 the Others—
 and Me"



Taylor's
**INFANTS-
 DELIGHT**
TOILET SOAP

THE supreme test of a toilet soap is its use in the Nursery.

Infants-Delight Toilet Soap received its name from the fact that it has proved soothing and refreshing even to the delicate velvety skin of a baby. And what is good for baby's skin certainly cannot irritate the fairest lady's cheek or the tenderest shaven face.

Everyone who tries it likes Infants-Delight Toilet Soap. 10c. everywhere.

John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
 Toronto

OLDEST AND LARGEST PERFUMERS
 AND TOILET SOAP MAKERS IN CANADA

The Cleaning
As Good As Half
Done When

Old Dutch Cleanser

Arrives

MANY USES AND
FULL DIRECTIONS
ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN

10¢





gives results of all the world's championship typewriting speed contests—all of which have been won on the Underwood. Have you sent for them?

THE price of the Underwood typewriter, in any of its 28 models is based solely on what the machine will do.

A \$700 or \$800 Underwood is as cheap as the one which sells for \$125. It does more. And you buy a typewriter not for what it is, but for what it does.

AN Underwood costs a little more than other typewriters. But in these days of keen competition no article can continue to sell at a higher price unless it has more of value.

Is it not significant, therefore, that the Underwood is more generally used than all other makes of typewriters combined.

"Cutting the Costs" is a booklet about our book-keeping and special machines; "Speed's the thing"

United Typewriter Co. Ltd.

All Canadian Cities.

Head Office

Toronto.



Women of Taste write their social notes on paper that reflects their own breeding and culture.

One can almost "place" a woman by the quality of her writing paper.

Iris Linen

is a beautiful fabric, finish of just the right weight, size and tints—boxed to meet the most critical demand.

At your stationers—if not, write us and we will have you supplied.

It is now "right" for men to have their paper embossed with name and the one word "personal."



Men of character write their personal letters on personal paper—not the firm's letter head nor the feminine stationery used by

their wives. You want paper strong of texture—fine, and quite heavy.

Crown Vellum

is the choice of men big enough to care about the impression their letters make. It is richly substantial—fine to write on with pen or typewriter, and adds distinction to any letter.

Barber - Ellis, Limited

Brantford Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

Ready-Made Breakfasts

Delivered at your door
Ready to Eat

That's the modern way—easy for the housewife—brings satisfaction to the family table.

When you order a package of

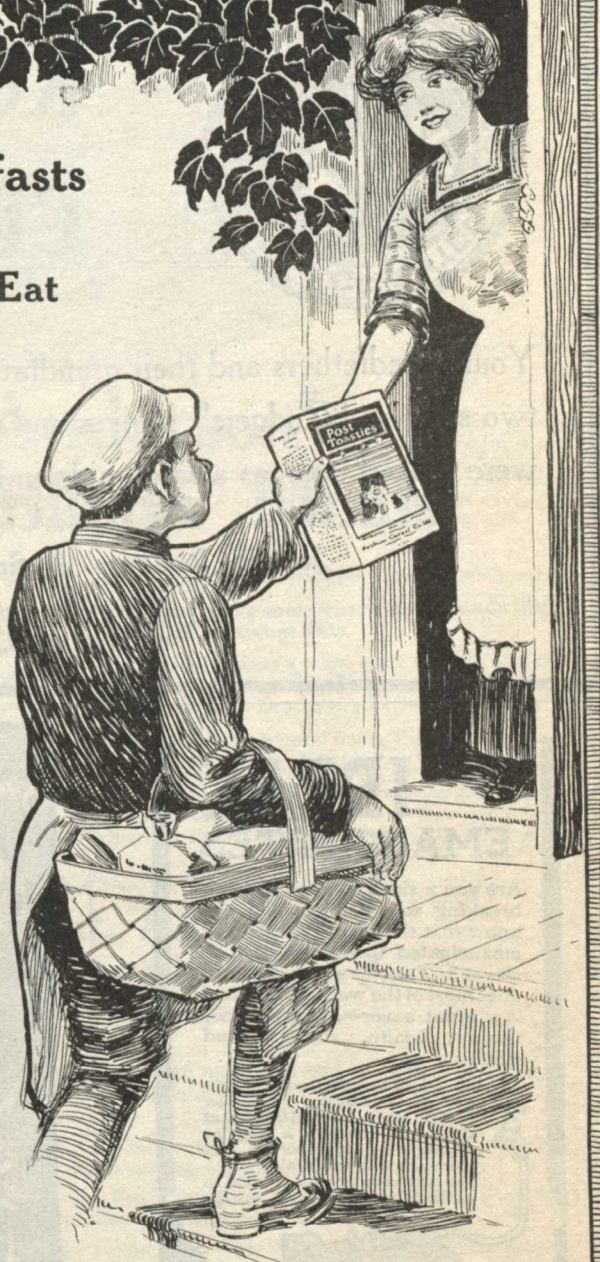
Post Toasties

from the grocer, you secure a delicious dish for breakfast, lunch or supper without worry, and at trifling cost.

These tasty crisps of toasted Indian Corn, dainty in flavour and rich in nourishment, add pleasure to any meal.

Tempting and Sweet—Ready to Eat.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.





RODGERS' CUTLERY

Your grandfathers and their grandfathers were familiar with the two stars on "Rodgers" Knives and in their day, as now, these were looked upon as a safe guide in buying.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

THE "IDEAL" EMANCIPATES

Are you a slave to the old back breaking washboard? Do you know that the Ideal Washer has emancipated thousands of such slaves? The city water pressure does most of the work. The Ideal is a great saver—it saves time, temper, health, strength and clothes.

There is nothing to cause trouble no delicate parts to adjust, no slender parts to break. You will forget that there ever was such a thing as trouble with a Washer—in fact there isn't with the Ideal. See it at your dealer's or send to us for full information. 106



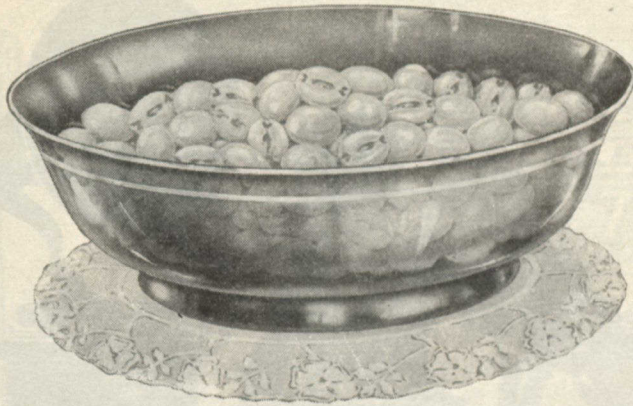
CUMMER-DOWSWELL LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**



Prof. Anderson's Quarter Billion Meals

Last year, the hosts of users ate 250,000,000 dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Prof. Anderson's foods, steam-exploded. A few years ago such foods seemed impossible.

This morning, perhaps a million people woke to find them on the breakfast table.

Why this immense popularity?

Some first bought them on their doctors' orders. For these are scientific foods.

All the millions of granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Whole grains are made wholly digestible.

They are the best-cooked foods in existence.

But most users somewhere ate a sample dish. It tasted like toasted nuts.

The crisp, porous grains, thin-walled and airy, melted in the mouth. They woke to the fact that these Puffed Grains are fascinating foods.

And who ever stopped using them?

There are millions of breakfasts served without them today, but that's because folks don't know. Did you ever know a user of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice to go back to lesser foods?

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme
West

These grains are eight times normal size.

Inside of each grain there have occurred at least a hundred million explosions.

The trifle of moisture inside of each granule has been turned into steam and exploded.

Myriads of cells are created, surrounded by thin toasted walls. And the walls melt away at touch, almost, into almond-flavored atoms.

Serve with sugar and cream.

Mix them with any fruit to give it a delicious blend.

Or serve like crackers in a bowl of milk—airy, whole-grain, toasted wafers.

Use as crisps in soup sometimes.

Scatter them over a dish of ice cream. It's like mixing nut-meats in it.

Boys eat them dry, like peanuts. Girls use them in candy making.

Any hour, from breakfast to bedtime, there's some way to serve Puffed Grains.

If you haven't tried them, telephone your grocer to send you a package of each.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough



Educate your Children Musically
Start with The
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

An *appreciation* of music is as essential as technique. The world's masterpieces are on Edison Records, done by the greatest artists. You can play them again and again, until you have familiarized yourself and your children with the sort of music they ought to know—classical and popular.

Stop in at your Edison dealer's and have him play some Blue Amberol Records. They will delight the family.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N.J.. U.S.A.



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

Ready for the new Costume

For any woman of ordinary height and weighing between 115 and 140 lbs., the La Diva 718 is the ideal foundation for this season's costume, and makes possible a perfect fit and an up-to-date figure, and it sells at only \$3.00.

This years D. & A. and La Diva Models are great successes; they are comfortable, support the figure well, and give that supple, graceful, almost corsetless effect which is the aim of the fashionable "modistes."

Made specially for Canadian Women after long studies of Canadian figures in one of the largest and best equipped corset factories in the world, the D. & A. and La Diva corsets offer style and comfort superior to imported corsets yet at from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair less.

There is a model for every figure. Our catalogue, sent free on request, will help you to choose the best for yours. ¹²⁻¹³

DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

It is safe to change now from Jaeger heavy underwear to Jaeger light underwear



United Garments

There is danger in changing from woollen winter underwear to non-wool underwear in the Spring, but there is no risk in changing from Jaeger winter weight to Jaeger spring weight, as both are pure wool

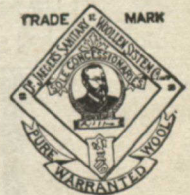
Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **Co., LIMITED**

32 King St. W., Toronto. Ont.

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

And from JAEGER Agencies throughout the Dominion.



Good Cheer

WARM
AIR
FURNACES



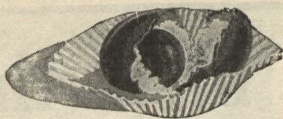
EVEN WITH THIS BIG 6 GALLON WATERPAN WE DO NOT PROMISE HIGHER THAN 55% HUMIDITY. THE ORDINARY WATERPAN AFFORDS FROM 18 TO 25% NORMAL HUMIDITY. OUT DOORS IS ABOUT 70%.

SEE THE POINT?

OUR FURNACE LITERATURE IS BOTH INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE — MAILED ON REQUEST

The James Stewart
Manufacturing Company
Limited.

WOODSTOCK, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.



French Cherry Liqueurs

(NON-ALCOHOLIC)

$\frac{1}{2}$ -pound and 1-pound packages

White French Cherries—grown in Southern France. Each enveloped in a soft coating of velvety smooth cream (which in a few days turns to a delicious non-alcoholic liqueur) and then dipped in the purest and richest of chocolate.

Other packages of Liqueurs are—

Strawberry Liqueurs
Red Cherry Liqueurs
Pineapple Liqueurs
Specially Prepared Fruits

(An assortment of four Fruits)

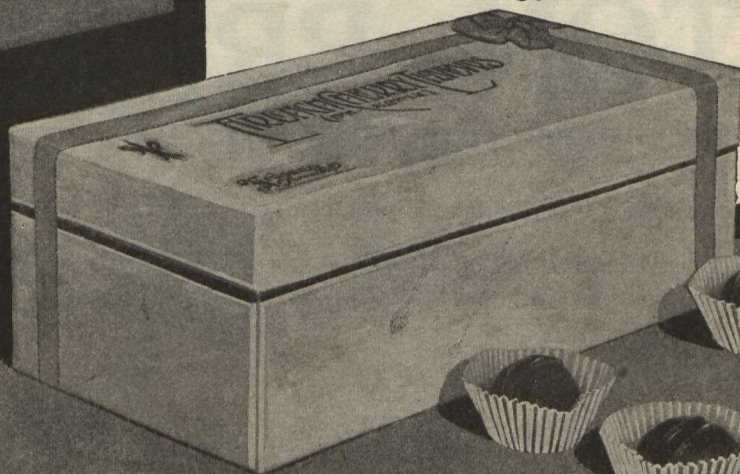
All in $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound and 1-pound packages.

Neilson's Chocolates

Sold by leading Druggists and Confectioners everywhere

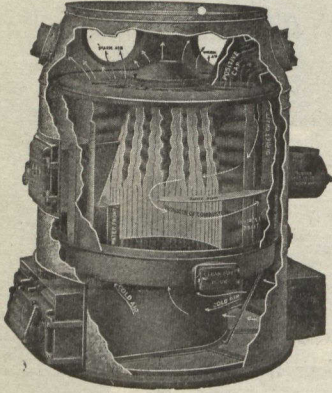
WILLIAM
NEILSON
LIMITED
Toronto

313



Feeds Coal in at the Chimney

For every Shovel of Coal you put in the firebox of a **Kelsey Warm Air Generator**



a half shovel is fed back from the Chimney. It is automatic. It costs you nothing for this extra coal.

It is accomplished by our patently device known as "**The Zig-zag Heat Tubes.**" This special feature enables the Kelsey to circulate three times as much Fresh Warm Air as any other Furnace with the same grate area.

The Kelsey System of Heating is Healthful, Efficient and Economical. "We guarantee results."

44,000 sold.

Send us a post card asking for Booklet.

The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Limited.

Winnipeg, Man.

Brockville, Ont.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.

Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office

Janes Building.

New Hose Free

Send for six pairs of warm Cashmere Holeproof Hose. Six pairs are guaranteed to wear six months. If any wear, tear or *break a thread* in six months, you get new hose Free!

Six guarantee coupons with every six pairs.

More than a million people in the United States and Canada now buy their hose from us in this way. They save all the darning they formerly had to do. They never wear darned hose now. Their hose are soft and warm, but not of excessive weight. They save money, too, for twelve pairs a year keep their hose whole forever. Six pairs of medium grade for men cost but \$2 (33½¢ a pair). Six pairs of fine grade for men cost \$3 (50¢ a pair). Six pairs for women cost \$3. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, cost \$1

Think What It Means!

Think what such hose—at the price of common hose—save in time, trouble and money. Forget the darning. Forget hurtful darned places that make the feet sore. Forget the whole question of our hosiery by simply buying two boxes a year!

Our 13th Year

We have been selling fine hose in this manner for the past thirteen years. In that short time we have come to be the largest house of our kind in existence. Our success is due solely to making the hose that the most people seem to prefer. The same people buy them again and again because of their wonderful quality. In all our

experience 95% of our output has outlasted the six months' guarantee. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs.

Our \$60,000 Inspection

insures this quality in every stitch. We pay that amount in salaries to inspectors yearly. They examine each pair twice over, carefully, to see that it lacks every possible flaw. We do this to protect ourselves as well as to insure the wear to our customers. There is no better way that we know to make hosiery, and there are no better

hose to be had. Don't you think that our million customers prove it?

The figures above refer to our business in both Canada and the United States.

Send the Coupon

Send today for six pairs of these hose to try. See what they save. Note the comfort they give. Send the money in any convenient way. Mark the grade, size and colors plainly. Send the coupon below, or a post card or letter. Do it right now, while you're thinking about it. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the wear.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. of CANADA, Ltd.

186 Bond Street, London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd. (407)

186 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$.....for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for.....(state whether for men, women or children). Size.....Color.....Weight.....

Name

Street

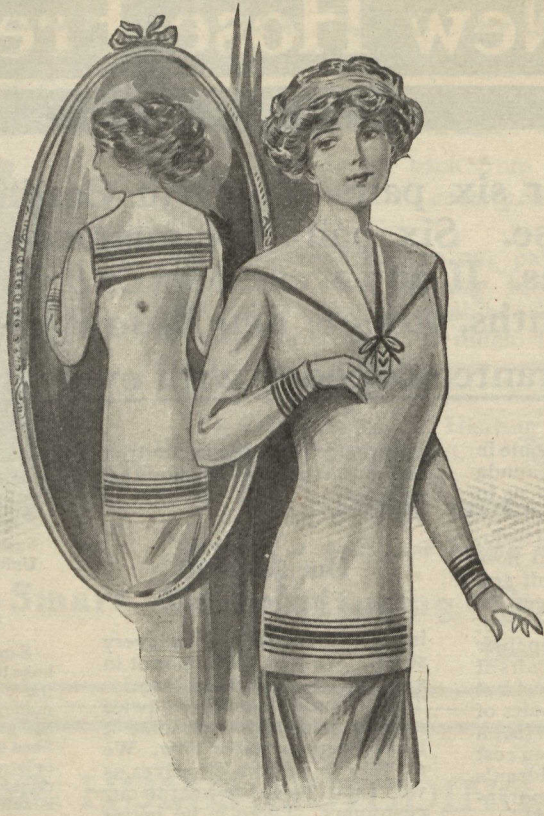
City..... Province.....



Reg. U.S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Frieschl

"Wear Holeproof Hose and Find the Mend"



The "Monarch-Knit"

WHEN you are looking for your Spring and Summer Jerseys keep in mind "Monarch-Knit." We have installed the latest type of machinery, producing full fashioned Jerseys and Middy Blouses, especially adapted for Spring and Summer wear and athletic purposes, also a range of full fashioned Bathing Suits. No rough seams.

"Monarch-Knit" is the standard for style, quality and workmanship.

Ask your dealer for "Monarch-Knit."

The Monarch Knitting Co., Limited

Head Office

-

Dunnville, Canada.

Factories at Dunnville, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Ont., Buffalo, N.Y.

MOGUL

CIGARETTES EGYPTIENNES



Still I puzzle
and I ponder
and rack my brain
in wonder
Over MOGUL,
Mystic MOGUL-
Bring this MOGUL
I implore!
Mighty MOGUL
so applauded,
so mysteriously lauded
And so generally ordered-

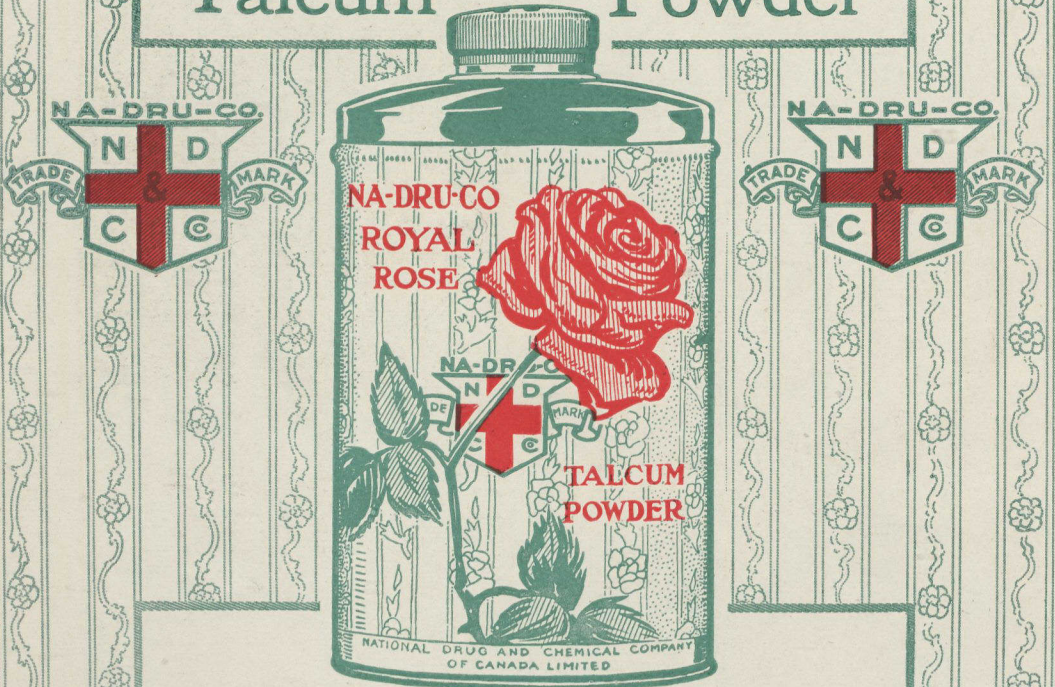
"MOGUL! MOGUL!" ever more,

Only "MOGUL! smoke some more!"

NA-DRU-CO.

Royal Rose

Talcum Powder



Made of best Italian Talc, ground to impalpable fineness, to which are added antiseptic, soothing, healing ingredients. A Talcum Powder whose velvety smoothness and exquisite odor of fresh roses makes its use an unalloyed delight. It keeps the skin soft, healthful and beautiful.

*25c. a tin at your Druggist's—
or write for free sample to*

National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited
MONTREAL

The Sign of a Perfect Roof

When for foundations and walls our architects are using more and more of that most enduring material, Concrete, why should anything less lasting be used for that most exposed part of the building, the roof?

In



we offer a roofing made of two indestructible materials, Portland Cement and Asbestos, in the form best adapted for roofing.

These shingles are formed between steel plates, under enormous pressure, which makes them very dense and absolutely waterproof. At the same time the interwoven Asbestos fibre gives them elasticity.

They are proof against extremes of temperature and even fire, and they actually grow harder and tougher with exposure.

Made in Newport Grey, Indian Red and Slate. Write for Booklet C. M. telling all about them.

Asbestos Mfg. Co., Limited

Office — E. T. Bank Building, MONTREAL.
 Factory:—Lachine, P. Q. (near Montreal.)



MATCHLESS LIQUID GLOSS

The best polish made for furniture and other finished surfaces. Restores and preserves the original lustre.

Use it in dusting. It cleans and disinfects as well as polishes.

Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Get a trial can today.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited
 Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax



**GERHARD HEINTZMAN
PIANOS**

Not to know good music is to be but indifferently educated. To-day a knowledge of this subject is expected. Never before was such a knowledge so easy of attainment. The perfection of the

*Gerhard Heintzman
Player Piano*

(Any One Can Play It—ANY ONE)

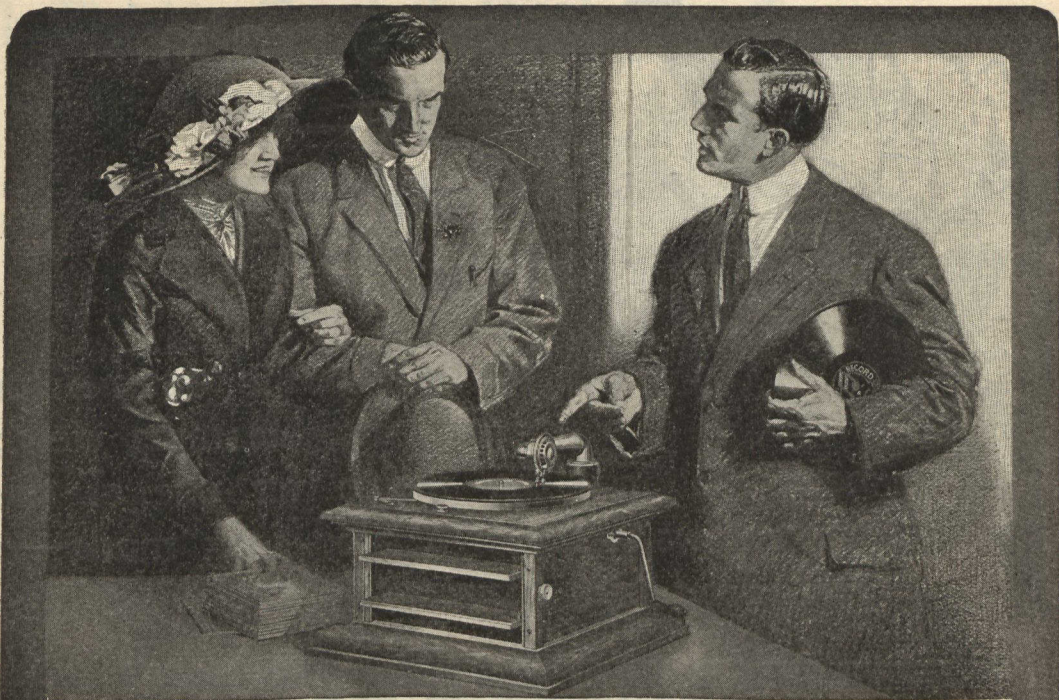
brings us all into immediate and intimate knowledge of the best music. There are countless owners of these instruments who have them to thank for a whole new world of culture and enjoyment.

We arrange easy terms of payment.
We accept old instruments in exchange.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LTD.
41-43 Queen Street West, opp. City Hall
TORONTO

New Salesrooms in Hamilton (next to Post Office) S-22





Hearing is Believing

That is the final supreme test of the Columbia Grafonola—as of any other musical instrument. **Tone** is the ultimate demand.

And it is **tone** that has given Columbia instruments of music the place they hold. It is their **tone**—unmatchable in its natural purity and absolute fidelity—that justifies their description as incomparable instruments of music.

We do not want you to be content with reading this advertisement—or even with looking at the instrument. The instrument illustrated above is the Columbia “Eclipse”—costing just \$26. Hear the “Eclipse.” All you need to do is to telephone the nearest Columbia dealer and ask him to send it to your home, with an assortment of records on approval, without obligation to yourself. It plays Columbia double-disc records—and any other disc records: all the voices of all the world’s great singers who have ever made records, *without one exception*, are at your command. (Other Columbias from \$20.00 to \$250.00.)



COLUMBIA



Graphophone Company, ^{McKinnon} Building, Toronto, Ont.

Creators of the talking-machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of talking machines in the world. Dealers wanted. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.



How to make a stew— a really good stew.

Here is just the weather for a grand, hot, steaming stew; below is just the recipe for one of the finest stews that ever a good cook made—a *real, good Irish Stew.*

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

The secret of a successful Irish stew is in the last few lines of the recipe below. Make the stew as the recipe tells you—don't forget the Edwards' Soup—and—well, you'll be sorry to see the bottom of the plate through.

Edwards' Soup imparts nourishment, strength, flavour and colour—it's just as good for scores of other things as it is for Irish stews. Get a few packets and see.

5c. per Packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

DISTRIBUTORS

W. G. Patrick & Company, Toronto & Vancouver.
Wm. H. Dunn, Montreal.
Escott & Harmer, Winnipeg.

This is how to make it—

IRISH STEW. Put in saucepan twelve peeled potatoes, sliced in thickness of a penny, four large onions sliced—a layer of each—with salt and pepper to taste. By successive layers half fill your pan. Then take four chops of neck of mutton—the scrag end—lay these on the potatoes and onions and fill up with additional layers of potatoes, onions, etc., as before. In one-and-a-half pints of water boil one-and-a-half ounces of EDWARDS' WHITE VEGETABLE SOUP for thirty minutes; add it to the contents of the stewpan, and simmer altogether gently for two hours.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

S. H. B.

The Finishing Touch that makes your Home Just Right

THAT means Berry Brothers' Varnishes on floors and woodwork everywhere. They add a refinement and distinction that no other varnishes can give.

