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VOL. LIV.

NOVEMBER 1919 TO APRIL 1920, INCLUSIVE

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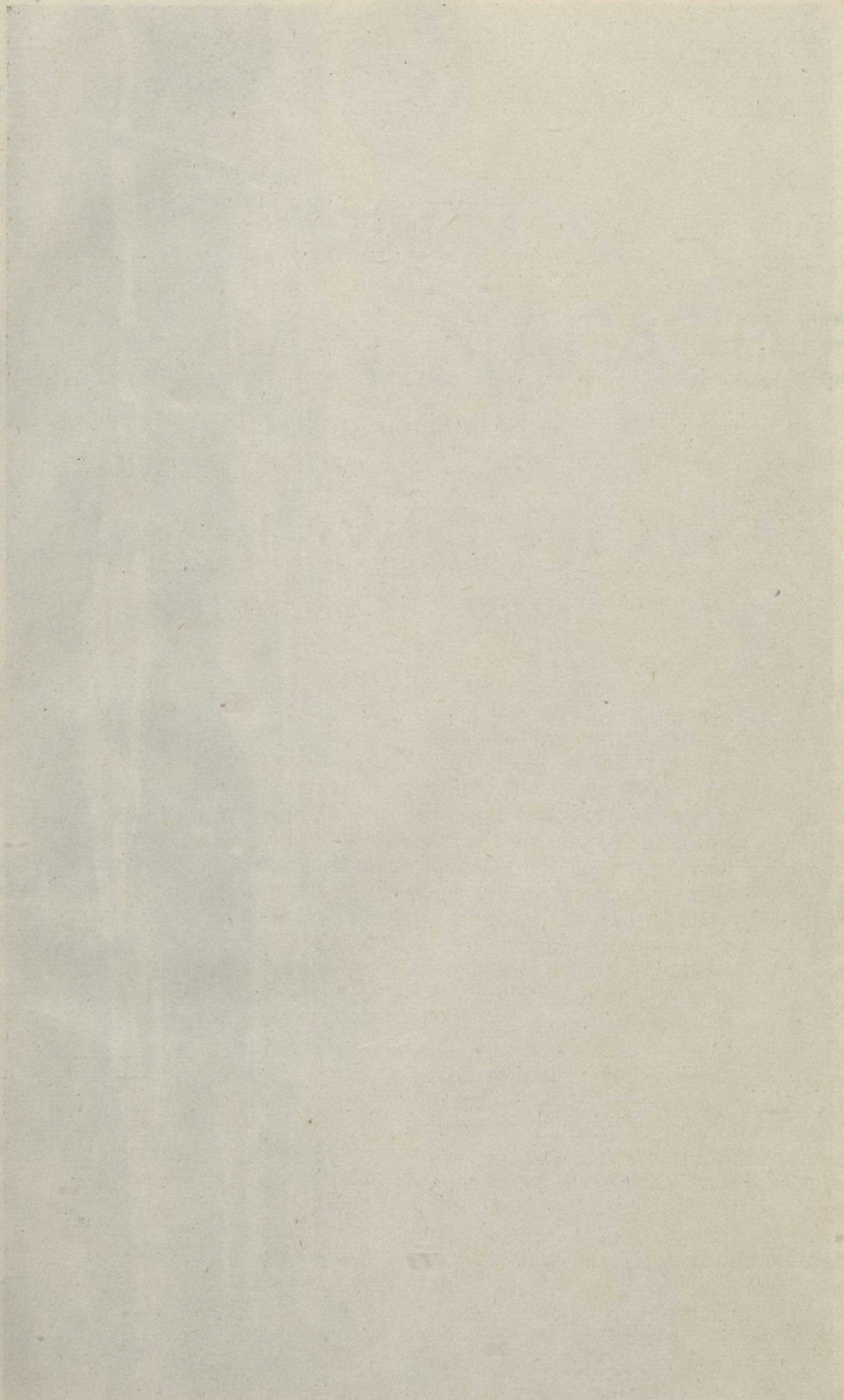

FLANDERS, FROM KEMMEL
From the Canadian War Memorial Painting by D. Y. Cameron

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2757

CANADIAN WAR PICTURES

BY BARKER FAIRLEY

HE Canadian War Pictures have now for the most part been prepared, collected, and exhibited. They have been seen in London and New York and are now in Canada where they are to be fittingly housed as a permanent possession. There is now no need to conjecture as to their nature; the pictures have been shown here, not in their entirety, but in what may be assumed to be a representative selection of the overseas portion of the work, and the time for appreciation has come. The purely Canadian section —paintings of Canadian subjects by Canadian artists—will be placed on exhibition in Toronto about the time this article is printed. So that for the moment we cannot consider them.

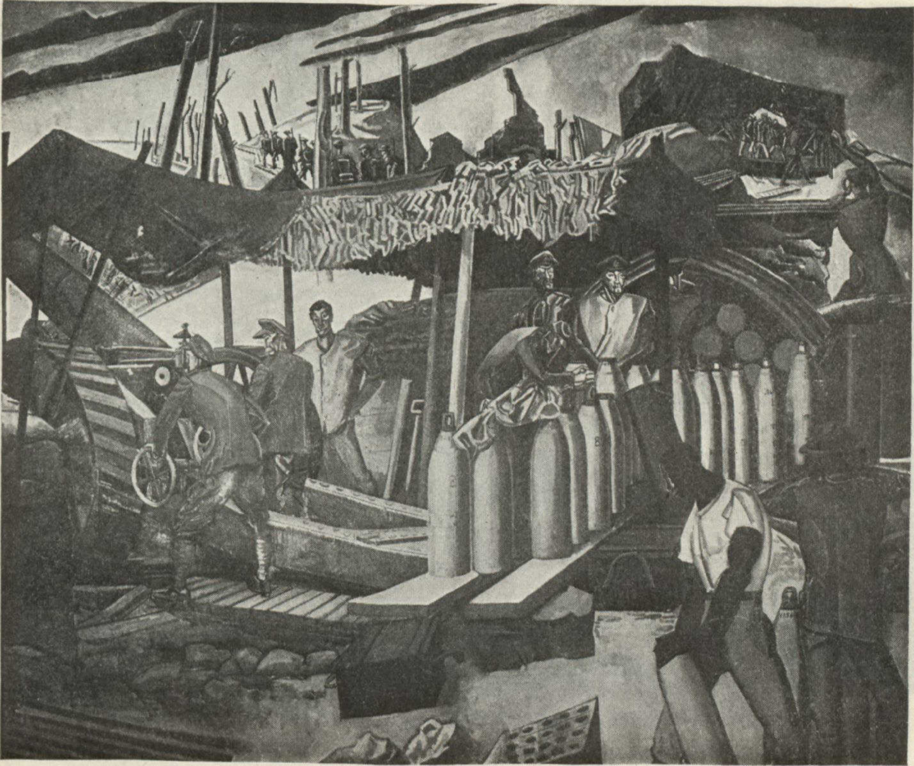
It can be said without hesitation that these aesthetic records of warfare are deeply engrossing. The net has been widely cast and the appeal will be wide too. There are popular pictures enough in the collection to attract the world at large—that has been demonstrated already — and enough strenuous and subtle work to repay the careful study of the sociologist and the connoisseur. When the War Records Gallery comes to be erected it will be found to contain an unusual variety of styles, a most varied response of the human mind to the facts of war, and a rich historical document of perished and perishing phenomena associated with four of the most momentous years of our era. Taken as a whole it is bound to meet with wide approval and to establish itself as a source of national pride.

It is interesting to note that in point of style the collection belongs unmistakably to the second decade of the twentieth century. If other proof were lacking these pictures alone would serve to date the Great War to within two or three years of its exact chronology. If the War had come ten years earlier it is unlikely that Paul Nash's "Void", Wyndham Lewis's "Canadian Gunpit", or Nevinson's "Roads to France" would have been executed in anything like their present form. Indeed it may be doubted whether the first of these, one

Void
From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. Paul Nash

of the most significant of all war-pictures, could have been conceived at any earlier date. Quite early in the war it was noticed by one or two acute observers that the breath-taking experiments of the years immediately preceding, the cubism and the vorticism and what not that had seemed so outrageous and even inexplicable to an overwhelming majority of normal human beings, had received at least a partial justification in the actual experience of men, both in what they had before their eyes and in what they felt within themselves. This is but another instance of the connection, causal or otherwise, that is so frequently found to exist between what is apparently unrelated in a given period of civilization. It is disturbing to healthy pluralistic minds but it has to be faced, and, if possible, explained.

The facts in this case are that since the opening of the twentieth century an unusualy rapid development in experimental painting took place in which the dominant characteristic was a preoccupation with abstract form. It is quite plausible to explain this movement as a natural reaction from the realistic traditions of the nineteenth century, a mere swing of the pendulum, which would correct itself in due time, and probably prove not unhealthy as a means of counteracting the deadening tradition of the "story-picture". This explanation would have been accepted as exhaustive by the great majority of those interested anywhere from nine to five years ago. But it was noted that the results of these experiments had a quality entirely different from the formal design of traditional art. They were less abstract by a degree or two, less exclusively intellectual; the mood they expressed was less collected, less clarified; it was sufficiently tepid and confused to be called an emotion. It



A Canadian Gunpit
From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. P. Wyndham Lewis

was the difference in kind between Bach and Chopin.

Then came the war and with it a partial confirmation in experience of the three-parts abstractions of the modernists, now chaotic, now geometrical. Was there some common cause behind Cubism and Prussianism, behind the morbid visions of an artist in a back-attic and the game of chess played by the military manœuvrist on horse-back? One shrinks from any association of artistic and creative impulses with the forces of death and destruction. And yet there is an association somewhere. It may be hard to trace out and perhaps it will never be done in this particular case. It is enough to remember this organic-seeming relation between aesthetic extravagances and the forms and experience of war in considering the meaning and significance of the more advanced of the war pictures. It is not merely a matter of likes and dislikes; there is in these pictures a strain of what seems to have spread itself, however thinly, over the whole of our minds.

A wide popularity will not be expected for such pictures as "Void". Men do not live with line and colour as they live with words. They are not willing as a rule to wait for the meaning of line and colour to reveal itself. It must speak at a glance or it is rejected. It is different with poetry, which expresses itself in a medium which is in universal use. Word-combinations are puzzled over daily by millions of mankind, whether as prose or verse, and one has not to go far to discover poems which are memorized and sung wholesale with-

Copse, Evening
From the War Memorial Painting by Lieut. A. Y. Jackson

out being more than vaguely understood. Something like this might be hoped for on behalf of Nash's picture. The number of those who can find ready spiritual values in the collision of lines of composition is a small one, as is also the number of those who can interpret the tone and texture of colour spaces in terms of human adventure. It is perhaps necessary to do both of these things in order to grasp the full meaning of Nash's work. But there are intermediate stages. One might—after a first general inspection—begin close up and examine the data of the picture, the tangible objects in it, the shattered trees, the implements, the men, and then with these clearly seen and retained in the memory withdraw a little, losing, it may be, the minor details from view, and reflect upon the lines and tone of the whole, remembering that the artist has painted with his ears and nose as well as with his eyes. The collision of lines in this Ishmael of linear composition is deafening. Each crashes upon its neighbour; there is no safe circuit, no escape. The numbing tones of the picture, uninviting as they are, mitigate somewhat the disruptiveness of the whole; they relieve the sense like a dentist's freezing-mixture.

After this admittedly difficult study with its violent synthesis of repeated impressions under shell-fire, it is not difficult to realize the intention of Wyndham Lewis in his "Canadian Gunpit", in which nothing is introduced that does not strengthen the feeling of some deliberate, inexorable, metallic enterprise. The massive piling of the composition, the strong, unperturbed colour, the slight dehumanizing of the human figures, all contribute to a single effect. The point of view is not as with Nash a strictly human one; it is rather the point of view of the gun. Nash tells

For What?
From the Memorial Painting by F. H. Varley

what it means to be under shell-fire; Wyndham Lewis what it is like to be a gun in a gunpit. Hence the geometrical, impersonal handling and its justification.

With the help of these two pictures, one depicting the assault of the machine upon man, the other its subordinating of him to itself, Turnbull's aeroplaning studies explain themselves very readily. They stand somewhere between the two, but nearer to Wyndham Lewis. Nevinson's more ambitious pictures of airships and transports are on similar lines but for all their wide reputation they are somehow disappointing. There can be no doubt that Turnbull has seen his pictures in the air; with Nevinson's big air-fight one is not so sure. And his reliance on parallel lines and repetitions to express the endless roads and traffic is not a little facile when compared with Wyndham Lewis, who has felt the energy of the machine, not merely watched it, and has converted his sense of that energy into a strenuous artistic pattern.

It is not to be expected that human perceptions will so completely modify themselves as to feel as much at home with these abnormal studies as they do with the sight of a back-garden from a sitting-room window. It would take more than five years of war to do that. All one can do is to point out that the abnormal subject and the abnormal treatment of it come in quite legitimately in this case and that these pictures are probably among the few vivid and authentic records of an abnormal something that once happened and left its mark on the world. Historians of the future may ultimately come back to Roberts's grotesque and disturbing nightmare "The First German Gas Attack at Ypres" as their only convincing docu-

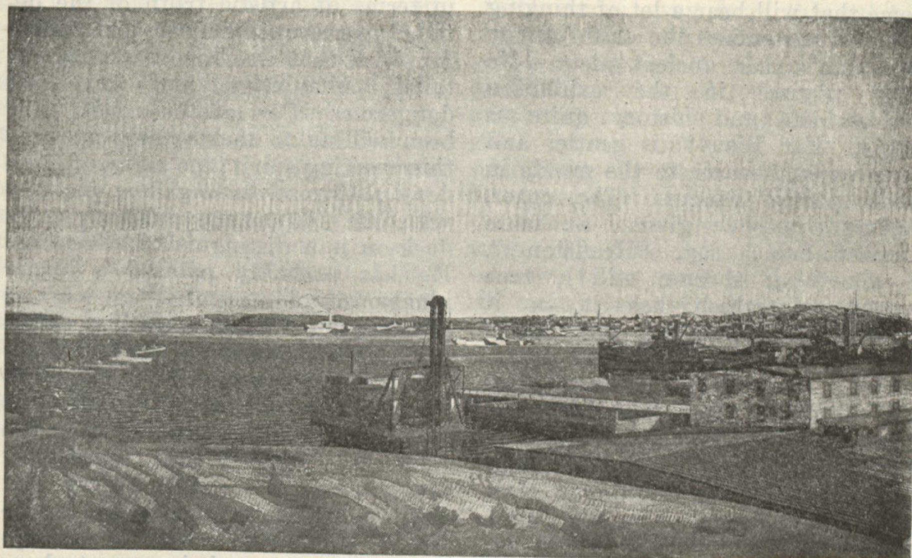
ment of what actually happened on April 22nd, 1915. Stranger things have come to pass.

If the whole collection were made up of such strenuous psychological studies it would never have been able to number its visitors in thousands in a city of half a million. There is, however, no lack of work that is representative of more purely visual experience. The large battle canvases of Weirter, Jack, and Forbes, and popular subjects such as "Canada's Answer" are an indispensable part of the memorial. They are necessary as a source of satisfaction to that large section of the public which, having little or no pictorial interests, is yet willing to look at pictures for an hour, provided the act of perception is taken off its hands, so to speak, and transformed into a sort of spoon-feeding. When one recalls the retardation that English art has suffered at the hands of the so-called and by no means miscalled Royal Academy tradition it is impossible to feel wholly charitable towards these laborious and bulky canvases, which serve their admittedly useful purpose but also put all smaller canvases at an unfair disadvantage. It requires a distinct effort of the mind to turn from one of the large death-or-glory pictures to A. Y. Jackson's modest "Gas Attack near Liévin" and to realize that the latter is smaller only in a purely spacial sense, not smaller in intention or treatment.

Certain of the larger pictures undoubtedly justified their dimensions. "The Gunpit" would have suffered if it had been at all reduced. D. Y. Cameron's "Flanders from Kemmel" and Harold Gilman's "Halifax Harbour", both quite large, form a most distinguished pair. D. Y. Cameron has worked his way into the front rank of English landscape painters; Canada already possesses in his "October" a splendid example of his work. It is interesting to note that he has quietly and masterfully compressed his vast Flanders panorama into one of his characteristic compositions in broken horizontal lines and rich russet-gray tones. Like Peter de Wint he knows the earth better than the sky and builds his landscapes as solidly as anyone now painting. Gilman's picture belongs to a younger generation; it is a fascinating example of methodical enterprise. The whole of this spacious, sunlit picture with its town and hills, its camouflaged ships, and the long reach of the harbour is built up on as careful a principle as a novel of Flaubert's. The brush-work is based on a sort of geometrical study of lines and spaces. The influence of the abstract movement in modern painting is seen here at work, not in the general lines of the composition, which are kept in accurate perspective, but in the interpretation of local textures. This novel picture is conspicuously successful and a great deal can be learned from it.

Again, the various decorative pictures cannot be criticized on the ground of size. Moira's "Canadian Foresters in Windsor Park" is a breezy, if not very strenuous, composition. It is among the best of those paintings in the collection that are sure of popularity. His hospital triptych has a colour quality that is tender without sentimentality; it is not one of the great things in the collection, but it is tactful and that is no mean virtue. Sims's "Sacrifice" is much more courageous in its handling of realistic detail and strikes a deeper note. We must wait to see what Augustus John has done before we pronounce it the best of its class.

But none of these large pictures are in the strict sense of the word war-pictures. They are often peace-pictures with war motives introduced. Sometimes there is only a camouflaged vessel to strike the note of war; this is the case in Gilman's picture. D. Y. Cameron has smoke in the distance, crosses and broken trees in the foreground, but for the rest he has done no more than pursue his vocation as a landscape painter. A war record in artistic form might be expected to



Halifax Harbour—Evening
From the War Memorial Painting by Harold Gilman

convey either the peculiar and perishable facts of war or the peculiar and perishable emotions which these evoked in the hearts of men. Nash and Roberts have expressed the emotional reaction of war on their own natures, but they have done so at the expense of general intelligibility. Their work is esoteric and will probably remain so. It will speak to a few only. There is but one painter in the whole group who has succeeded in conveying an intense human emotion concerning warfare in a manner that does not break outright with traditional forms of expression. That man is F. H. Varley.

Varley's "For What?" and "Some day the People shall Return" are a thing apart in the collection. It is not to be wondered at that they attracted attention in England, though it is not easy to see why they should have been described, as they were in a London daily, as ultra-modernist. They are executed in an impersonal way, neither laboured nor mannered; they are not the product of a passing fashion. They will never become widely popular, but neither will they ever be appropriated by a clique. As time goes by they will simply be found standing where they now stand—in the forefront of Canadian paintings.

They are both graveyard pictures, one military, the other civilian. In "For What?" a soldier grave-digger is seen resting from his work for a moment. He stands erect and thoughtful against a rain-curtained sky with the whole of Flanders at his back. As one approaches, the eye travels along the two rows of little white crosses to a tip-cart stuck in the mud. It contains portions of dead bodies, half-covered by a gray cloth. The cart is reflected in the foul water of a little shell-hole in the foreground. The restraint of this picture, given the subject and the artist's feeling for it, is admirable. The tip-cart and its contents are neither concealed nor obtruded. They are well below the sky-line and seem half-absorbed already by the vast country-side that is patiently waiting for them. The olive-green colouring falls in well with the mood of elegy.

The other picture, slightly larger, is one of a group of shattered headstones. Varley has here hit on a

theme that will bear a lot of thinking about. It epitomizes the clash of war with man's most ancient piety. No other picture in the exhibition searches life and history quite as deeply. "For What?" is gentler and more human, nearer to the moods in which poetry ranges. The other, (cannot it be given a more compact name, say, "Headstones", or something shorter still?), true to an art which has it in it to be more impersonal than literature is far more objective and monumental. It is as if the very stones were outraged after man had died from the earth. And this austerity is carried out in every line and colour of the picture. Its meaning is clear before it has been seen in any detail. In "For What?" the man is seen before the corpses and the mood of the whole is not instantaneously transmitted. Here, however, the forbidding grays of the tumbled headstones, the flinty landscape beyond, the weight of the inky sky, the fierce arrangement of abruptly terminated straight lines about a yawning hole, speak at once with a voice of fate.

The only other artist who appears to have worked on lines at all resembling Varley's is Maurice Cullen in such a picture as "Dead Horse and Rider in a Trench". Both are Canadian artists. They did not find all their austerity overseas for they have worked on different lines from the men of purely European associations. They must have taken some of it with them from Canada where one of the most tragic-minded of modern artists, Tom Thomson, has already had his brief day. How to explain the presence of a tragic artistic tradition in Canada where there is nothing to correspond in the mentality of the people—though there is in the landscape—may be left to the social theorist; it is quite perplexing.

It may be doubted whether any of the artists yet discussed have worked on the lines that were contemplated for them. There was a great service to be rendered in the strict recording in terms of artistic truth of the detailed appearance of war. This called for work that was topographical, detailed, cumulative, and sometimes dangerous. Few of the artists have been willing to tackle their work in this exacting spirit; too many of them devoted themselves to gallery pictures with one eye on the public. A. Y. Jackson is a distinguished exception. He has probably painted a larger number of pictures that anyone else and has not allowed himself a single really large canvas. What he has set himself chiefly to record is the character of the devastated country of wire and trenches and ruins. His work is detached and excessively scrupulous. His subtle keying and habitual understatement stand in the way of popularity or even of easy appeal. But to some it is a great pleasure to be able to study at such length the work of a painter who conceals so much masculine strength behind great formal delicacy. The combination is a rare one.

The war-worn chalky terrain of his "Cité Jean D'Arc—Hill 70 in the Distance", is very impressive in its obvious truthfulness. It conveys the sense of a real battle panorama and yet the effect is achieved with extreme reticence. His "Houses in Ypres" is a record of a different sort; it tells more about Ypres as a town that was than many a larger picture. Jackson has scrupulously isolated his impressions in most of his pictures, only now and then allowing himself to collect his observations into something more synthetic and typical. "Riaumont" contains the suggestion of a fine composite front-line landscape, but it is only in his "Copse—Evening" that topography seems to matter little and the summed-up impression everything. This must be one of the most enduring pictures in the collection. It stands in point of technique somewhere between the extremists and the moderates, avoiding the pitfalls of the former and the timidities of the latter. Its content is as slight as possible; a bumpy succession of knolls

and tree-stumps, a few figures, and some early search-lights across a not yet darkened sky. The design is simple and the tints are cooler than usual. There is no excitement in it; it owes its success to other factors. Its glacial light and desolate prospect are somehow reconciled with a phosphorescent beauty and almost a fascination that yet in no way detracts from the grimness of the conception. This makes it an unusual picture in which the art is happy and the treatment uncompromising. It seems to depict a world undergoing some subtle chemical change.

One comes away from this exhibition with the conviction that for the artists it has been a test of temperament rather than of technique. The great successes were not scored by the great names, but—one felt it instinctively—by the men of character. It is good that it should be so and for Canadians it is gratifying that the work of native artists should have contributed so much to the worth of the enterprise. When the home contributions are added from Canadian camps and harbours their work will also bulk more largely than it already does.

WHEN HURT COMES

By AMY COMPBELL

WHEN hurt comes from
One whom I love,
While I pray wistfully
This to remove—

Comes there the consciousness,
With victory won,
Some of Love's sweetness
Somehow has gone.

Gone the dear glamour
Once lingering there,
When in the heart
Love turns to prayer.

THE OLD INDIAN

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

We walked one morning in the long ago
To see the ancient Indian's camping-place
Where he had spent so many summer days
In quietness, companioned by the trees
And blue lake water lapping wooded shores,
And dreams of deeds and prowess in the past.
The path we took meandered forest aisles,
Long vistas vanishing in traceried green,
Winding across a fairy-trodden glade
Where wild, red roses bloomed for our delight
And stalwart grew a gnarled old apple tree.
We loitered through sunned meadows million-flowered,
To pick the golden-rod or watch a hawk
Wheeling across the sky with sleepy wing,
Seeing the wild hare feeding furtive-eyed
Vanish amid the fern-leaved undergrowth.

We found the Indian stretched upon the plank
Serving as bed and only resting-place,
While o'er his head the overturned canoe
Fashioned the roof and shelter from the rain.
Wizened and gaunt he was and poorly clad,
With weather-beaten face whose dignity
Was deepened by the length of lonely years
And solitude in the blue Laurentian hills.
Well I remember how your joyousness
And eager, shy, expectant wonderment
Recalled to those dim eyes remote, dim days,
The glory, the sweet perishable gleam
That whiten with warm magic all the past;
And how your soft voice reassured his heart,
Emboldening him to speak of old exploits,
The times he lured the fish with lighted torch
And speared them in the shadow-haunted streams,
Or trailed the restless caribou far north
Amid a wilderness of mighty breadth
Where Manitou for immemorial years
Held sway upon the silent mountain tops.
And last he spoke of summer idleness,
When those long, langorous, indolent hours
Passed leisurely as some deep-laden barge
Floats seaward down a sluggish, oozing stream.
We took our leave, followed the homeward path,
But often after came to hear the tales
He told with guttural voice, in monotone,
Until the summer winged her southward way
And autumn in tan mantle red inwrought,
Wrapped round the hills her vivid, gorgeous folds.
To-day your letter tells me he is gone
To join the company of braves and chiefs
Who held the land before our forbears came.
And so I wrote these lines commemorative
Of that momentous morning long ago.