For back of them are 55 years of effort to produce the best possible varnishes for every purpose of exterior and interior finish.

And today we maintain in our factories the same high standards that half a century ago first made the name of Berry Brothers stand for dependability all the world over.

You can get Berry Brothers' goods if you insist. And you should insist, for it means a lot to you in satisfaction later on. Look for the label and the name. Write us if you have any difficulty. Write anyway, whenever you have a varnish problem to solve.



LIQUID GRANITE, for finishing floors, is the most durable, sturdiest floor-finish made. It retains its beauty indefinitely, does not mar or scratch easily, and will not turn white. There are other Berry Brothers products for every varnish need.



They traveled all through Canada,
The welcome there was hearty;
The children of the "Maple Leaf"
Thought them a jolly party.

The Berry Wagon has been the *delight* of three generations of children. W. W. Denslow, the famous artist, has illustrated in a beautiful color booklet, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon."

Write for a copy, free. The children will like it.



BERRY BROTHERS
The World's Largest Varnish Makers,
WALKERVILLE - ONTARIO

If it isn't an Eastman, It isn't a Kodak



It's Springtime. Every field and park
and woodland, every walk and ride, every
joyous outing, invites your **KODAK.**

Catalogue free at your
dealers or by mail

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LTD.
TORONTO

Williams' Shaving Soaps

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



Every shave is a shave of perfect comfort—and economy

because the Holder Top not only offers a firm, dry holding surface for the fingers, but also permits you to use the stick down to the last bit,

including the part that you used to throw away.

And from first to last you get a rich, creamy lather that softens the beard, remains moist, and leaves the skin smooth and refreshed.

Other forms of Williams' Shaving Soaps are:

- Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover
Nicked Box
- Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover
Nicked Box
- Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

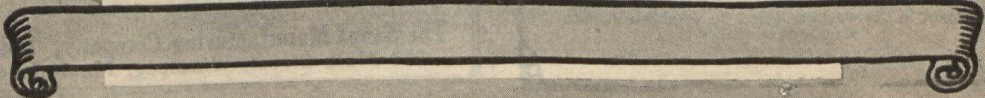
SPECIAL OFFER Men's Combination Package

A liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.





THE HALL

A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION

At a little cost you can insure a good first impression by touching up your hall furniture with



Why not brighten up your Hat Rack, Hall Seat, Staircase, etc.? Your guests will notice these on entrance.

Light Oak, Dark Oak or Mahogany, "Lacqueret" on these furnishings will work wonders.

Or if you wish to retain the original effect, try clear "Lacqueret" on any piece of woodwork. Its effect is almost magical!

Our little book "Dainty Decorator" tells of the many uses of "Lacqueret" in the home.

A copy is waiting for you, free for the asking.

Cans contain Full Imperial Measure. Ask your dealer. Don't accept a substitute!

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

TORONTO - WINNIPEG

Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality.

H-2



COSGRAVE'S 1913 PORTER

Order a case for your home today.

Put up in pint and quart bottles which protect its purity from The Brewery to your glass.

On Sale at all Hotels and Dealers

HAVE YOU DIABETES ?

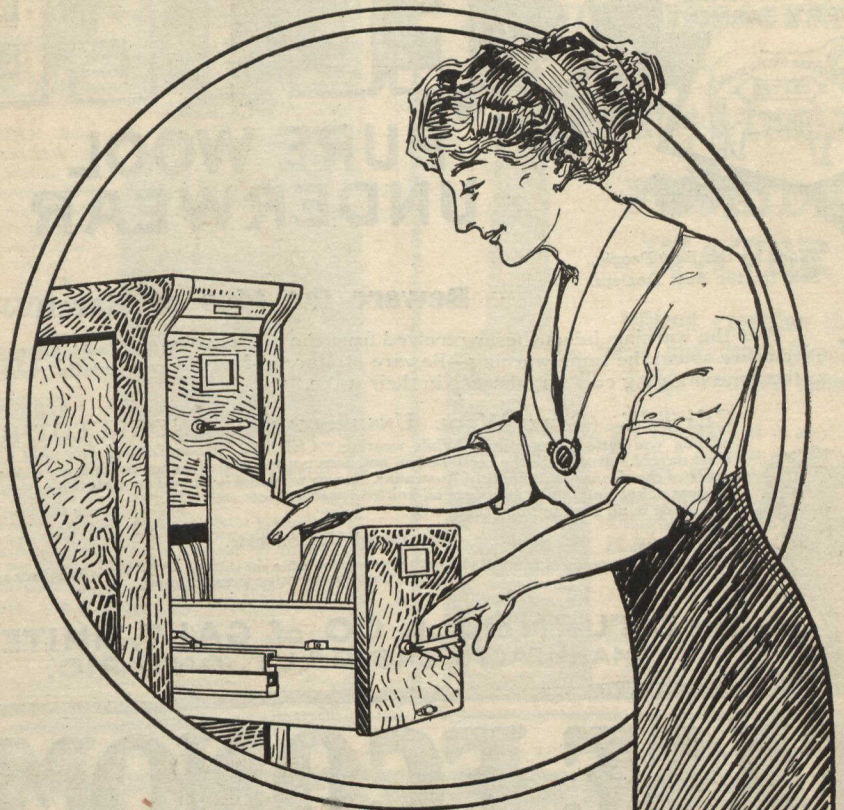
If you have you will be interested in receiving some most convincing information direct from people who have been cured of this obnoxious and dreadful disease. SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES a standard and specific remedy, the formula for which was recently secured from a celebrated German Scientist has worked wonders in the way of immediately relieving and later completely curing many stubborn cases of Diabetes. It is frequently prescribed by physicians of standing and is being used in first-class hospitals. Sugar eliminated from the urine in from three to six days, complete cures after a few months treatment, cases cured in which the patient suffered from open sores, cases of several years duration completely cured,—these are a few instances of the results obtained by the use of SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES. We can refer enquirers to many reliable and prominent people whom we have cured and we can also send copies of most forcible letters from such patients. This remedy is sold by all druggists or by the makers at \$2.00 per bottle.

HAVE YOU GALL-STONES ?

A very large number of people throughout Canada are using the standard remedy SANOL for Gall-stones, Kidney-stones, Gravel, Kidney trouble and all other diseases and complaints due to the presence of uric acid in the system. People who had trouble of this nature for periods which vary in length from a few months to ten years have been cured by SANOL. As a preventive of any disease of this nature it will be found most valuable by people who have any weakness of the kidneys, bladder or of the urinary system generally. The use of SANOL has in every case where used brought immediate relief and has saved many patients from operations. We can refer interested parties to any number of people who have been cured through this remedy and can also send letters of unquestionable convincing power. This remedy is for sale by druggists or by the makers at \$1.50 per bottle.

Both the remedies described above are manufactured only by

The Sanol Manufacturing Company, Ltd.
977 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba



A New Method of Filing

which Eliminates Errors

MANY are the inconveniences which arise from not being able to locate your correspondence just when it is needed.

These are entirely eliminated by the "Direct Name System" Filing—a method which is so simple and accurate in operation that filing and finding of correspondence becomes a surety—at hand the moment you meet it.

This System is a combination which gives the advantages of both the alphabetical and the numerical systems. You would welcome it in your office. May we give you complete information? Address

97 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

Branches: Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, Toronto
(head office), Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton,
Vancouver.

Factories: Newmarket, Ont.



MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
LIMITED
AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
CANADA



CEETEE

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Worn by the Best People.
Sold by the Best Dealers.

Beware the Ides of March

Was the warning Julius Cæsar received from the old astrologer many years ago. To day we sound the same warning—Beware of March—Its cold raw winds penetrate to the bone bringing cold and disease in their wake.

CEETEE (PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE) UNDERCLOTHING affords you perfect protection. While wearing "CEETEE" Underclothing you need fear no wind or cold. It absorbs the perspiration, and does not get cold and clammy. Every garment is made of the cleanest and finest of Australian Merino wool and is shaped to fit the form during the process of knitting. The joints are all knitted together (not sewn).
Made in all sizes to fit all the family.

Guaranteed Unshrinkable.

Also Manufacturers of Turnbull's Ribbed Underwear for ladies and children—"M" Bands for Infants and "CEETEE" Shakerknit Sweater Coats. 764

The C. TURNBULL CO. of GALT, LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS, GALT, ONTARIO.

PEASE ECONOMY

HOT WATER BOILERS

The Old Couple

The old couple were visiting their son and as they sat in the den, the room was filled with welcome warmth from the radiator behind them.

The old man remarked to his grey-haired wife, "This is a mighty nice house, John has here," "Yes," replied the old lady, "and it is powerful comfortable too. You would never know it was winter, when you are inside this house." "Well," said the old gentleman, "Jack tells me he spent a lot of time investigating, before he put in this hot water heating system. I used to be prejudiced against these new-fangled notions, but Jack has convinced me of the value of a PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER.

Just think, how comfortable our old home would be if we had one. John says that a PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER cost comparatively little to instal, and will last as long as the house will stand. He says his coal bills are far less than with old boiler, in

fact he has proven to his own satisfaction that a PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER actually "Pays for itself in the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet.



PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY,
LIMITED
TORONTO

Branches—Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver
Factories—Brampton, Ontario

There Is Beauty In Every Jar



NO WOMAN, however beautiful, can afford to neglect her skin; no woman, however plain, should miss the possibilities for beauty and skin health in a regular use of

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

50 cents—\$1.00

Applied lightly, night and morning, will give the charm of cleanliness; the beauty of a skin soft, yet firm, with a natural, radiant glow. Requires no rubbing, therefore does not enlarge or exaggerate the pores of the skin.

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties by a personal test; write us yours and your druggist's name and address, and receive free, a box of samples. Or enclose ten cents and we will mail them direct.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Detroit, Mich. 9 Ouellette Ave, Windsor, Can.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder is powdered perfection for the complexion. Price 50c. at drug store, or by mail, post paid. A handsome Vanity Box FREE with Ingram's Velveola Souveraine.

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!



"HOW do I know that Windsor Table Salt is pure? I'll show you.

"Look at the salt itself—see our clear and transparent and perfect the crystals are—sparkling like little diamonds.

"Now taste them—notice that they dissolve instantly. And they leave no bitterness on the tongue.

"I am sure of Windsor Salt quality.

"Ma'am—its the only salt we recommend for table use and for cooking."

65

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

If you golf
—motor—drive—walk
—skate—snowshoe

or enjoy the outdoors at all, you will
 enjoy it better clad in one of our

Pen-Angle

Sweater Coats

Nearly every day in the year you need one of these beautifully made, exquisitely finished, shape-fitting knit garments of fleecy wool—the IMPROVED sweater-coat made by the Pen-Angle process that puts the shape and style into them to STAY. Moderate in cost surpassing in value. There's a style and a color combination to exactly suit YOU.

Inquire at some good store for these garments.

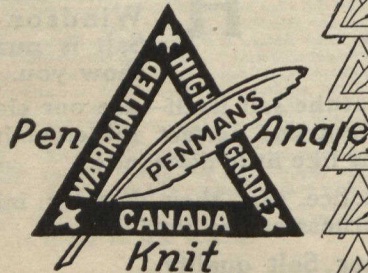
Made by

Penmans

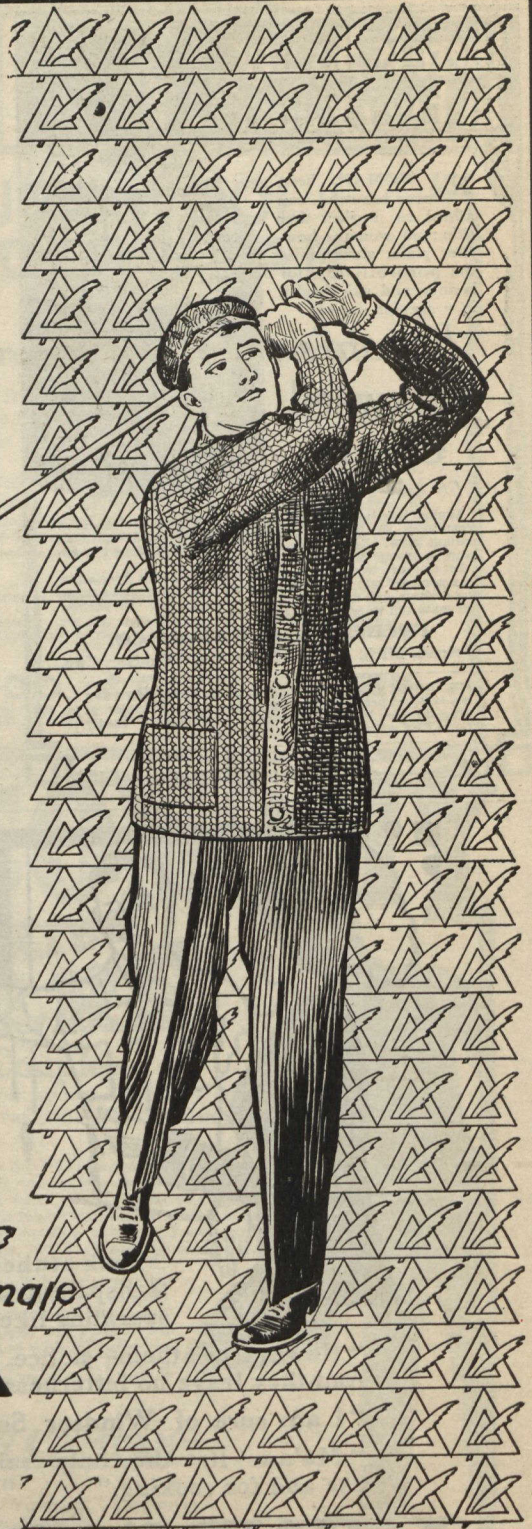
Limited

Paris, Canada

Makers of



Underwear, Hosiery and Sweaters
 For Men, Women and Children



A.W. FABER

"CASTELL"

THE FINEST AND BEST DRAWING COLOURING PENCILS IN EXISTENCE.

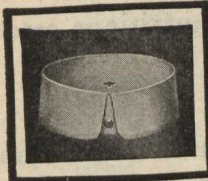
"CASTELL" Drawing Pencils made in 16 degrees are unexcelled for smoothness, uniform graduation and durability.

"CASTELL" Copying Pencils, black lead, hard, for carbon copies.

"CASTELL" " " " " soft, for writing purposes.

"CASTELL" " " " " violet lead, soft and hard.

"CASTELL" Polychromos Pencils in 60 different colors, light proof.



THE ARLINGTON CO.
of Canada, Ltd.
58 FRAZER AVENUE
TORONTO

CHALLENGE COLLARS

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



\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1749, WINDSOR, ONT.

SONG POEMS WANTED

We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful song writers. Send us YOUR work today, with or without music. Acceptance guaranteed, if available. Large book FREE.
Dugdale Company, Dept. 86

Washington, D. C.

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives

INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain.

Shields, plasters or shoe

stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's

Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The B. Scholl Manufacturing, Co., 214 King St. E. Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.



RESERVOIR PEN

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing, No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold-ing and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz, 40c, 6 doz, 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.

A. D. HASTINGS, Dept. 5, 393 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.

Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take
Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers
They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug.
25c. a box at your Druggist's.



NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Why should any other cereal
be called "just as good" as

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Because Kellogg's is known to be the best and most nutritious cereal on the market.

Because the sale of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is enormous as trade returns will show.

Because another large modern factory, the best and most sanitary in Canada, had to take care of our constantly increasing trade.



Because the imitator, knowing these facts and having few selling arguments for his own product, thinks to create a market for it by comparing it to Kellogg's.

But—the flavor and sustaining qualities of Kellogg's Corn Flakes cannot be counterfeited. Sold in big packages at 10c. Look for the signature.

Washday Drudgery Banished if you use the I. X. L. **VACUUM WASHER**

Price \$3.50

**WASHES A FULL TUB OF CLOTHES
PERFECTLY IN THREE MINUTES
BY THE WATCH**

Washes Anything and Everything from Horse
Blankets and Overalls to the Finest Laces
without any injury whatever.

**NOT ONLY WASHES BUT RINSES
AND BLUES**

**USE THE COUPON BELOW
IT IS GOOD FOR \$2.00**



Cranks, levers and motors banished.

Twenty Reasons Why This Labor Saving Device Should be in Your Home

- 1—It is compressed air that does the work.
- 2—You can wash a tub of clothes in **THREE** minutes
- 3—**COMPRESSED AIR** and **SUCTION** are the latest known science for perfect cleaning
- 4—There is no wear or tear on the clothes
- 5—It eliminates all the hard work of washing
- 6—You can rinse or blue a tub of clothes in **30 SECONDS**
- 7—One hour's work will do any ordinary family washing
- 8—It will last for years
- 9—Anything that can be cleaned by soap and water or gasoline, can be cleaned perfectly without breaking a thread
- 10—**THREE** minutes in the **SUDS**, **TWO** minutes in the boiler (if you boil your clothes), **30 SECONDS** in the rinse water and **30 SECONDS** in the bluing water, will wash a tub of white clothes
- 11—Lace Curtains, Bed Comforts, Fancy Shirt-waists, Woollen Blankets, Overalls, and even Horse Blankets can be washed perfectly without any wear or tear on the goods
- 12—It forces the water through the fabric
- 13—The finest fabrics can be washed in same tub with ordinary white clothes with no possible injury
- 14—The work that takes from 40 minutes to one hour to do on a rubbing board can be done in **THREE** minutes without any hard work
- 15—You can use the machine in the boiler, thereby forcing the steam through the clothes, which bleaches and whitens them
- 16—It only costs \$3.50 and will save you at least \$50.00 per year in your home by not wearing out your clothes
- 17—The Washing Machine only weighs $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs
- 18—You can do all your Dry Cleaning with this machine. You simply use gasoline in place of water
- 19—Because the I.X.L. Vacuum Washer is sold under a money-back guarantee to wash quicker and better than any washing machine made, irrespective of price and construction
- 20—Because if you use the Coupon below you can get one of these wonderful washers for \$1.50

Sent under a Money-back Guarantee

Join the army of delighted housewives
right now. You will never regret it—
you will be delighted.

Thousands in use and Millions will be

This Coupon Good for \$2.00

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Mail this coupon and One Dollar and Fifty Cents to Dominion Utilities Mfg. Co., Ltd., 482½ Main St., Winnipeg, Man., and you will receive one I. X. L. VACUUM WASHER, all charges prepaid. *March*

Name.....
Address.....
Prov.....



**Special
Order**

**Splendid
Service**

**Suit or Overcoats made to your own
individual measure.**

**No charge until you try it, and get
absolutely what you want.**

Prices far less than a tailor's---

SATISFACTION FAR GREATER.

**Large varieties of materials to select
from.**

Prices \$18.00 to \$35.00.

Shops of

"Fashion-Craft"

**in every important
Town and City in Canada**

Put a quiet roof on your barn

Your stock becomes nervous and upset when the rain and hail thunders down on the barn roof, if it is made of galvanized tin or metal. All agricultural authorities agree that the roofing on stock barns should be absolutely noiseless—and this is only one advantage you enjoy in using

Certain-teed Roofing

(Quality *Cert*-ified — Durability *Guaran-teed*)

in Rolls and
Shingles

In addition to making a quiet roof on your barn or home, Certain-teed Roofing *costs less* than metal or tin, is *easier* to lay, requires no painting—and we guarantee it to wear for fifteen years.

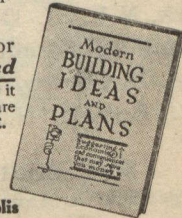
Look for the Certain-teed label of quality—you will find it on every roll and crate of shingles. Certain-teed Roofing is adapted for use on all types of farm buildings. Get prices from your dealer—he will save you money.



General Roofing
The World's
largest manufac-
turer of Roofings and
Building Papers

Valuable Book Free You will find many valuable suggestions in our new book, "Modern Building Ideas and Plans." It tells you what to do and what not to do—it suggests economies and conveniences that will save you money.

A book of this kind would ordinarily sell for \$1, but as it shows the use of our Certain-teed Roofing on all kinds of model homes and farm buildings, we offer it to you at 25c. We prefer to have you go to your lumber, hardware or building material dealer, who will gladly get you a copy FREE. If you write us, enclose 25c to cover cost, postage, mailing.



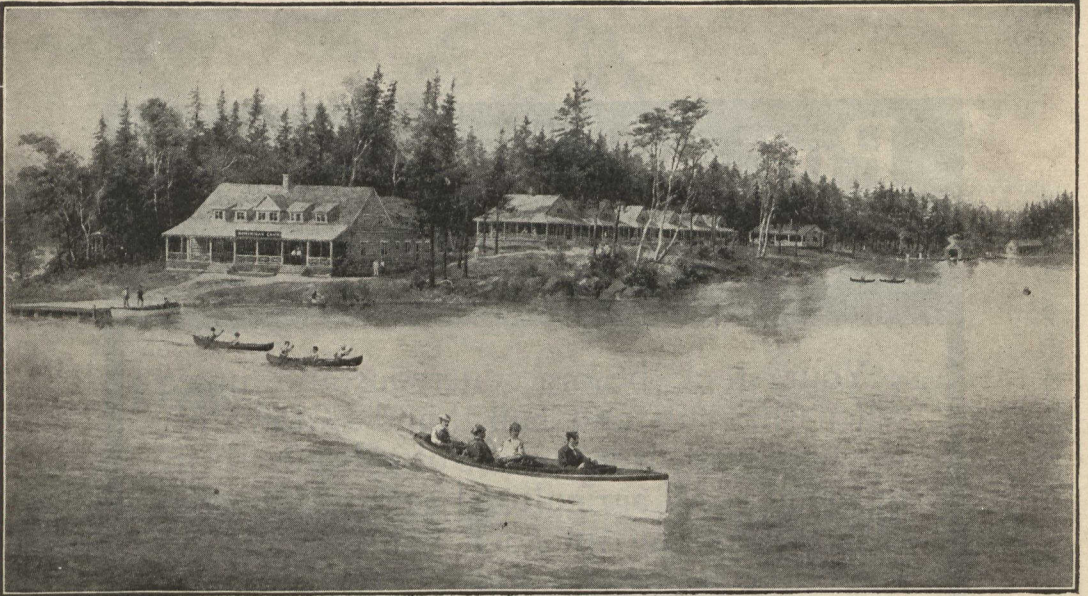
General Roofing Mfg. Co.

E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa.

San Francisco

Marseilles, Ill. Minneapolis

Winnipeg, Can.



Camp Nominigan—Smoke Lake—Algonquin Park

Algonquin National Park

The Ideal Summer Resort for Camper, Fisherman, Canoeist

200 miles north of Toronto

175 miles west of Ottawa

Altitude 2,000 feet above sea level

Good hotel accommodation

The New Camp-Hotel "Camp Nominigan"

being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the hearts of the wilds, comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths, hot and cold water, always available.

Handsomely illustrated folder free on application to J. D. McDonald, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; F. P. Dwyer, 290 Broadway, New York, N.Y.; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.; E. H. Boynton, 256 Washington St., Boston, Mass.; A. B. Chown, 507 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.; or H. M. Morgan, 285 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. E. DAVIS

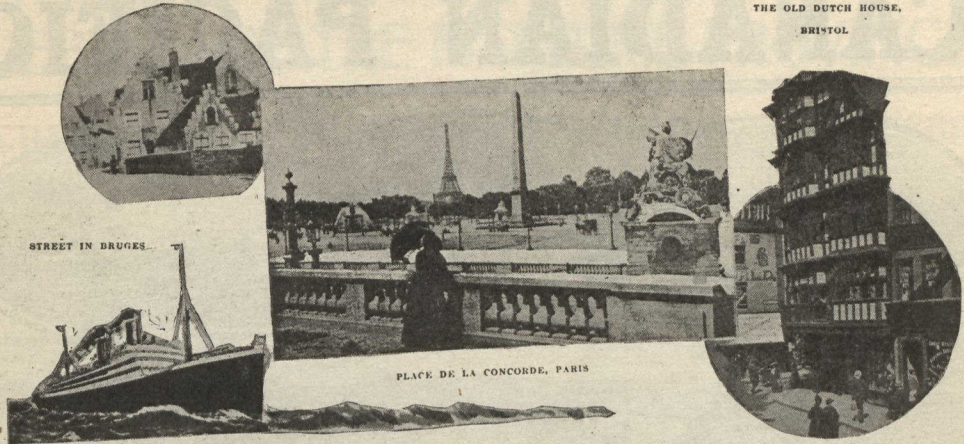
Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal

G. T. BELL

Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal

H. G. ELLIOTT

General Passenger Agent, Montreal



CANADIAN NORTHERN "ATLANTIC ROYALS"

ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE
MONTREAL TO BRISTOL

HERE is an opportunity to see some of the most famous places of the Old World at a modest outlay. A health-bringing trip and a liberal education combined. You take the "Royal Edward" at Montreal on July the ninth for Bristol. Special arrangements have been made for the balance of the tour which includes a visit to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, the Isle of Marken, Bruges and historic city of Ghent.

Special—Rovers' Travel Club Tour

This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great Exposition with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this Exhibition is "A Thousand and One Attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

Familiar as you are with Paris and London, the program which has been arranged will include many points of interest you probably have not seen before. This will also hold true of Bruges, Amsterdam, Brussels and the other cities on the list. A day and a night in Bristol may be profitably spent by the traveler because some of the most intensely interesting and historic scenes in all England, may be visited there or nearby.

By all means ask or send for the illustrated booklet which contains the complete itinerary and gives the cost in detail. In it is described in chatty and informal style the various places to be visited with pictured account of their most



interesting features. Simply write your name and address on the coupon, and you will receive booklet by return mail.

Please send me your Rovers' Travel Club Booklet.

Apply to the nearest Steamship Agent or to any of these General Agencies of the Company: Toronto, Ont., 52 King Street East; Montreal, Que., 226-30 St. James Street; Winnipeg, Man., 254 Union Station; Halifax, N.S., 123 Hollis Street.