THE CARTIER MEMORIAL

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN

SIX years ago the foundation of a national monument in honour of the memory of Sir George Etienne Cartier, patriot and statesman, was laid, at the foot of Mount Royal, by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, G.C.M.G., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and, in the absence of the Governor-General, Administrator of the Dominion. The ceremony was performed with the adjuncts of State. It was not until Saturday, September 6th, 1919, that his Majesty the King, by touching an electric button, at Balmoral Castle, three thousand miles away, exposed to the eyes of the public the completed and imposing structure erected as a memorial of this great Canadian.

The long delay has been due to the war. Canadians have made a fitting offering to the memory of one whose name, as the message from the King declared, "will ever be closely associated with the consolidation, progress and prosperity of the Dominion". And the ceremony was specially marked by the "unseen presence" of his Majesty, "with banner and with music, with soldier and with priest", and a gathering of citizens representing all that is great and good in the Dominion. The demonstration was a fitting expression of a nation's homage.

Sir George Cartier was one of those rare men, never apparently more rare than in the present age, who suddenly appear in the public arena and turn the balance of events at moments of trial and difficulty in the life of nations. Such we have seen in our own recent times in the persons of a Lloyd George, a Clemenceau, a Foch. Such seventy years ago was Cartier in Canada. The salvation or the destruction of an era, it has been said, depended on his choice of a path. Rather perhaps should it be said of an epoch.

George Etienne Cartier was born of old and sterling French stock on September 6th, 1814, at St. Antoine-on-the-Richelieu, Verchères, son of Jacques Cartier and Marguerite (Paradis) Cartier. The family originally came to Quebec in the seventeenth century from Prulier, where dwelt one Pierre Cartier. Family tradition asserted that this was a brother of Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, the explorer of the St. Lawrence. In 1740 (*circa*) Jacques Cartier, son of Pierre, emigrated to Canada, his sons later on settling on the Richelieu. In the old homestead the future statesman was born and his early years were spent, but, as soon as he was old enough, he was sent to Montreal College, the far-famed institution so ably conducted by the Sulpicians. Under the watchful care of these "scientific teachers" the youthful mind of the boy was turned into the channel it was thought his faculties were most inclined to, and he acquired a knowledge of philosophy, classics and rhetoric, acquitting himself with high distinction on leaving the college. His first step in professional life was an entrance to the study of the law, and on his admission to the bar he became associated with Mr. Edouard Rodier of Montreal. The period was one seething

with political excitement, and the atmosphere was charged with moral explosives. The events of 1837 were close at hand. It chanced that Mr. Rodier was a brilliant speaker and a very popular champion of the people's rights, both in the Legislature and on the platform. He was also a leader of the historic "Sons of Liberty", and it was but natural that Cartier, young and impressionable, should have passed through what Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, in his speech on laying the foundation stone termed *"un rêve épique"*. But the dreamer was, at heart, of loyal life, moderate in opinion and the friend and upholder of order. Cartier became, however, one of the insurgent organization and who, to-day, looking back at the events of the period, can say that he and his associates had no provocation? Mr. De Celles has, in his instructive biography of Cartier summed up the situation in the following words: "Cartier commenced with antagonism to a 'party' an insignificant minority which, having laid their hands on the government, used it for their special ends and profit, and denied to French-Canadians all the privileges and rights of British subjects. But as soon as self-government was granted to Lower Canada no more loyal upholder of the British Constitution than Cartier could be met in North America." It may safely be asserted that no British freeman, living in the "land which freemen till", would have calmly submitted to treatment of the unfair and unequal nature meted out to the Lower Canadians. Cartier, as already stated, became a leading member of the "Sons of Liberty" and composed the *Marseillaise* of the agitators: *"Avant tout je suis Canadien"*. At the time, when feeling was at fever heat, it may have appeared to many to have bordered on the treasonable. To-day the burden of the song is inscribed on the monument, erected by the public in honour of the agitator who wrote it, and an approving touch of the King's finger has laid it bare to meet the eye of all who pass by, that they who run may read.

Time passed on and right was done and then Sir George was seen playing another part as a citizen and political leader. The famous "annexation manifesto" of 1849 was published bearing the signature of a great number of people who had not been "Sons of Liberty" or branded as "rebels". One lived to be Premier of the Dominion and deliver his apologism on the floor of the Senate. In the front rank of those who opposed the disloyal band was Sir George Etienne Cartier, and a carefully-worded and wisely framed counter statement was issued. From that period Cartier's whole life was devoted to the "making of Canada", and advancing her interests beneath the inspiration and protection of British institutions and the British flag.

Not until the year 1848 did Cartier enter public life. Elected to represent his native county he went to Parliament as a supporter of the Lafontaine-Baldwin administration and took his seat in time to witness the destruction of the Parliament House at Montreal and the outrageous attack on the Earl of Elgin. He held the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, in the MacNab-Morin Government (1855) and, a little later, that of Attorney-General (Lower Canada) in the Taché-Macdonald administration (1856). The strong political tension of the period and remarkable party complications, brought the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet into existence in 1858. As the First Minister of the Province of Canada, Cartier exhibitted all his great powers, tact and skill as a statesman. His attention as Attorney-General East had been largely devoted to law reform and he has to be credited with the codification of the Civil Laws of Lower Canada and the decentralization of the Superior Courts. This was a long stride in the direction of facilitating legal procedure. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick has expressed the opinion that it also contributed to moral culture

The Cartier Monument at Montreal
Scene at the unveiling by King George, who pressed a button at Balmoral Castle. By direct electric connection the huge flag that veiled the monument was caused to fall

and that Cartier's work in legal reformation alone merited a statue. The vexed question of representation by population was also cautiously dealt with by him in a conciliatory spirit. Confederation, however, removed the vexed matter from the arena of discussion. Transportation was also a matter of national economy to which he gave great attention. To promote this he contended earnestly for the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, the Atlantic line to Portland and the construction of the Victoria Bridge. He also brought about extension and improvement in the educational machinery of Quebec. Normal Schools were established and

SUDBURY
PUBLIC

The house at St. Antoine-on-the-Richelieu in which George Etienne Cartier was born

the Council of Public Instruction. He detected weaknesses, and, perhaps, injustices in the Criminal Law as it existed and under his supervision it was materially modified, for the better. The municipal law so important to the well-being of the community was also made more comprehensive. But his field of action was much wider. The encouragement of ocean navigation, without which Canadian commerce was shackled, canalizations, the dredging of the St. Lawrence, the ultimate acquisition of the Northwest, and the Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway and the establishment of our military system all bear the stamp of Sir George Cartier's efforts and add to the debt Canadians owe him. The abolition of the system of Seigneurial Tenure was also a great reform in which he bore a leading part.

But his greatest work was what he accomplished in connection with Confederation. The main features of that event belong to the history of the country and are familiar to all, but the immensity of the work and the seemingly insurmountable obstacles which stood in the way of its accomplishment at the time cannot be fully imagined by those of the present generation. The records of the period, indeed, scarcely convey a clear idea of the vastness and complexity of the scheme as it presented itself at the critical period when it assumed practicable form and ceased to be an academic question only. But Confederation was accomplished and Canadians have, in great degree, to thank Sir George Cartier for the accomplishment. Political friend and opponent alike concede that without the efforts and hearty co-operation of the great Quebec leader of his people there would have been no Confederation and without Confederation there would be no Dominion of Canada, at least as we have it to-day. "I have no hesitation in saying that without Cartier there could have been no Confederation and therefore Canada owes him a debt which can never be re-

Sir George Etienne Cartier

From a photograph taken while he was Prime Minister of Canada

paid," wrote Sir Charles Tupper, one of Cartier's colleagues during the Confederation crisis. And Sir John Macdonald, after referring to Cartier's courage made a similar assertion.*

The closing years of Sir George Cartier's life afford a striking example of the value of "the sickly food of popular applause" and were shrouded by a veil of sadness. In

*It is to be regretted that at the time the Dominion of Canada came into existence there should have been a serious ''sin'' of omission or lack of judgment in the distribution of those fitting recognitions of the services of the statesmen who had brought about the great achievement. Sir George was greatly hurt by being created a Companion of the Bath only, while a higher class in the order was given Sir John Macdonald. What bid fair to cause unpleasant friction was happily averted by Sir Charles Tupper, while visiting the Duke of Buckingham, the British Minister who succeeded the Earl of Carnarvon who had so greatly aided in the passage of the British North America Act through Parliament. He told the new Minister that Cartier was as powerful in Quebec as John A. Macdonald was in Ontario and that the French-Canadian leader was entitled to as much consideration at the hands of the Crown. Sir Charles has recorded the fact that the Queen was consulted and declared her sympathy but could do nothing at the moment as there was no vacancy in the roll of Knights Commander of the Bath. Sir Charles suggested that the difficulty could be settled by recommending Cartier for a baronetcy. This was done and the breach was healed. Sir Charles has added to his note ''Cartier had a lovable personality, was a man of great ability and influence in Parliament where his loss was keenly felt.''

Sir George Etienne Cartier and his two daughters
From a photograph taken when hoop skirts were in fashion

1872 a general Parliamentary election was held; certain provincial proceedings of a political character had caused *Le Parti National* to be brought into existence. An unusual bitterness was fanned into flame and, to the astonishment and shame of a great number, Sir George Cartier met a crushing defeat in East Montreal, a comparatively unknown candidate, —now well known as Sir Louis Jette, —winning the day. It was not the mere loss of a seat which constituted the force of the blow. The defeated candidate was elected within a few days elsewhere and offers of seats were numerous. But after the great services he had rendered his countrymen the sting of ingratitude added force to the blow, which was doubtless felt

the more as it fell on a sick man. And Sir George was very ill, as it proved, unto death. It may be said that his opponents throughout the election contest brought infamy on themselves and disgrace on the constituency, and this many of the leaders afterwards admitted. The iron seems to have entered into the soul of the mortified statesman though he bore a bold front, and declared that his fight was far from being finished. But his dauntless heart beat too high. He neither knew or felt how near the Angel of Death had been to him for some time. He left for England in search of specialist treatment for his malady, strong in the determination of returning to renew his work in Canada, the country he loved so well, and the last letter he penned indicated that this purpose inspired him to the end. But, on the morning of May 21, 1873, he passed away. The stately column was broken, the silver voice silent.

From all sides expressions of regret sympathy and eulogy were poured on the survivors. Queen Victoria sent a personal condolence to Lady Cartier. In due time came messages from all parts of the Empire. In London the press was especially emphatic in its expressions of appreciation of the services of the deceased statesman. Miss Josephine Cartier, writing to a relation said: "The London newspapers are full of eulogies of my father for here, where even able men often live and die in obscurity, in this old England so haughty and proud the greatest men treated him as their equal, and rendered justice to his qualities".

In Canada all public honour was paid. Parliament voted the money for a monument as well as a public funeral and now the unveiling of the National Monument in Montreal by the King is a fitting and crowning act.

The scene in the House of Commons when Sir John Macdonald announced the sad news was very affecting. It may not be generally known that he was at heart, despite his cold exterior and self control, very sensitive and emotional. On this occasion he fairly broke down, and this was hardly to be wondered at. Not until the following day was he able to express his feelings in words; this he did in an eloquent eulogy. He summed up his declaration in the following words: "After the political feelings of the present day have faded away the sterling merits of Sir George Cartier's services, the real service he performed in joining with the English-speaking inhabitants of the country in working up the great problem of Confederation, will be seen in its true light. . . . I do not know of any statesman who has held office in Canada for very many years who, whilst holding that position has conferred the same great benefit on his country. The deceased statesman was an honour to his country, to his race and to his province."*

*There has never been any marked difference of opinion in party ranks as to the greatness of Sir George's public service. The writer has heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier say that no one did greater service in his own field than Cartier unless it was La Fontaine. And to come to another generation it is pleasing to read the following words written by Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, who was but a boy ten years old when Sir George Cartier died. "For what French-Canadians are indebted to Sir George Cartier, Canadians of every nationality are equally indebted. He taught them self-reliance and the duty of mutual respect and regard. He exposed the futility of the contention that it was impossible to make of Canada a great nation because Lower Canada was chiefly French and Catholic, Upper Canada English and Protestant, and the Maritime Provinces a mixture of all. The range of his vision extended far beyond the boundaries of Lower Canada and he was fond of asking his fellow-countrymen whether they desired to limit the influence of their race to the narrow boundaries of their own Province. The name of Cartier will live as long as this Dominion endures and of its survival until time shall be no more. There will be no cessation, so long as the spirit of patriotism, zeal, of devotion, of persistent energy and of conciliation, which characterized him remains implanted in the hearts of his countrymen." ("Sir George Etienne Cartier": his life and times by John Boyd).

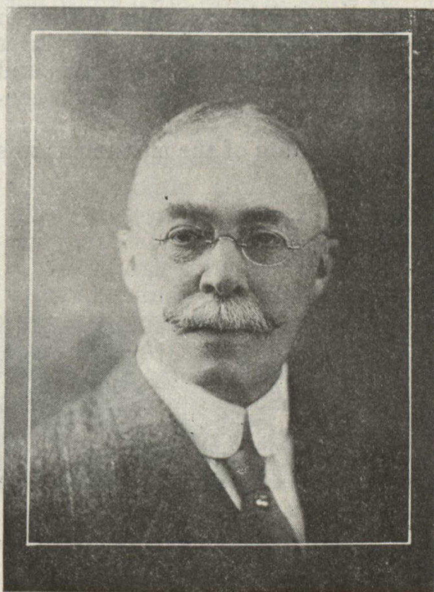
M'lle Hortense Cartier
who came from France to witness the unveiling of her father's monument

Close upon forty years after Sir George's death a meeting was held in Montreal to consider the question of a public memorial such as has now been erected. A Cartier Centenary Committee was formed, Mr. E. W. Villeneuve being made President. The successful consummation of the scheme may be largely credited to him. He has worked enthusiastically and wholeheartedly and public thanks are due to him. Competition was thrown open to all who chose to submit plans, the prize being awarded to Mr. G.W. Hill. That gentleman has designed a monument bold and impressive in its conception and artistic in its execution. It is an effective synopsis in bronze and stone, of the history of Canada during the period in which Sir George Cartier laboured for her advancement "In erecting this monument"—said, in effect, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick on laying the corner-stone—"you trace a page of our national history, but instead of inscribing the story on the flying sheets reserved for the student, you engrave on marble and expose it for the perusal of all, old and young".

The memorial consists of a column one hundred feet in height with a base of grey marble. It is surmounted by a figure representing Renown, crowning the effigy of Sir George whose figure is exceedingly life-like. Around the central figure and base are four statues representing the first provinces which entered Confederation, Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. A scroll unites these with the inscription *"O Canada mon pays mes amours"*, a song written by Sir George and first sung by him in 1835 at the inauguration of the St. John Baptiste Society, of which he was the secretary. He was a close friend of Duvernay the founder and others connected with it. It is a familiar story that he also sang it in the presence of King Edward VII., on a passage up the St. Lawrence, when he visited Canada as Prince of Wales in 1860. At the base of the monument, below the statues representing the banner provinces, is the following extract from a speech Sir George delivered at the time Confederation was looming large on the political horizon, and expressing his own deeply-rooted sentiments: "We are of different races not for strife, but to work together for the common welfare." This is a text which many in our own times

may study with profit and govern themselves accordingly. To the rear of the monument are five figures, similar in size to the others, representing the Provinces which have come into the federation since 1867 and these are linked with a scroll inscribed with the words, "The defence of the flag is one of the bases of Confederation", from a speech delivered by Sir George at a provincial Conference held at Halifax in 1864. It reflects his military instinct and it may be noted here that, at the time of his death, he was Minister of Militia. His policy as regards military matters was a little ahead of his time in many respects, and did not always meet with popular approval. Time has vindicated his forethought and policy alike. The figure of a soldier, at the rear of the pedestal, defending the flag is appropriate, especially at the present time. To the right and left of the base are groups of figures representing Education and Legislation, subjects of especial attention and development by Cartier during his ministerial terms. The first consist of three figures, typifying the imparting of instruction to the young. Legislation is also represented by three figures. The central represents Law, holding the symbolic sword in the right hand, while the left rests on a book in which Genius inscribes the laws compiled by the genius of the statesman whose memory is perpetuated by the structure. A child's figure is represented as pleading for consideration, symbolic of correction. Four large lions have yet to be placed in position at the approaches to the monument. The figures were all cast at Brussels where Mr. Hill has his studio. The magnitude of the monument may be imagined when it is noted that the figures weigh in all twenty-seven tons. It was at first feared that the Germans would seize these works of art. For four years a portion remained hidden in, or near, Brussels only being brought to light and shipped after the armistice. The statue of the soldier and the balance of the work only arrived in Canada during the present summer. The mottoes on the structure have all been carefully selected and are singularly appropriate. Apart from those already quoted are Cartier's family motto: *"Franc sans Dol"* (frank without deceit). *"Le Canada doit etre un pays non de licence mais de liberté, et toutes les libertés doivent etre protégées par la loi"* (Canada must be a country not of licence but of liberty, and all liberties must be protected by law).

A study of the monument has led to the conclusion that some illusion might have been made upon it to the great work done by Cartier in the interests of transportation. He, as has been already pointed out, long grasped the importance of the subject and it is to be remembered it was he who proposed in the year 1872 the Canadian Pacific Railway project in the House of Commons adumbrating in a prophetic peroration things to come then little dreamt of, as he exclaimed, amid loud applause, "All aboard for the West!" And this was some years before a minister of the



Mr. E. W. Villeneuve
Organizer of the Cartier Memorial Celebration

Crown advanced the theory that a transcontinental railway would only result in two streaks of rust across the continent and would not pay for the grease for its axle trees. The first and last speeches in Parliament delivered by Cartier were in support of a vigorous railway policy. He appreciated the importance of the subject as it bore on the issues of national development commercially, and settlement. It has been also suggested that yet another sentence would not be inappropriate. At the time Sir George met defeat in East Montreal in 1872 he was the recipient of a very sympathetic letter from the Earl of Dufferin, then Governor-General, a statesman of experience and acumen enough to fully appreciate the worth, patriotism and Imperial instinct of his minister and friend. In the course of that letter the following sentence occurs,

"The distinction you have won has not been merely personal for your name is indissolubly incorporated with the most eventful and most glorious epoch of your country's history, commencing as it does with your entrance into political life and culminating in that consolidation of the Provinces to which your genius, courage and great ability so materially contributed."

The unveiling of the monument was one of impressive nature. The unseen action of the King lent a species of weirdness to the proceedings while the presence of his Viceroy and those best qualified to constitute a representative national meeting added a grandeur and pomp to the spectacle. The greatest in the land did honour to the memory of the statesman. It was more than a Dominion demonstration. It was an Empire tribute. From the heart of the Empire Lloyd George sent his homage and from South Africa, Australia, New Zealand came messages from General Smuts, Messrs. Hughes and Massey, statesmen all of the Imperial type of which Cartier was so grand an example. The voice of Church and State where they exist beneath the British flag was heard in unison.

And deeply touching was the presence of the surviving daughter of Sir George, who had travelled from her home in France to be present on the occasion, and the words she spoke, though few, reflected deep feeling: "When I see the ever-increasing prosperity of Canada I feel proud and happy to think it is largely due to my father's great abilities and untiring activity. This prosperity of Canada, *"son pays ses amours"*, we all know he clearly foresaw. Heaven be praised for having spared me and enabling me to witness this event."

THE FREEZE-UP

BY HAMILTON M. LAING

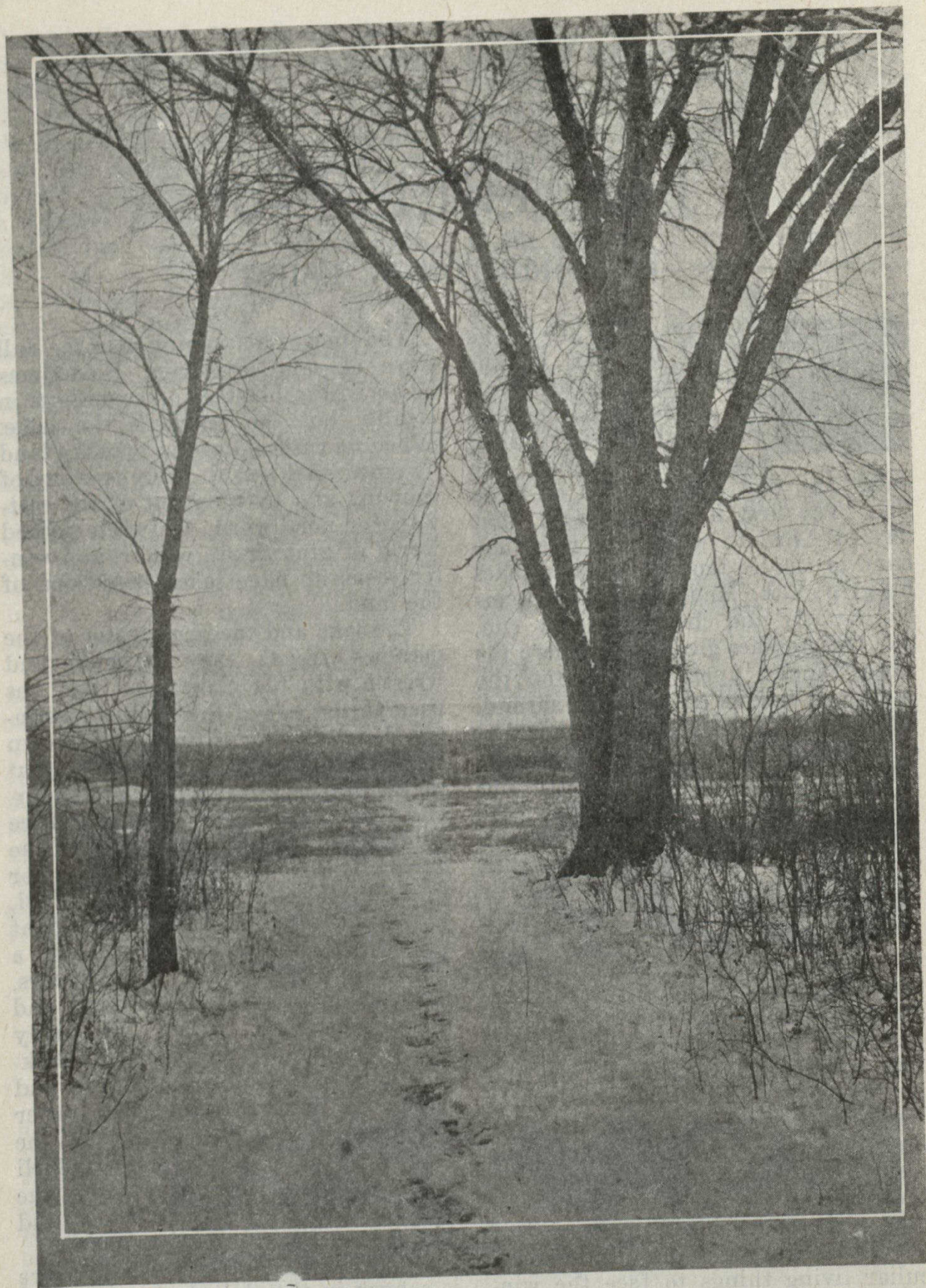
WO days there are in the life of a year in the North, big days, eventful, full of meaning, the birth and death of the kindlier season of summer, the entry and exit of the reign of King Sol. The first is the break-up, that day in April in which the relentless hand of the ice-fanged Boreas relaxes his grip on the land, when the streams run swiftly and chatter as they run, and the marshes gleam blue where the water ripples upon the ice, and the plainland throws off its white shroud. The second is the freeze-up, that day of November in which the land is locked again, when the face of earth and water turns to adamant and the woods settle into their winter silence. And these two times are as different in their significance as life from death or the beginning of things from the end.

What better vantage spot to watch the coming in of the ice king than my elm-clump that looks out across the Manitoba plainland, where the old elm patriarch commands the lake at his feet to westward, the oak and elm and poplar woods along the shore to southward, the winding marsh maze to eastward and off to northward the sandhill country. Each direction, in fact, presents a world in itself; each has to surrender itself to the will of the frost king; each has its own peculiar living things to face the winter problem in their several ways. The separate realms of marsh and wood and lake come together here at the elm-clump and it is a fit place to await the winter and watch the giant of the North working his will upon each of them.

The time of his coming is in the dull days of mid-November. Sometimes he arrives in bluster and sometimes in stealth, but the result is the same. When he rushes down to take the land by storm and assault there is a day of snowing and blowing out of the eastward or northward, the white-flecked world of gray grows whiter, and winter seems to have taken possession of the land.