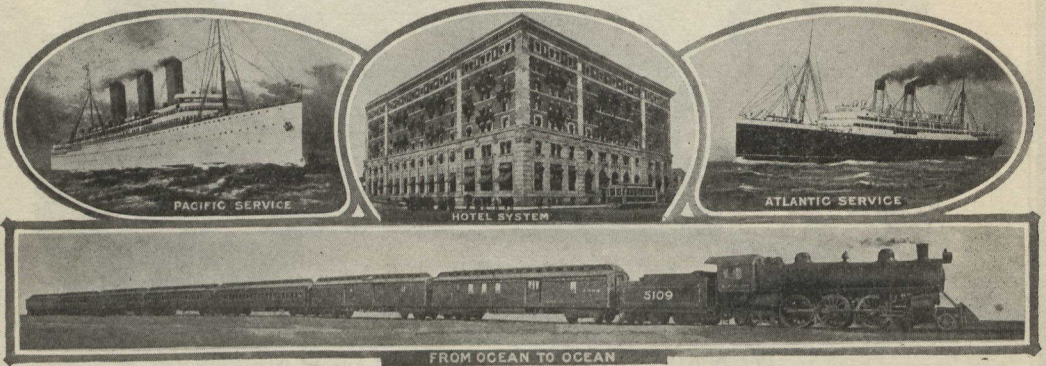
Name.....

Address.....

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

C. M.

CANADIAN PACIFIC



AROUND THE WORLD

VIA

“EMPRESS OF ASIA”

(NEW C. P. R. PACIFIC STEAMSHIP.)

THE “EMPRESS OF ASIA” will sail from Liverpool
June 14, following is provisional time table.

Leave Liverpool (“R.M.S. Empress of Asia”).....	Saturday, June	14
Arrive Maderia.....	Wednesday, “	18
Leave “.....	Thursday, “	19
Arrive Cape Town.....	Wednesday, July	2
Leave “.....	Friday, “	4
Arrive Durban (Port Natal).....	Sunday, “	6
Leave “.....	Tuesday, “	8
Arrive Colombo.....	Saturday, “	19
Leave “.....	Monday, “	21
Arrive Singapore.....	Friday, “	25
Leave “.....	Saturday, “	26
Arrive Hong Kong.....	Wednesday, “	30
Leave “.....	Wednesday, August	13
Leave Shanghai (Woosung).....	Saturday, “	16
Leave Nagasaki.....	Monday, “	18
Leave Kobe.....	Tuesday, “	19
Leave Yokohama.....	Thursday, “	21
Arrive Vancouver.....	Saturday, “	30

RATE FOR ENTIRE CRUISE, \$639.10

Exclusive of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of “Empress of Asia,” and stop over at Hong Kong.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write
M. G. MURPHY, D. P. A., C. P. Ry., Toronto.

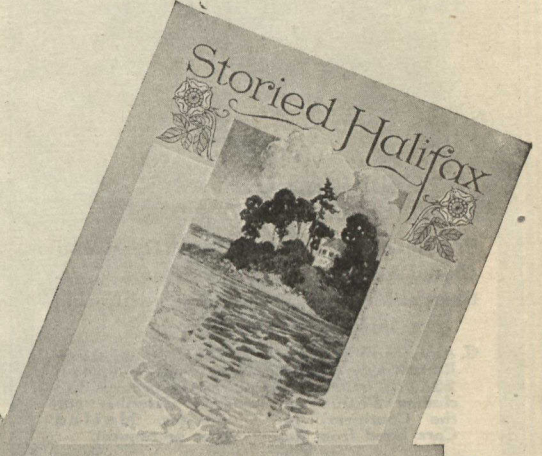
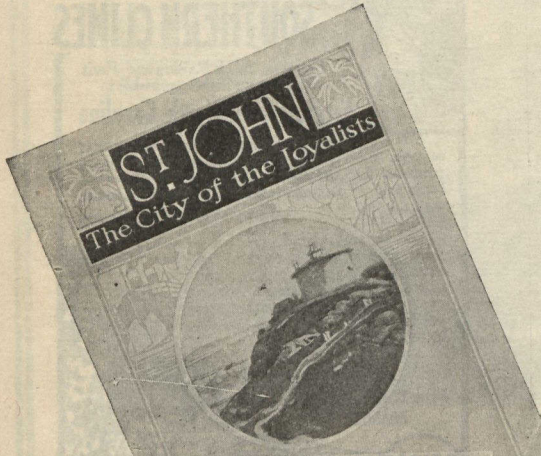
CANADA'S SUMMER PLAY-GROUND QUEBEC AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES

SEA-BATHING

BOATING

YACHTING

FISHING



For Free Copies of above Booklets Issued by

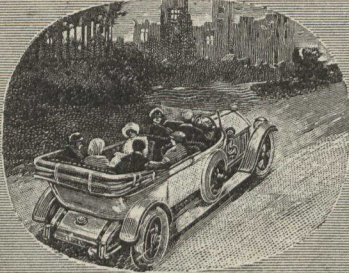
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY

Write :

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

MONCTON, N.B.

See Europe in an Auto



We have for Hire the Best Open and Closed Automobiles for British and Continental Motoring at the most reasonable inclusive tariff in Europe.

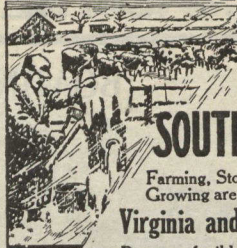
C. American Visitors to Europe have toured 234,000 miles (including 57,000 on the Continent) in Cars hired from us.

C. The fifth annual edition of "Through Europe in an Auto" fully describes our services. Mailed Free on request.

The International Autotravel Society

51-55 Morning Post Buildings
The Strand, London, England

FROM WINTRY NORTHERN BLASTS TO SUNNY SOUTHERN CLIMES



Farming, Stock Raising and Fruit Growing are highly profitable in

Virginia and North Carolina

Because of mild winters, long growing seasons, good markets and high prices for farm produce. \$15.00 an acre and up buys improved farms and old plantations near railroad stations on the

Norfolk & Western Railway

Abundant rainfall, modern schools, good roads, low priced lands and best social conditions, make the New South very attractive. Write for our beautifully illustrated magazine, maps, excursion rates, timetables and other literature.

F. H. LaBaume

Agri'l Agent

Room 126, N. & W. Ry. Bldg.
ROANOKE, VA.



DRESDEN - HOTEL BELLEVUE

UNIQUE POSITION, WORLD
RENOWNED, VERY SELECT

All modern and Sanitary Comfort

APARTMENTS and SINGLE BEDROOMS
with private baths and toilet attached

The favorite home of English and American Society

Tariff booklet can be obtained from

CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRAVEL DEPT., TORONTO

AUTO GARAGE

R. RONNEFELD,
Gen. Manager

DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT

ANTWERP 30 minutes from BRUSSELS

And make your Headquarters the

NEW HOTEL ST. ANTOINE

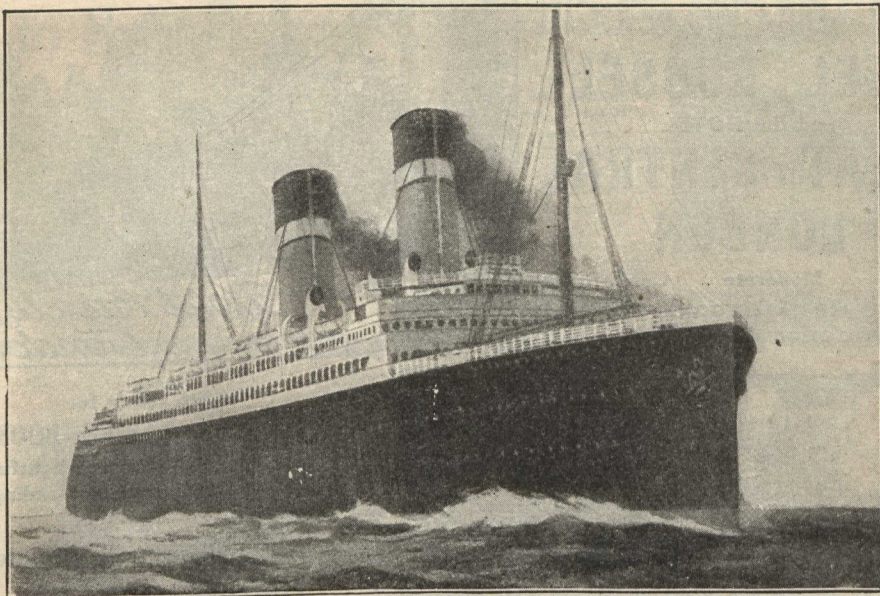
- Entirely Renovated in 1910; -
Fifty more Private Bathrooms added

Beautifully Illustrated **GUIDE** to **ANTWERP**

Mailed Free on application to

Canadian Magazine Travel Dept.

TORONTO, Ont.



Your Summer Trip to Europe

IT COSTS NOTHING

to get Particulars of Sailings and Rates of
ALLAN LINE STEAMERS

3 Services from the St. Lawrence

MONTREAL—LIVERPOOL
MONTREAL—GLASGOW
MONTREAL—HAVRE-LONDON

Turbine Steamers to Liverpool.

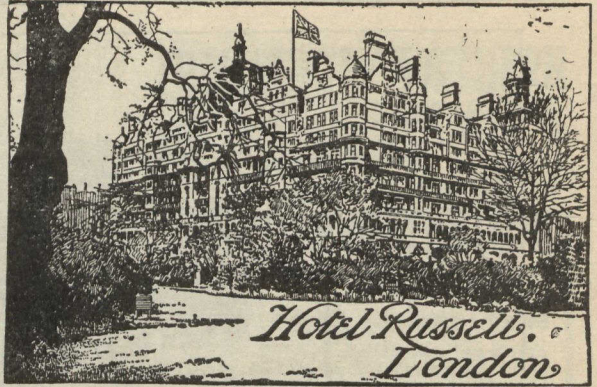
Largest Steamers to Glasgow, and Havre, France.

Agents in all cities and principal towns of the Dominion, or—
Write direct to H. & A. ALLAN, General Agents, Montreal,
for Pamphlet "**MIDSUMMER TOUR**" 44 DAYS

*Where to Stay on the
other Side!*

HOTEL RUSSELL
and the HOTEL
GREAT CENTRAL
LONDON

Refined Moderate Comfortable
Private Bathrooms and
Lavatories Complete



*Hotel Russell.
London*



Write today for
ILLUSTRATED TARIFF BOOKLET
descriptive of these delightful
Hotels, and of the leading
Hotels in

**Bexhill, Dover, Folkestone,
Harrogate, Whitby**

Town and Country Bureau
**389 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK**



Beautiful in the Extreme

is the view from Parker's Hotel, Naples. In the foreground the Villa Residences of Naples finest suburb; beyond the City and the Bay. A magnificent panorama of uninterrupted oveliness with Vesuvius—Grey Beacon of Antiquity—still keeping watch and ward over the

MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD

NAPLES-PARKER'S HOTEL

Private Suites with Bath. Up-to-date in every respect. In the healthiest part of the town, Cuisine excellent, Sanitation perfect.

Go to Switzerland

Nothing half so enjoyable as a season or even a few weeks spent among the glories of Alpine scenery. Let the Information Bureau of Switzerland help you plan a trip.

We do not sell transportation. Our sole purpose is to answer questions and enable you to see the most in the time at your disposal.

A special selection of profusely illustrated booklets, called **Parcel C. 7**, gives vivid descriptions of the most noted places and how to reach them.

Parcel C. 7, is free on application or by mail for 10 cents postage.

Official Information Bureau of Switzerland
241 Fifth Ave., New York City

INDEPENDENT AROUND THE WORLD TRIPS

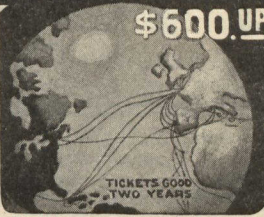
\$600. UP

MOST educational trip of the age. Start any time, any place, either direction. The price is the same. Europe, Mediterranean, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, China, Japan, Philippines, Hawaii, etc.

TRAVELERS' CHECKS GOOD ALL OVER THE WORLD

Write for "Around the World" Booklet M

OELRICHS & CO., Gen. Agts. 5 Broadway, New York



TICKETS GOOD TWO YEARS

H. CLAUSSENIUS & CO. ALLOWAY & CHAMPION
Chicago Winnipeg
CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK ROBERT CAPELLE
St. Louis San Francisco

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD



The
Ritz-Carlton
Hotel
and Restaurant
" MONTREAL "

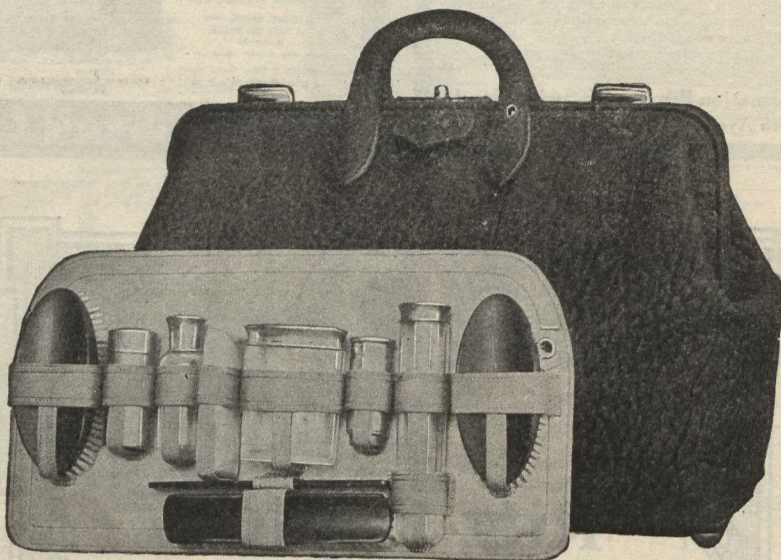
at Sherbrooke and Drummond Streets.

Now Open

This is the latest of the famous hotels of the Ritz-Carlton group, and is under the same administration as those in London, Paris, Lucerne, Evian-les-Bains, Naples, Rome, Buenos-Aires, Madrid, New York, Philadelphia, etc., etc.

Patrons of The Ritz-Carlton hotel and restaurant Montreal, are assured the same excellence of service and perfection of cuisine which has always characterized the other hotels of the group.

"JULIAN SALE" For Fine Leather Goods



FITTED CLUB BAGS

This Elegant Deep Club Bag is made of the finest genuine Bull Sea Lion leather on the finest of European made frame. It is lined with leather throughout—has long pocket on one side and two pockets on the other. The locks and catches are gold mounted and will not tarnish, and it is filled with Military and Cloth Brushes and Cut Glass Bottles and other toilet requisites, a really exquisite piece of leather travelling goods—the 18 inch size for a gentleman:

\$50.00

Fitted Deep Club Bags for ladies and gentlemen **\$23.50 to \$54.00**

Write for Complete Catalogue of "Julian Sale" Fine Leather Goods Lines

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

FAMOUS AT HOME AND ABROAD
Holland House
 Fifth Avenue and 30th Street
 New York City



Favorably known for the Excellence of its Cuisine and the Character of its Patronage.

Enlarged Rooms. 200 New Baths.
 Every Modern Appointment

J. OTTO STACK

EUROPE

Escorted Tours to all parts of Europe, comprising Tours *de Luxe* and Long and Short Vacation Tours; also a special series at popular prices.

Special Midnight Sun and Russia Tours.
 Summer Tour to the Orient.

ROUND THE WORLD

Tours *de Luxe* leave Westbound September 11, October 4, Eastbound October 18, November 8, January 8.

INCLUSIVE INDEPENDENT TOURS

for individuals, families, and private parties arranged for travel in Europe, America, and Round the World.

Send for Program desired

Our complete chain of 155 Offices in all parts of the world furnishes unequalled facilities for travelers.

THOS. COOK & SON

TORONTO—Traders Bank Bldg., 65 Yonge St.
 MONTREAL—530 St. Catherine Street, West
 NEW YORK (4 offices) BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA,
 CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

Cook's Traveler's Cheques Are Good All Over the World

The Colonial

Open the Year 'Round
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

THIS is the largest hotel in Mt. Clemens and is patronized by the very best people. It is handsomely furnished and equipped throughout with all modern conveniences—located in a beautiful park with refined surroundings, best cuisine and service. The bath and waters here are very effective in the relief of

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases, Blood and Skin Affections, Indigestion, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Etc.

The Colonial Bath House

is complete in equipment and not excelled by the best in this country. Elevator direct to bath house from each floor of the hotel.

For further information regarding treatment, hotel accommodations, etc., address Manager,

MT. CLEMENS, MICH.



Furness Railway

The Gateway to the English Lake District.

20 Rail, Coach and Steam Yacht Tours through Lake-Land in operation every week-day, June to September.

Tourists' Weekly Tickets available for an unlimited number of journeys for seven days, to enable holders to explore the beauties of the district.

UNEQUALLED TRAVELLING FACILITIES ALL THE YEAR ROUND

For full particulars apply to Mr. A. A. Haynes, Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness, or at any of the offices of Messers Thomas Cook & Son.

ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager,
 Barrow-in-Furness, March, 1913.

CANADA and the CONTINENT OF EUROPE

IMPROVED SERVICE

Daily via Harwich-Hook of Holland
Turbine Steamers
Every Week-Day via Harwich-Antwerp
Twin Screw Steamers

Apply personally to office of this paper for Book of Tarriffs. Details and illustrated pamphlets from the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Agent, 261 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PARIS—Grand Hotel Bergere and Maison Blanche

32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.

COLLECTIONS BAD DEBTS COLLECTED everywhere. No collection, no charge. American. Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B. C.



Fish Bite Like hungry wolves any time of the year if you use **Magic-Fish-Lure**. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.
J. F. Gregory, Dept. 51, St. Louis, Mo

BIG PROFITS Open a dyeing and clearing establishment, little capital needed. We teach by mail. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. M. D. Charlotte, N. C.



Prevented—Stopped

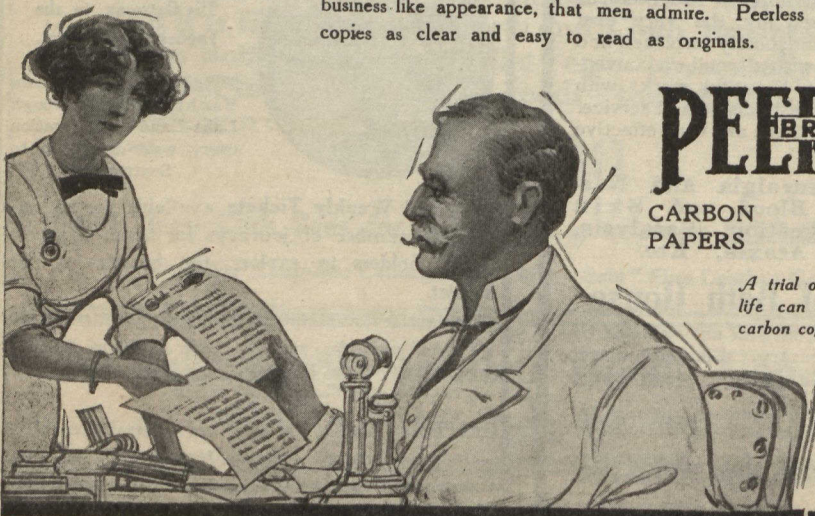
MOTHERSILL'S after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Transatlantic lines.

Four years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50 cent box is sufficient for twenty-four hours, \$1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 402 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride St., London, Eng., Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

“That’s It. Letters and copies both clear.”

IT'S a simple matter to keep your letters and copies up to the mark. Remember the name **PEERLESS** when you buy your typewriter supplies. **PEERLESS** Ribbons give your letters the bright business-like appearance, that men admire. Peerless carbon papers make copies as clear and easy to read as originals.



PEERLESS

CARBON
PAPERS

Typewriter
RIBBONS

A trial order will show you what life can be put into letters and carbon copies. Phone the PEERLESS Dealer, or write us direct for samples.

THE PEERLESS CARBON
& RIBBON MFG. Co., Ltd.
176-178 Richmond St. W
Toronto



von Gal made Hats

“Correct Styles for Men”

Let the finishing touch to your Easter apparel be a von Gal Hat. Their trustworthy style, snappy and rich appearance, confer upon the wearer that air of distinction so earnestly sought by correctly dressed men. The combining of superior quality workmanship with fashion's latest has made von Gal Hats the accepted standard of head-dress for men.

There's a style and shape in a stiff or soft hat made to suit your personality. And offered at a price you'll find is right.

At leading dealers'.
Prices \$3, \$4 and \$5

E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.

Write for Spring and
Summer Style Book B.

Canadian Factory :
Niagara Falls
Ontario

BRANCH OF
Hawes. von Gal
INCORPORATED
New York, U. S. A.

American Factory
Danbury, Conn.

Straw Hat Factory :
Baltimore, Md.

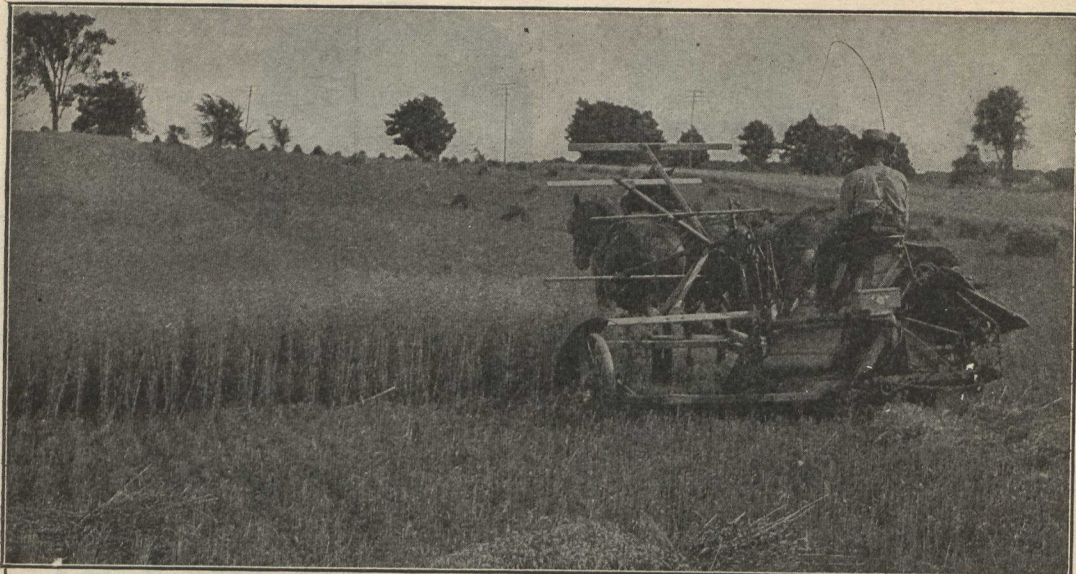
A Razor is only as Good as its Steel

When you buy a razor with a Barrel Trade Mark you get razor perfection and the Barrel Mark is its guarantee—made of the finest tempered steel to keep your temper.

Sold where quality is demanded.

GREEFF-BREDT & Co.,
TORONTO
Canadian Agents





**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD
for SETTLEMENT?*

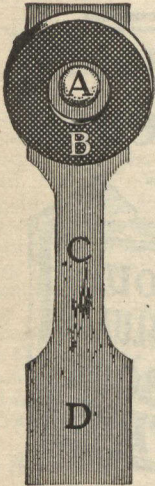
The Canada of today is a land of Peace and
Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a
country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of
whose farms thousands are growing rich.

**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest
in the WORLD.**

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.

Think How Long You've Bothered with That Same Old Corn



Perhaps you have pared it an hundred times and seen it grow again.

You have daubed it with liquids, maybe. Or used old-time plasters.

And the corn remains as bothersome as ever. It will remain until you treat it in a scientific way.

Other folks do this:

They apply a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly. Then, for 48 hours, they forget the corn.

In two days the corn is loosened, and they lift it out.

No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. And no more bother with that corn.

A million corns monthly are now being removed in this gentle, modern way. Try it on that old corn.

- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

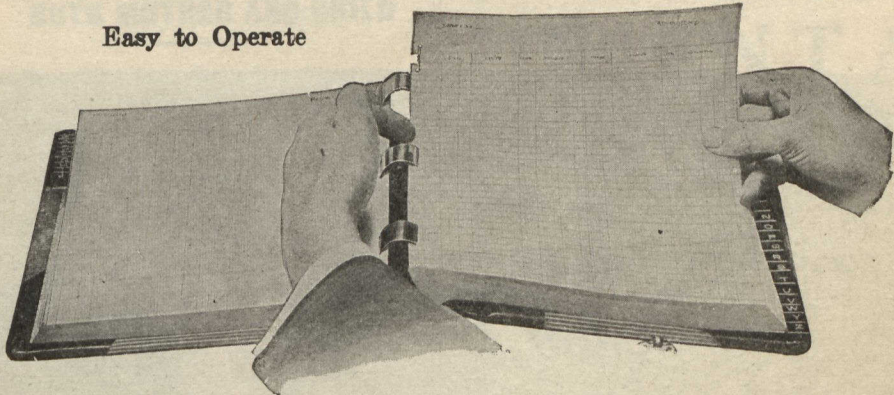
Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(289)

P
R
O
U
D
F
I
T

Easy to Operate



B
I
N
D
E
R
S

ARE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Current Ledgers, Transfer Ledgers, Price Books, Catalogues, Blue Prints, Register Books, Minute Books, Insurance Records, and for all purposes of binding loose leaf sheets, either hand or typewritten.

Write for sample on business stationery.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

52 SPADINA AVENUE

TORONTO, CANADA

Keep in Good Health with

OXYDONOR causes a large supply of the oxygen contained in the air to be absorbed by the human system, so increasing bodily vitality. By oxygenizing the blood, making it purer and better able to do its work.

“Oxydonor”

“Oxydonor” conquers Disease

If you are sick, run down, or rheumatic, **Oxydonor** will make you well; and if you are well, it will keep you well.

Oxydonor is the invention of an eminent physician Dr. H. Sanche. Thousands upon thousands of letters praising the wonderful **Oxydonor** have been received by Dr. H. Sanche. They tell of the marvels of **Oxydonor** treatment.

Is your health poor? Is anyone near and dear to you suffering? Then learn all about the **Oxydonor** treatment which calls for

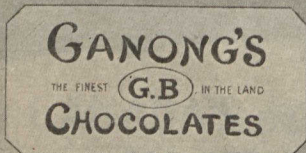
No Drugs, Medicine or Doctors

Send for our valuable book on health and the **Oxydonor** method of conquering sickness and disease. It will be sent post free. Write for it to-day. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Suite 11 364 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Que.