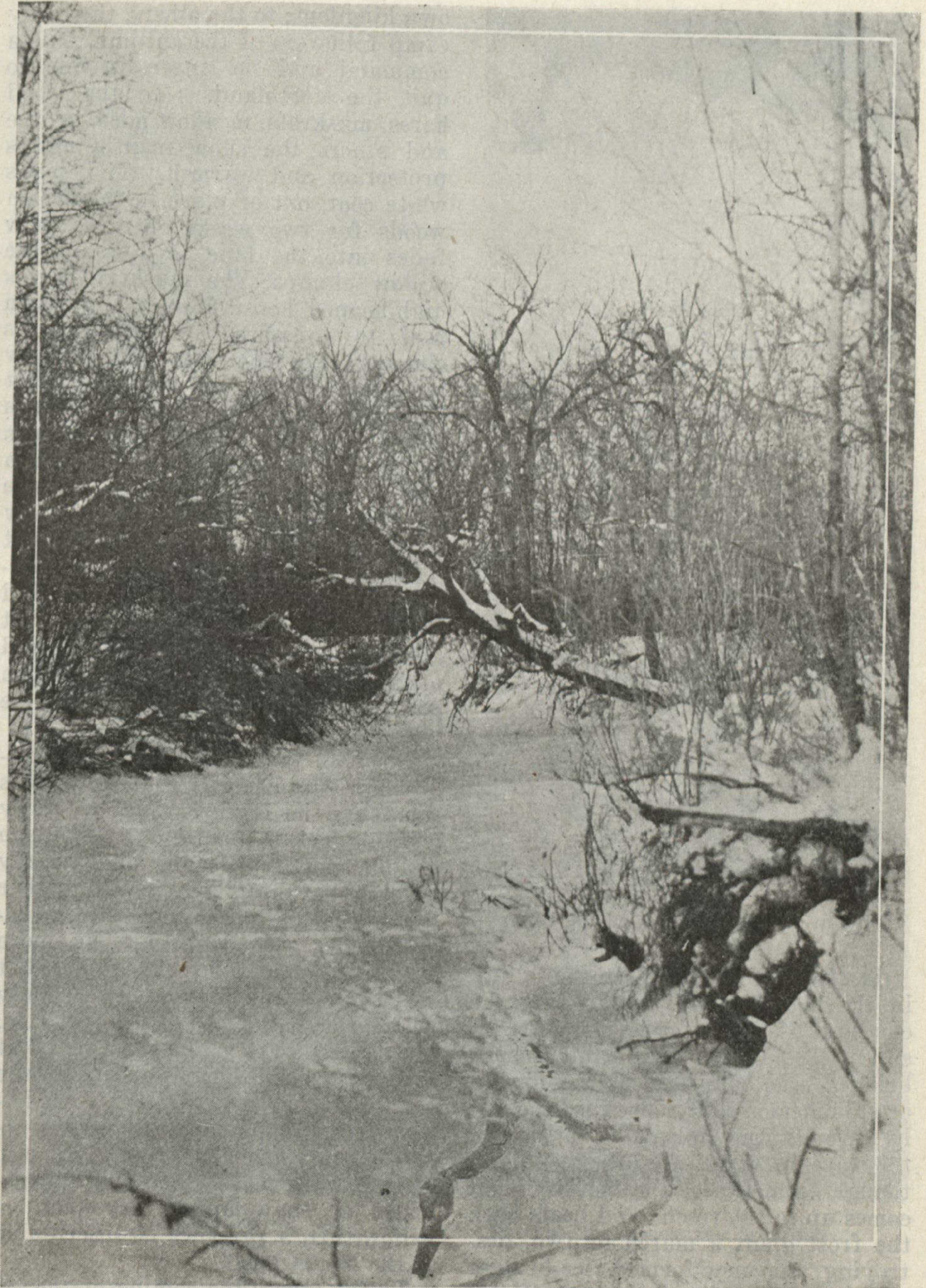
The lake and the open water of the marshes resist; they struggle and wrestle with the giant hand that has been thrust out of the north to strangle them, and for a time their brown waters eat up the falling hosts. But the white rim grows wider and wider, and white little rafts of snow and ice go drifting across the water to fill the down-wind bays; the end is near. For in the night when the sky has cleared, the wind now weaker but straight from the north and reinforced with a thousand legions of frost-spears, marches stoutly across the land and takes possession. When the tardy sun peeps again over the knoll backing the marsh windings of brown and white, he finds the land and water locked tight. Out in mid-lake the patches of white ice and black ice tell of the struggle there in the night; the black areas denote the last bitter stand of the open water.

But when he comes by stealth there is a hush in the chill dusk; no moaning of bare woods or rattling of naked arms in the elms over my roof, but a cold hand like the hand of death reached out of the realm of Boreas and silently grips and holds tight upon this more southerly land. The chill night is a time of silence; time



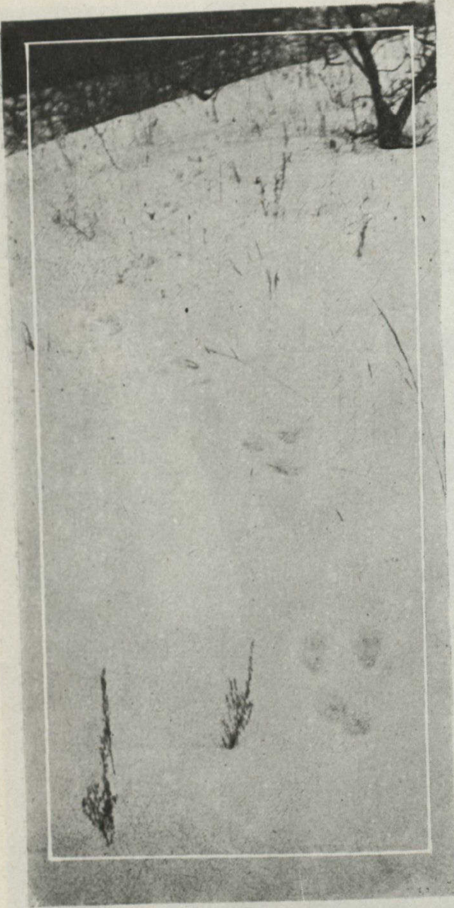
The first snow has come to the elm-clump

even seems to stand still, the world to become a void of hollow ringing stillness so dead that the coyote's keen yell travels on and on, and the soft hooting of the horned owl in the distant oaks booms out of the hush and fills earth and air strangely. Through the long night the cold hand of the North clutches tighter and tighter. The ice-rim at my landing—black ice,



It is the end of a season—the hard grip of the North

thin, needle-fanged, which at dusk when I went for water was but forty feet wide (and how it growled and cried as I thrust the canoe through it roughly to dip far out!)—now grows and grows wide, reaches out eager hands and builds its bridges towards mid-lake.



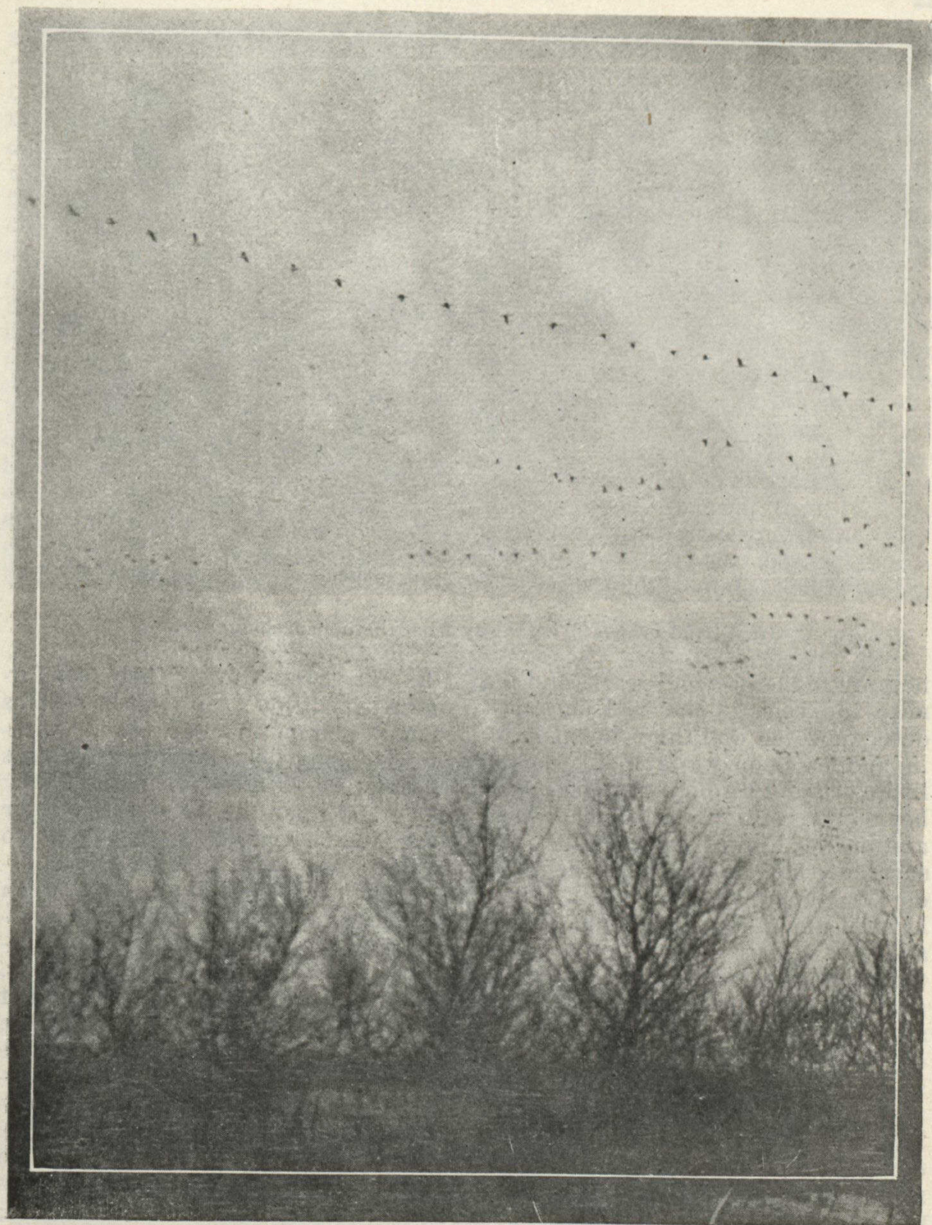
Bunny's early morning calling-card

The same story, too, is in the telling in the marshes and by morning the conquest of the water is complete. At sun-up Sol finds lake and marsh bridged and bound, gleaming darkly or shimmering and reflecting unevenly through the mirage of morning; they are in thrall for a season, and though sometimes the south wind comes up to the rescue and beats back the frost giant a march or two, destroying the new-formed ice-bridges and making general havoc of his works, such happens but rarely.

How variously is this momentous freeze-up time regarded by my neighbours, the wild denizens of these lands. To the winter residents of fur, or feather it is the coming into their own kingdom; to the others, the tardy camp followers of the autumn, it is a command and no uncertain one to quit the northland. To the wood hares, muskrats, meadow mice, grouse and others the snow mantle means protection and warmth. The hare's white coat, out of place in the brown woods for two weeks or more, now fades into the blue shadows of the willow clumps; the muskrat in his high-heaped house finds a new warm roof to conserve the heat in his clammy apartment; to the meadow mice it is also a warm blanket that heaping upon the tangled grasses leaves a world of tunnels and runways below; and to the grouse the snow is a bed, a warm and dry one. To the mink and weasel and coyote the snow is neither here nor there, perhaps it is little to their liking, but the ice footing gives them liberty to prowl and hunt amongst the rush-clumps that all summer were beyond reach; and always at freeze-up there is much game to be hunted in these same patches.

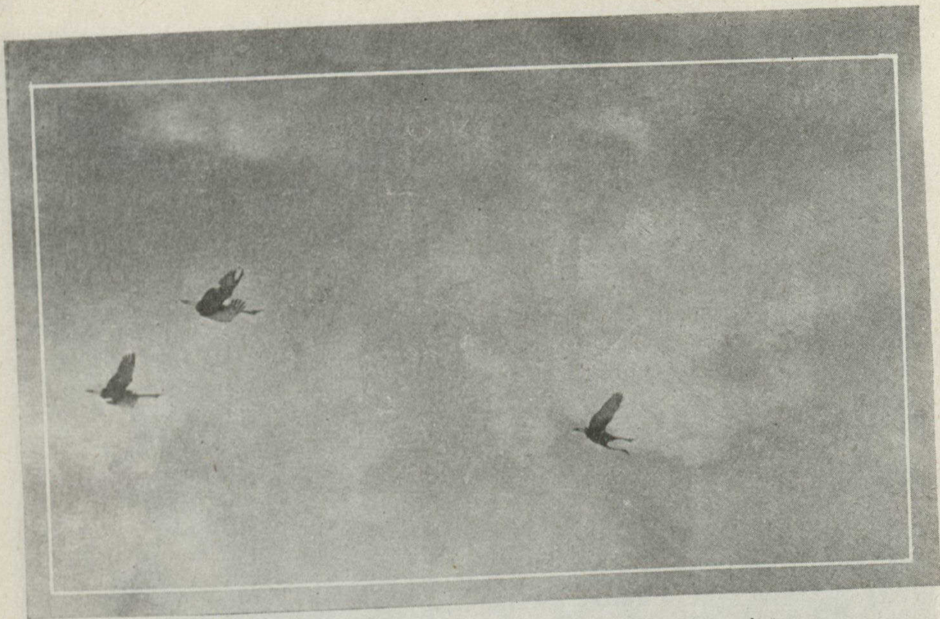
Down in the timber the pine grosbeak whistles cheerily that winter has come, and he is glad of it. A fluffy whiskey jack (Canada jay) on pillage bent comes into camp and saucily jabbers that the change in the weather is quite to his liking; and the chickadee's notes take on a cheerier, more optimistic tone. Like some apples that are said to attain excellence only where they absorb a pinch of frost, so the black-cap's notes are only at their best when there is a sting in the air. But the very spirit of such fellows is best typified by the newly-arrived snowy owl, ghostly, silent, haunting the marsh, perching on rat-house or snow-capped hay-stack or willow-tuft, a presence as inscrutable as the North itself.

To the others the coming of the ice and snow is a warning, yea more, an order for forced marches into the southland. Now go the hardy ones among the migrants, the fellows fired with an unquenchable love of the North, and they leave it only because



The goose legions drag their long lines southwards against the drab sky

they must. Scarcely less freezable than the winter residents are the mallard, Canada goose, snow goose, whistling swan, rough-legged hawk or even the little horned lark. But these chaps face the spectre of starvation; not cold alone could turn them from the North, their home-land. It is the white snow mantle that sends the last horned lark swirling off southward from the plowed fields, and the big, mouse-loving rough-legged hawk posts off through the evening. Mere cold both would scorn; but the weed-seeds



Great sand cranes flying away from the approaching winter

now are hidden beyond reach, and the mice and voles in the field and meadows know too well the value of keeping under their white roof. So the little lark and his big prowling neighbour alike say farewell. The geese and mallard ducks and swans, too, surrender only in the last trench. For days they haunt the last open water-hole, sit upon the ice by day and night and wait apparently in the hope that the south wind will come to their assistance. Even when the water is sealed they sometimes remain for a day or two, while the great whistling swans that come fluting out of the north fresh from some lake scarce known to Boreas himself takes a look down at the ice-sheet and swing on slowly southward. Occasionally they too drop down to take their place upon the chill expanse.

That these web-footed ones do not freeze their feet on such a perch is one of the wonders of nature's ways. Flat-footed and thin-footed are they all and one might be forgiven for thinking that thirty degrees of frost would stiffen their toes and webs in a few moments. Yet frost-bite or chilblains seem not in their catalogue of fleshly ills. The geese during their last foraging expedition upon the wheat-fields stamp about in the snow without suffering harm and the mallards at times do the same. Similarly they can stand upon the ice and keep their feet from harm. But when they go to sleep they resort to a trick peculiarly their own. They cuddle down upon the ice, but draw up their feet, bending them forward, and bury them beneath the overlapping side feathers. The feet thus housed are snug; but often in the morning when the goose or duck rises, he is forced to leave some of his feathers fast in the ice—a tribute to the warmth of his body as well as to the heroism of his ways.

How late is the coming of these mid-November days. Indeed the day now is but a morning and an evening; noon-day is but a position of the sun, a potentiality rather than a tangible reality. Yet how full of incident are these twilight periods. There was a shouting of deep-throated Canada geese in the night; they were passing low and calling inquiringly down to the lake and listening in spells for reply of comrades there. Their awakening sounded and faded again,

and the gentle whispering of snowflakes upon my canvas roof told me the reason for their journeying thus through the darkness. Now at gray dawn—it is really a late rising—when I thrust out my head turtle-wise through the tent-flap to see the new day in its white dress, it is to note instantly that in the night I have had other and lowlier visitors. The little hare that left me when the shrubbery behind my wood-pile became naked, now has returned under cover of night to renew tacit acquaintance. His patterned tracks are at the very door. Though I have a misgiving that he came to interview the tuft of sheaf-oats left by a recent visitor who drove a horse, I like to think that my hare came on this chill night to see me, and that he is the selfsame bunny that once in a kindlier season as I lay abed priming myself with the dawn chorus of a June morning, came into my tent and sniffed about and wiggled his little nose inquisitively at me. Another visitor has been near too; about the chopping-log are little pads in twos and twos where a long-tailed weasel has been at his hunting.

Down at the landing there are other tracks. Close at the water's edge—though now beneath the sheet of snow, the distinction between sand-rim and ice is lost—are the twin foot-pads of a mink where he skipped along the shore. Farther up at the edge of the grass are many more tracks, broad, webbed, three-toed: a goose has been wandering there. Only one story can be built about such evidence: a shot-wounded unfortunate

A snow goose left behind to face the winter

has come ashore to seek sustenance for his miserable body from the grass and withered vegetation. At the creaking of my pail-handle he shows himself and from the point of the willows a few yards distant he springs into the air and heading lakeward again flies feebly out across the snow-covered ice-sheet. Cold, cheerless, terrible prospect!

The picture of the freeze-up is in the making to-day; its story is being written plain. The center of interest is in mid-lake and all other details are incidentals merely to the play there. A mile from shore across the white ice-field hangs a slight hazy cloud-bank, the black water smokes below and sends up its steaming contributions to hold the vapour above. This is where the deeper water, still warm with the potential heat of the kinder season, defies the North and resists stubbornly. Dark strings and lines of dots at intervals may be seen speeding above or through the haze for a moment and then settling again into the dark water—ducks: the rear-guard of the hardy ones of the tribe. Most probably these are bluebills; for like the mallards these cold-loving chaps hold to the North as long as they can find an open water-hole in which they can dive for their pond-weed food and incidentally keep warm. For however much it may make us shudder to contemplate naked feet in icy water, it must be admitted that at least it is warmer than out in the air where the temperature is actually freezing; so perhaps the ducks and geese and muskrats and such others as stay immersed in stinging weather, after all have the best of it.

There is more to seen at the black water-hole in the distance. On the ice are dotted groups, big white dots, small white dots, and big and small black dots and blotches with a single one of each here and there alone; and to one who has watched the lake long at this critical time, the story is very plain. The big white objects grouped are whistling swans, resting while en route for more southerly waters, or awaiting more happy weather; the smaller and scattered white objects are snow geese, strays, cripples, unfortunates, victims of gunners, left behind when their noisy legions streamed away southward but yesterday. The big, black-dotted strings—there are three or four of them—are Canada gray geese; like the swans, they too are waiting in hope of better things. The lonely, big black dots are unfortunates among the gray geese; the close-packed rank of small dark dots denotes a stubborn mallard score, mostly drakes, also bent on staying till the last; and the scattered solitary things of small stature are duck cripples, the lame and halt, also sufferers on account of men who make poor shooting. For it is the law that the lame and halt shall sit apart. Ah, this much of the tale of the water-hole may be guessed easily to-day; the rest will be a dreadful reality on the morrow.

At about nine a. m. by the clock, or when the low sun to south-eastward is warming the heavy sky guns begin to boom to southward from the big marsh beyond the woods. Two double guns firing quickly at intervals and intermittent strings of hurrying ducks speeding from behind the timber toward mid-lake tell with force and eloquence what is happening there. The deep-water marsh lying warmly muffled in its rush and reed-brakes always staves off the hand of winter as long as the lake does; and here the mallards had made bivouac and rendezvous. In the night and in the first hour of gray light of morning, they came down, hundreds of them, out of the freezing North and settled here to rest. Yet even here, surrounded by an ice-field, they have been denied sanctuary; for two shooters from the lodge on the lake-rim, primed with the cupidity that loves a bag of freeze-up mallards—(always fat and well fleshed, the very cream of the season)—have pushed their metal duck punt across the ice and invaded the heart of the stronghold.

Again and again the four-fold reports rattle from behind the timber. Some of the flocks, but half wise to the way of gunners and bent on holding to the open water, circle about and return foolishly to be fired at again. Others go out to the lake; but the greater number take up their journeying again, and resolutely whiffle off into the gray southern sky.

A moving thing heading toward mid-lake swings over the brown marsh grass to northward. A glance is sufficient to realize its part in the freeze-up picture. A spoonbill duck is skimming along low; though his wings move more rapidly than is usual even with his swift kind, his progress is slow; he droops a trifle in the rear; his beak is more elevated than he commonly carries it, and feebleness is written in every motion of his fluttering progress. Poor fellow! He, too, is an unfortunate; he has been cured and recovered the use of his wings since he was stricken with his leaden missile—but too late. His strength will not carry him off with the others into the southern sky. He is but shoving back a day or two the clutches that are reaching for him.

What a death's harvesting is this time of the freeze-up! What a slaying of the weak and unfit, a lopping off of the fools and weaklings and unfortunates—Nature's inexorable way, heartless yet sternly benign. Only the strong and the sane go off boring into that gray sky above the southerly ice-rim. The birds that have tarried too long or that lack the instinct to go journeying—and from tree sparrows to crows there are many such yearly in any neighborhood—now suffer the extreme penalty and perish miserably. To-day there are scores throughout the land—sparrows, meadowlarks, blackbirds, doves, snipe and sandpipers, no race or tribe seemingly immune to the failing—many that sit about here or there, hungry, cold-racked, awaiting a wretched end. Many there are, too, younglings, that suffer for the short-comings of their parents. In the black water-hole are some young ducks and grebes and coots. Their foolish parents erred and hatched them so late in the season that now their half-fledged wings are useless and they must stay to pay the penalty they so little deserve. Verily the freeze-up is a weeding-out of the unfit; those that err and stray from the path of their fathers must perish.

At noon when the wood-pile is growing steadily in response to the camp-axe—provident foresight against the long hours of evening—when the two chickadees are merriest about the tent-door, and a nuthatch in the big elm—surely the very last one of his tribe in the North—is calling crankily in response to a forsaken tree sparrow, there is a whirr and flutter of wings across the way and visitors have arrived. In an elm-tip are nearly a dozen pinnated grouse. Even such grass lovers change their ways with the freeze-up. Now at mid-day they are perchers; for it is warmer up in the light than down in the snow-laden cover. They, too, are laggards; their tribe, breaking most grouse traditions, have already moved south into the Dakotas; but these, my neighbours, are the hardy, tenacious ones of the breed, and their presence here in the elm-top is a challenge to Boreas to do his worst. Only much snow and continued cold will be able to rout these hot-blooded chaps.

The November day now is short, the cloudy afternoon little better than a twilight, and night comes early. But like the morning, the evening is a stirring time with the wild things. First go the roughlegged hawks—great blackish fellows, cruelly indifferent to wind or weather; they hunt as they journey and post off slowly, serenely southward. Then later when the yellow sun-patch is burning feebly in the south-west, the mallards pick up and follow. It is always an event, their leave-taking; at intervals from the water-hole in the big marsh or from the lake there rises a pattering of webbed feet and a rushing of whiffling wings, and a detachment half a hundred strong rises and bears away

on the course they know so well. Sometimes they circle a time or two as though loath to leave, and many turn again and settle with their lagging comrades. Who gives the word? Who leads those whiffling lines as they stream off across the lake-rim, flying abreast in sinuous rank with wings all in tune? No man can tell; but the freeze-up companies are the pick of the species; the big green-head drakes predominate—in fact whole detachments at times show but a mere sprinkling of brown duck wives—and these strong and wise ones fanning off into the darkness know well their destination. Each flock follows the same course as the preceding; one could readily believe it was all prearranged; and there is music and mystery in the singing and whispering of their sharp wings as they steer off and fade into the dull sky. It is their farewell.

There is a hush in the darkness as of things ominous; it is the lull that follows the battle won, the surrender, the marching in of the powers of the North. It is the end of a season; and it is the end of things to-night for the unfit and unfortunate; for in the darkness the black water-hole will close. The coyotes that yell shrilly from the sandhills at dusk know it well, and every one of them turns his sharp nose lakeward; the restless weasel and mink know it too and are early abroad, each keen with the blood-thirst. The snowy owl that perched all day on the white-capped hay-stack will find bigger game than mice on the frozen marsh to-night; and his horned brother of the oaks will leave his woods and make a killing out among the ice-bound rush-clumps. For to-night is the débacle, the shoreward march of the doomed.

And the new morning sees it in all its gruesomeness; the ice has become a veritable bridge of sighs. Dots upon the white lake-field from the vicinity of the former hole right to the shore, and patches of tremulous down and feathers near the rush-margins tell what has been in order during the hours of darkness as I slept up in the elms. Every patch of feathers tells of the mercifully cruel work of owl or mink or weasel or coyote. Here died a pintail duck, there a gadwall; here lies the half-eaten remains of a canvasback duck that made but sad picking for his murderer; and here died a gray goose and was carried away. Shoreward now is the prompting, each according to his strength. Birds but recently wounded and others that received their hurt from gunners early in the season, alike set out on their last journey, a funeral march where there are no mourners and no deceased, yet all are as dead; and to-night will bring the end. When the morning light next slants across the lake there will be no dots upon it—just a desolate expanse of ice.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918

From the Painting by J. E. Sampson

THE PENSIONERS

BY JOHN LAVENDER

IT was China Macdonald who told me about *The Pensioners*. China is known in the official correspondence of the army as Maj. the Rev. John Macdonald, M.C., Senior Chaplain of the *n*th Canadian Division; but in the daily language of the Canadian Corps he is known as China. He is a tremendous person. It is difficult to realize that before the war he was merely a struggling curate in a small Ontario town; for he is famous now as the fighting padre of that Canadian infantry battalion which enjoys the pleasant nick-name of the "White Ghurkas".

Everyone agrees that he should have been a combatant officer. He had an unusual passion for going over the top with the first wave of the attack; and there are rumours—but whisper it not in Gath—that on more than one occasion he picked up a rifle and waged a war against the Hun on his own account. But I am concerned here, not in telling stories about China, but in telling a story China told me.

I was surprised when he asked me if I had read *The Pensioners*, for I had never suspected him of an interest in the new novels. I knew that the book had been very successful, for I had seen the advertisements announcing that it had reached ten editions. He urged me to read it, said that he felt a responsibility for it, that he was in fact a sort of sponsor or foster-parent to it.

China, as a patron of literature, rather amused me, and I am afraid I indulged in some gentle ridicule.

Then he told me the story.

After the first battle of the Somme China was sent back to Canada on three months' leave. He went back to the town of St. Kitts, where he had been curate, and stayed with the old rector for part of the time. The old man, China said, was a veritable Jeremiah. He was very pessimistic about the effect the war was having on religion and morals.

"The war," he said one afternoon over the tea-cups, "is bringing in its train not only physical and mental tribulations, but moral tribulations as well. I am repeatedly impressed by the weakening, the deterioration, of the moral fibre of the country since the war began."

In the old days China would have hesitated to disagree with the rector on any matter touching faith and morals. Even now he dissented only with great diffidence.

"Of course, sir," he said deferentially, "you know conditions in Canada better than I do. At the Front we get out of touch with things over here. But I do not feel alarmed about the morality of the country; in fact, I feel rather encouraged about it. There may be less attention paid to the ordinances of the Church; there may be less outward and formal piety. But there is a great deal more unselfishness, more brotherly kindness, more of the spirit of Christ himself. And my experience in France has taught me that the spirit of Christ is sometimes present where the outward appearance of Christianity is conspicuously absent."

The rector made impatient gestures.

"You do not get my meaning," he broke in. "I mean that the kingdom of the powers of evil is extending its borders. Actual sin is on the increase, and what is worse, there is a growing tendency everywhere to condone sin. I will give you an illustration of what I mean. There is living in this parish a young woman, the widow of an officer who was killed in Flanders, and the mother of a dear little child. She is living in open and unashamed sin with a returned officer who has been discharged from the army. It is a most distressing case. One would think that the woman, even if she had no respect for the memory of her dead husband, would at least think of the interests of her child. I ventured to remonstrate with the man about his conduct; but he turned on me with the foulest language, language so insulting that I could never again, I am afraid, bring myself to have anything to do with him."

China Macdonald asked for the man's name. He naturally felt a sort of parochial interest in any soldier who had gone wrong.

"Windermere," said the rector; then, with a start, he added, "You must know him; I think he was with your old battalion at the Front."

"Yes," replied China, "I know him well. I'm very much surprised by what you tell me. Windermere was one of the best officers in the battalion. I must go and see him. Will you tell me where he lives?"

Half-an-hour later China, who, once he had made up his mind to do a thing, never rested till he had done it, walked up to a frame cottage on a side-street in the outskirts of St. Kitts. It was such a cottage as might have belonged to a labourer; but it had about it a distinctive air of refinement. Flower-boxes and snow-white curtains garnished the windows; the garden was carefully tended and laid out with taste; the brass knocker on the front door shone like the stick-man's buttons at guard-mounting.

China's knock at the door was answered by a young man on crutches, dressed in shabby mufti. It was Windermere. For a moment the two men looked at each other without recognition. Then the light sprang into Windermere's eyes, and thrusting out his hand, he exclaimed heartily:

"The Padre, by God. I hardly knew you. Come in. Where the devil did you blow in from? By Jove, it's great to see you. I suppose you're back on leave."

The words tumbled out so fast that they carried with them just a suggestion of nervousness.

China was ushered into a sitting-room in which was burning a cheerful little grate fire. By the fire sat a girl dressed in black, relieved only by narrow white widow's collar and cuffs. Her face, at which China shot a searching glance, was beautiful in an unusual way: a fine forehead, such as one seldom sees in women, was only partially obscured by hair of the colour and texture of spun gold; the eyes were calm, but high-spirited; the mouth and chin were sensitive. Her hands were busy with some sewing, which she gathered up at China's entrance.

"Yvonne," said Windermere, "this is Major Macdonald. You have often heard me speak of him. He was the chaplain of the White Ghurkas. Mrs. Cadwallader," he explained, turning to China, "is keeping house for me. You must remember her husband; he was in the White Ghurkas, and died of wounds received in the same show as I was hit in."

China shook hands gravely. "Of course I remember your husband," he said; "I think I wrote to you at the time of his death telling you how much we all thought of him."

Mrs. Cadwallader acknowledged the receipt of the letter, which, she said, had been a great source of comfort to her at the time. Then, pleading the excuse of house-work, she withdrew, and left the two men to themselves.

For a few minutes after her departure, the conversation turned on those friendly inquiries usual with men who have not met within a period of time. But a trace of nervous volubility persisted in Windermere's manner; and even China was conscious of a sense of restraint, due mainly to a desire on his part to avoid treading on embarrassing ground.

At last, however, Windermere's innocent query as to where China was staying let the cat out of the bag.

"The rectory," said China succinctly.

Windermere smiled a wry smile. "I'm afraid you will have heard little good about us there. The rector and I are hardly on cordial terms. He tried to interfere in my domestic arrangements—said some very uncalled-for things about Mrs. Cadwallader—and I'm afraid I was rather rude to him. If he hadn't been an old man, I'd have been a damn sight ruder."

"Yes," admitted China, "the rector told me something about your—ah—disagreement." Then, with that directness which was one of his most engaging characteristics, he added, "I hope he was entirely in the wrong."

Windermere, sitting huddled in an easy chair with his crutches nursed beside him, paused before replying. He seemed to be debating within himself how much or how little he should say. But the pause was only momentary. Looking up at China's rough, impassive face, he began to speak, at first slowly and jerkily, then with gathering ease and vehemence:

"I'm not an authority on ethics, Padre. Your ideas are perhaps different from mine. You may consider that the rector was right. Perhaps he was. God knows it hasn't been easy for me to decide what I ought to do. There have been so many things to consider—practical as well as theoretical. No one knows better than I do that there are objections to my present course of action. The worst of it is that it is hard on Yvonne. She is avoided like a German spy by some of the pretended Christians of this place. But we have made up our minds to do what we are doing, and our consciences are quite easy and clear about it.

"Let me tell you how we are situated. You will remember that poor old Cadwallader and I were both hit in the show at the Orchard. I was, I think, hit worse than he was; but with him gas gangrene set in, and he died at the clearing station. I was in the next bed to him, and before he died he gave me some messages and one thing and another to give to his wife. He made me promise to go and see her, and help her if I could. I think he was worried about her and the youngster; he had no private means, and he must have realized that the pension of a subaltern's widow would not see her very far. When I told him that I would see she was looked after, and that he was not to worry, he seemed more contented. Not long after that he went west.

"As soon as I was sent back to England, I wrote to her, sent her his messages, and told her about his death—how easy and peaceful it was, and that sort of thing. Then when I was transferred to hospital in Canada, I got leave and came out to St. Kitts to see her. I found her living in this cottage, which was the cheapest place she could rent. I asked her how she was getting along, and at first she swore up and down that she was getting along quite alright. But I knew from what Cadwallader had told me that she must be pretty hard-up. On questioning her more closely, I found that she was really being worried sick about making ends meet. She was behind in her payments to the tradesmen, and she was too proud to ask for help. I went around to the tradesmen, and paid off her arrears; and, greatly against her will, I made an arrangement with her landlord by which her rent bill was sent to me. I was still at that time on army pay; and being in hospital, I did not have much to spend my money on.

"When I came out of hospital, and was given my discharge from the

army, Yvonne asked me to come and stay here. I had no other place to go, for my people are all dead; so I came; and I have stayed on here ever since. Indeed, I haven't had much choice. As you can see, I'm not good for much. Some days I am better than on others; but I couldn't, unless my health improves very much, undertake a steady job. My pension is all I have to come and go on; and to tell you the sober truth, I do not think I could live on it. On the other hand, Yvonne and the youngster cannot live on their pension. The only way we can make ends meet is by pooling our resources and living under one roof. Even so, it's not all beer and skittles."

Silence fell between the two men. Windermere, his lower lip thrust out, ruminated apparently on the problems of existence; China Macdonald, his face still grave and impassive, turned over in his mind the various aspects of the situation which Windermere had unfolded. It was a situation in which he found the old familiar landmarks of little use.

It was China who broke the spell.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I ask a question or two?"

"Not at all," said Windermere. Then with a grim smile, "Now that I'm in the confessional, I may as well go through with it."

China cannot have enjoyed the thrust about the confessional, but he was not to be turned aside.

"Do you mind," he went on, inexorable as a prosecuting counsel, "telling me what your feelings are towards Mrs. Cadwallader?"

Windermere looked him straight in the eye. "There is nothing I would not do," he said briefly, "to make her happy."

"Then," said China bluntly, "why not get married?"

Windermere looked at him in amazement, and then burst into discordant laughter.

"My dear old Padre, do you mean to tell me that you have been all these years in the army, and yet you do not know that when a soldier's widow marries again, she loses her pension? No, no, that is not the solution. Why, we should be on the street in a month. Thanks, old man, but I prefer the frying-pan to the fire."

China, a bit shame-faced, admitted having overlooked this aspect of the situation; but, unwilling to admit himself routed, he returned to the attack with a further question.

"Are you quite sure that there is nothing you could do to supplement your pension, so that you could assume the financial responsibility of your household?"

Windermere shook his head. "The trouble about that plan is that if you show any capacity for earning money, the Pensions Board is liable, I hear, to come along and reduce the amount of your pension. But if there is any way in which I could earn a living, I should be only too glad to hear about it. The doctors tell me that if I try office work I shall in all probability have a break-down, and manual labour is obviously out of the question."

China rose and stood before the fire-place. His great, rough figure seemed to dominate the room.

"I don't want you to think," he said, "that I don't appreciate fully the difficulties—the great difficulties—you have to face. If I had my way, chaps like you would be removed from the thought of want for the rest of their lives. But unfortunately I am not in control of the Canadian House of Commons; I am even debarred at present from expressing publicly my opinion of that body, or what it ought or ought not to do. We can only at present take things as we find them. And if I were in your position, I think I would strain every nerve—I would leave no stone unturned—I would move heaven and earth—to find some way of earning a competency. You owe it to Mrs. Cadwallader to do this; you owe it to her small child, who will some day grow up and be your judge. Remember, nothing is farther from my mind than to blame you. Had I been in your position, I dare say I would have done very much

what you have done. But I wouldn't stop there. I would not rest until I could snap my fingers at anything the Pension Board could do."

He stopped. Windermere drew a long breath, and seemed lost in reverie. He had often traversed this ground in thought before, but he had seen it with the eyes of a valetudinarian. Now he began to see it with the eyes of one of the most vigorous personalities in the Canadian Corps; he seemed in touch again with the spirit that had animated his old companions in the White Ghurkas.

"You are right," he said. "Never say die. What do you suggest?"

China was on the point of outlining various possibilities which occurred to him on the spur of the moment, when the door opened, and Mrs. Cadwallader came in to announce that the evening meal—"I can hardly call it dinner," she said—was ready, and that they would be glad if Major Macdonald would stay and partake of their humble fare.

China was immediately all apologies for having stayed so late, and was for taking his departure immediately. But Windermere would not hear of his going, professed that he would be deeply aggrieved if he did not stay; and China allowed himself to be persuaded, not without an inward tremour as to what the old rector would have to say when he found that his guest had been breaking bread in the house of sin.

The conversation at dinner flickered about the old days in France and Flanders. China Macdonald, who was always in good form at the dinner-table, recounted with gusto the later history of certain worthies in the White Ghurkas whom Windermere had known, but had lost track of; and Windermere threw light on one or two passages of battalion history with which China was imperfectly familiar. Mrs. Cadwallader listened at first in silence, and China thought that he detected in her a strain of antagonism, unexpressed and unformulated, toward himself; but as the meal progressed, her manner became less reserved. China would have liked to discover what her attitude would be toward the suggestions he had made to Windermere; but the matter was too delicate for him to broach on his own initiative, and Windermere studiously avoided any reference to it. China, therefore, limited himself to mere table-talk, striving only to convey to Mrs. Cadwallader, in his blunt way, the impression that he was above all her friend and Windermere's.

It was not until he was taking his departure that China found an opportunity to pick up the threads of his conversation with Windermere where they had been dropped. Windermere walked out with him to the garden gate, moving slowly on his crutches; and China immediately plunged into his interrupted argument.

"A number of possible openings occur to me," he said, "none of them perhaps entirely satisfactory. You might be able to take a place as master in a boys' school. The hours there would not be long, and the holidays would be *déjà quelque chose*. Unfortunately, the pay would be poor. We might find something in the civil service that would suit you. Or perhaps you might set up in some sort of business, the oversight of which would not be too great a tax on you. These are just possibilities that occur to me. They'll have to be looked into more closely. But you may depend upon this, if any capital is necessary to start you up, it will be forthcoming, and if there is anything I can do, it will be done. I shall think things over to-night. I'll come around and see you to-morrow, and perhaps then I shall have some new ideas."

The two men gripped hands in the darkness, and parted.

When China returned to the rectory, he found the rector in the library. As he sat down in the leather armchair by the fireplace, where often in the old days before the war he had sat in fear and humility, his

manner had lost all trace of that of the curate of St. Kitts; it was rather the manner of the Senior Chaplain of the *n*th Canadian Division, that of a person set in authority.

"I have been at Windermere's," he announced abruptly. "He wants to marry Mrs. Cadwallader, but can't finance it. If she marries she loses her pension. His motives throughout have been of the best. He promised Mrs. Cadwallader's husband before he died to look after her. I want you to help me to find him something suitable to do, so that he can manage to get married."

The rector removed his spectacles, and placed them between the leaves of the book he was reading.

"It seems to me," he observed austerely, "that the proper thing for Mr. Windermere to do is to get married first, and then ask for help afterwards."

"He is not asking for help," snapped China; "it is I who am insisting on his taking it. I don't regard him as at all in the wrong. What's wrong is our criminal pension arrangements. Here are two young people, one of whom has lost his health in the service of his country, a complete cripple, the other of whom has lost her husband and sole means of support; and their grateful country provides them with pittances on which neither of them can support a decent existence. They ought to be lapped in luxury for the rest of their lives. When I think of them, and when I compare them with the able-bodied war profiteers and their wives, whom one sees rolling about in opulent motor-cars, people to whom this war has meant nothing but gain, I confess I see red. The source of the unfortunate position in which Windermere and Mrs. Cadwallader find themselves does not lie in any fault of theirs; it lies in the shameful injustice of their treatment by the Government of this country. I am not able to change the laws of the land; but I intend to do what I can in this case to mitigate their pernicious effects."

"But," expostulated the rector, "the laws of the land have not compelled these two people to live together as though they were man and wife."

"That is precisely what they have done, and at the same time they have made it impossible for them to obtain the consecration of marriage by the Church. It is only by living together that they can pay their way; but if they marry, they lose half their source of livelihood, meagre as that is."

"I admit," said the rector, "that it is a difficult and unusual case. Perhaps I have been hasty in judging it. I am glad to discover that there are what the lawyers call extenuating circumstances. But I find it difficult to compromise with sin, wherever I meet it. What do you want me to do in the case?"

"To try and discover some means by which Windermere can earn a living. He is useless for manual labour, and he cannot stand long hours in an office or constant application."

"What education has he had?"

"He was a student at the law school when the war broke out."

"Then he must have had a fair schooling at least." The rector hesitated. "I should suggest that he should try writing. In my younger days, I used to obtain a very respectable addition to my income by writing occasional articles; and the market for such compositions is better to-day than it was then. Even if one has but average talent, one can always make money by writing boiler-plate; and if one has exceptional ability, there is always the chance of catching the public ear, and doing very well by oneself. They tell me that some publications nowadays pay fabulous prices for articles and stories. It is, of course, a precarious life; Sir Walter Scott used to say that literature was a good stick, but a poor crutch. But it might be worth while for your friend to try it. I could perhaps give him some letters of introduction to publishers and editors."

China, who knew how difficult it was for the old rector to make even this concession, and who had indeed almost despaired of enlisting the old man's assistance at all, thanked him heartily; and shortly afterwards the family gathered in the sitting-room of the rectory for evening prayers.

The next morning China Macdonald made his way through the town again to Windermere's cottage. In the front garden he found Mrs. Cadwallader cutting some flowers. She still wore black; but the morning sun shining on her fair hair and white skin, against the background of the rich colours of the garden, gave her a charming air. China admitted to himself the naturalness of Windermere's course of action.

As he came in the gateway, he wished her good morning, and asked for Windermere.

"He is in the kitchen," she said, laughing, "peeling the potatoes. Your visit last night has bucked him up wonderfully, and he is full of energy this morning." She shot a glance at the house, and then continued in a lower voice, "And I think you took the right line with him last night. He told me something of what you said. I would gladly do my share, even by taking in washing, if only we could get free of this wretched pension question. I begin to believe that pensions bring a curse with them. What do you think? But of course I dare not say anything like this to poor old Windy, for fear of upsetting him. He worries himself sick about things, as it is."

"I have great hopes," said China, "that we shall be able to find something that he can do. Has he ever done any writing?"

"I have done my best to get him to try writing some stories; and he has actually made one or two attempts, which I thought awfully good. But he tears up everything he writes—says it is dishwater, or bilge, or something like that—and won't make any effort to get it published."

"That's the artistic temperament," said China; and he made his way through to the kitchen.

Windermere looked up from his menial task as China entered. He was apparently in great good humour.

"Like all crocks," he laughed, "I am put on cook-house fatigue."

"Nonsense," retorted China, "you asked the sergeant-major to put you on this fatigue because you like it."

"Perhaps you're right. But what duty have you come to warn me for now? I can see in your eye the look of the orderly sergeant when he comes around and says, 'You're for guard to-night'."

"You do me an injustice. I could never achieve the manner of an orderly sergeant. But I have one or two proposals which I should like you to think over. In the first place, have you ever done any writing?"

"Nothing to talk about."

"Why not try your hand at it?"

"What could I write about?"

"You could do some stuff about the war; there is quite a demand for that sort of thing."

"You forget that it is some time since I was at the war, and anything I could write would be hopelessly out of date."

"Well, then, write about the problems of demobilization and reconstruction."

"I don't know anything about them."

China lost his temper. "Then write about the pensions system," he snapped. "You know something about that."

Windermere paused in the midst of a potato. "By Jove, Padre," he exclaimed, "do you know, I think I could do something along that line."

"Write a novel," went on China, anxious to make hay while the sun shone. "I'll guarantee to find you a publisher, or else I'll help you to publish it on your own account."

But Windermere was not listening to him. With the potato knife in one hand and a half-peeled potato in the other, he was gazing out of the kitchen window as though he saw a vision.

This is the story that China Macdonald told me. He showed me also some newspaper clippings which he carried in his pocket-book. Some of them were book-reviews of *The Pensioners;* and all of these expressed curiosity as to the identity of the anonymous author, whom they hailed with one accord as a new luminary in the literary firmament. Another was a cutting from the Social Column of the *St. Kitts Observer.* It bore the caption,

WINDERMERE—CADWALLADER.

When I returned these clippings to China, he replaced them in his pocket-book with scrupulous care.

THE BRIDE

BY CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

HOW you would love this windy field; these walls
Strung like gray globous beads; this crunching moss,
Where the keen upland breezes whisk across,
And that delicious way the landscape lolls

To southward! How your eager eyes would go
Skimming down to the little grassy bowl
Where lifts a satin roof-line, and a scroll,
Filmy and winding, of the apple-snow!

Then would you turn to me your rippling gaze,
And mirrored there would be, sun-silvered roof,
Plum tree and pond and garden—all the woof
We dreamed together in the careless days

Before war came and marked you for its own,
And snatched you up and hurried you away,
And left me in the empty bloom of May,
Here on these windy pasture lands, alone.

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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

CHAPTER IX

LIFE and the attraction of life! Always until we find another force as mighty, will the big cities take their toll. The young, the eager, the hope-driven are hers for the asking. Like some great, heedless foster-mother she gathers them all, wanted and unwanted; using what she can, supremely careless of the rest. There is always room, for there is always growth. Life pours into her because of the life she holds.

Back in the country places and little towns Nature sits with puckered brow and wonders why her children leave her. "Am I not beautiful and bountiful and very kind?" she muses. "Do I not give my sons and daughters fresh, untainted air and winds of morning? Do I not spread my skies with turquoise and pure gold, carpet my fields with emerald and bedew my grass with diamonds? Do I not bring forth plentifully, tempting my own with fruits and seedlings? Yet the young who should sow my seed and eat of my fruit desert me for a barren heritage. Under curtains of smoke they sit; when they walk their pathways are of stone. They breathe poison and drink strange waters. What I have given they squander; what I would still give they disdain!"

So, for a while, neglected Nature muses and then, if still ignored, turns to her own purposes and forgets. The trees leaf, the streams run and all the growing things push upward whether one eye or a thousand be there to see. Only when left too long unhusbanded will Nature take her just revenge. Let man forsake her utterly and he finds himself forsaken. Life that will not live with her finds that without her there is no life. Left with no one but herself to care for Nature will go back to the old ways, the ways she loves the best—the tangled vine, the matted wood, the long lush grass—all the waste, the riot and the beauty of the wild. Then man in his man-made cities will hunger and, hungering, will turn to her begging to be taken back a son once more.

Such would be the logic of the case but it is logic which is never strictly tested. There are always those who stay behind. Our fields are sown, our harvests are brought in, our fruits are gathered. The city roars on, undisturbed, certain of being fed somehow, by some one. And still its hidden magic draws the young and the eager unto it—and always will!

So, with the passage of a few swift years, it is in the city that we look for David and, presently, for Rosme also. Frances and Miss Mattie and Angus Greig are of those who stay behind. . .

Mrs. Carr's boarding-house on Arbutus Street was both comfortable and select. That is to say, the house was comfortable and Mrs. Carr was select. She was a frosty person with a grim eye. Her aspect was calm, her mouth tight and her nose suspicious. Long ago there had been a Mr. Carr but he departed to a better world and

left no traces. Perhaps he realized that Mrs. Carr had been intended by the discerning fates to be the widowed keeper of a select boarding-house. Her eye alone had marked her out for this. It was a light, blue eye, slightly prominent. The unworthy, the dubious, the soiled, the insolvent shrank from that eye. If the angel who guarded Eden had had an eye like that he would not have needed a drawn sword. This is why the boarding-house was as select as it was comfortable. No doubtful Adam or sinning Eve ever got past Mrs. Carr. No shadiness of any kind had she ever tolerated, no bad debts, no strugglers. Even the attics were tenanted by young gentlemen students of unquestioned solvency.

It was through one of these young gentlemen that David Greig was introduced at Mrs. Carr's. David was now in his fourth university year and it happened that he was temporarily without a boarding-house owing to his last landlady having been sold out. David's friend explained this to Mrs. Carr and spoke warmly in his favour as a possible boarder. David was, he declared with enthusiasm, "A good old scout though a bit nutty".

"Nutty?" Mrs. Carr wished to know in what way the young man was nutty.

"Oh, a kind of quiet chap. Not much pep. But the best ever. Messes around a bit—makes things, you know."

"Makes things! In his room?"

"Certainly in his room. He couldn't make 'em on the front veranda, could he?"

Frost spread a film over the prominent blue eyes. Their owner was sorry to turn away any friend of Mr. Fish but it hardly seemed as if this particular friend were entirely suited to a select establishment.

"Better see him anyway!" Mr. Fish was young and persistent. "I'll trot him around to-night."

Trot him around he did and with them trotted Miss Mattie, who had come down to Toronto for this very purpose. She had gently insisted on having a voice in the choosing of David's new boarding-house, having been completely horrified by the last one. Left to himself she felt sure he would settle down in the first room which displayed a card and whose landlady seemed to need the money. Miss Mattie felt much sympathy for people who needed money but she was determined that they should not acquire it at the expense of David's meals. She had inspected Mrs. Carr's from the outside and she had liked the appearance of its curtains. A housekeeper who kept her curtains crisp and white like that *in the city* must be of the right sort. Nor were grim eyes and frosty aspect sufficient to change this opinion, for these things may belong to accident while crisp curtains belong to character.

"You say that the landlady may object to David's scientific experiments?" she said when David's friend had reported. "Don't worry at all about that. I shall arrange it. A little tact is all that is necessary."

The preliminary sparring was brief, for almost at once Miss Mattie had expressed herself as satisfied and asked to be shown the rooms.

Mrs. Carr replied that there were no rooms. There was one room only. A vacancy of any kind was most unusual.

"Then we will look at that room," smiled Cousin Mattie.

"I am very particular——".

Miss Mattie waved her hand graciously. "That is why we wish to see the room." She said "If you will be so good——"

Mrs. Carr was so good. She did not seem able to be otherwise. Miss Mattie, in the pursuit of David's comfort, was something in the nature of an irresistible force. The vacant room was displayed and inspected. It was a large, light room built over the kitchen and looking out on the neatly kept back garden. Miss Mattie sniffed delicately and wondered if the smell of dinner would interfere with David's appetite.

David said that it would be a good thing if something interfered with it, but he had small hope. Besides, he liked the room. He liked the bowed window looking out on the prim garden. He liked the fat black cat which walked along the fence and he liked being over the kitchen best of all, "for", he said, "they'll be making such a racket themselves that they won't mind if I do hammer a bit."

"Hammer!" The horror in Mrs. Carr's voice might well have quenched the boldest, but it had no effect at all upon Miss Mattie.

"So tactless of you, Davy dear"! she murmured, fingering the sheets to test their quality. Then, waving the tactless one out of the room, she turned her whole attention to the matter of negotiation.

When the ladies emerged shortly afterwards Miss Mattie, bright eyed and calm, announced victory. The room was engaged, the rate of board settled, various little improvements arranged for; permission to replace the double-bed by a small single one and to add a large and solid table, such a table as would permit of a small amount of hammering without danger to the room's furniture. It was also stipulated that there should be no explosions.

How David's cousin Mattie managed this I do not know. If I did I shouldn't be so foolish as to tell it in a book. Manage it she did and without any visible scars of conflict. Mrs. Carr also seemed unharmed though somewhat dazed. Her light, blue eyes focused themselves upon her newest boarder with an inquiring stare. A stare under which the newest boarder blushed and wished to goodness Cousin Mattie had let him choose his own boarding-house!

Yet had he known it, David Greig need not have been embarrassed by any woman's scrutiny. Mrs. Carr would have needed to deny her sex altogether if she had not warmed a little toward the fine upstanding young man who blushed so easily. David had never possessed the beauty of regular features, nor did he have it now but he had the fresh, clear skin of his boyhood without its freckles, and he had eyes gray and dark, with a sparkle like the gleam of sun on dark sea-water. Besides this there was already showing more than a hint of that power which we call personality — that marvel which, apart from any training or lack of it, singles a man out from all his million fellows. Some men have so little of it that they are lost indistinguishably in the mass, while for others it is as a two-edged sword forever dividing the way before them. Such men, whatever their trend, are likely to find themselves among the pathmakers of mankind.

But David was too young and too modest to think of pathmaking yet. He considered himself somewhat disappointed. He had made for himself no shining mark during his progress through school and university. He slipped through it all with an air of detachment which annoyed his masters exceedingly and was, to say the least, unusual in a university where nearly everyone was placed and ticketed. To the oft-repeated question, "What are you going to *be*?" David had never yet returned any more satisfactory reply than "Oh, let a fellow learn a little first".

"All very well, Greig," remarked a professor loftily. "Only don't cast about too long. Remember the dog and the shadow."

"Sensible dog!" murmured David, "I always have admired him."

The only one whose expectations he feared to disappoint was Angus, and Angus, fortunately, was gifted with patience and understanding. When, after some years of school life, he had come to him with a poor report and a shy statement "I don't want to study, I want to make things", Angus had pooh-poohed his small rebellion. He had pointed out that the study comes first, the making after. And with much insight he had tried to find out just what it was that David wanted to

make. But David couldn't tell him much except that he wanted to make "something new".

"You would like to be an inventor, David"? he asked gravely, and the boy's sudden blush told him that he had said the magic word.

The ambition had grown with David's growth but at the time of his initiation into the selectness of Mrs. Carr's establishment, it was known only to Angus and guessed at by Miss Mattie and Mr. William Carter Fish.

Mr. Fish was the friend who had introduced David to Mrs. Carr. He occupied the front attic and was known in the house and to his intimates outside as "Silly Billy" or "Fresh Fish". Mr. Fish had a warm heart and no head worth mentioning. Also he had the unique misfortune of looking like his name. "Fish" is hardly a name one would chose in any case but when it accompanies a wide and drooping mouth, inclined to open unexpectedly, and eyes a shade too far apart, its possession may well spell tragedy. Luckily, Billy was not built on tragic lines. The ragging of heartless students he took with equanimity. It was only when the equally heartless Fair participated that Billy was really hurt. For Billy adored the Fair. It was his occupation in life.

David, on the contrary, did not care for girls, neither did Billy care for "making things", hence each was free to bore the other to his heart's content. Friendship is a curious thing; there is a lot of good, healthy boredom connected with it. When Billy talked girls, David yawned and begged him to "come out of it". When David talked engines Billy closed his fishy eyes and frankly went to sleep. Or, if the exposition had been too impassioned to allow of slumber, he was always ready with some cooling remark such as "But you'll never be able to pull it off, old thing. Invention takes brains!"

David settled into the select atmosphere of Mrs. Carr's with scarcely a ripple. He was generally voted a nice young fellow. Miss Walker, a maiden lady of independent means who occupied the left front and was known as "pancake" on account of her extreme flatness, called him "dear boy". Mr. Worsnop, right front, who was middle-aged and "something in gas", referred to him as "that nice young Greig, so modest and unassuming, exactly what I used to be at his age".

"Got over it nicely, hasn't he?" whispered Mr. Martin to the next-at-table.

Mr. Martin had the room behind Mr. Worsnop. He was a smart young man. At present he was only a stenographer but he hoped soon to be private secretary to Some one, and one of these days, given decent luck, he hoped to be Some one himself. It was his opinion that David was a "superior young ass". At least that is what he told Miss Sims who, with her friend Miss Weeks, roomed across the hall, and whose opinions (of other young men) Mr. Martin was trying to form.

"Is he?" said Miss Sims. She cast one glance at David under cover of her long, straight lashes and then she giggled.

"He *is* funny," agreed Mr. Martin. "I often feel like laughing when I look at him."

Miss Sims giggled again. Then she stopped giggling abruptly for the new boarder was looking her way and she had already possessed herself of the knowledge that he didn't admire giggles. Her room-mate, Miss Weeks, known as "Bunny" on account of an odd resemblance to a white rabbit, sighed openly and wished to goodness that old Icebox (Mrs. Carr) had seated Mr. Greig on her side of the table instead of in the far-off corner next to Pancake.

"She'll make him so sick with her 'dear boy' that he'll leave before any of the rest of us get a look in," she prophesied gloomily.

But David showed no signs of leaving. He didn't mind the "dear boy". He didn't mind anything very much. As a background, he found Mrs. Carr's very pleasant and interesting

and in the foreground there was always his work—the most fascinating work in the fascinating world. Under his shy diffidence burned an eager fire—to find and to make, to analyze, to assemble, to create. To make new things out of old, to find lost secrets, to trail strange clues!

"What more, Billy," cried David glowing, "what more could a man possibly desire?—*nothing.*"

Mr. Fish, whose gentle slumbers over a text-book had been thus rudely interrupted, looked up with the amused tolerance of a seasoned worldling.

"What more?" he repeated, "what more?—Gadzooks—the infant asks *what more?*"

CHAPTER X

David had been settled at Mrs. Carr's for almost a month when one morning he awoke with a tingling sense of the perfect rightness of everything. His first glance was for his work-table, a half hesitating glance as if he feared its solid proportions might have melted into nothing over night. The sight of it sent a warm glow curling along his spine. Any one who has ever made a new thing will understand this glow. It is known as the joy of creation and is, perhaps, humanity's tiny share of the great Glow of God when, having made the world, He "saw that it was good".

David sat up and hugged his knees. Last night, working late, he had discovered something! It was a little thing, a tiny thing indeed, but what true inventor does not know the tremendous importance of the little? David knew very well that this small thing which he had found was as indispensable in the execution of his perfected scheme as the largest thing of all. More so indeed since it was the pivot on which the whole idea swung. Therefore he hugged his knees and felt extraordinarily happy.

He felt also very virtuous and this in spite of the fact that he had neglected every ordinary duty for the past week, lectures and letters home included. Even meals had been forgotten; this to the cold astonishment of Mrs. Carr. Many and varied kinds of boarders had she known but a boarder who did not eat the meals he paid for was, to use the words of Mr. Fish, "a new one on her". David wasn't sure whether he had had dinner last night or not but in any case, to judge by his present feelings, he would be able to even things up at breakfast. And in the meantime he would turn over and go to sleep again. But just as a reminder that no one sleeps to himself, a bang on the door was followed by the ungracefully hurried entrance of Mr. William Carter Fish. The disturber wore a green dressing-gown, which error of taste made him more startlingly like his name than ever, and, like Cinderella, had lost a slipper.

"Terribly narrow shave getting here!" panted he, "stepped on the squeaky board third step from top and old Icebox was out in a twinkling. Nearly had me spotted, by Jove! I don't believe that dashed woman ever sleeps! I could almost hear that frozen sherbet voice of hers, 'No dressing-gowns allowed in the corridors, Mr. Fish, *if* you please!' "

"Well, you see she has to consider the rest of us," said David—"oh, don't stint yourself, have another!" For in his agitation Mr. Fish had absent-mindedly apropriated a small handful of his host's best cigarettes.

"Thanks, I will. Say David, old thing, are you specially nice this morning?"

"I'm not sure," said David cautiously. "It depends on what it is."

"Oh, it's nothing much, something very pleasant, really. It's a girl. No," hastily, as David disappeared into his pillow, "it's not the one you took last time. This one is much nicer. Girl you never saw before. Lovely creature. She wants to go to a show."

The submerged David raised a hand "Take her," he permitted graciously.

"Yes, but—you see I'm taking another girl. And this girl has to come

along—kind of a trailer. Staying there, duty to guest and all that. Now this other girl and me—well it's important. You'll know what I mean when I tell you it's Mary Fox I'm taking. Now this other girl——"

"Nothing doing! Besides, the last time you spoke of Mary Fox you said you and she were definitely off."

"Yes, I know. So we were. But Mary didn't really mean it. Any way she said she would go to the show tonight if she could bring along this little friend. The friend's a peach, really. She's a kind of remarkable girl. Just the kind you like."

"Ever met her?"

"No—o. But she's the kind you don't have to meet in order to appreciate."

"Thanks. That *is* the kind I like. I'll do my appreciating at a distance. What I want to get next to is my breakfast. Vanish! And go canny on the stairs. You'll make a scandal in this house, yet."

"No, but Greig—I say, David—you'll see a fellow through, won't you? You see I was so sure you would I just invited 'em. Don't you really want to meet a perfectly nice girl?"

Denial trembled on David's eyes and lips, but—after all he had earned a holiday. "What colour hair has she?" he asked thoughtfully.

"What kind do you like?"

"Red," said David, caught by the quickness of Billy's strategy.

"Well, that's what her's is. Red, brick-red! The reddest hair I ever saw—you have to wear green glasses as a protec——"

A well-aimed pillow smashed harmlessly against the door of his retreat but a suppressed "Och"! from outside showed that the insulter had not escaped quite unscathed. Some one, with boots, had trodden upon his Cinderella toes.

Then the door, jammed by the fallen pillow, was pushed slowly open and the person with boots squeezed through. He proved to be a young man in a gray tweed suit. A very spick and span young man and so slender that he squeezed through easily.

"Come right in," said David, "don't mind me. I'm not up yet but the Kings of France always received in pajamas. Did you come in with the milk? What's the row?"

"Person in a green dressing-gown got it's foot stepped on. As for the milk, if it has as hard a time getting in as I had, no wonder it turns sour. Truth is I didn't intend to be here for an hour yet. Beastly trick of that gay lad Matheson! Got hold of my watch last night and saved some daylight on it. I *thought* there was something wrong with the sun, but then, suns are so erratic. I say, that landlady of yours is the coldest thing since last Christmas. I gather she doesn't approve of saving daylight?"

David groaned. "Between you and Silly Billy I'll be turned out of this house. And it's the only decent place I've struck in years. You're not a bit welcome."

"Oh, I don't mind that," cheerfully, "what I really want are your notes on the yesterday lecture of old Moses. I was, ahem, unfortunately among those unable to be present."

David sat up, "I, also, was unavoidably absent," he said gravely.

"You? no—really? Then I'm done! But you, of all people! Who was she?"

"She—wasn't."

"No? Oh well, I'm not curious."

"It wasn't a girl, stupid. I was working."

"Oh yes, I forgot, you do work occasionally. Queer idea! What do you work at anyway? Is it over there on that table?"

David was out of bed in an instant.

"Hands off!" He shouted and so urgent was the note of warning in his voice that the hands of the other halted in surprise above the queer-looking jumble on the work-table.

"Why so hasty, brother?" he chided. "Does it explode if it's touched?"

"No, but I do," grinned David. "Just you leave it alone like a good fellow. Take a cigarette, take a lot, take two."

Murray Willard laughed as he accepted the peace offering. He was not deeply interested in David's work. He was never deeply interested in anything which had not directly to do with Murray Willard. But his curiosity had been aroused by David's quite unusual perturbation.

"Keeping it dark, are you?" he inquired lightly. "Quite proper, too—as between friends."

David rumpled his hair. It was a trick he had when perplexed. He also blushed. Being a particularly generous person, the implication of ungenerosity embarrassed him. At the same time he did not intend to have his friendship used as a cracksman might use a jimmy. His firm mouth set itself. But he replied goodhumouredly:

"When there is anything definite to show I may show it—as between friends."

The other shrugged his shoulders. He had graceful shoulders and rather cultivated shrugging them. Besides he knew that when David shut his lips question-askers might just as well close theirs.

"Oh, very well," he said, "but at your age, you know, you really ought to control your complexion. A blush like that is wasted on a mystery—unless it be a mystery in petticoats. And talking about petticoats, there's a rather good-looking one two doors down your hall. She's invisible this morning but I noticed her last time I called. Is this also a case of eyes off, or may one look?"

"Unless the lady herself objects, one may spend one's life in looking?

"Hardly that. One might get eyestrain. But who is she, anyway?"

"There are two of her," said David laughing. "They room together. One is Miss Sims and one is Miss Weeks. Which did she look like?"

Willard reflected. "Like Miss Sims, I think," he decided. "Queer things names. They so often fit. Nobody knows why. This girl is tall and dusky, walks with an air common to duchesses and millinery assistants. Her eyes are—er—'slumberous' is the, word, I believe. Common of course, but quite effective in her way."

David, who was putting on his tie, had the mortification of seeing his own brilliant blush in the mirror. He hated hearing girls, nice girls, called common. He was also young enough to fear being dubbed a prig by others who were not so particular.

"Touched!" exclaimed Willard delightedly, noting the blush.

"I suppose I'm silly," said David, "but the way you talk of girls gives me a pain.

"Not touched!" decided Willard with a sigh. "As long as you defend the whole sex, my child, you are safe. I'll stay to breakfast and meet Miss Sims myself."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you won't. Not I, but mine landlady protests. *Proper notice for all extra meals and no visitors allowed at any time for breakfast, Mr. Greig, if you please!"* It is a fiat. But if you are serious, I will ask Miss Sims if she would care to meet you. Something might be arranged."

"Heavens, no!" in genuine alarm. "She would suspect me of intentions at once. And one thing I never have is intentions. You see, I know her type. A fiver to a nickel she works in Drummonds?"

"She does," David was genuinely surprised. "She has a good position there. Head of the showroom or assistant head or something. Hats, you know. But I can't see how you guessed."

"The air, my son. All the Drummond girls have it. It is an asset of the store; kind of missing-heiress effect combined with a pity-your-ignorance-poor-thing attitude. It gets them every time. Even the hardened shopper with ideas of her own becomes quite docile under it.

"Well," said David politely, "will you please go home. I'm hungry."

"Kind and thoughtful host, consider me gone. But before I go let me

give you a real tid-bit. That pretty Mary Fox that Fresh Fish is taking around, said last night, in public, that you looked like me, only that I was—ahem! Modesty forbids me to proceed."

They both laughed and went out into the hall together. It was coincidence of course that Miss Sims should be emerging from her room at just that moment. David she greeted with a dazzling smile.

"We're all early this morning, Mr. Greig. I do hope I did not disturb you badly in the night."

"Disturb me?" David repeated the words blankly, then, maddened into embarrassment by joyous pokes of the delighted Willard, "I—er—certainly not—not at all!"

"My cough," explained Miss Sims serenely. "Poor Bunny had scarcely a moment of sleep, I'm sure, had you, Bunny?"

Miss Weeks who had joined them on the stairs confirmed this with a languid nod.

David managed to murmur that it was too bad, but as most of his energy was occoupied in propelling Mr. Murray Willard toward the front door, the ladies may well have found his sympathy perfunctory.

Not until they were safely landed on the front steps and with the door shut did he release a formidable hold of his visitor's arm. And then he wished he hadn't, for Murray, weak with mirth, collapsed upon the top step.

"Oh, gentle youth!" he murmured. "Oh, my young innocence—what a shock I got. David, David——" but further comment was cut short by a vigorous push which, the top step being slippery, proved entirely satisfactory.

David turned back to the house.

"That girl's a fool," he said to himself as he went in to breakfast.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HARMONY OF SILENCE

BY FLORENCE O'CONNOR

THERE is a subtler harmony than sound can know,
A harmony of light and colour taught
By Nature in her silences and distances,
The far-off mountain crowned with the snow,
Mist-draped and all in beauteous colours wrought,
The gray-blue trees, the brooklet's brilliances;
A harmony of motion and repose,
The birches' slender whiteness in the dawn,
Or green, drooped plumage by the riverside,
The dandelion and the swaying rose,
The winging bird and the shy, cropping fawn,
The tree-top winds through varying greens that glide,
The sky of sapphire and the rippling lawn—
These potent charms in Nature's silent spell,
The rhapsodies of sky and hill and dell,
The loveliest ecstasies of sound excell.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

New and old parties

IN Ontario we have a Liberal party, a Conservative party, a Farmers' party, and a Labour party. New parties denounce the old political organizations with exceeding fervour and brand partisanship as the sin for which there is no forgiveness here or hereafter. But the farmers' organization will not permit its adherents to have even christian communion with any other group while the Labour party will have no dealing with a Labour Unionist who enters into fellowship with any other political body even if he adheres to the Labour platform. The thought intrudes that the new groups have a partisanship at least as exacting as the older organizations. Apparently the evils of partisanship lie in devotion to the cause to which one is opposed. This is not said in reproach but with simple devotion to historical truth and in grateful appreciation of the eccentricities of mankind. One who reads political speeches and discovers that where only two parties exist the triumph of either would ruin the country is disturbed at the prospect before a people who are menaced by four parties.

II

Women in politics

THERE is much speculation over the votes of women in the Liquor Referendum. In the American States it is generally declared by politicians of long experience that woman suffrage multiplies the vote but that no appeal which is ineffective with male voters is influential with women. It is probably a mistake to think that in the past few women have influenced the votes of their husbands as it is a mistake to think that political differences prevail in many households. At any rate in the American States women are not regarded as a separate factor in public affairs even when what are described as "moral questions" have to be decided in the ballot boxes. In Australia the enfranchisement of women greatly strengthened the Labour party because the wives of the workers voted more freely than the women of other classes. This is not so true in many of the American States where 85 per cent. of the women go to the polls. In the rougher Western States women have been a conservative force in government. By equal suffrage the political influence of married men who constitute the most stable element of the population was doubled and the power of the less responsible elements diminished. In

Utah, one of the first of the American States to have equal suffrage, it is believed the leaders of the Mormon Church were behind the reform in confidence that they could count upon the support of women when the Church was threatened by hostile influences. Nowhere in the United States is it suggested that woman suffrage has produced evil political consequences and that probably will be the experience of Canada. It is apparent also that the bulk of women, despite a common expectation to the contrary, will cast their ballots. Whether or not the general opinion that a greater proportion of women than of men will vote for prohibition is sound may have been determined by the polling in the Referendum.

III

Gratuities for soldiers

THE war has laid a mighty burden upon the nations. In Canada we only begin to realize the magnitude of the obligation. Before the war the national debt was $333,600,000. It is now $2,000,000,000. We have to raise an annual revenue of $400,000,000 as against $170,000,000. It may be that the situation is not desperate, but it is more serious than the country seems to understand.

Whether we like it or not, we must all work harder, spend less, submit to taxation with equanimity, and avoid controversies which divide classes, produce sectional feeling, decrease production and impede progress. For there is salvation only in greater production and in co-operation between employers and workers, between field and factory, and between governments and people. At the risk of misunderstanding one ventures to suggest that pre-war political quarrels have no profitable relation to the immediate situation and that we can do nothing wiser than to neglect the controversies which the war provoked.

We are told very often that we must have patience with the soldiers. Sometimes perhaps the soldiers feel that they must have patience with us. They made sacrifices such as we cannot understand. They have memories from which they can never escape. At a great price they saved free institutions, and we may not forget. Ingratitude to soldiers is written in the history of every country except perhaps that of the United States and it is natural that the armies of the Great War should resolve to exact decent recognition of their services and sacrifices. In Canada, one believes, there will be no ingratitude, no denial of full compensation for disabilities, no refusal of any appropriation necessary to re-establishment, no neglect of widows and orphans. The bill may be heavy, but it must be paid with grace and gratitude.

Already $75,000,000 have been paid in gratuities and the total under existing regulations may reach $125,000,000. The estimate for separation allowances is $106,000,000. For transportation the expenditure has been $1,250,000. To settle soldiers on the land over $32,000,000 have been appropriated. In all, loans have been made by the Soldier Settlement Board to 10,739 veterans, or an average allowance of $3,040. For agricultural training 34,315 applications have been received and 25,549 have been approved. The annual charge for

pensions will be $78,000,000. There are heavy expenditures for re-education, which probably will have to be increased.

Something yet for the veterans

Over the demand of the Great War Veterans for further gratuities of $1,000 for all soldiers who saw service in Canada only, of $1,500 for all who saw service in England only, and of $2,000 for all who saw service in the trenches there has been much excited controversy. Those who oppose estimate the total amount required to meet the demand at $954,554,000; those who favour at $250,000,000. Probably the first estimate is excessive and certainly the second is inadequate. The veterans are not united in support of the full demand, but unquestionably there is strong and general support for further consideration.

There is grave disparity in the treatment accorded to soldiers who adopt farming and those who elect to follow other callings. But many of those whose businesses were destroyed or who had just entered the university in training for the professions find themselves in a very difficult position. They have lost four or five years of the natural period of training. They will be thirty years of age or even older before they can complete their courses. They are not equipped for any avocation at which they can earn a livelihood. Surely many of these must have generous consideration if they are not to go through life handicapped and penalized for heroic services to the State which they defended.

No such acute problem exists in the United States, where at most the soldiers were withdrawn for only two years from their chosen studies and pursuits. In many of its phases the problem may be difficult, but it is impossible to think that the obligation of the State to soldiers in this difficult situation has been fulfilled by the pensions, gratuities and bonuses which have been granted. The country cannot be and will not be required to provide additional gratuities of $1,000,000,000, but there is something yet to be done before equal treatment will be extended to all classes of veterans, and one can only believe that the Government has the disposition and will have the resource to discover the solution which equity requires and justice demands. There may have been intemperate writing and speaking in the agitation for additional gratuities, but a movement in which there is a principle of justice may not be defeated, although it may be injured, by intemperate advocacy.

IV

The Industrial Conference

IT cannot be doubted that the National Industrial Conference produced a better understanding between employers and workers in Canada. Upon vital questions discussed there was no agreement, and alike among the leaders of Labour and the leaders of Industry were differences which were not expressed in the resolutions submitted. It is said that too many questions were left unsettled and that too many Commissions of Inquiry were suggested. But in this the Conference revealed its wisdom.

Take, for example, the demand of the Labour delegates for an eight-hour day. It was admitted as the debate proceeded that a universal eight-hour day for Canada was im-

practicable. To farming, fishing and lumbering the shorter day could not be wisely applied. Possibly there are also groups of industries to which the immediate application of an eight-hour day would be disastrous. In the Bill before the British Parliament to establish the forty-four-hour week farmers, seamen and domestic servants are exempted. Power, too, is taken by agreement with employers and workers to vary its application to other industries, or the Board of Trade may take independent action to establish a shorter day or extend hours of work as conditions may seem to require.

It was not too clearly demonstrated that with the shorter day production is generally maintained. Nor were the Labour delegates pronounced in opposition to over-time and higher wages. It was declared by employers with practical experience that in certain industries where the eight-hour day was satisfactory to employers the workers opposed reduction and even petitioned to have the nine- or ten-hour day with over-time restored. There was force also in the contention of employers that for many industries the eight-hour day would be a doubtful regulation unless a like regulation were also applied to competing industries in the United States. Under all the circumstances, therefore, and since the eight-hour day now prevails in forty-three per cent. of the industries of Canada the Conference could not easily go farther than to recommend investigation in order to determine how the shorter day would affect industries in which a longer day now obtains and what, if any, could not be wisely brought under an eight-hour regulation. Throughout the employers put the emphasis upon production while the Labour group insisted that production would not fall if hours and wages and working conditions were satisfactory.

There was also disagreement over the recognition of Labour Unions and collective bargaining. But here, too, there were significant concessions alike by employers and by the leaders of Labour. It was declared by Mr. Tom Moore on behalf of Labour that collective bargaining did not involve recognition of unions unless such recognition was expressly stipulated in the contract. On the other hand there was full concession by employers of the right of workers to bargain for wages and conditions of service. Practically employers agreed not to oppose the organization of Labour, nor to discriminate against unionists, but refused to bargain only with organized Labour or to establish the closed shop except where the workers or a decisive majority of the workers in a particular industry or group of industries were unionized.

V

A struggle for the closed shop

THE issue over which the Conference divided constitutes the basis of conflict between the United States Steel Corporation and the American Federation of Labour. There is something in the contention that the employees of this Corporation constitute the aristocracy of Labour on this continent. The investigation by the Senate Committee at Washington has disproved or greatly discredited many of the charges of the strike leaders. There is no "slavery" among

the workers. There is no support for the allegations of "brutal treatment". There seems to be little if any intimidation although it is apparent that the Corporation does not encourage the formation of unions among its workers.

The pay sheets of the Corporation carry between 250,000 and 260,000 workmen. The lowest wage paid to unskilled labour is forty-two cents an hour for the first eight hours and time and a half for the last two hours or $4.62 for a ten-hour day. A few boys receive as low as $3 a day for light work in the various factories. One roller gets $32.56 a day and many skilled men draw daily from $29 to $32. The general average wage in all the plants, exclusive of salaries to executive officers, administrators and selling agents, is $6.27 a day or an average of $5 for unskilled and of $6.70 for skilled labour. Twenty-eight per cent., or 69,284 men, work twelve hours a day, 102,906 hours and the rest eight hours.

Big increases in wages

In 1914 in the manufacturing plants the wages averaged $2.93 a day and in 1919 $6.27; in the coal and coke plants in 1914 the wages were $2.74 a day and in 1919 $5.20. Thus in the manufacturing plants the increase was 114 per cent. and in the coal and coke plants 89.8 per cent. In the iron ore plants the increase was 107.3 per cent. and in the transportation services 85.3 per cent. In all the companies the increase was 108 per cent. To unskilled labour for the ten-hour day the advance was 130 per cent. and for the twelve-hour day 145 per cent. Some of the superintendents receive annual salaries of $6,000 or $7,000, although no doubt the chief officers of the Company draw very much larger amounts. The Corporation has expended $32,000,000 in building houses for workmen, which they purchase on easy payments or rent at one per cent. on the investment. The property of the Corporation is valued at $2,250,000,000. There is common stock of $505,000,000, preferred stock of $350,000,000 and bonds of $600,000,000, and many of the employees are stockholders in the Corporation.

In face of the figures it is difficult to believe that the United States Steel Corporation deals ungenerously with Labour and yet easy to understand that the American Federation regards the Corporation as the very bulwark of the open shop in the United States. In his evidence before the Senate Committee Mr. Gary, Chairman of the Board, declared that there was no impediment to organization within the factories, and that the management was always ready to confer with committees of its own workmen. But he would not recognize the Federation of Labour or concede the right of outside agents to interfere between the Corporation and its employees.

This was very much the position of many employers at the Ottawa Conference. They offered no objection to plant councils. Indeed, they fully admitted the wisdom, the justice and the advantage of conference and co-operation with their employees. But they would not agree to confer only with Labour unions or to enter into any partnership with the official leaders of Labour to compel their employees to join unions or to discriminate against non-unionists.

A DOG OF THE STREETS

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

HE glass was brimmed with an amber liquid, refreshing to the throat and delightful to the soul; his lips were at the rim when the earthquake came; and Mateo woke to become conscious of a stiff toe being driven vigorously against his side.

He gulped the last drop of the dream-drink, scrambled into a sitting posture, and looked up into the pinhead eyes of Racca, the innkeeper.

Mateo had learned by long travail that when Racca's face was mottled, a wrathful condition of the innkeeper's soul was signified.

"Carrambos!" the innkeeper exclaimed in a hoarse monotone, and went on to say in a mixture of Mexican patois and bad Spanish: "Sleep! You do nothing but sleep! Listen!" He stopped. "The coughing Englishman, Marston, with the beautiful daughter, is here. He's in a hurry. He wants a man for his hacienda on the Quivino Road. I tell him—you. Watch out. If there's a chance to rob, watch for it; let me know, and I will tell Josè, see? Come!"

Mateo was fifty years old, bloated by much drink and long loafing; his head was bald; one leg was three inches shorter than the other; and his eyes were bleary; but he obeyed the command as if youth were still upon him.

He followed the rolling innkeeper through the dirty, greasy areas of the kitchen to the front of the inn, where, under the wide plaster arch, the Englishman sat in a drooping, lifeless attitude.

The tall gray-haired man shoved his glass from him, turned a thin face toward Mateo that was empty of all joy of living, gave him but a glance from dull eyes, and beckoned him to follow.

Mateo was willing. Racca nudged him with an elbow, and Mateo nodded. He had played in many a dark game with the innkeeper, with the thin, vile José and the oily Mendel. The Englishman was a "lunger", fighting for life against consumption; he had purchased, so rumour had it, the tumble-down hacienda, and was planning to live there with his daughter, who had followed him from their northern home to help him fight the grim battle. It was whispered abroad, also, that Marston had been an easy mark in his trading. He would be an easy mark for Racca's scheming. Mateo knew what he was to do.

He would have preferred to sleep until the heat lessened; only a foolish Englishman would walk the streets until the sun was far down. But Mateo shrugged his shoulders, and the dim sense of objection passed. He never really objected; scorn and blows and kicks since boyhood had taught him better.

As Mateo went down the street behind the stooping Englishman, the little *ninos,* beginning to appear for play, hailed him with taunts and nick-names, and he dropped his head and slunk on. All his life he had been a joke in Andres, the butt of fun and farce for old and young. In all the years he could remember, he

had never received a kind word or look. Racca alone tolerated him, for Racca could use him.

Marston halted at the bank, and sent Mateo for the horses. When he returned with them, he looked up, his blear eyes expanded, and he gasped a little. On the steps of the bank stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. In her light riding-habit, the lithe, strong curves of her figure stood out; her hair was brown, bleached by wind and sun to a golden tinge in places; her eyes were brown, too. Mateo caught in them, as they rested upon him, an amused light, but a kindly one, and he stared steadily.

"Mateo!" Marston said sharply. "Ride behind!"

The ride through the rolling country, across the dry flats, by the peculiar earth formation known as *La Santita,* to the hacienda was quickly made.

There Mateo began to gather the information that would serve José and incidentally began for the first time to really live.

A few days passed, and in them Mateo learned much that was important. Marston had money. There was no doubt about that. He was rapidly making the old, neglected estate into an attractive place. On rides with Miss Marston down the Quivino Road, Mateo listened to her friendly chat, and went through the novel experience of being treated as a man.

Marston gave him an automatic revolver of high grade make, and taught him how to use it. Mateo forgot he was the "Dog" as he had been in Andres.

But he remembered.

One afternoon, while dozing in the corner of the ranch-house, he heard Marston say:

"I agreed to have the money here to-morrow morning for Morales. I agreed to pay cash for the land. I'm simply sick, and I'm going to send you in to the bank to get it. Mateo will go with you. Start back as soon as you can after the heat. I shall worry until I see you, but I don't see any other way to get the money here now. I expected to be stronger before—"

Mateo heard her clear, cheery laughter interrupt her father. "Cheer up, pater, old top. You're getting better every day. Mateo and I will go and get back!"

Mateo was smiling to himself and thinking of the pleasure of the ride, when he was seized with a sudden trembling that made him sweat. Racca, José, and the others! It would mean death for him if he did not tell them of the opportunity at hand; he had been sent out there for a purpose—to be a spy! Mateo shook in the shadow of his corner. He was afraid, mortally afraid. He remembered the night that Savas had died—the fall of José's hand, the thud—and the wrenching and gagging of the dying man in the little room in which he had been trapped.

Mateo scrambled to his feet, whispering *"Jesus Maria!"*

Fifteen minutes later, with his very soul aquiver within him, he rode away from the corral with the girl. Only one thought was in his mind: to see Racca and tell him what was on foot.

She was cheerful and happy. She looked over as they rode along.

"Mateo, you don't seem very cheerful!"

"No, senorita, my life has been one of sorrow."

She smiled with amusement at the gloom in his voice.

"Weren't you ever in love?"

He shook his head.

"Well, I am," she answered, "in love with life! I'll race you to the ridge."

Mateo's heart chilled as he rode in answer to her challenge. She was beautiful—and there was José.

In a back room of the inn Mateo explained to Racca and José the girl's errand in Andres; and he listened as José, his lean face hardening with

greed and joy, planned how they should commit the robbery.

"Look you, Mateo! We shall hide by La Santita—in the mesquite! As you pass by, I and Mendel will appear. See that she does not shoot. These northern senoritas are often quick with the gun. You shall have something for your share. Don't fail us! If you do—" José's teeth clicked hollowly behind his lips, and he went through the pantomime that suggests the knife thrust.

Mateo shook and sweated and hung back. "By Mary, I will do it!" he swore.

José grinned as he saw the other's fear, and nodded. "Now go. Remember!"

Mateo slid out the back door and around to the street. All his life, game for the children, their shrill voices greeted him with laughter as he limped along, and a piece of decayed fruit landed flatly upon his back. He turned with a threat, but paled as a few of the youngsters started belligerently toward him, and hurried on.

"Hail, Mateo, the Brave!" a musical voice chanted laughingly, and he, glancing around, saw the smiling face of a girl through an aperture in the adobe wall. His head dropped at the mirth in her eyes.

A few steps brought him to the bank door. and there Miss Marston was waiting. She looked at him with pitying eyes.

"Why do they make so much fun of you, Mateo?"

"I am nothing, senorita, just a dog of the streets," he answered.

She smiled as she swung into the saddle. "Mr. Eason told me that you wouldn't be of much use in protecting me, but I think you would."

Mateo glanced up furtively at the bank window, and he saw the keen eyes of the American cashier looking at him anxiously. He was evidently worried if she were not.

The door opened, and Eason said, "Miss Marston, I think I had better go with you."

She looked back, and her eyes were tender. "I'm safe with Mateo."

"I shall ride out to-night, however, or earlier!" he said quietly.

"Do," she answered smiling; and Mateo, watching under his eyebrows, knew that there was love between the two, and he guessed more—perhaps she did not have the money; perhaps Eason was to bring it out. Mateo was nervous.

They rode slowly to the outskirts of the town, and the horses picked up their pace.

A few miles farther, and, as if with one glorious sweep of a gigantic wand, the bright day changed into a golden dusk of moonlight and shadow. Now and then the girl stopped, breathless with the beauty of the change; and often on a ridge she would pause long to call Mateo's attention to the mountains far in the distance, their silvery snowy tops weirdly wonderful in the far flung moonlight.

Mateo listened and looked in silence. He saw not the mountains but *La Santita*, rising like the figure of a robed saint, beyond them. José and his partner were hiding in the shadow of the mesquite thickets at its base. Mateo knew his life was safe, but he was worried for two reasons: perhaps, she did not have the money after all; perhaps Eason might decide to follow immediately.

Thinking of these things, Mateo suggested that they hurry on, and she reluctantly agreed.

La Santita rose higher and sharper in outline as they drew near, and suddenly the shadow of the towering rock fell upon them. They turned to take the downward trail to the flats, and the horses slowed up. Here was the place!

The blood was pounding through Mateo's weak body. He watched with strained eyes and taut nerves; perhaps—

Two figures darted from the bush. The horses reared. The girl exclaimed sharply, then screamed in a voice that went through Mateo like

the thrust of a knife, as she was dragged from her horse and thrown to the ground. Mateo watched her gasping struggle. She fought wildly at first, then gradually weakened. She spoke just once in a weak, spent, pleading voice: "Oh, Mateo, help me!"

They were using her roughly. The saliva in Mateo's mouth seemed to go acid. He stared at her. She was pinned on her face, and Mendel, José's partner, was binding her arms behind her.

José turned from the saddle-bags. His voice was harsh with threat. "The money isn't here! Where is it?"

Mateo cringed, and the horses he was holding shied as José stepped toward him. "I know not, José!"

"Search her!" José said angrily.

The girl answered faintly. "Don't touch me, you beasts! Let me go—I'll get the money if that is what you want!"

With one arm loosed, she drew from a fold in her skirt the package.

José seized it and laughed. "*Dios!* Here it is!" He shoved it into his shirt. "Now, hurry, put her on the horse," he snapped.

She caught his meaning. "You have the money—won't you let me go?"

José's lean face looked almost pleasant in the moonlight.

"You go!" he repeated in English, then said in Spanish: "We are going over the border to the Ralio Hills. From there we shall send Mateo to your father for money for you. If he does not send it—well, a rose was made for plucking; and you—are the rose!"

"You aren't so contemptible as that!"

He was bringing up her horse, but turned at her words, catching her meaning if he did not understand her words.

"Would you look at me? Am I handsome? No! not in your eyes! But I shall have if I want it—what Eason would have!"

The girl murmured as she moaned; and at the sound something clattered in Mateo's soul.

He said fearfully to José: "José, you have the money, let the girl—"

Hard against Mateo's teeth came José's hard fist, and Mateo staggered.

"Peace, dog," José said sharply.

Mateo felt a warmish, sweetish something on his lips, and he knew it was blood. The clattering in his soul grew louder. He hoped Eason would follow soon; then his hope died as fear entered. Eason would discover what had happened if he went to the ranch; but if he did, and José's party were overtaken—Mateo shook with dread; it would mean death for him.

His terrified thinking was broken by José's command.

They started away, breaking sharply from the main trail, and taking the one that crossed the arid alkali waste beyond the river.

The girl swayed weakly in the saddle, for she had undergone rough treatment; but José knew better than to force her to ride with him while her strength lasted.

Mateo rode behind. Only once did she turn to him, and then her faint words had shown no trace of anger, only a deep, dreadful pity—"Mateo, you poor, little coward!"

He had quivered at the scornful words and hung back until Mendel urged him on with a curse.

The dry powder began to drift up, and soon the girl called for water, but José did not stop. On they went, silent save for the low moans of the girl, the sound of hoofs on the soft trail, the creak of saddles, now and then the snort of a horse as he blew the clinging dust from his nostrils; around them the mighty spaces of the hushed southern night.

An hour passed, and the moanings of the girl grew into broken mutterings that almost seemed, and yet were not, the speech of delirium. Mateo heard her speak her father's name again and again with a love and yearning that made his small soul

sick within him. Before her might lie something that was worse than death, and the chances were, Mateo knew, that it might come, for José was infamous in more ways than one. Moreover, Mateo knew he would never dare to carry a message to the ranch, for the Englishman would kill him; if he did not, there was the American, feared throughout the section, who might even then be pressing on their trail.

The girl aroused herself and begged piteously for water.

"José!" Mateo called hesitatingly, "won't you give—"

José turned and said savagely: "Peace, you! There is none! Peace—or you sleep long!"

Mateo, already dumfounded at what he had heard himself say, for he had spoken before he thought, sank into quick silence.

Another hour passed—an hour of the same terrible desert silence and the girl's low talking to herself. She was drooping far over the saddle, and her hair had fallen like a veil about her. Mateo caught his breath as he watched her.

Soon the trail grew harder under foot; hills loomed sharply and suddenly. They climbed a ridge, and beyond it Mateo saw a small valley. In the centre a small spot gleamed like a pool of silver. His parched mouth opened in a murmur of joy—"Del Carto." It was the famous spring of which he had heard many tales.

The horses caught the scent of the water and hurried on. Soon it lay before them, down in a deep cut.

José and Mendel gave their reins to Mateo, and slid down to the pool.

Mateo stepped beside the girl's horse. "You shall soon have water, senorita," he said softly.

The girl lifted her sagging head; clear consciousness seemed to come to her at the familiar sound of his voice; she stared at him with eyes that were bright and wide in the moonlight. In a tone that started the clattering again in Mateo's soul, she whispered:

"Mateo, oh, Mateo, Mateo, if you were only a man!"

"A man, senorita? I am a man," he answered in surprise.

Then he understood how she had used the English word. He looked up into her face, white in the moonlight, and he swore softly.

"I not a man!" he muttered slowly. Through the shrunken cells of his brain a flaming, cleaving word passed, that turned into a cry: the answer of the male to the cry of the hunted female, old as the jungle, deep as life.

His lips drew tight over his teeth; a warm something came from his lips again, from the re-opened bruise where José's fist had landed.

"I not a man!" he muttered, and something seemed to burst within him into roar and flame.

José and Mendel were drinking slowly, and therefore, wisely, stopping to rest, then drinking again; their thirst was great. José was sprawling in the spring's edge, as was Mendel. The two dark figures against the brightness of the silvery pool made two splendid targets, and the automatic was hair-triggered.

Mateo drew it from its holster. The dull barrel caught the moonlight and rested in a line on José's chest.

In that brief moment, that partook of eternity, the clattering in Mateo's soul died to a beautiful peace; he heard the girl's low gasp of great wonder and understanding; he ran his tongue across his battered lips; he did not tremble—he was a man!

With a sigh of some new, deep, rich content, he touched the trigger once—twice.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

OLD SOLDIERS

HAVE many recollections of old soldiers. I commanded for about forty years the Governor-General's Body Guard, which formed the cavalry of the Toronto active militia, and commanded it at the Fenian Raid of 1866 at Fort Erie, and again in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. On the 1st April, 1885, I had just finished my court, when I received telegraphic orders to turn out my corps for active service in the Northwest. I issued orders at once, and left Toronto with my Command three or four days later, and was away from Toronto for nearly four months. On our return the Corps was released from duty, and the next morning I took my seat on the Bench.

To my surprise I found that the barristers and officials of the Court had prepared a special reception for me. The Courtroom was decorated with flags, and with a quantity of flowers, very tastefully arranged around my seat and desk. Addresses were made by one of the barristers, and the Chief of Police, warmly welcoming me back to my duties, and I expressed my thanks in a short speech. I then began trying criminals in surroundings which I believe were very uncommon in a police court. Although it was somewhat embarrassing, I was nevertheless much pleased at the kindly feeling manifested by my friends.

The old soldiers and pensioners had an idea, which was well founded, that I had a friendly feeling for them. The old pensioners some years ago were all long service men, who had put in the best part of their lives in the army, and had generally followed the Colours all over the world. They were a very interesting class, and about pension day there was considerable fraternizing and jubilation, which often brought them before me for drunkenness.

I generally made any excuse I could for letting them off, for they had done no harm to anyone but themselves. On one occasion I told a fine looking old soldier that he was charged with being drunk, and asked him if he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"Guilty, Colonel," he replied, "of course I was guilty. Why wouldn't I be guilty? Didn't I get my pinsion yesterday? What would be the use of my toiling and slaving in the British Army all my life, all over the world, if I couldn't get drunk on pinsion day?"

There was an earnest air of indignation in his manner, which amused me very much. I said: "You may go, but don't come here again before next pension day."

The methods used by these old soldiers to let me know they were soldiers were often very clever. They generally tried to give me a hint, that would not be understood by the crowd. Sometimes they would stand rigidly

at attention, and plead guilty, generally addressing me as Colonel, as in fact do most of my customers. I could detect the old soldier at once. Sometimes I would ask:

"Have you been here before?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"What was done with you?"

"I was admonished, sir." There could be no mistake then.

Sometimes they would give me a military salute, and sometimes a pretended soldier would salute to cause me to believe that he was a pensioner. I did not like fraud, and I could detect a bogus salute, and I would tell him that a man who could not salute better than he did, should not get drunk and I would fine him.

One fraudulent customer of that kind attempted to deceive me, so I said, "Were you ever in the army?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"In what regiment?" I said.

"In the 61st Hussars."

"Are you sure it was not the 51st Hussars?"

"No, sir, the 61st Hussars."

"In the British Army?"

"Yes, sir," and he told me he had served in it seven years.

"Well," said I, "I am quite interested in seeing you, for I never saw a man of that regiment before, there are only twenty-one regiments of light cavalry in the army, and I must be the only man who ever saw a man of the 61st Hussars. I shall keep you awhile as a curiosity." And I promptly fined him.

Another fraud of this type told me that he had belonged to the Dublin Refuses. He evidently had heard of Fusiliers, and was intending to mention them, but did not remember the name. He was fined.

Another man told me he was drunk but he had met an old friend whom he had not seen since they were on the "Rock" together. He knew, I would understand that they had served at Gibraltar. Of course under the circumstances, he got off without a fine.

Another old pensioner excused himself by saying he had met an old comrade that he had not seen for some time, and he had taken more than he should.

"Was he an old soldier?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well you can go this time, but you take my advice, and keep away from old soldiers, they are a bad lot." He laughed and went off.

I would never allow litigants to come to discuss cases out of Court, or discuss anything at my house, and there were often attempts to gain my ear in various ways. People coming to my house to see me, were always told to wait in the vestibule, until I went to them. The moment I found it was about Police Court business I would open the door and show them out. One day a man summoned by another for some offence, came to my house to explain matters to me, but knowing my reputation for not talking over cases, he brought along with him another Irishman, an old soldier, a man of experience to aid him, and to endavour to get me to discuss the case with him.

He began by telling me he had a summons. I asked to see it, and I pointed out to him that he was to be at the Police Court the next morning at 10 o'clock, and for him to be there, and I would hear all he had to say.

"Yes, sir," he said, "but I want to explain it so you will understand it."

"You can explain it in Court when the other side is present. I will not discuss a case with one man behind the other man's back."

The old soldier with a wise look that was most impressive, said:

"That seems the correct principle, Colonel."

"Of course it is," said I. "Now how would you like the other man to come here in half an hour, and tell me all about you behind your back? You must go," and I showed him out.

The old soldier turning to me as if we understood each other, said, "You are quite right, Colonel, that is the correct principle, not only "in jurisdiction to yourself, but also in jurisprudence to others."

"Certainly," I said. "You understand it," and they went off.

One noted character who came before the Court thirty years ago was a big Irishwoman who stood nearly six feet in height and was strong and heavy. The Police had great trouble whenever they attempted to arrest her for drunkenness. One alone would rarely attempt it. She was often fined for drunkenness, and would serve her term in jail. Sometimes she would be arrested for vagrancy, for wandering about the streets without a settled home, and was several times fined for that. Then she rented a small house, and having friends who like herself appreciated stimulants, it happened that the house was the scene of drunken rows; and fighting and bad language could be heard, until the place became a nuisance. While a row was going on one night the Police came down and arrested everyone in it. The woman was sentenced to a fine or sixty days in jail, and before she left the dock to serve her sentence, she turned to Sergeant Ward in charge of the Police division, and said: "Sergeant Ward, dear, before I lave I want to spake to you. Ye have brought me here often, and had me sent down for being drunk. Then when I would not get drunk, you brought me in for being a vagrant and had me sent down for not having a home. Thin I get a house, but there is no plasing ye, and ye bring me up for keeping a disorderly house. Now, Sergeant dear, there is no place left for me, except a balloon, like a good fellow have a balloon for me when I come out". The Police were obliged to let her have her say before they could take her to the cells, for great bodies move slowly. Ward was often chaffed about the balloon. In those days when airships and aeroplanes were unknown, the joke was much more effective.

This reminds me of another story of the same type. An Irishman who was a member of the House of Commons for an English constituency, some years ago called on me, and I asked him to sit on the Bench with me, and he afterwards told me a story brought to his mind, evidently by the fact that I was a Magistrate, and a Colonel of Militia. He said a friend of his who had been a Major of Militia, and was a Magistrate in Ireland, was one day trying his cases, when he had to send an Irishwoman, of the same type as the one I have just described, to prison for a term, when she addressed the Magistrate in these words:

"Well, Major, I want to say this to ye, that me feyther was hanged for murther, me husband was hanged for murther, me eldest son is sarving a term of penal servitude for life, for shooting a landlord, [note the fine distinction] and my two daughters are earning a disgraceful living in Dublin, but I thank the Good Lord, and the Holy blessed Virgin Mary, that there was none of my people was ever connected with the Militia."

*

The Texas Case

In June, 1883, I was in Europe with my wife and two daughters. We were coming from Italy to England and had arrived at Heidelberg. At the Table d' Hote of the Hotel Victoria, two elderly ladies, and two young girls happened to be sitting exactly opposite to us, and we exchanged a few remarks. The next day, we went to Mayence, and at the Hotel in the evening we saw the same ladies again. The following morning we went on the steamer for Cologne and again found the same party. We spent the day together and I spent most of the time talking to the eldest lady, a nice looking gray-haired kindly woman. When we arrived at Cologne, we all went to the Hotel du Nord, and I and my family at once went out to see the Cathedral and walk a little about the city. After about two hours we returned to the hotel, and in the doorway, the elderly lady was standing, waiting evidently in distress, and she at once came to me and said, "I wish to speak to you

Col. Denison for a few minutes. I am in great trouble". We went to a retired corner of the writing-room and she said, "I am in the greatest distress. I have no friend or relative near me, and I have received a letter which has shocked me dreadfully". She had found it waiting for her at the Post Restante.

She handed me a letter which had been forwarded to her from her home in Devonshire. It was from her only son, who was living in a town in Texas. I read the letter very carefully. The young man who was about twenty-seven years of age told his mother, that he had got into an awful scrape. That he was interested with several partners in a mining claim, and another set of men had tried to jump their claim, and there had been a fight, and one of their opponents had been killed, and he and his partners had been arrested for the murder, that he was in jail and that the trial would come off in about two months. He said he had not done the killing himself, but he would be tried with the others, and he asked his mother to send him £200 to enable him to secure a lawyer, witnesses, etc.

After reading it carefully I said, "Now, Mrs. ——— if you wish me to advise you, you must not mind my asking you some searching questions?"

"Certainly not," she said.

I then said, "You have had some trouble with your son?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am sorry to say that I have".

"You have often had to supply him with money?"

I had told the old lady on the steamboat that I was the Police Magistrate of Toronto and like the majority of English people, she apparently thought that America was all one place, and had no idea that Texas was more than 1,000 miles from my home. So she said, "Do you know my son or anything of him?"

"No," I replied, "I know nothing of him, never heard of him, but has he not been more urgent of late, and have you not had to refuse him?"

"Yes, I could not send him more. He had been such a drain upon me, that it is the reason I am travelling here now. I have been appointed by the Court of Chancery to take the two young ladies who are with me, who are wards in Chancery, for a trip on the continent during their vacation, and I am paid for my services, which helps me to get along. I need not have done this but for my son's constant demands."

I then said, "Now I must say that this letter is to my mind what we call in Police Court circles a 'put up job'. I don't believe there has been any row, that any man has been killed, that any trial is to take place, or that any part of the letter is true, except that he wants you to send him £200".

"Oh! Colonel Denison! do you think any son could be so heartless as to play upon his mother's feelings so cruelly?"

I replied, "You know him, I do not, but I have told you candidly my opinion".

"What can I do?" she said.

I then advised her. I saw that she was so alarmed and so nervous, that I would have to tell her to do something. So I told her she could send him $100, and that would be amply sufficient to retain a lawyer for preliminary work, and I said I would write by the mail that day to Toronto to the Chief of Police, and request him to write to the Chief of Police of the town in Texas, and ask him if a man of her son's name was there, and what he was doing, and if he was in any trouble. The lady did not want her son to know about the inquiry, and I said I could have it done quietly and I took her address in Devonshire, and gave her mine in London, and told her I would not be sailing for Canada for about six weeks, and I should get a reply in plenty of time for her to do more if necessary. I did not see the lady again.

I went on to London with my family and some four or five weeks elapsed, when I had a letter from Mrs.— —written evidently in great anxiety,

telling me that she had received a cablegram from her son, saying, "If you want to save my life cable me £200 at once". I telegraphed to her, "Do nothing, till you hear from me, am writing". And I wrote and told her that the Canadian mail steamer had been reported that morning at Moville, and to give me another day or two.

The next day I received a short letter from Major Draper, our Chief of Police. He said he had lost no time, and had just received a letter from the Chief of Police of the Town in Texas, and had barely time to enclose it, and catch the English mail.

The letter from Texas from the Chief of Police, said in effect: "I have placed your man, he is a bar tender in a hotel here. I cannot find any trace of his having been in trouble here. If you want him wire me, and I can lay my hands on him at any time."

I enclosed both letters to the old lady and received a very grateful letter of thanks for my kindness which had saved her £200, but she would, I think, rather have lost the money, than have had such conclusive proof of the heartless cruelty of her son. In acknowledging her letter, I told her not to worry about him any more, that if he only used his ingenuity as skilfully in defrauding others, as he had used it in trying to defraud his mother, he would get along.

I have often thought over the extraordinary coincidence of this affair. It was so strange that she should have happened to meet perhaps the only man in that part of the country who would not only have understood the business, but who had the machinery at hand to discover the facts at once.

*

The Dalton Imitators

On 27th December, 1892, a daylight robbery occurred which as *The Globe* said, "surpassed for reckless audacity, anything that had occurred in Toronto for many a year". A man named Ammon Davis had a jewelry shop on Queen Street and at 8.10 a.m. he was opening the shop and getting the jewelry out of the safe, and putting it in the show case, while his boy was cleaning the window. Three men entered the shop and covering Davis and the boy, with revolvers, forced them into a room at the back and bound and gagged them carefully. One stood guard over the captives, while the other two rifled the safe of $500 in cash, filled their jackets with jewelry and made off by the back door.

On the 17th January, 1893, the shop of Frederick Roberts was entered in the same way. Roberts, his apprentice, and a customer, were all gagged and bound and about $1,000 worth of jewelry stolen and carried off. The robbers wore wraps about their faces which masked them, so that the police could not get any reasonable description of them.

On the 28th January, 1893, *The Toronto Empire* began a report of another outrage in these words: "Is this Toronto or is it Deadwood City?" and it gave an account of an attempted robbery of the Home Bank on Church Street. The cashier was in a cage, and the money was in it with him, when four men entered the bank and demanded the money. The cashier held up a chair in front of him and refused to give it up. Major Mason, another clerk, attacked one of the men, and was struck on the head and knocked to the floor. Another clerk escaped by a back door, ran upstairs to a law office, and telephoned to the detective department which was only about seventy-five yards away. The robbers became alarmed, ran out, separated and escaped. There was no clue, and the police got a very poor description of the robbers. The newspapers all had articles on the subject, some severe upon the detective department.

Public indignation was still more aroused two or three days later, when a box with a quantity of jewelery stolen from Davies's shop was found in a doorway alongside the shop, and

was taken to the detective department. It was discovered that every article had been tested with acid and proved not to be genuine. A note found in the box read:

"Here's your fake jewelry, Mr. Davis, we don't want it. They said we would not shoot, but they'll see if we wont. It was only the detectives getting around so quickly last time that saved them. They'll hear from us again. It may be in a few days, or perhaps not for some little time, that will depend, but we mean business". There was no signature to this.

The detectives at last got a clue which turned suspicion upon a man named Bennett and three others named Norris, and Wm. and Edward Archer. Their movements were carefully and secretly watched. From the nature of the case it was necessary to make the arrests as nearly as possible simultaneously, otherwise some of them would have escaped. One evening, knowing that Bennett was at home, Detective Duncan, accompanied by Constable Allan, went to his house. The door was opened by Bennett himself. The detective said,

"Do you live here now?"

"I do," said Bennett.

In reply to further questions Bennett stated that no others had been visiting him, and that he had no jewelry about the place.

"Well, I am going to take a look through the house anyway," said Duncan, and he produced his warrant. The officers entered the house, keeping a very close guard on Bennett. "I'll put on my coat and help you," he said. "No thank you," said Duncan "just stand where you are please," and the search began. His anxiety to don his coat was soon explained. On a chair beside a bed lay his coat, and beside it a revolver loaded in every chamber. In his overcoat pocket was found a quantity of cord, identical in appearance with that which bound Ammon Davis, Frederick Roberts and the others, also some faded factory cotton similar to that which was used in gagging the victims. Four murderous slung shots and a mask of dark coloured texture were also found. For some time the search for jewelry was fruitless. On the table was a dish filled with bird seed. Running his fingers down through this the detective found a gold locket with Ammon Davis's ticket still on it. On emptying the contents of the dish, several other articles were found including a diamond ring. The detective took Bennett, his wife and baby to the station to prevent the news of the arrest spreading. A posse of officers shortly after went to the residence of Norris and arrested him. Detectives Mackie and McGrath made a careful search for jewelry, and found a loaded revolver, but could not find any jewelry until they began to search the bed in which a baby was sleeping. Mrs. Norris asked them not to waken the baby but they moved it and found in the bed tick exactly under where the baby had been lying, several articles of jewelry which had been stolen from Roberts. The two Archers were arrested about the same time.

Bennett seeing the game was up confessed and told the whole story and all the stolen property was recovered. I committed them for trial to the Quarter Sessions. Bennett was sent to the Penitentiary for fifteen years, Wm. Archer for ten years and Edward Archer for three years.

(To be continued)

FISHER LADS

Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

W. L. MACKENZIE KING

THE NEW LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN CANADA

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

Let us be assured of this: the unrest in the world of industry to-day is no ephemeral and transitory affair; no mere aftermath of the hideous convulsion which has shaken existing society to its very foundations. It is the voice of a grief-stricken humanity crying for justice in the relations of industry. Let us be equally assured that the sword is not the instrument, and repression not the method, to stay this unrest. The truth is mightier than the swoid, and in conference and co-operation between all the parties in interest, not in coercion of the others by any one, lies the only hope of an ultimate solution.—"The Four Parties to Industry," by W. L. Mackenzie King.

HE public eye of Canada rests to-day on Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King. Men there are in higher position. Political questions there are of supreme national importance. But no man or no question appeals to everybody's imagination so much as the youthful leader of the Liberal party.

After all, perhaps Mackenzie King should not be classed as youthful, for he has passed Sir William Osler's limit of usefulness and has entered the dubious realm of the middle-aged. He will be forty-five next month.

We acknowledge the dignity of years, because ever since he emerged into prominence eleven years ago, when he undertook the difficult task of organizing and administering the Department of Labour in the Laurier Government, youth has seemed to be his greatest foe. All along the line, men, even of his own party, have said that he is too young, and his best friends have had to live down the impression that he has been almost a political nursling. Even to-day, in all parts of the Dominion, and notwithstanding his two score years and five, you may hear expressed the opinion that he is too young to be the leader of a great historical party—a party that for generations has been used to the leadership and lieutenancy of such grayheads as Brown and Mackenzie, Blake and Cartwright, Blair and Paterson, Fielding and Laurier. What fallacy! To disprove it one might make instance of Napoleon. One might make instance of Pitt. One might make instance of Gladstone. One might make the supreme instance of Wolfe. But in our own day and in our own country, one might make the fascinating instance of Beatty, a younger man than King, the President of the greatest transporting organization in the world.

Let it be understood, then, that Mackenzie King is not a young man. For he has passed the meridian. He is seasoned in affairs. He is by reason of his studies, by reason of his opportunities, by reason of his great endowments, by reason of his unusual experiences, equipped for the important role of statesman.

But what have been his experiences? To review them we must catch a glimpse of him at the age of twenty-one, emerging from the University of Toronto, a graduate in political science, with a noble fighting

tradition behind him and the whole world in front. He seems to have kept ever in his mind as an example the achievements of his grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, the founder of Liberalism in Canada, the leader of those advanced spirits who in 1837 went into rebellion in order to change the condition of irresponsible government then prevailing and to give to all the people the right to determine who should make their laws and who should administer them. His first venture was on the editorial staff of *The Globe,* Toronto, where he passed a year in discovering that, like his grandfather, who also had been a journalist, he had talents that could do things as well as merely record or comment on the things done by others. He had a *penchant* for social-labour problems, and, to further his ends, obtained a fellowship in political economy in the University of Chicago. Thither he went in the winter of 1896-97, after having acted as political correspondent for *The Globe* during the memorable campaign which ended in the downfall of Tupper and the ascendancy of Laurier. It was during this period, at Ottawa, that he wrote his first book, an admirable memoir of the Henry Albert Harper, entitled "The Secret of Heroism", which is a tribute to a noble character and a heroic deed. While at Chicago he took the degree of master of arts, and even in those days, for he was then in his first twenties, he wrote two theses, one on "Trades Union Organization in the United States", and the other on "The International Typographical Union: A Study in Trade Unionism". Both were published in *The Journal of Political Economy.* Between 1898 and 1900 he won a scholarship and fellowship at Harvard University, where for special studies of labour problems, as a post-graduate student, he received the degree of doctor of philosophy. He was for a time lecturer in political economy at Harvard. During that time a real crisis in his career occurred. He could remain at Harvard and become a useful and even prominent university professor, or undertake for the Laurier Government in Canada some investigations of industrial conditions in the Dominion, investigations that were not only intensely attractive to one of his temperament and training but that promised also greater opportunities for usefulness and, most of all, a return to his native country. He decided to undertake the investigation, and that decision led by a direct line and seemingly fateful certainty to his eventful place in the Cabinet and his organization and administration of the new Department of Labour.

One of the first things Mackenzie King had to do after this great opportunity came was to get a seat in Parliament. When a new man is taken into the Cabinet it has been the practice of all Governments to find for him a seat in some safe constituency. But not thus with Mackenzie King. He chose North Waterloo, the constituency in which he was born, and in face of the fact that it was the stronghold of Joseph Seagram, a Conservative, whom it had sent to Parliament with a majority of 366, and against the advice of his friends at Ottawa and the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he entered the contest in the general elections of 1908 and won. For three years he administered with conspicuous ability the Department of Labour, but in 1911 he suffered defeat when the Laurier Government fell in the campaign for reciprocity in natural products with the United States.

Mackenzie King once more had to fall back upon his resources. And his resources were such that it was not long before the Rockefeller Foundation sent him out to investigate industrial conditions all over the world. As a result of former researches and knowledge acquired during this period we have his book "Industry and Humanity", in which is embodied his splendid conception of "the four parties to industry"—Labour, Capital, the Management, the Community. He was about a year on the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation when the war be-

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King,
who succeeds Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party in Canada

gan, and almost immediately he entered upon the most poignantly distressing period of his life. He easily could have joined the militia and obtained a comfortable post, for at his age he scarcely would have been permitted to go to the Front. Quite apart from that, however, we find a remarkable coincidence. Mackenzie King at this time was engaged, beside his other duties, in obtaining material for his book, which is a study of the ills that affect industrial life and which was undertaken in the same spirit in which the British Government thought well of having a special department established to study the problem of industrial reconstruction. At the same time Dr. Macdougall King was engaged in writing his book on "The Battle with Tuberculosis and How to Win It", a work that has been taken by both the Canadian and American Governments for use in all their military hospitals. Here, then, were two brothers devoting their splendid energies to the task of ameliorating man's condition in life. But that is not all. Dr. King was himself a victim of tuberculosis. He had been on his back for two years, and during that time and afterwards he and his wife and twin sons were supported in large measure by the brother, Mackenzie King, who, quite apart from his own personal affairs, was engaged in assisting several of the largest war industries on this continent to adjust their industrial relations so as to ensure continuous and maximum output on

essential war materials. Mackenzie King also contributed to the foundation of joint boards of employers and employees and to the acceptance of policies helpful in the avoidance of lockouts and strikes in industries embracing coal, ship-building, steel, oil and electrical appliances. To give one instance of the result of a plan drafted by him, each man's output for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was greater during the time the United States was at war than that of any other coal company in America. His plan served as the solution of a condition that had resulted in a tie-up of this important industry and also in a sort of civil war for almost two years.

During all these activities Mr. King passed a considerable portion of his time in Canada, for there were unusual demands of a private nature upon him. His father, who lived in Toronto, had become blind; and therefore the care of him as well as of the mother and sister fell in no small measure upon the son. The sister died a year after the war began, and that increased the immediate and personal responsibility of Mr. Mackenzie, as the father had no person but the mother to assist him in his blindness. A year later the father died, leaving the mother all alone and broken with the strain. The home in Toronto was closed, and then the son, a single man, living in apartments in Ottawa, took his mother there to live with him. For one year she was ill in bed, with a trained nurse in attendance, and at the end of that time she too died. These distressing events, coming one after the other, removed forever any doubt there may have been in Mackenzie King's determination to consecrate his life to suffering humanity. All the time he was preparing himself, perhaps unconsciously, as he had been preparing ever since he first entered a university, for the opportunity that the leadership of the Liberal party offered. During the years 1900-07 he acted successfully as conciliator and mediator, representing the Government of Canada, in thirty-six different strikes in the Dominion. His record during the four years that he was Minister of Labour surely is unsurpassed either in variety of interest or extent of achievement.

This is, at least, in some measure, the record of the man who took the Liberal convention at Ottawa by storm in a speech that convinced the majority of the delegates from all parts of the Dominion that he was the man best equipped to lead them. Now that he has been returned to Parliament, to represent a constituency in Prince Edward Island, he will be not only leader of the Liberal party, but as well officially Leader of his Majesty's Loyal Opposition, a position to which a considerable salary is paid by Act of Parliament apart from the regular indemnity paid to members.

Hon. Mackenzie King possesses an engaging personality, a keen sense of justice and uprightness, a clean record, an abhorrence of sham and crookedness, a sympathetic outlook on mankind, an excellent platform style, a forceful attitude in debate, a logical mind, and indeed, all the finer qualities that fit him for the place rendered vacant by the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

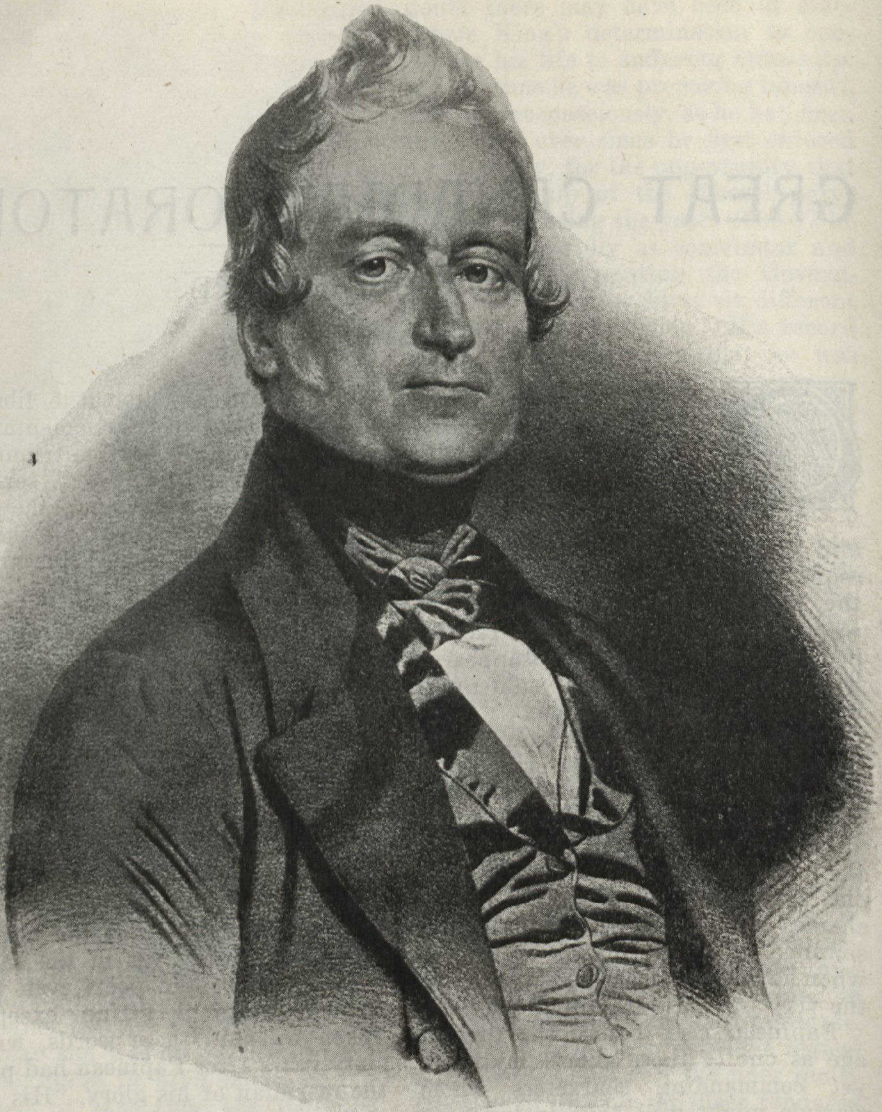
IV.—LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU

NE of the most striking oratorical personalities that ever appeared in Canada was Louis Joseph Papineau, the famous Lower Canadian orator and statesman. With almost picturesque magnificence he flashed upon the luminous stage of history, and when his mission to a great race of people was ended he disappeared with almost mysterious suddenness from before the eyes of men.

At the sound of his name, Upper Canada has been wont to cry "Traitor", Lower Canada to exclaim "Patriot". His faults were not a few, his claims to renown many. And whether the laurel of a patriot be his glory, or the dark mask of a traitor be his shame, at least no discordant note is sounded in either Ontario or Quebec when he is proudly acclaimed as one of the very foremost orators of the land.

Papineau rises before the present age as one of those almost mythical, yet commanding characters whom Carlyle might well have included as a special type of hero in his peerless panorama of personalities, the justly famous "Heroes and Hero Worship". But the great Scottish soul-searcher did not know Papineau, and in consequence a refreshing fountain of knowledge remained forever sealed from human eyes. The world, however, is not forced to remain wholly disconsolate, for the biography of the illustrious French Canadian has been frequently and most effectively written. De Celles, for many years the accomplished and versatile librarian of the Canadian Parliamentary library at Ottawa, has contributed to "The Makers of Canada" series of biographies a most sympathetic account of the triumphs and the misfortunes of this remarkable tribune of the elder of the Canadas. Other writers have done likewise. To recount, otherwise than with becoming brevity the fascinating vicissitudes of his career would therefore be repeating what already has seen light through the press, and is to be found in many libraries throughout the country.

It is pardonable to speak extravagantly of Papineau. He is one of our own countrymen. And while it never has been a Canadian characteristic to overload the men of the northern zone with praise, yet in the case of heroes, orators and poets even we in Canada make a fitting exception. When we read these words, written sixty years after Papineau had passed the meridian of his glory, "His name still shines resplendent, a star of the highest rank in the constellation of our Canadian celebrities" . . . "he is a legendary god" . . . "the people were hypnotized by his eloquence" . . . "for the educated as well as the masses, he is the prototype of eloquence" . . . "the term 'he is a Papineau', constitutes the highest praise which can be conferred on a master of the art of speaking" it seems that superlative language is all that remains to adequately describe his talents and his oratory.



LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU
A Great Canadian Orator

Papineau was born in Montreal in the month of October in that year of years, 1789. Reality may be willing to suffer an eclipse for a time while Romance indulges itself in the pastime of seeking an explanation of the stormy career of the Lower Canadian tribune in the fact that he was born in the very year in which the mighty French Revolution had its terrible, yet inevitable, inauguration. His early years were without momentous incident. There were, no doubt, those who looked at the rather attractive boy with eyes that shone with the tenderness of affection or perhaps with the spirit of prophecy, and discerned in the trifling achievements of his youth events which unfalteringly foretold the shining laurels and the

glittering diadems mystically awaiting in the distance. Young Papineau made his way through school and college with unostentatious diligence. He studied carefully and yet perhaps aimlessly, with no certain or inviting goal as a motive or an inspiration. Manhood came upon him with something of a shock, and as it did so he felt the necessity of engaging in some useful occupation. But definite plans for a calling had not yet developed, when the voice of political life began to call to him in tones that were louder and more peremptory than all others. At the immature, but of course not unprecedented, age of twenty-five he entered the Parliament of Lower Canada. In that assembly, partly because of his natural gifts, and yet it cannot be denied in part because of that element in so many careers, which for want of a better name has been called opportunity, he at once leaped into provincial prominence. Being endowed with remarkable and indeed almost precocious gifts of speech, a legislative assembly furnished the very place, which hitherto had been lacking, to ensure for his brilliant talents their proper setting.

In Parliament Papineau at once created a profound impression. His oratory instantly dominated the Assembly. Eloquence such as his was unusual in that place and at that epoch. There are times when great representative assemblies of men are wholly without an orator. It is not with unkindness, but with regret, that the confession has to be made that many of the legislative bodies of this continent are in that pitiful predicament at present. Papineau's appearance was a surprise, and his triumph was instantaneous. Repeatedly he addressed the Assembly in tones which were rich and splendid, and with an effect that was electrifying. In his speeches were to be found not merely burning enthusiasm, gorgeous imagery, stately sentences, brilliant periods flaming rhetoric, poetic flashes, theatrical gestures, but there were also historical information, political knowledge, and statesmanlike wisdom of an order far beyond his experience, and very much in advance of his years. These speeches and the profound knowledge which they disclosed gained for Papineau the confidence of the Legislature. Within a short time he was elected Speaker. He held that position for the ensuing five years, and of course while Speaker maintained the traditionary oratorical silence which was one of the gifts, or perhaps penalties, of the office. In the meantime he pursued many studies, the departments of history, literature and the physical sciences chiefly engrossing his attention. In this manner he wisely qualified himself to retain the reputation for knowledge and ability which he already had acquired. His fame as a statesman, which had been developing, was fast ripening, and this means much when it is remembered that Papineau was a man who was always renowned for his utterances rather than his actions. It is a fact, however, which depends not merely upon the testimony of De Celles, whose historical impartiality sometimes yields to his biographical idolatry, that by the year 1825, when Papineau had attained the age of thirty-six years, he had reached "the culminating point in his power; and his influence everywhere acknowledged by all classes held undisputed sway".

At this time Papineau was leader of a large and influential body of men who joined with him in a supreme and sincere struggle to remove political grievances and secure just government for the Province. The principal political problem which engaged his attention during this epoch was that involved in the attempt to transfer power from Executive officials to popular representatives. The struggle lasted many years, and during its stormy, and sometimes bloody, progress, occupied a large share of public attention in Canada.

In 1822, Papineau was sent to England by the Legislature to enter a

solemn protest against the oppressive rule of the irresponsible office-holding oligarchy of Quebec, and also to resist the advancement of a measure which was in contemplation for the union of the two Canadas upon terms not particularly advantageous to Quebec. In England, the resistance met with much favour, and so strongly were the statesmen of the Mother Country impressed with Papineau's eloquent remonstrances that the project of union was deferred and did not again cross the political arena until after the Rebellion of 1837 had been quelled. The protest against the dictatorial oppression, however, met with a different fate. It was duly entered, but it must be admitted that it was time rather than oratory which contributed most in removing that greatest of the grievances of Lower Canada. In England Papineau's eloquence deeply moved men whose expectations in the realm of oratory were not readily satisfied, whose standards of speech were justly high, and who were fresh from the Parliamentary halls which were still resounding with the triumphant thunders of Lyndhurst, Sheil, O'Connell, Grey, and Canning.

His work in the British Isles completed, Papineau returned to Canada. There, during the following ten years, his magnetic oratory continued, as it previously had done, to charm and inspire thousands in every part of his native Province. Nor were his speeches merely burning arraignments of the hated and menacing administration. They were freighted with truths, important in the science of government. They were eloquent revelations of political constructiveness. They picturesquely pointed out the shining pathway to the newer realization of a splendid destiny for the people of the whole of Eastern Canada. The record of these ten years abides in many places. History, legislation, the public documents enshrine it. It may be well to permit that record to escape further treatment from biography. Suffice it to say that in the legislation and statesmanship displayed during this period as well, of course, as in the speeches which were delivered, Papineau easily ascended to a lofty place in the estimation of the people of Quebec.

And now the dark period in Papineau's life opens. In 1837 occurred the ill-fated, yet in some respects, essential, revolutions of Upper Canada. It was fathered by Mackenzie in the west, on the shores of Lake Ontario, but it spread rapidly from the muddy streets of Toronto to the rocky and historic battlements of Quebec. Even the children of Canada know by heart the story of this rebellion. Mackenzie's part was both more dangerous and more daring than that of Papineau, and this perhaps is the principal reason that Mackenzie has ever since reaped the larger share of the glory. It is for the essayist to relate incidents; the business of the historian is to justify them. Consequently the reader at this point need not be embarrassed with a deviation from narration to historical analysis. The rebellion was quelled; Mackenzie and Papineau both fled from Canada, and upon their precipitate departure the rebellion was brought to a speedy close. Papineau found his way to France, where he lay in retirement for nearly eight years—a period long enough then, as now, to permit a public man to be quite forgotten. Long before that period had elapsed, the spirit of severity had taken its customary departure, and all desire to punish the rebels had vanished from the minds of the authorities. In 1845 the exile returned to Canada. As was to be expected in a Province where feeling was at fever heat, and political warfare was never for a moment suspended, new and strange figures were occupying the centre of the arena. With much of his ancient enthusiasm, but crippled by prolonged absence, and lost opportunities, Papineau sought to gain his former ascendancy over his rivals.

During ten more years he struggled brilliantly in the face of a tide that

always seemed to be setting against him. If the pinnacle of his fame was reached before the rebellion, surely the crown of his genius was seen in those dark days, when, still the Papineau of other years, he contended in the uneven strife to resuscitate his shattered political fortunes. That contest belongs as much to romance as it does to biography. Much of it is shrouded in vague and uncertain shadows, and the more it is examined, the more mysterious does it become. This much, however, is incontestable. Those were the years during which Papineau kindled into a blaze of peerless splendour the very heart and soul of oratory. His eloquence was intended to overwhelm the irresponsible despots who carried on a corrupt administration of public affairs in Quebec. He could display eloquence and offer arguments, but he could not change votes. The reason for the stubbornness of his hearers was evident. They were controlled by the Executive of the Province. Their votes were pledged to their masters in advance of the discussions.

Papineau's speeches at this time were brilliant. They were masterly beyond anything his Province yet had known. Sometimes his speeches were inordinately lengthy. One which was made at this juncture occupied ten hours in its delivery. The physical as well as the mental resources of a man who could successfully perform this task are almost beyond comprehension. His oratorical efforts made men reflect upon the golden eloquence of the lofty-souled Massillon, and the reverberating tones of the thundering Mirabeau. But great as was the display of oratory, Papineau's efforts were doomed to a cruel disappointment. A new tribune who had learned his art at the master's feet, had made his stirring appearance in Lower Canada. The potent personality of the tempestuous, yet calculating, Lafontaine was flashing meteorically towards the zenith, and his ascending hopes were swiftly brightening in the Heavens. Papineau and Lafontaine engaged during some years in a powerful and deadly encounter. The contest resembled, as far as oratory was concerned, the struggle between Demosthenes and Aeschines, or the conflict between Hayne and Webster. The pure tones of the elder orator rang in all their silvery sweetness through a Province beautified beyond measure by nature and blighted needlessly by man.

And what a province it was! The very name "Quebec" called up richest images and treasured reminiscences. It had a more than romantic history. Rulers of royal blood had held sway in its executive mansions. Prelates familiar with the smiles of courts and sovereigns had touched the hearts of its peoples. History had vied with fancy to achieve immortality among its population. Nature's hand everywhere had left its permanent impressions. The greatest river in the world, rolling through nearly a thousand miles of its territory, and varying in its journey from silvery stretches of laughing waters to seething maelstroms of raging torrents, widened repeatedly as if by magic into giant lakes and miniature oceans. Fertile fields spread endlessly from sombre mountains in the south, round whose summits clustered ghostly legends, away to the northward, the haunt of the reindeer, the caribou, the snowdrift and the Pole. Artists had enriched their canvases with that Province's productions of imperishable loveliness. Poets had immortalized in rhythmic stanzas their inspired visions of its fadeless beauty and its heroic achievements. Orators had given enduring expression to its hopes and its inspirations. And this was the Province which imported governors had striven to outrage and humiliate. This was the fair and promising country which a generation of grasping politicians had conspired to impoverish and oppress. What wonder that bloodshed and rebellion were welcomed by despairing reformers to give this depressed land relief!

The struggle between the two great leaders which began after Papineau's return from France continued for a period of nearly ten years. Neither of the two eminent participants seemed to succeed. Then suddenly Papineau voluntarily withdrew from public life. The true reason for his abdication history has not been able to ascertain. Even the fact that the tasks in which public men engage may be assumed or relinquished at pleasure fails adequately to account for the withdrawal. Possibly the consciousness of the great and guilty part which he bore in the rebellion may have settled deeply in his soul. Being human, perhaps even a greater incentive was the recollection that he once had been a rebel. A grosser nature than his might not have cared, but his feelings were fine almost to the point of breaking. A giant error made by a man who feels oppresses with a weight which cannot be understood or appreciated by those who neither feel nor care.

Papineau's labours, however, had borne fruit. He had arrested the progress of the courtly system of irresponsible government, which had oppressed Lower Canada for more than a generation. But complete deliverance was yet afar. Other patriots were to fully free the Province from the grasp of strange governors, whose designs upon the country were neither well omened nor well meant. But if other patriots were to effect the emancipation their task was rendered immeasurably lighter because of influences which had gone before. And not the least among these influences which contributed to the freeing of Quebec from her taskmasters was the eloquence, and perhaps the exile, of Papineau.

Here, at the age of sixty-six, a time when the sun of many a life is still high above the horizon, the public greatness of Papineau ends, except that as long as a famous man still survives, he is of interest to the multitudes, and of importance to the race. For seventeen years after his retirement from public life, he dwelt in a little village, which preserves in its name a memory of his greatness, and which is situated not far from the mighty metropolis of Montreal. Occasionally, and with almost oracular grandeur, he emerged from his mysterious seclusion, and spoke to the people whom he had served, and whom he still loved. Whenever he appeared in public, he lifted his eloquent voice as of yore, in a triumphant peal of encouragement for humanity. As Morley nobly says of Burke, "His hopes were undimmed to the last for mankind". Even though removed from the storms of political life, he was acclaimed as a tribune of the people; and during the years which elapsed between his retirement and the end, he was venerated as a prophet, and worshipped as an idol. He looked on with silent dignity and with almost sphinx-like inscrutability, but he spake no word, as the mighty achievement of Canadian Confederation unfolded its vast magnificence into being. It was the consummation of his unfulfilled, and perhaps even unconceived, desires; for it ended the reign of arrogant autocracy in his native Province, and sublimely and permanently enthroned the supreme sovereignty of the people. In Confederation a new and united destiny was about to open to two Provinces, warring within themselves, as well as warring against one another. Or was it the inevitable solving of the time-won problem, and perhaps made easier of solution by being baptized with a newer and more fanciful name?

In 1871, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, Papineau passed away even from his latest abode upon earth. The representative men of the new Dominion followed his remains to the grave. In addition to representative men, who wore top hats and frock coats, many thousands of the humble and common people, who understood that a great man was no more, moved likewise in the sad procession. A man, who, not without making serious mistakes, had served

his country with self-denial when greed and selfishness prevailed on every hand, was committed to the dust when Papineau's casket was lowered in the tomb. For a number of years he had been silent, although with occasional oracular intermissions. After he was gone, the silence continued, only then it became eternal.

In writing of this famous man, I am not unmindful of the fact that although in the estimation of some of his biographers he is a hero, in the judgment of others he is a superficial politician, a vain demagogue, a personal coward, and a traitor to his country. Dent, who outlined Papineau's career in his gallery of Nineteenth Century Canadians, loses no opportunity to attack his motives, his ability and his conduct, and his fame. The writer concludes his fierce assault by proclaiming him unworthy of anything more than the very scantiest historical consideration. Yet, of the many famous men, whose lineaments that gallery preserves, few have been accorded more extensive treatment than Papineau.

These pages, however, are not the place for a defence of his character and his motives. No opinion may be ventured regarding his political sincerity but will have its ardent supporters, and its implacable opponents. The undisputed portion of his career constitutes a sufficient foundation for the formation of an adequate notion of his genius as an orator. The outlines which I have given in these paragraphs are those which lie outside of the boundaries of dispute.

Such then are the conceded circumstances in this great man's public appearance upon the stage of national history. It remains to make a further reference to his connection with rebellion, and to conclude with an estimate of his oratorical claims to permanent recollection.

De Celles, in his life of Papineau, complains that this great Canadian has been accused erroneously of disloyalty to his country. If the full extent of the charge had been proved, it might form some reason for excluding the illustrious Lower Canadian Cicero from a conspicuous place in the gallery of truly Canadian orators. The truth is that Papineau, although he trod daringly upon the crust of treason, was at heart no traitor. In 1837 he did suggest the construction of Quebec into an independent nation, freed from the authority of Great Britain. In doing so he did no more amid the political darkness of his surroundings than Howe years afterwards did in the glare of a more modern illumination when he proposed that Nova Scotia should become a State of the American Union.

Papineau cordially detested the cliques and unsympathetic rulers who sought to govern Canada by despotism, and who regarded the masses and their grievances as an aggregation of colonial cyphers, meriting if anything oppression and contempt. It was against this tyranny that Papineau revolted, and although the means have been condemned by a more recondite interpretation of history, nevertheless, as a result of the revolt, he gained for British America a measure of long-deferred, but absolutely indispensable, justice. History long since has forgiven Papineau for his rebellion, as it also forgave the daring and implacable Mackenzie, and crowned him with laurels in his later years. There was this difference between Papineau and Mackenzie, however, that Papineau, being a Frenchman, was always the idol of his country, even during the long and critical years of his banishment from Canada, while Mackenzie, having been born in the English-speaking portion of the country, where personal and political idolatry are comparatively unknown, was, by reason of his sometimes pacific, sometimes revolutionary, conduct, perpetually hovering between a scaffold and a throne. Both of these tempestuous men were great leaders, great national benefactors, true, although sometimes misguided, patriots, and as a result of their perhaps unwise, but surely, comprehensible

methods, Canada at last came to welcome a respite from political oppression, which, but for their courage, might have been denied to two fair provinces for years, if not for generations.

Papineau was fifty years of age at the time of the rebellion. It was not, however, that event which accorded him the conspicuous celebrity which he has emphatically acquired in history. Long before the insurrection, and when he was yet in early life, he bounded almost meteorically forward into national eminence as a statesman and an orator. De Celles and others have ably treated of him as a statesman; it is reserved to this occasion to touch upon his merits as a prince of the public platform. Almost time enough has elapsed since his death in 1871, to rob him of his faults and emphasize his great and commanding qualities. History characterizes him as one of the few true orators of Canada. His portrait furnishes visible confirmation of the estimate of history. In appearance he had all the personal bearing of the orator. His face at once suggests the commanding character, inseparably associated with the man, whose vocal thunders are wont to burst over great assemblies of people. His whole aspect and manner were those of the man whose function it is to impress his fellow men. His features were refined and noble. His lips were habitually compressed, indicating supreme decision. His bright and searching eyes were keen and flashing. His forehead was high and intellectual. His countenance was open and imperious. He was tall, graceful in his movements, and dignified. He bore a slight facial resemblance to our pictorial conceptions of the younger Pitt, and his oratorical gestures and declamatory attitude were not unlike those of the great Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He had a splendid, ringing voice, of great strength, full of deep vibrant tones, and yet richly resonant and musical. It resounded thunderously through the largest buildings of Lower Canada, and made the vaulted roofs echo with the reverberating sounds. His learning, for his circumstances, and considering his surroundings, was almost abnormal. He had a ready and polished wit, and a withering sarcasm. His language was ornate; his vocabulary copious; his memory retentive, and supplying him with an inexhaustible abundance of the appropriate words of his native tongue to use almost at will. He spoke with great rapidity, and with enthusiastic declamatory vehemence. Seldom has his Province or even Canada heard the equal of his finished and masterly eloquence.

I like to think of Papineau as a man whose soul was never severed from his country; that even when rebellion drove him afar, he was invisibly yet indissolubly bound to the land that gave him birth. This is where he loved in life to be left; and here it is that this imperfect estimate of his genius shall leave him. As vigour of limb is transmitted by blood so I sometimes think loyalty is capable of a not inferior transmission. A grandson of the great tribune, bearing in his veins some of Papineau's blood, and likewise some of his lofty spirit, perished on behalf of Freedom only a little while ago in Europe. Freedom blushes and blooms in Quebec to-day, while on other lands the fetters are securely rivetted. These manacles are being slowly broken apart. Soon the Nations shall be free. Then men who merit greatness shall receive it. Then those who fought for freedom shall, by freedom, be enthroned. Then shall Papineau be numbered with the truly great.

The next article of this series will be on the marvellous oratorical powers of Rev. Dr. George Douglas.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE

By MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

TO have been the mistress of the man she loved, when she might have married him, and yet to reach the certainty that she was not sorry for it—that she never would go back on it—that it was pure and remorseless—that through it she had found reality, perfect happiness and God, is the climax of this chronicle.

In her discovery of perfect happiness Mary Olivier found:

> "It had not come from other people or the things you thought it had come from, but from somewhere inside yourself. When you attached it to people and things, they ceased for that moment to be themselves, the space they then seemed to inhabit was not their own space; the time of the wonderful event was not their time. They became part of the kingdom of God within you.
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> "Not Richard. [Her lover.] He had become part of the kingdom of God without ceasing to be himself.
>
> "That was because she had loved him more than herself. Loving him more than herself, she had let him go.
>
> "Letting go had somehow done the trick."

Mary Olivier is not a product of environment, nor of heredity, but of her real self and her long struggle for reality, for the recognition of that absolutely "unmoral" beauty of life more than anything else.

The story is developed through each stage of her life, beginning in infancy and childhood, when her keen intuition was swerved from the real truths of life and God, and her logical questions evaded with answers in accordance to accepted superficial standards of society.

Quite in contrast to the character of Mary Olivier is that of her sweet, orthodox, supremely selfish mother, who demanded that all her children conform to her standards. She never wanted her only daughter to leave her.

And Mary Olivier never left her mother. Rather than marry and take her mother to live with Richard in London, where her mother would have been unhappy, she refused marriage. It would take infinitely more courage to be married and risk losing all the beautiful things than to take the "Thing-in-Itself" in all its freedom. That was her philosophy.

The story of Mary Olivier's life is a compelling one. It is replete with tense moments of emotion, passion and love of the beautiful. It is a story of a struggle for the recognition of the rights of these moments to the highest places; the struggle for the assertion of the true, natural self, and it is worked out, as Mary Olivier concludes, at the age of forty-five, with an "exquisite clearness and intensity".

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LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN CHURCH

Edited by W. BERTAL HEENEY, B.A., B.D. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

TEARS and laughter, the grave and the gay, a fine seriousness and a delicious frivolity, combine to make this a most interesting book. If some philanthropic layman could be induced to place a copy in the hands of

every non-conforming minister it would serve admirably to build up interdenominational fraternity. Here is the Anglican church revealed through twenty of her sons—the ten subjects of the short biographies and the ten biographers. Obviously, it is from the atmosphere of the comment as well as from the fact commented upon that one gathers impressions. It is in what Archdeacon Raymond says of John Medley as well as in John Medley himself that one sees the Church of England. In a sense a church is on trial when she writes the life stories of her sons. Especially is this so when these stories are the stories of ten Bishops of the Church of England in Canada from the earliest to comparatively recent years. The story-teller must of necessity deal with men who were in the thick of the Clergy Reserves controversy. They must pass in review the cries and clamours of an educational controversy of no small import in the life of Ontario. They must make the comment they are moved to make by their fair-mindedness, their charity and their insight, or their prejudice, their partisanship and their blindness, as the case may be.

It is true that the author of one of the sketches speaks of the Clergy Reserves as being "settled by an Act of Parliament which was no less than a confiscation of property that had been given to the Church of England in Canada in lieu of the rights of collecting tithes for the maintenance of the Clergy", a comment not likely to be quite concurred in by some prominent Anglicans to-day. And there will probably be a half-amused and conscious tolerance of the title of the book with its delicately firm implication on the part of churchmen of other denominations.

But on the whole the Anglican church stands the test of these ten biographies well. There is a fine and ably justified enthusiasm for great men in them. In the stories racily and solemnly told there is an appeal that should reach all classes and individuals in Canadian society. It is an appeal based in the main on broad human grounds and very seldom on any partisanships of denominational or church party rivalry.

The individual reader will discriminate among the sketches for himself, led sometimes by a prior interest in the subject, sometimes by the inherent embroideries of romantic zest, sometimes by the merit and appeal of the biographer's style. After reading the book through at least two things will likely remain as impressions with most readers. The first is that these ten leaders of the Anglican Church in Canada were, taken all in all, great and "knowledgable" men, making great contributions to the worth of Canadian life. The second is that these ten Bishops, if caught in a group together, gathered from the different quarters of Canada, would be a fine-minded, merry company whose fellowship might be coveted by any human soul. So much then for Anglicanism.

The book is a fairly well-balanced report on the men under consideration. A question arises in the reader's mind concerning the treatment accorded Bishop Dumoulin. If its cleverness and lightness of touch bordering on flippancy had been companion to an additional fifteen or twenty pages of firmer handling in more serious mood the sketch would have been a more adequate portrayal of one who, if not the greatest, was not the least interesting among Canadian bishops in the Church of England.

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BULL DOG CARNEY

By W A FRASER. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS book bears within it the very obvious suggestion that it might have been written with an eye on the movies. It contains more action than passion. It hasn't any of the quiet depth of a good novel nor any of a good novel's humanness. In fact, the book is not a novel at all, as perhaps

Mr. Fraser would, if pressed, admit. The figures are so flat and artificial that they literally seem to flicker like bodyless shapes on the printed page. It is as if Mr. Fraser had lifted up into his book certain romantic elements of early Western life and dissociated them altogether from humanity. So that through his 306 pages we get no sense of reality, no reaction to life itself.

While this is strong adverse criticism of the book, it is made because the book and Mr. Fraser are not yet beyond criticism. Surely out of his experience Mr. Fraser could give to Canadian literature a real tale. Surely out of his acquaintance with the West he could recreate a real man or woman or two of those early days and through them register in legitimate and artistic fashion something of the romance, the strangeness, the allurement of those vital times. In this book he has not done it. He has not struck reality on half a dozen occasions. Of course, if the reader can tolerate or ignore an almost utter bankruptcy of power in creative description, a most careless and crass use of the English language, and a superabundance of stereotyped Westernese, for the sake of a manner of adventurous and redhandkerchiefed yarning, he can probably read the book through and with some enjoyment, but hardly otherwise.

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OUR HOUSE

By Henry Seidel Canby. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is something of the pleasure in this book that is offered by fine china, bright mahogany, and modern beamed ceilings. It is the pleasure of smooth and finished and successful artificiality. It is the pleasure of well studied interiors, of a bit of classic statuary set with a deliberating eye under the personal direction of the House Beautiful on the edge of a well-placed table by a fire, of books in properly arranged profusion of invitation on a library table. The author of "Our House" does not achieve (to honour him by putting him in good company for comparison) Sir Harry Johnson's vital urbanity as in "The Gray Dombeys". He has no Galsworthian paragraphs, nor are his pages tarred with the black and hasty ardours of a Wellsian brush. Yet, by some power, the book, slight as a tyro's tale, is quick and moving on occasion. There is a faint bouquet about it that is alike inviting and rememberable.

The story is the story of Robert Roberts, born in a little town of good houses and fine trees far enough from New England to be different. Millington's delightful suspicions and self satisfactions born out of provincialism are delicately set in behind the developing character of Robert Roberts, who would be a college man and a writer. Business and money and golf and Millingtown seemed to him to make inadequate bids for the name of life. This implied criticism of Millingtown on the part of one of her sons troubled Millingtown. As it watches Robert Roberts go on in quest of his career, the town, in the persons of his father, his mother, his Aunt Jenny, the golf club devotees, and Jen, is in turn mystified, saddened, hurt, exasperated, amused and resigned. Mary Sharpe who lives in Millingtown, but is of New England, has certain disillusionments to offer to provincial persons. She becomes eventually the reality of life for Robert Roberts. Katherine Gray is his romance. In setting these two women over against one another with Robert Roberts between them and Millingtown and New York in the surroundings Professor Canby has made for himself an opportunity to study the workings of a young man's mind and heart in a certain possible and fairly plausible situation. That he has not exhausted the possibilities of analysis is obvious as the story proceeds to its conclusion. To say that he has suggested more than he can portray might be to leave him too complimented. It might mean that

he is more of the artist than he is. It is better to say a little different thing and still not an uncomplimentary thing, by putting it that he has indicated more than he can achieve, or, in other words, that he reveals his own inadequacy. Yet the recital has its moments of intensity, of insight. Personality is vivid at points.

"Our House" is not pre-eminently a vital book. But it is a pretty book, a pleasing book, a book that one can read twice, lured by nothing less or more than an atmosphere of finish, of good taste, of achieved pleasantness.

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THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK

London, W.C.: The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street.

THIS is a commendable revival of *Poetry and Drama,* an admirable publication that was suspended during the time of war. Its form is different from the original, being decorative and the cover attractive. The present idea is to treat of one subject or class only in each number. Two numbers have been issued—July and August. The first contains twenty-three new poems by contemporary poets, and the second is devoted to "Decoration in the Theatre", by Albert Rutherston. Some of the well-known names among the twenty-three poets are: John Alford, Walter de la Mare, D. H .Lawrence, F. S. Flint, Seigfried Sassoon, Harold Monro, T. Sturge Moore, Richard Addington, and W. H. Davies.

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—"Birds of Peasemarsh", by E. L. Marsh. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company). This book is an "all Canadian" production. The author, who is a Canadian well-known to bird-lovers, has written a most entertaining book on Canadian birds. The Canadian publishers, who maintain that books for Canadians should be manufactured in Canada by Canadian labour, have printed and bound this book in Canada on paper made in Canada from type set in Canada.

—"Midas and Son", by Stephen McKenna. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). A tragedy of wealth.

—"Flag and Fleet", by Col. William Wood. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). Starting with the early man who escaped from or beset his enemies by using a log for transport rather than going by land, Col. Wood unfolds a progressive story through the age of the rowers, the sailing age, the age of iron and steel, to the time when Britain's power at sea proved to be the cause of Germany's defeat.

—"The Clutch of Circumstance", by Marjorie Benton Cooke. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). A novel of secret service and international plotting.

—"The Shrieking Pit", by Arthur J. Rees. A novel of murder and mystery, in which there is a treatment of the criminal side of what has been termed "epileptic mania".

—"Ma Pettengill", by Harry Leon Wilson. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). A breezy, humorous, moving novel by the author of "Ruggles of Red Gap".

—"All the Brothers were Valiant", by Ben Ames Williams. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). A novel of adventure in mid-ocean, involving hidden treasure, mutineers, love and hatred.