A good Beginning



“All's Well that Ends Well”

Shakespeare Series No. 4

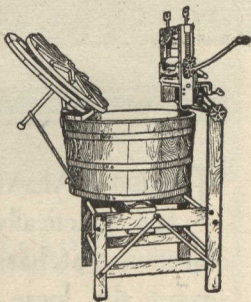


Clothes Washed Rapidly

A great boon to the busy housewife, is the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Washes clothes spotlessly clean three times as fast as she can do it with a wash board. Does the trick, too, without loosening a button or fraying an edge. Treats delicate fabrics very gently.

Connor ^{Ball} Bearing Washer

Just think of all the wash-board wear on your clothes that the Connor Ball Bearing Washer would save. Just think how much longer your clothes would last. Think, too, how much easier it would be to do the washing on a machine that almost runs itself—runs on ball bearings. It's the handy helper you've needed for a good long time. Write for booklet telling all about it.



J. H. CONNOR & SON, Ltd., OTTAWA, ONT.

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



Dr. T. Felix
Gouraud's

ORIENTAL CREAM

Every woman owes it to herself and loved ones to retain the charm of youth nature has bestowed upon her. The regular use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

will render that youthful appearance free from skin blemishes, giving that clear, soft complexion so much desired by a particular woman.

For nearly three-quarters of a century this preparation has been in actual use by the most fashionable women—the surest test of its perfection.

50c. and \$1.50 per Bottle

At Druggists and Department Stores or direct on receipt of price.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.,
NEW YORK.

The Real Cure for Constipation and Piles

No, this does not consist of some special or new form of Drug, because drugs are not a permanent cure for Constipation. The real cure for Constipation is something that will appeal at once to your commonsense, because this cure consists simply of pure sterilized water.

The sufferer from Constipation usually realizes the danger of his affliction because from Constipation arises the vast number of more serious diseases brought about by the retention and promulgation of germ life in the system, in turn caused by our failure to get rid of this waste.

Such a sufferer has probably tried all kinds of drugs and his experience is enough to prove that drugs form only a temporary relief and require constant use in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficacious. The sufferer greatly adds to his illness by becoming a slave to this drug habit.

How much simpler and saner is this method of Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, inventor of the J. B. L. Cascade—an appliance now endorsed by physicians everywhere and used by over 300,000 people. With this system of the internal bath you dispense with drugs entirely and you secure a perfectly natural treatment that brings about immediate relief and gradually attains a sure and permanent cure.

Hundreds of people have enthusiastically endorsed this treatment as Mr. E. Nighswander of Green River, Ont., who writes:

"For years I have been troubled with constipation, ulcers in the bowels, and piles which all the money and doctors only seemed to relieve temporarily. The J. B. L. Cascade has completely cured these troubles and I feel it a duty I owe my fellow-men to endorse the Cascade, in the very highest terms. No amount of money could estimate the value it has been to me. No home should be without a Cascade."

Write today for Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's book, "Why Man of Today is Only 50% Efficient." We will gladly send you this free if you will address

CHARLES A. TYRRELL, M.D.
Room 531-6,
280 College Street, TORONTO



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

K K

Kalamazoo Point Number Seven

The Kalamazoo

Loose Leaf Binder
has exceptional Accessibility



THE "KALAMAZOO" Binder has practically overcome every objection that has ever been offered against the loose leaf idea.

There is no comparison between it and any other binder now known.

Its capacity is greater than any other.

It requires no padding with unnecessary sheets.

The writing surface is firm and flat.

Sheets are easily inserted and removed.

Leaves are kept in perfect alignment.

There are no exposed metal parts to injure the desk.

Don't remain dissatisfied with Loose Leaf Systems. Let us show you what the "Kalamazoo" binder will do.

Booklet "C.M." describes it and tells you who are using it. Any of them can tell you why.



Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account-
Book Makers
Toronto

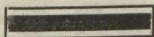
King & Spadina



FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.



**F. W. FEARMAN
CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON**

Dessert Book FREE



LET US SEND YOU

the Knox Recipe Book—and enough Gelatine to make one pint—enough to try most any one of our desserts, puddings, salads or jellies, also ice cream, ices, candies, soups, sauces or gravies. Recipe book free for your grocer's name—pint sample for 2c stamp
CHAS. B. KNOX CO. 399 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal.

Jack Sondon

Mark Your Linen With Cash's Woven Name-Tapes

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and colleges. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to

J. & J. Cash, Ltd., 301 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

*Cash's Woven
Names*



TRADE MARK

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2c stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room R-88, 823 Bigelow Street, Peoria, Ill., U. S. A.

FOR FLAVORING CAKES
Pies, Puddings, Sauces and Ice Creams try Shirriff's True Vanilla. The real extract of Mexican Vanilla Beans. Surpasses all others in flavor, 26 bouquet and strength.

Shirriff's True Vanilla

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. 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 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

- Martini—Regular
- Martini—Dry (*medium*)
- Martini—Brut (*very dry*)
- Manhattan—Regular
- Manhattan—Dry

Club Cocktails

At
All Dealers

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
Sole Prop's.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



The ROSS Rifle

FACING BIG GAME
YOU NEED
A "ROSS" RIFLE

Experience in the field has proven that testing ground experiments were right and that no rifle will "anchor" the heaviest game as effectively as the "Ross." Its low trajectory makes sighting easy, and its rapid straight pull action enables a second, third or more shots to be fired in rapid sequence.

The "Ross" 280 High Velocity is the best of all sporting weapons, but any "Ross" model can be relied upon for accuracy and range.

Prices from \$25.00 and upwards. Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO. - QUEBEC

Famous
for
Fifty Years
CHASE &
SANBORN'S
COFFEES



**SEAL
BRAND**
IS THE
HIGHEST GRADE

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL



The Children

always enjoy JAM and there is nothing more healthful than

UPTON'S

Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

UPTON'S Orange Marmalade made from Seville oranges under expert supervision is delicious.

We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all first-class Stores in Canada.

The T. UPTON CO. LTD.
HAMILTON - CANADA



No. 2057

Elegance and Endurance

centre in

“Standard” Silver Plate

WE present in the above illustration as beautiful a set as has been produced in high-class Silver Plate. The perfect harmony of every detail of the design is made more pleasing by the highly burnished finish, and the elaborate engraving on every piece. Covers are mounted with real Ivory Tips. Of well-known “Standard” workmanship and reliable “Standard” quality. Satisfaction as to wear is guaranteed. Enquire at your jewelers about it.

Sold by reliable jewelers everywhere.

Look for our name.

Every piece manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited - Toronto

Scientific Management & Scientific Time-Keeping Include The Use of a "Globe"

Because without an accurate Time Recording device no cost system is complete. The small leaks and losses due to inaccurate time keeping will nullify the best methods of recording cost.

The more you pay for labor the more important it becomes to you to be sure you get *all* the time you pay for.

You owe it to your dividend account to investigate the possibilities of economy to be derived from the use of a "Globe."

Bulletin C. will help you investigate.
Shall we mail one to you?

W. A. Wood

Head Office and Salesroom:

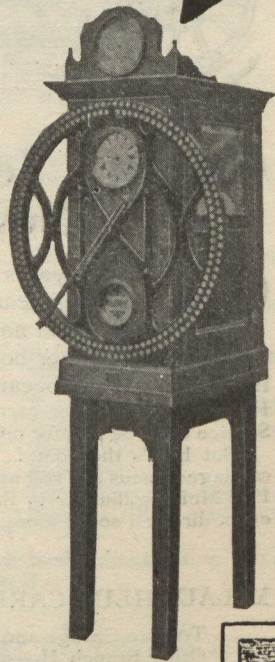
19 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL

Branch Office:

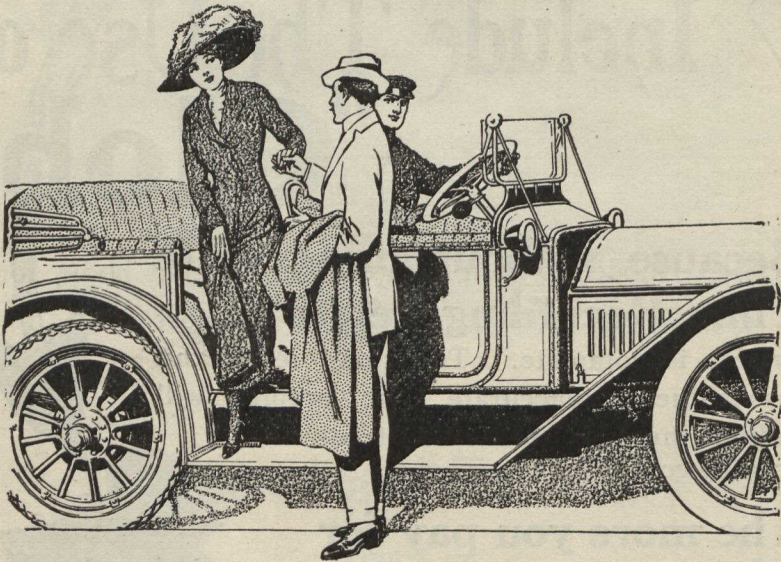
53 Sparkhall Ave., Toronto

Factory:

40 St. George St., Montreal



McLaughlin



Over 43 Years Experience in the New McLaughlin

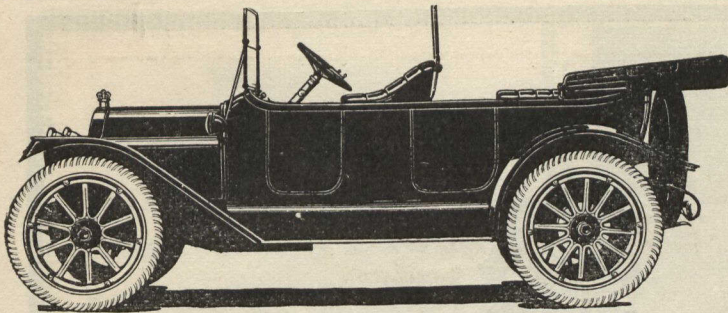
OVER forty years of that time have been spent in making McLaughlin carriages and buggies. McLaughlin carriages bore a good name. They earned it. It was won on sheer merit. A customer bought a McLaughlin carriage when he had the price simply because it represented the best he could get. He could buy cheaper carriages, but he could not get McLaughlin service. Service can't be had for nothing. It costs money and its worth it.

But here's the point! The same standards that made the McLaughlin carriage famous are still applied to the making of McLaughlin cars. Each 1913 McLaughlin car is the product of over two generations of successful effort directed solely along one line.

Send for catalogue of our 1913 models

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE COMPANY, LIMITED, OSHAWA

Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Cor. Church and Richmond Sts.
Other Branch Houses—St. John, Hamilton, London, Belleville,
Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.



Russell-Knight "28" Touring Model - - \$3250
 Russell-Knight "28" Roadster Model - - \$3200
 Russell-Knight Seven Passenger - - - \$3500

F.O.B. West Toronto.

"Investigate The Russell- Knight '28'"

*Overheard in an
Automobile Show
Room*

"If I were about to buy a car, I would investigate all models within range of my pocket book, for nearly every one has features that seem to give it preference."

Don't you think that is the right way to buy a car?

We would that all prospective owners exercised such judgment in buying cars. All round investigation would prove that the 1913 Russell-Knight "28" so far leads all other cars in efficiency and comfort, that it stands 'way ahead in a class by itself.

The car not only has more comfort-making features than any other model in Canada, but it has been designed in such a way that these features lend their greatest efficiency to the car as a unit.

The Russell-Knight "28" was not produced by adding new or extra features, to an old model. It has been designed absolutely anew from the ground up.

Some of its special and exclusive features are :

Russell-Knight Engine.
 Russell Electric Starter,
 Left Drive and Centre Control
 Combined Electric Dynamo and
 Motor for Starting Engine, Light-
 ing Lamps and charging Battery.
 Electric Head Lamps, Side Lamps,
 Combined Speedometer and
 Clock, with Electric Light
 attached.
 Heating System for the Tonneau.
 Nonskid Tires, 36 x 4½".
 Power Pump for the Tires,

Demountable Rims, with one spare
 rim.

Folding Glass Windshield for the
 Front Seat.

Folding Glass Windshield for the
 Rear Seat.

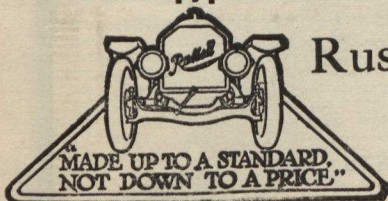
Extension Top with Side Curtains
 Top Envelope,
 Foot Rest,
 Robe Rail,
 Tire Holders (double)
 Electric Horn, under the bonnet.

A Descriptive Catalogue will be mailed or a demonstration arranged upon request.

Russell Motor Car Company, Ltd.

Head Office and Factory : West Toronto

Branches at Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver
 Melbourne, Australia.





BY APPOINTMENT

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,
SALAD AND CHEESE

THE ORIGINAL
AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.

WANTED Moving Picture Plays

You can write them and earn

\$50 TO \$100 WEEKLY

in your spare time. We will show you how, in ten easy lessons. No experience or literary ability required. Our students are selling their plays.

Learn this pleasant, fascinating profession and be independent

**YOUR IDEAS ARE VALUABLE
TURN THEM INTO DOLLARS**

Send for free book of valuable information, and Special Prize Offer.

**Chicago Photo-Playwright College
BOX 278 CH. CHICAGO**

"LITTLE WIRELESS PHONES"

For the ears that will cause you to

HEAR



What eye glasses are to failing sight, my invisible ear drums are to lost or failing hearing. Just as simple and common sense and on the same principle, for they magnify sound as glasses magnify sight. They are really tiny telephones of soft, sensitized material, safe and comfortable, which fit into the orifice of the ears and are invisible. They can be removed or inserted in a moment and worn for weeks at a time, for they are skillfully arranged for perfect ventilation and anti-friction. These little wireless phones make it easy to hear every sound distinctly, just as correct eye glasses make it easy to read fine print. Among the nearly 400,000 people whom they have enabled to hear perfectly, there has been every condition of deafness or defective hearing. No matter what the cause or how long standing the case, the testimonials sent me show marvellous results.

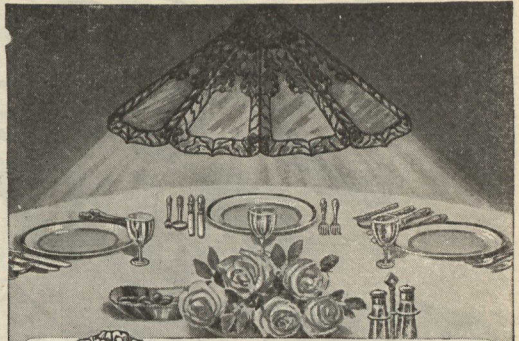
Common - Sense Ear Drums

have restored to me my own hearing—that's how I happened to discover the secret of their success in my own desperate endeavors to be relieved of my deafness after physicians had repeatedly failed.

It is certainly worth your while to investigate. Before you send any money just drop me a line. I want to send you free of charge my book on deafness and plenty of evidence to prove to you that I am entirely worthy of your confidence. Why not write me today?

**GEORGE H. WILSON, President
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated**

1058 Inter-Southern Building - Louisville, Ky.



Beautiful Table Silver

Knives, forks, spoons, serving pieces, etc., rich in quality and beauty,

correct in fashion and good taste, and harmonizing perfectly with the most daintily set table, are always to be had in



1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Our beautiful new pattern, Old Colony, with its pierced handle and handsome decorative work, is suggestive of simplicity and quality. Appropriate for any time or place, it is ideal for Colonial and Old English dining rooms.

This silverware is backed by an actual test of sixty-five years, and is guaranteed by the largest makers. For sale by leading dealers everywhere.

Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "T-46."

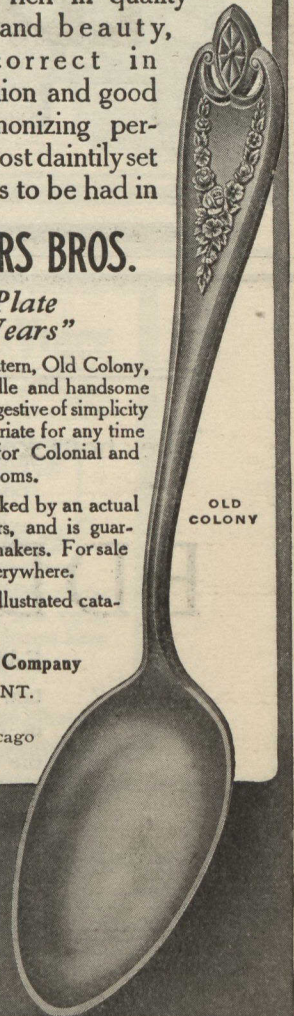
Meriden Britannia Company

HAMILTON, ONT.

Meriden, Conn.
New York Chicago
San Francisco

OLD COLONY

"Silver Plate that Wears"



O'Keefe's SPECIAL



Extra Mild STOUT

is none of your bitter,
bilious beverages —
but a fine, old, mellow
Stout—that is as rich
and nourishing as fresh cream—
yet won't make you bilious.

It's extra mild, extra fine, and
extra good for tired men and
women.

297

The housekeeper who would make wash-day easier,
can do so by using

EDDY'S WARES

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to re-
tain heat longer and never rust. Being made
in one seamless piece cannot splinter, and so
the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes
is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS

wash-day loses half its terrors. :: :: :: :: ::


ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY



Infants and invalids
grow strong on Rob-
inson's Patent Barley
—the best food for
delicate digestion.



MAGOR SON & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL



Save Your Voice

Do not ignore hoarseness, coughs,
sore throats or loss of voice. Use

**EVANS' ANTISEPTIC
THROAT
Pastilles**

FORMULA OF THE
LIVERPOOL
THROAT HOSPITAL

They give relief at once, and their continued use
restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal
organs. If you speak or sing in public, always keep
Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand.

For Free Sample, write 171

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal



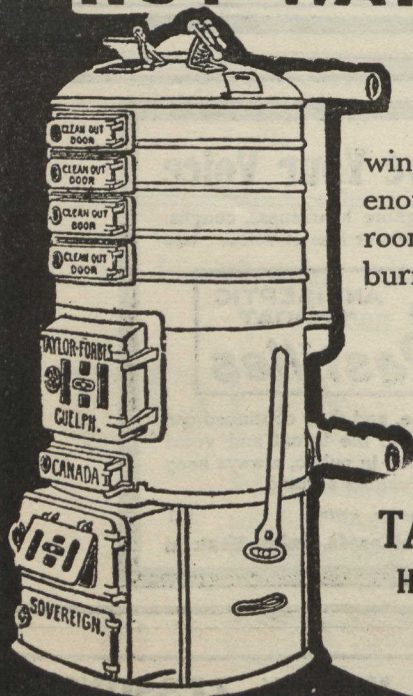
"PIANO SELFTAUGHT IN SIX LESSONS"

You can learn to play piano in six lessons: The New Method. These tuition books should be in the hands of every pupil of music; whether learning through a teacher or not. The Method is entirely new and up-to-date. For children it makes their studies a pleasure instead of a toil, no drudgery or tedious exercises, for adults it ensures a brilliant style of Piano playing in a short space of time. Don't be discouraged if you have failed by other methods. A short study and a little patience with the New Idea Co's latest achievement of learning the piano, after the first lesson the pupil becomes encouraged and then their success is assured. Prof. Chas. Gillen, Greater New York's famous and popular pianist highly approves of "Piano Selftaught In Six Lessons." Sent postpaid complete. Price \$1.00. New Idea Music Company, Dept. C M, 18 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**THE
BOILER
WITH THE
LARGER
FIRST
SECTION**



SOVEREIGN HOT WATER BOILER



EVERY modern house should be comfortably warm the coldest wintry weather. In most houses there is enough coal burned to give warmth in every room, and, as it is usually good coal that is burned, the fault must be with the furnace.

Consult us
about your heating.

Write us for folder "Efficient Heating." It will put you under no obligations whatsoever, and if we can assist you to better satisfaction we will gladly do so.

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office and Works:

Guelph, Ont.

Taylor-Forbes Branches, Offices and Showrooms.

Toronto—1088 King St. West; Montreal—246 Craig St. West; Vancouver—1070 Homer St.;
Quebec—80 St Paul St.; St. John, N.B.—16 Water St.; Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.

Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

These conditions of the skin are a natural result of the constant strain imposed upon it during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise. Each spring the skin needs *refreshing*.

How to refresh your skin

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently till the skin is softened and the pores open. Then rinse several times in very cold water, or better still, rub with a *lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Go to your dealer's today and get a cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder.



Follow the treatment given here and you can keep your skin so that you will always be proud of it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. 109-c Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., Dept. 109-c Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.





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.,
62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles' Building,
Montreal, Canada.



Great!!

"I wish Mother had given me four OXO Cube Sandwiches, for lunch, instead of only two."

OXO CUBES make delicious sandwiches—wonderfully nourishing—easily digested.
4 Cubes—10c.



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested Address

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son.)

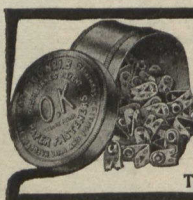
North Adams, Mass.

Established thirty-five years.

WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address Dept. J.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
806 Kent Building Toronto, Ontario



Washburn's Pat. "O.K." Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home. Made of Brass and nickel-plated Steel, three sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100 each. Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free. **YEARLY SALE NOW 100 MILLION.** THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

If you want to learn to PLAY the PIANO

USE

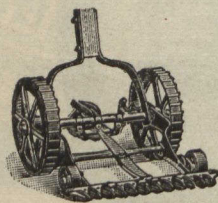
Wickins' Piano Tutor

English and Foreign Fingering

Post free, of all Music Sellers

60¢ 60¢

What is Killing Your Lawn?



Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. *WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.*

Clipper Lawn Mower Company
Dixon - - - - Illinois

Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A.

You enlist in the jimmy pipe army—whether you boss a briar, clay or meerschaum. Just jam it chock full of Prince Albert, make fire with a match—and *you've certainly got yours!*

Prince Albert kicks the grouch right out of any old pipe you ever saw or smoked—or *tried to smoke!* It tunes 'em up and puts in sweetness and fragrance and *real* pipe joy!

My, how you can go to that old jimmy NOW! Because Prince Albert never bit any other man's tongue. *And it won't bite yours!* The bite's cut out by a patented process. It just makes men pipe happy!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

tells its own story in simple words: "It's the goods." Realize, men, that it has doubled the number of pipe smokers in a few years. Think how downright delicious it must be, to set pipe-shy men "going to it" and to bring into line old-timers who suffered with "biters" and "ranks" till Prince Albert blazed the way!

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2-oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.



P. A.
in the tidy
2-oz. red tin

R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

Extra Gowns and Hats with Diamond Dyes

Why not have some extra gowns and hats this spring?

The styles this year are so simple that you can easily make any of them at home.

This Gown on the Left

Could anything be simpler to make? The charmeuse dress you wore last spring can be made up into a gown just as pretty as this. Dye the material one of the new spring shades.

Cut down the brim of one of your summer hats—use some of the silk in the dress and a bunch of flowers for the trimming. Your new gown and hat should not cost more than 10 cents—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes.



Cream charmeuse dyed light green

Blue envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in White envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics,—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool** and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do not be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

1913 Diamond Dye Annual—Sent Free

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc.

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book and 56 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, CANADA

This Gown on the Right

Take your last summer voile dress—dye it a delicate lavender shade and trim it with buttons covered with material like the gown. For a hat to wear with this gown, use any straw that you have, face it with black velvet, and get a yard of lavender satin ribbon for the trimming.

Diamond Dyes

Diamond Dyes are making this possible for every woman in the country. Learn their use and have the joy of knowing that your wardrobe is really complete.

Mrs. R. L. Lee of Boston writes:

"I often wonder why my friends don't have a greater number of gowns. Few dresses are really worn out after one season's wear, and they can always be made over and given new life and beauty with Diamond Dyes."

"With the aid of Diamond Dyes I have many extra gowns, waists, hats, collars, etc., and I know every woman would be happier if she could profit by my experience."

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes today. It will cost but 10c. at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor any fabric.

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes,—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in



White voile dyed lavender

Big Ben



The Men who make Big Ben

OUT at La Salle, Illinois, the Westclox people design alarm clocks and they design them well.

They take the noisy, unshapely affair of our boyhood days and transform it into a thing of merit and beauty.

They give it their skill, their knowledge and their taste and when it reaches the

standard they have set for themselves, they give it a name and call it BIG BEN.

And they've faith enough in his worth to back him with a guarantee that's stronger than any gilt-edged bond. That guarantee is advertising. It's the highest *quality-insurance* that any one can buy.

Within two and a half years of his introduction, Big Ben has been adopted by 6,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere. If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him duty prepaid.

\$3.00

At Canadian Dealers.

Don't be "Dozy"

during business hours — the wide awake man, with good digestion and a clear brain will pass you, sure!

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

contains the natural, vital elements from wheat and barley — Albumen, Phosphate of Potash, etc.—that keep brain and nerves in perfect repair, and make easy digestion.

Note the difference after 10 days use of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

The Advantages of Drinking

BAKER'S C O C O A



Registered
Trade-Mark

*The Cocoa of
High Quality*

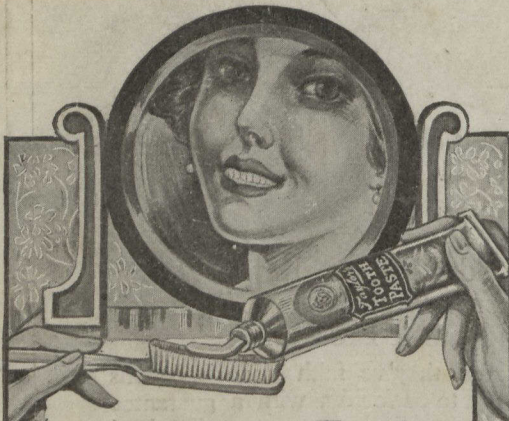
lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can.

Dorchester, Mass.



Taylor's Tooth Paste

The tooth paste with the new flavor.

It whitens and preserves the teeth, sweetens the breath by its refreshing flavor and exerts a stimulating and hardening influence upon the gums.

25 cents—All Dealers.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD. - TORONTO

Oldest and Largest Perfumers and
Toilet Soap Makers in Canada.

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark