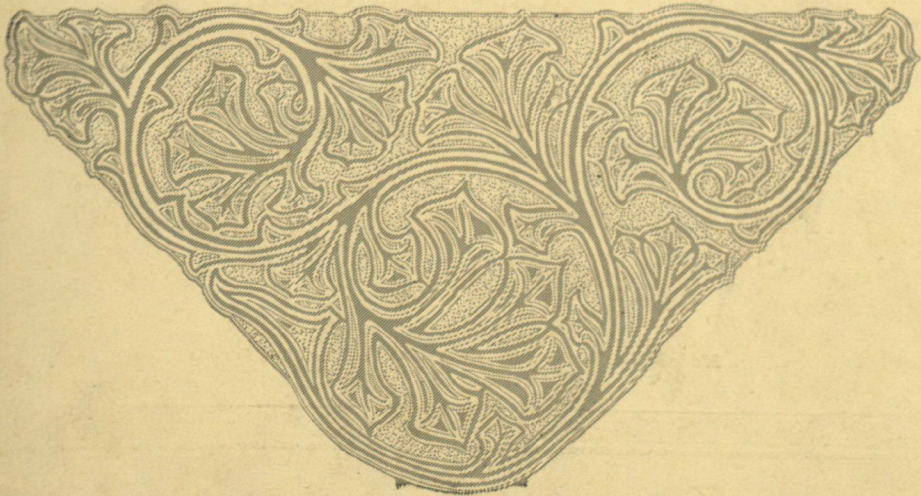


133

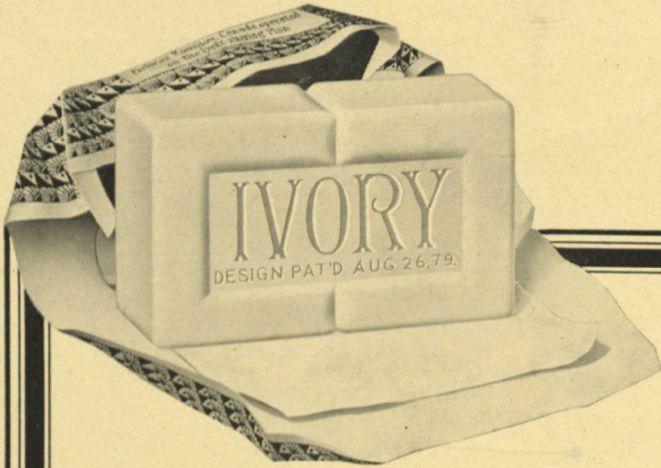
# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1917

PRICE 25 Cents



THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



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TORONTO - CANADA

# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIX Contents, September, 1917 No. 5

MOTORING IN NEW BRUNSWICK	Painting by G. Horne Russell	<i>Frontispiece</i>
OUR NATIONAL CRISIS	Newton MacTavish	351
THE SINN FEIN PERIL	A. R. Randall Jones	359
THE WOMAN, VERSE	Arthur L. Phelps	362
PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN	Emily P. Weaver	363
VIII.—DR. MARION OLIVER, FOREIGN MISSIONARY		
A NOCTURNE. A DRAWING	J. Hubert Beynon	367
ONE PATH TO ARCADY. FICTION	Katherine Hale	369
TO ONE SO SCARRED. VERSE	Florence Randall Livesay	377
ENGLAND IN ARMS	Lacey Amy	378
V.—EDUCATION AND THE WAR		
THE FAIR FUGITIVE. FICTION	G. M. L. Brown	385
THE CURSE OF BABEL	Hilton M. Radley	392
THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN	Harold Sands	396
HOSTAGES. A DRAWING	Louis Raemaekers	401
THE ART OF MAKING BOOKS	Charles H. Thurber	403
A GOOD JOB AT SECTION TWENTY- NINE. FICTION	Ralph and Celeste Liston- Harris	411
CHEATING AUNT JANE. FICTION	Edith G. Bayne	416
MOOSE HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK	Newton MacTavish	421
ILLUSTRATED		
THE LIBRARY TABLE	Book Reviews	429

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Group of Officers and Men of the Royal Flying Corps

Applications are now being accepted for the Cadet (Pilot) Wing of the Royal Flying Corps.

All candidates must fulfil the following conditions :—

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Canadian Cadets are trained in CANADA.

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56 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

# A Request and a Duty

**T**HE Publishers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE request that the readers will look through the advertisements appearing in this and subsequent issues of this publication.

It is as great an education, and equally as interesting, as reading the literary section. When reading the advertisements watch for articles advertised which you have and see the improvements made upon them since you bought.

Before purchasing look for an advertisement of the article you are going buy so that you can purchase intelligently and get the article with all the improvements—not the article that has been in the store for some time and which the store-keeper wants to get rid of.

It is as much the duty of the mistress of the house to read the advertisements and keep in touch with the most modern things in household articles as it is for the man to get the most modern and efficient appliances for his office or factory.

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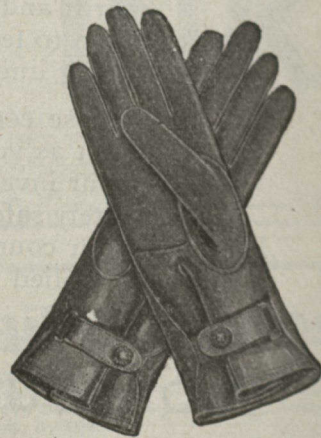
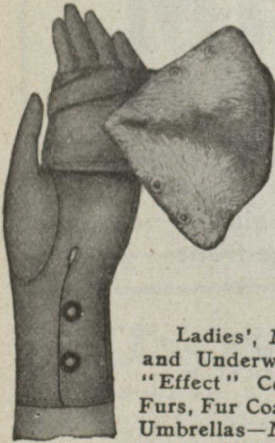
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134

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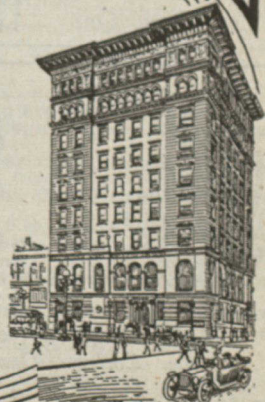
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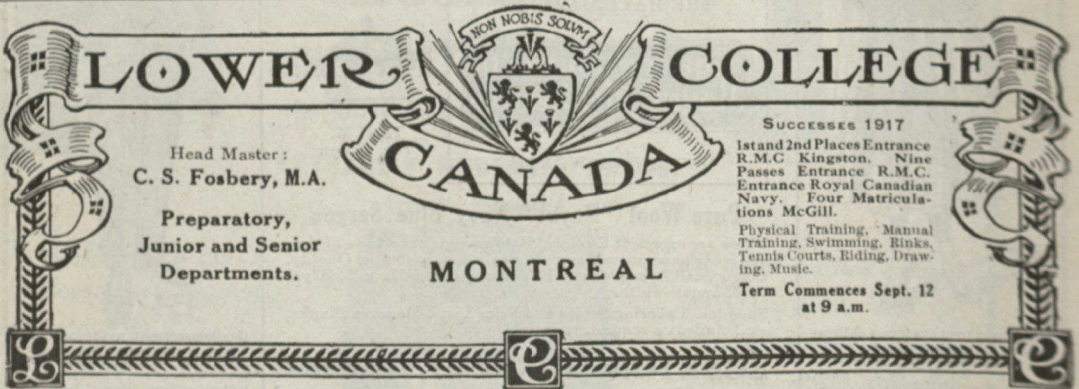
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 ON SEPTEMBER SEVENTEEN: NINE-  
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*Thorough courses in Music, Art, Oratory, High School, Business  
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The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

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

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for Boys and Girls*

TERM OPENS  
September 12th

MISS KNOX, PRINCIPAL, TORONTO



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President.

FOR CALENDAR APPLY—  
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Principal.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,  
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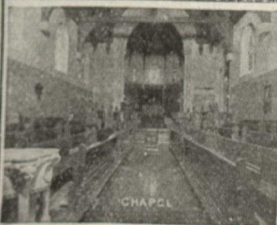
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CHEMICAL MECHANICAL  
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GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar.

For prospectus apply to the Headmaster, REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A., Camb. Next term commences Sept. 12th.



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UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction Large Playing Fields

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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.

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

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Fall term begins September 13th.  
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GEO. J. TRUEMAN, Principal, STANSTEAD, Que. 13



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Lennoxville · P. Q.

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Boarders Return on the 12th

Courses for University, Royal Military College and Business. Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings with full equipment. Large grounds in suburban district. Detached infirmary, with resident nurse. Summer camp at Lake Timagami conducted by the Physical Instructor of the College. School Calendar, containing full particulars, will be furnished on application. ARNOLD MORPHY, Bursar.

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### ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

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Barrie, Ont.  
4 Acres of Grounds. Lake View

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Where formerly a man protected his family with \$2000 insurance, to-day it takes almost \$4000 to assure them the same comforts.

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The Mutual Life of Canada offers policy features that afford the most generous protection. Write for folder entitled, "To Our Mutual Friends," explaining the Mutual's disability clause.

**The Mutual Life  
of Canada  
Waterloo-Ontario**

136

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Boarding and Day School for Girls. Preparation for University Matriculation with Preparatory Departments. Acting-President—Sir William Peterson, K. C. M. G., LL. D.; Vice-President—J. G. Norton, Archdeacon of Montreal; Principal—Miss Cumming, L.L.A. (St. Andrews). Highly qualified staff of English and Canadian Teachers.

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Date of re-opening for Day Girls, Thur., 13th Sept.  
noon.

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For prospectus apply to the principal or to A. F. Riddell. Secretary, 80 St. Francis Xavier Street, Montreal.

## Branksome Hall

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Autumn Term will begin SEPTEMBER 13th.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL

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From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

#### MOTORING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

In many sections of the Maritime Provinces the roads are excellent for motoring, and the scenery always is alluring. This picture presents a view near St. Andrews, New Brunswick. The glimpse of blue water and distant hills is characteristic of much of the scenery in that part of the Province.



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIX

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 5

## Our National Crisis

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

**A**LMOST immediately on his return from the recent conference at London Sir Robert Borden announced that the Dominion Government forthwith would enact some form of legislation to compel eligible men to enlist for military service abroad. Already he had promised five hundred thousand men, a promise that had elicited from the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the question, "Does this mean conscription?" The answer had been that it did not. Sir Sam Hughes, who at that time was Minister of Militia, had said that more men than were required were offering, and in his letter to the Prime Minister at the time of his resignation he had informed the public that he had been instructed to check recruiting. In this, then, we had a national paradox, a paradox that has become a national crisis. For when the Prime Minister announced that we were on the eve of conscription, public opinion was enlivened

and expressions of it were given freely on all hands. Ontario was pitted against Quebec, and Quebec against Ontario. Although Sir Wilfrid Laurier remained silent until in the proper course of events he could discuss the proposition on the second reading of the bill in the House, all eyes were turned towards him. Rumours came from one source or another that he as Leader of the Opposition would oppose conscription; and then it was reported that he would favour a referendum to the people. Both rumours were near the truth, but it has not been shown that Sir Wilfrid actually has opposed conscription. For Sir Wilfrid has held that whether the principle of compulsory service is right or wrong, it should not be put into practice in a democratic country like Canada without a mandate from the people. Then, again, he has expressed doubt as to the necessary failure of the system of voluntary enlistment.

While the public were speculating on the stand that Sir Wilfrid Laurier



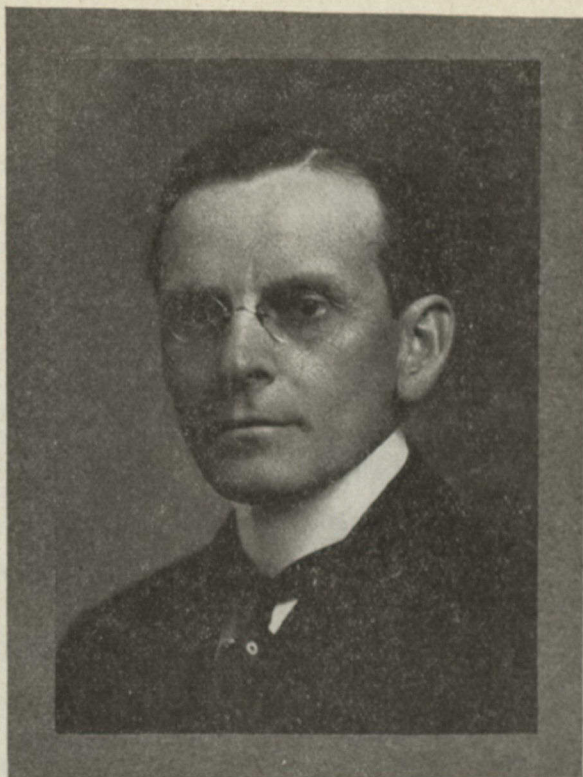
MR. JOHN F. MACKAY

Business Manager of *The Globe*, Toronto, one of the leaders of the  
Conscriptionist Liberals in Ontario

would take, a group of Liberals in Toronto undertook either to force him to change what they presumed would be his position or step down from the leadership of the Liberal party. This group was directed by Mr. J. E. Atkinson, of *The Toronto Star*; Mr. J. F. Mackay, business manager of *The Globe*, and Mr. W. E. Rundle, a financier. If these gentlemen did not direct it, they at least took an active part in the organization of a rally in Massey Hall in favour of conscription and of a coalition government to carry it into force. *The Globe* already had sided with the conscriptionists and against the leader of its own party, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It was on this question at least in league with *The Star*, and with these two journals stood a gentleman whom

both had supported in temperance and moral reform crusades—Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Liberal party in the Province of Ontario.

But what of *The Globe*? The former president of The Globe Printing Company, Senator Robert Jaffray, an old and close friend of Sir Wilfrid's, had passed away, and in his place had come a young and conscientious gentleman, Mr. W. G. Jaffray, his son. Dr. J. A. Macdonald, who had been wrongfully blamed for his activity in connection with the negotiations for reciprocal trading between Canada and the United States, had resigned the active editorship to become a contributing editor, in the same manner as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a contributing editor of *The Outlook*. He was suc-



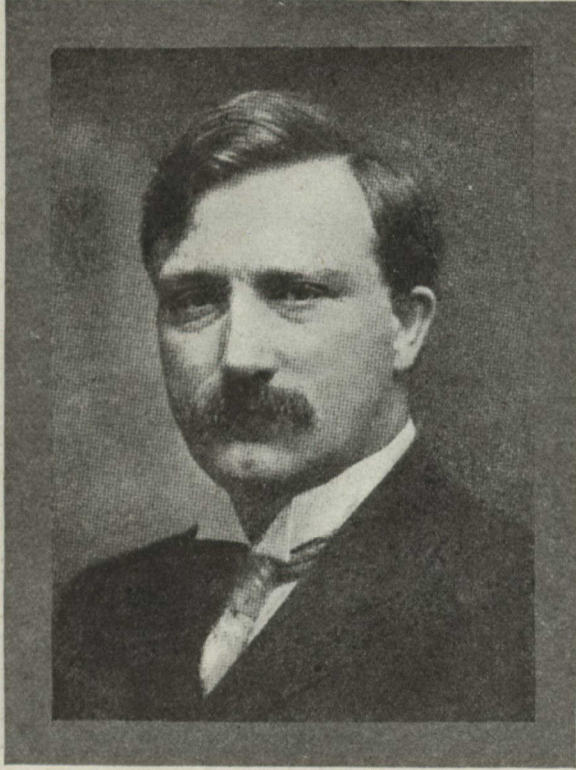
MR. JOSEPH E. ATKINSON

President of the Star Printing and Publishing Company, one of the leaders of the Conscriptionist Liberals in Ontario

ceeded by Mr. Stewart Lyon, a veteran journalist, who before the present crisis could be anticipated, went to Flanders as war correspondent of the Canadian Press, Limited. *The Globe*, therefore, at the beginning of this critical period had no authorized or acknowledged editor, but recently the news editor, Mr. William Banks, was appointed acting managing editor. One may doubt whether there was unanimity of opinion at the editorial councils. At any rate, *The Globe* broke away from the leader of the party whose chief champion it has claimed to be and fell in with the advocates of conscription. It contended that the principle of conscription is democratic, but it broke away from its Liberal tradition by opposing the Liberal leader's suggestion of

a referendum to the people. It differed from Sir Robert Borden by going farther than he dared go—by calling for conscription of wealth as well as of men.

*The Globe* and *The Star*, the two Liberal newspapers of Toronto, were, then, hand-in-hand against the leader of their party on the question of conscription. How stood the party press elsewhere, particularly in the Province of Ontario? *The Winnipeg Free Press*, which sometimes, it is supposed, publishes the opinions of Sir Clifford Sifton, was against Laurier, and with *The Star* it was strong for coalition. The Liberal press of Ontario was marking time, and then the active members in Toronto and at one or two points elsewhere, such as Brantford, called a meeting in Toronto and



MR. JOHN WESLEY DAFOE

Editor of *The Winnipeg Free Press*, a fervent advocate of Conscription and a Coalition Government

passed a resolution not to support any candidate who should be opposed to conscription. The meeting, fairly considered, was private, but it is worth recording that the editor of *The Canadian Liberal Monthly*, which is published under the direction of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, applied for admittance, and was refused on the assumption that his publication is not a newspaper. Some editors who agreed to support only conscriptionist candidates are taking advantage now of the condition that conscription was to be enforced by a "national" government. If there should be no coalition or so-called national government, these editors are free to support any candidates they prefer.

While these events were taking place, agencies elsewhere were at

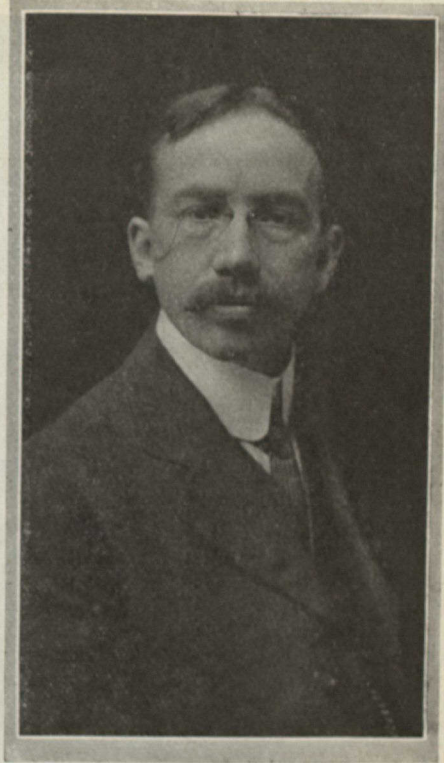
work. The *Bonne Entente* movement had spent its force. If it had been a sincere movement to bring about more cordial feeling between the people of Ontario and the people of Quebec, it need not have been abandoned the moment conscription was announced. But if it was a movement to induce enlistment in Quebec, then conscription removed its purpose. Mr. J. M. Godfrey and others who were associated with him in this enterprise soon came up on another tack—the win-the-war campaign. They held a convention in Toronto, and were fortunate in obtaining the support of the Prime Minister of the Province, Sir William Hearst, and the leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, Mr. N. W. Rowell. Both these gentlemen spoke at the big evening rally, and



both warmly endorsed conscription and other win-the-war measures to be enforced by a new national or coalition government. During the several meetings many resolutions were passed, but just what will come from them or what else will be done remains to be seen. We know one thing, that Sir William Hearst, after speaking fervently at the evening meeting in favour of conscription came out next day with an urgent appeal for ten thousand men to help garner the harvest in Ontario. It is not unfair to observe, however, that Mr. Godfrey, who had been at the head of the *Bonne Entente*, spoke most scathingly of Quebec, in terms, indeed, that must have come hard from one who has *bonne entente* at heart. Then came the convention of Western Liberals at Winnipeg. It cannot be denied that the fate of Sir Wilfrid Laurier seemed to be hanging in the balance. The danger, however, was not so great as it appeared to be, for the convention by an overwhelming majority stood for the continued leadership of the "greatest Canadian".

Meantime the country has not known how it stands. The bill to enforce conscription passed the Commons and the Senate, and went back to the Commons with a slight amendment, after which, to become law, it required only its final passage in the Commons and the approval of the Governor-General. At this juncture Archbishop Bruchesi was constrained to remark at Montreal, "We have reached an exceedingly grave crisis. Divisions between Provinces and between nationalities have been accentuated. We are nearing racial and religious war." Nevertheless the Commons finally passed the bill, and at the time of this writing it required, to become law, only the approval of the Governor-General.

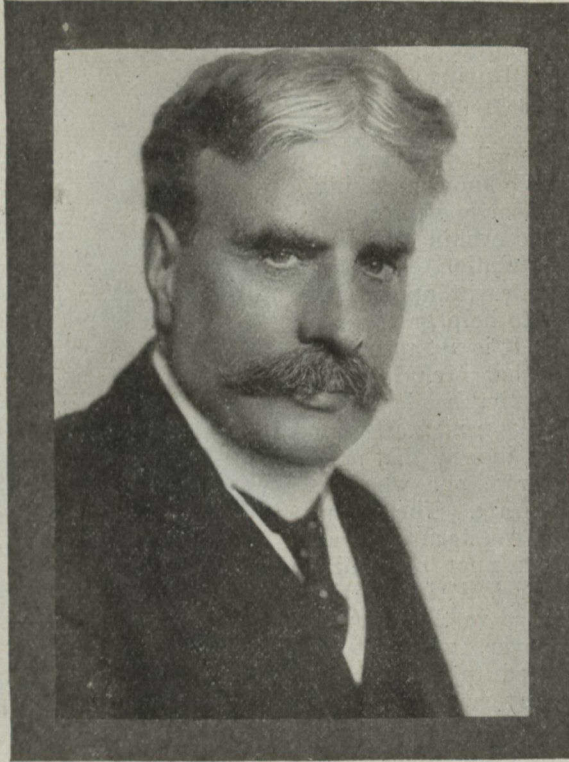
Whether it is the intention of the Government to enforce conscription, it is of passing interest that the Minister of Militia, on August 12th at Camp Borden, said: "We are going



MR. WILLIAM BANKS

Acting Managing Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto

to put the conscription bill into force right away." This announcement came on the heels of a conference held by the Governor-General at Rideau Hall. To this conference were called Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Foster, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Baron Shaughnessy, Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir Lomer Gouin, Bishop Mathieu, and the Honourable George P. Graham. The result is, of course, not known to the public. The presence of Sir Clifford Sifton caused some comment. There is not much doubt that he, as one of the keen advocates of a coalition government, was invited on the advice of the Prime Minister. On the face, it looks as if Sir Robert Borden, unsuccessful in his first attempts at forming a coalition and threatened with great difficulty in any attempt that might be made to enforce con-

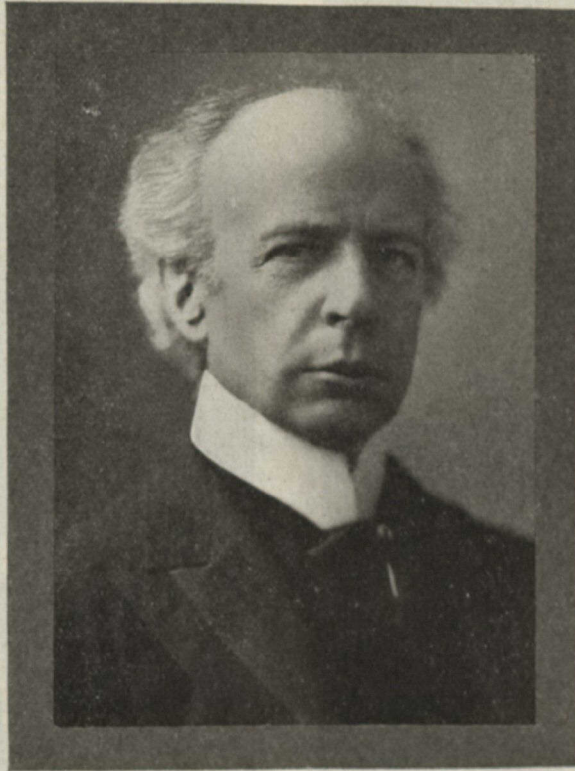


SIR ROBERT BORDEN, PRIME MINISTER

scription, was taking a last chance at some reorganization of the Government. It is significant, moreover, that while the enforcement of conscription, which would require a great organization, has been partially anticipated, preparations also have been made for a general election. For one thing, ballot-boxes have been ordered, and it is interesting to record that the material to be used in their construction will cost just about three times as much as it would cost in normal times.

Will it be conscription, a general election or coalition? If it is to be coalition, great interest will attend the announcement of the personnel of the Government, which would be the first of its kind since Confederation. If it is to be conscription the country will wait almost with bated breath to see how it will affect

Quebec. If it is to be a general election, the people, knowing the Government's policy and its record, will wait eagerly for a full pronouncement from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is reasonable to suppose that Sir Wilfrid could not take the public wholly into his confidence until after Parliament dissolves. He has been criticized for not taking it into his confidence now. After he spoke in the House on the second reading of the military service bill, many persons, among them some of his own followers, read into his remarks an antagonistic attitude towards conscription. It has been shown since that he has never spoken against conscription, but against enforcing it without the consent of the people. Apparently he would like to see the scheme of voluntary enlistment given a proper trial in Canada, and, failing in that, to let

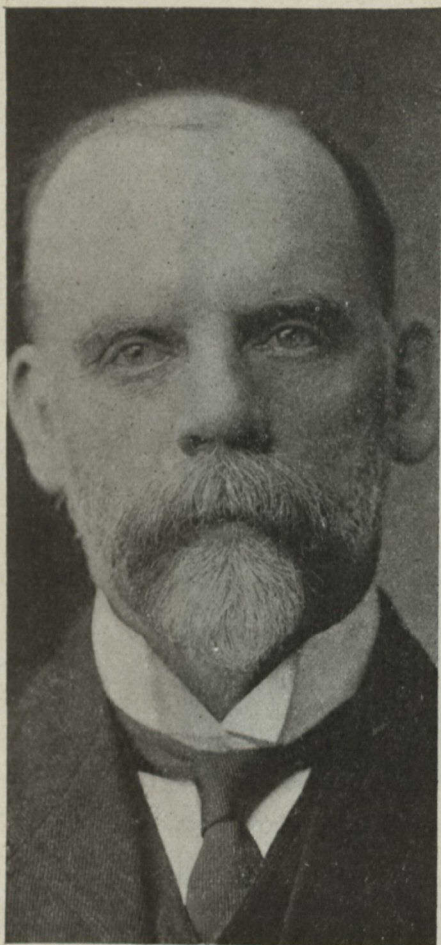


SIR WILFRID LAURIER, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

the people say whether or not they shall be conscripted. That, to his mind, is a democratic policy. On the other hand, the Prime Minister says that conscription is democratic in principle. As to that, Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, speaking in the House, said that it was a question that should not be left to be decided by the people, but that Parliament should give the people a "lead". He expressed the opinion of a great mass of the people, perhaps a great majority of them, that if conscription were referred to the people they would vote against it. There is also the question of the franchise. Should all "enemy" foreigners be disfranchised? Should it be "all" foreigners?

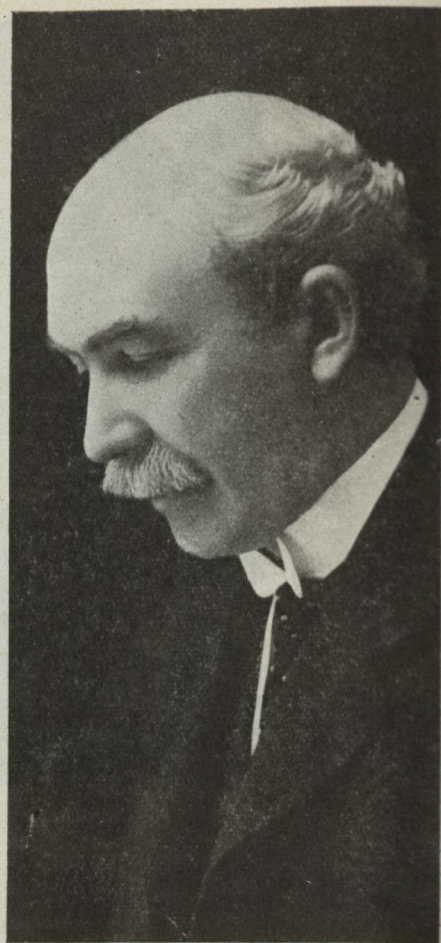
If a general election should come shortly, the two great parties will divide mostly on the simple question

of how men should be procured in order to maintain Canada's place on the battle line. But it will not seem to be as simple as that. It will involve race and religious prejudices, and it is quite possible that these ever-present grievances will be aggravated and inflamed. The Conservatives will charge the Liberals with disloyalty and their leader with a desire to have Canada withdraw from the war. The Liberals will charge the Conservatives with undemocratic practices, with profiteering, with misconduct and neglect of national affairs. The word "loyalty" will be abused and traduced. But the plain voter, whoever he may be, should go to the poll, not to cast a ballot for or against conscription, for he should know that each party is determined and committed to maintain Canada's honour at the Front, but to cast it



DR. MICHAEL CLARK, M.P.

Who started on a campaign against his former leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier



THE HONOURABLE ROBERT ROGERS

Who resigned from the Borden Ministry immediately following the passage of the Military Service Bill

for the party which he thinks will better administer national affairs and will not only maintain Canada's honour at the Front, but will maintain as well her honour and her security at home. He should bear in mind also that according to recent information from the Department of Militia the effective strength of all the Canadian forces was 256,993 on June 30th, 1917; that if there are at the Front, as we believe, four divisions of about 20,000 men each, the number in reserve is,

then, about 176,000; that it is understood the Government's intention is to maintain four divisions as the maximum strength at the Front; that the total shrinkage from all causes during the three years of the war was placed in the same report at 167,463; that, therefore, at the same rate of shrinkage (55,800 a year) the present reserve would last more than two years, making allowance for the very large number of men who are not fighters.

# The Sinn Fein Peril

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND, ITS CAUSES AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

BY A. R. RANDALL JONES

**T**HE Irish Convention, consisting of Irishmen summoned to devise a system of government for "John Bull's Other Island", is meeting in Dublin. Paradoxically enough—or, perhaps, in regard to a land so prone to paradox, one should say fittingly enough—what is possibly the most numerous (as it is certainly the most enterprising and the most enthusiastic) single Irish political party is not represented in the Irish Convention.

Four bye-election victories in succession—North Roscommon, South Longford, East Clare, and Kilkenny—have recently borne witness to the strength of the Sinn Fein movement. That movement is one making, almost wholly, for evil—for positive danger now, and, if unchecked, for ultimate disaster in the future. It represents the triumph—I trust the short-lived triumph—of disorder, both lay and clerical, in Ireland.

In Canada, few of us, probably, are fully alive either to the rapidity with which Sinn Fein has grown in Ireland within the last few months, or to the significance which underlies, and is responsible for, that rapid growth. Yet if we would have anything of a just appreciation of the situation in Ireland to-day, we must recognize that the remarkable series of Sinn Fein electoral victories to which I have adverted does not constitute

merely so many detached and sensational episodes, but marks the inauguration of a definite epoch. Sinn Fein is the dominant political force in the life of large masses of the Irish people at this hour. Let there be no mistake about that.

Boldly, and even brutally, it is proclaiming its tireless and remorseless revolutionary propaganda—an Irish Republic, one, indivisible, and absolutely independent, that is what it stands for. In the very boldness of its appeal lies its strength among a people who are the boldest of the bold, and who despise political, as much as they do physical, poltroonery. To secure its aims, Sinn Fein is ready to engage in another rebellion at the first moment which may promise any prospect of success; it is ready to accept aid from Germany; it is at this moment organizing the arming and drilling of the youth of Ireland south of the Boyne. All this is abundantly clear from the utterances of Mr. de Valera, the magnetic Spanish-Irish prophet of the new Nationalism, who won the Sinn Fein victory in East Clare and who organized the Sinn Fein victory in Kilkenny.

To the marvellously rapid growth of Sinn Fein many and complex causes have contributed. Of some of the more important of them I propose to offer a brief analysis.

In the first place, it must never be

forgotten that throughout the history of their country's relations with Great Britain the fire of resentment against "the rule of the brutal Saxon" has endured in the hearts of the Irish of the south and west. Sometimes it has but smouldered and flickered. At others—as during the "Reign of Terror" in the early eighties—it has burned steadily. At others—as in the time of Wolf Tone and the rebellion of 1798, of Robert Emmet's insurrection in 1803, of the rebellion of 1848, of the Fenian "rebellion" in 1867, and of the Easter week rebellion two years ago—it has broken out into searing and scorching flame. But never has the fire of resentment died down.

It was this deep and bitter hatred of the British which formed the motive power of Parnell's efficient machine. Parnell himself, reserved, repellent and singularly un-Irish in temperament as in demeanour, was able, for a time, to control this motive power and make it work his will. But with a less masterful leader than Parnell in charge of the machine to-day it has now got completely out of hand and has smashed the machine itself to smithereens.

This would not have occurred—or, at all events, would not have occurred so thoroughly or so soon—but for two other factors which combined to render the situation in Ireland well-nigh desperate. The first of these was the supineness and spinelessness of Mr. Birrell's whole administration. He failed to read the handwriting writ large on every wall in Ireland. The Ulstermen landed arms on the coast of Antrim under the very noses of his officials, and he affected to think that it was merely "pretty Fanny's way", and that nothing serious would come of it. The Nationalist Volunteers followed the Ulstermen's example. And still Mr. Birrell pursued the same policy of "masterly inactivity". For months preceding the rebellion he sat on a gunpowder barrel and apparently knew it not.

When the rebellion took place the Government—it was then the Asquith Coalition—handled matters weakly and woefully. Nor has the present Ministry been much less inept. Both displayed extraordinary deficiency as regards alike the strong hand and the constructive vision. Concessions made with the object of placating the Nationalist party only strengthened the Sinn Fein cause. The release of the imprisoned rebels certainly gave a fresh stimulus to the revolutionary propaganda in Ireland. On all sides—and particularly in Dublin and other cities—flagrant disregard of the law, its sanctity, and its sanctions, flaunts itself openly.

The second factor responsible for the Irish resentment against Great Britain getting beyond the control of the leaders of the Nationalist party has unquestionably been the fact that those leaders have grown singularly out of touch with, and singularly unresponsive to, anything that can fairly be called democratic sentiment in Ireland. The Irish people have real needs, as distinct from manufactured grievances. To these real needs the Nationalist party and its United Irish League wire-pullers have exhibited a surprising indifference. The party's constitution and machinery have, for long, stood in need of a vigorous overhauling, and much of the latter requires relentless scrapping. Anyhow, no unprejudiced observer can be blind to the fact that the Nationalist party's own backstairs methods are largely responsible for the adhesion of such large numbers of young and ardent Irishmen to the standard of Sinn Fein. His best friends may well adjure Mr. Redmond to get back to contact with democracy at once—to renew his strength, like Antaeos, by touching the earth.

Thus a curious combination of circumstances has enabled the Sinn Feiners to challenge—and, for the moment at any rate, with success—the hitherto almost unquestioned supremacy of the Nationalist party in the south and

west. Moreover, it looks as though in Mr. de Valera, hot of heart, but cool of head, they have found a leader with many of the essential qualities of real leadership. Whatever else the Irish of the south and west may lack, they do not lack imagination. And Mr. de Valera, with all the glamour of the Irish rebellion about him, has captured it. They are a race of born dreamers. And in him they believe that, at long last, they have the man who can make their dreams come true. Incidentally, he is the most intractable enemy Great Britain has had on Irish soil since the death of John Mitchell.

For it is certainly the case that the strength of Sinn Fein just now is to be found even more in the audacious ardour, and the strong intellect, of its leading members than in popular enthusiasm for its aims. The Irish people have become, in large numbers, so intoxicated with those leaders because they see in them men who know their own minds—which is exactly what the Nationalist leaders do not seem to do. Constitutionalism might be a good thing, or, on the other hand, revolution might be a good thing. But the nimble-witted Celt saw that it was clearly impossible that he should tread the constitutional path with one foot and the revolutionary road with the other, as Mr. Dillon, Mr. Redmond's chief follower (or perhaps his rival) constantly seemed to suggest. Hence the huge and growing accessions to the Sinn Fein strength. They betoken, probably, not so much dissatisfaction with constitutional methods as disgust with the small advantage to which those methods have been employed by the Nationalist party.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the younger Irishmen are rallying to the Sinn Fein standard in astonishing and alarming numbers. Probably many of them are not at heart so revolutionary as the language which they applaud would indicate. But, at the same time, it will not do to forget that the cardinal feature of the Sinn

Fein policy is complete revolution and an absolutely independent Irish Republic.

More amazing than anything else in connection with this Irish portent is the hold which Sinn Fein has obtained over the younger Roman Catholic clergy. When it first began to make itself felt as a power to be reckoned with, many, even of men who know Ireland well, prophesied that its growth would speedily be checked. The church, it was said, would frown on it. And so the hierarchy did. But the younger clergy, fresh from their colleges and imbued with Sinn Fein ideals, disregarded those august frowns—disregarded even the issuance of hierarchical regulations prohibiting their political exuberance. Sinn Fein had undermined even the discipline of the priesthood. At recent bye-elections the spectacle has been witnessed of priests espousing the causes of the respective candidates from rival platforms, one section extolling the leaders of the Easter-week rebellion as heroes, and the other denouncing them as murderers. The Church authorities are bitterly hostile to Sinn Fein. Yet in spite of that hostility the movement spreads and spreads even among the priesthood—a complete and convincing refutation of the long-cherished theory that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland could be relied on to form a solid and unbroken bulwark of settled order.

Meeting in such circumstances, the prospects of the Irish Convention must necessarily be of the gloomiest. Even if the delegates thereto agree on a solution of the problem of Irish government, what guarantee can there be that any such solution will be acceptable to their fellow-countrymen, in view of the fact that the forces of Sinn Fein—forces of unascertained, but certainly of great and growing strength—are self-excluded therefrom? Yet, if the Convention arrives at no solution, the outlook before Ireland is all too probably one of poli-

tical, and possibly of material, anarchy.

One thing, at least, is certain. Mr. Duke, the present Irish Secretary and a Unionist, has, to a great extent, followed Mr. Birrell's example in abrogating most of the functions of government. That way lies danger of the gravest kind. Irresolution, masquerading as forbearance, at once amazes and amuses the Sinn Feiners, who themselves are neither irresolute nor forbearing. Unless the Government meets, firmly and promptly, the audacious challenge which Sinn Fein,

both in speech and in action, is throwing down to it, there is going to be another rebellion. Suppression, it is true, is not construction. But, regardless of conventions, the Government has a clear duty to perform—a duty alike to itself and to the people of the United Kingdom as a whole, including the Irish themselves. That duty consists in a firm administration, unbiassed by fear or favour, of the law of the land. In such administration is to be found the best immediate hope of averting any disaster in Ireland.

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## THE WOMAN

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE gay world and the giddy,  
 The bright world and the loud,  
 I have followed it and followed it  
 And been lost in its crowd.

The fine world and the stately,  
 With its high men and dames,  
 I have followed it and followed it  
 Like a jester at his games.

The hard world and the bitter,  
 The cruellest of all,  
 It has followed me and followed me  
 And slunk beneath my shawl.



# PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

*By Emily P. Weaver*

VIII.—DR. MARION OLIVER, FOREIGN MISSIONARY



PERHAPS some reader may wonder why missionary women should not be represented in this series by one who has done notable work in Canada itself. Who, indeed, could have a better claim to the title of pioneer missionaries than those heroines of New France, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanné Mance or Margaret Bourgeoys? Or—as our subject has been women pioneers in modern Canada—why not have sketched the work of such a woman as Mrs. Ridley (wife of the Bishop of Caledonia, British Columbia), type of hundreds of women who have helped to lay deep as well as broad the foundations of what is best in the life of the Dominion?

The enormous debt which Canada (in common with other Christian countries) owes to missionaries would have furnished an excellent reason for taking as our subject a woman whose work was done in and for Canada. I think, however, there is an exceptionally strong reason for choosing a "foreign missionary". The foreign missionary campaign is one of the great world movements and women (until recently almost every-

where debarred from sharing fully in the public affairs and national life of their own lands) have been pressed urgently into this service, which, though established for religious purposes, has proved an informal but very practical method of establishing helpful and friendly relations between peoples of history and customs most diverse.

My thought is that the foreign missionary (though intensely occupied by the extremely personal processes of the propagation of Christianity) is sharing in an international work of immeasurable importance, and though no sage is sufficiently prescient to declare absolutely what shall be the result of any sincere and excellent piece of work, there is a large directness in the aim of foreign missions, which contrasts with the limited character of much of the toil assigned especially to women.

If genuine, Christianity is a living thing, which cannot fail to re-act on the society in which it is planted. The second of its two great commandments—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—bridges the whole distance from its individualistic beginnings to the dissipation of national prejudices and the recogni-



DR. MARION OLIVER

A Pioneer Canadian Foreign Missionary

tion of the solidarity of the human race. Foreign missions go hand-in-hand with many varieties of "social service"; and there is no form of missionary activity which has proved more effective as a pioneer agency than that in which the self-sacrificing endeavour to heal the sick and to prevent disease is associated with the preaching of Christ and his cross. It did not happen, however, that Canada's earliest foreign missionaries were qualified in medicine.

Canada's first foreign missionary was John Geddie, who seventy years ago went from Nova Scotia to carry the Gospel to the South Sea Islanders. The first missionaries to be sent out from Ontario were—so far as I can

discover—two women, Miss Rodger and Miss Fairweather, who, in 1873, went to India. They were supported by the Presbyterian Church of their own country, but were so much of pioneers that they had to labour in one of the missions of the American Presbyterian Church until in 1877 a Canadian mission was established at Indore, in Central India.

Seven years later the Indore mission added immensely to the effectiveness of its appeal to the puzzled people of its own neighbourhood, by the opening of a medical mission for women, in charge of a "singularly sympathetic" Canadian woman, Dr. Elizabeth Beatty. Unfortunately her health was speedily undermined by the strain of the demands upon her and she was never able to return to India after her first furlough in 1891.

Five years before she was obliged to relinquish her task, however, she was joined by another earnest and resourceful Canadian woman, Dr. Marion Oliver, and she was able to carry on most effective pioneer work for Christianity and medical science for a quarter of a century, whilst she so won the hearts of those for whom she toiled that they ceased to think of her as foreign.

Dr. Oliver was of Scottish parentage, but her father, Adam Oliver, had crossed the Atlantic with his young wife immediately after their marriage in the early summer of 1842. They arrived at New York after a comparatively quick passage of thirty days, and made their way to Galt, where they stayed three months.

In the autumn they journeyed on by stage to Stratford. Thence they followed the course of the little River Avon to Avonton, where they spent a week in the rude but hospitable dwelling of John Murray. Finally they selected a homestead five miles farther down the river, and on October 28th the walls of their shanty were built. When night fell it lacked both door and roof, but the young couple settled themselves in it as best

they might, consecrating its log walls in the good old Scottish fashion, with "family prayer". These two were the beginning of the flourishing Presbyterian congregation of Avonbank and generously they exercised hospitality to the ministers of those pioneer days.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were blessed with ten children, of whom the future missionary (their third daughter) was the seventh in order. She was born on May 4th, 1853, to a life of strenuous demand on all her powers and energies. Her sister, Mrs. James Hamilton, to whom I am greatly indebted for many of the facts in this article, remembers as amongst her outstanding characteristics as a girl, determination and courage—qualities without which she could never have accomplished her work in India. She delighted, for the spice of danger, in walking the rafters of the barn and the railings of bridges. When driving the cattle to and from the pasture, she used often to mount an old white steer. She took her share of work both in the fields and the house. She could use a spinning-wheel as well as knit stockings and mittens from the yarn so made. She loved reading, and sometimes tried to combine its joys with such monotonous tasks as that of scrubbing a floor.

For the most part she obtained her education at the rural school near her home. Fortunately it was a good school of the type, the teachers in "S. S. No. 8, Downie" doing "splendid foundation work".

When she was a girl in her teens a young married woman from Hamilton, who had formerly been a teacher, came to live in the neighbourhood, and she gave Marion "her first peep into the outside world". The seeds of ambition were sown and she resolved to be a teacher, too. After attending high school at St. Mary's for some short terms, she began to teach. She "did excellent work for a number of years as a public school teacher in rural sections in the county of Perth", gaining valuable experience.

During this period a biography of that famous Massachusetts teacher, Mary Lyon, who founded Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fell into her hands and inspired her with the determination that "her life also should count for truth and righteousness".

The result was that she offered herself and was accepted for service as a foreign missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Assigned to work in Central India, the newly-organized Woman's Foreign Missionary Society "invited her to attend Queen's University to fit herself for medical work. She agreed to this and entered upon a four-years' course of study in the autumn of 1882". For one summer term of her course she worked with Dr. Emily Stowe. She graduated with honours and was chosen valedictorian for her year.

In September, 1886, she was designated to her new work in her home church at Avonbank. She broke her outward journey with a brief visit to Scotland, and a few days before Christmas, was cordially welcomed by Dr. Beatty at Indore. She felt very glad to be "at home" after her eight thousand miles of travelling, but had hardly had time to settle to her work at the language when Dr. Beatty fell ill, and she was obliged to fill her place as far as she could, though her efforts to discover what diseases her patients were suffering from must often have been an amusement to them".

With her shrewd common-sense she endeavoured not to overwork herself, and no doubt her own many-sidedness went far to save her from the early breakdown which overtakes so many missionaries. She found relaxation in books, in intercourse with friends, in "the beauties of nature and all the joys which God had placed before us". Dr. Oliver was alive to the advantages of a leisurely spirit in her dealings with the Oriental people whose hatred of the hurrying breathless ways of the West has become pro-

verbial. "The more I know of the women of India," she wrote after living nine years amongst them, "the more do I realize that to get them to understand and believe that I have real love for and interest in them I must be ready to *waste* time over them."

Until 1888 the two doctors worked under the great disadvantage of having no hospital for the treatment even of the worst cases brought to their dispensary, but in that summer they fitted up three rooms, where they could accommodate six patients, unless they chanced to be of more than three different castes. The number of patients attending at Indore dispensary (and at another at a little distance) was now about 1,500 a month.

Three years later, in 1891, Dr. Oliver joyously took possession of a real "Woman's Hospital"—a convenient and picturesque building erected on ground granted for the purpose by the Maharani of Indore. It was afterwards improved and enlarged, and when Dr. Oliver went home for the last time, in 1911, it contained forty-five beds, besides a private and an isolation ward. In her last official report the doctor recorded the treatment in 1910 of 387 in-patients, 6,114 out-patients, and the performance of no less than 315 operations. More than once during her long service plague and famine devastated Central India and brought a great strain upon the doctors. At Indore, temporary sheds were erected in the grounds of the Woman's Hospital for the treatment of women and children perishing from hunger and disease, and every day from fifty to three hundred meals had to be provided.

In early days it was difficult to obtain young Christian women to train as nurses, but many of the girls taken in during the time of famine were glad to receive training as nurses.

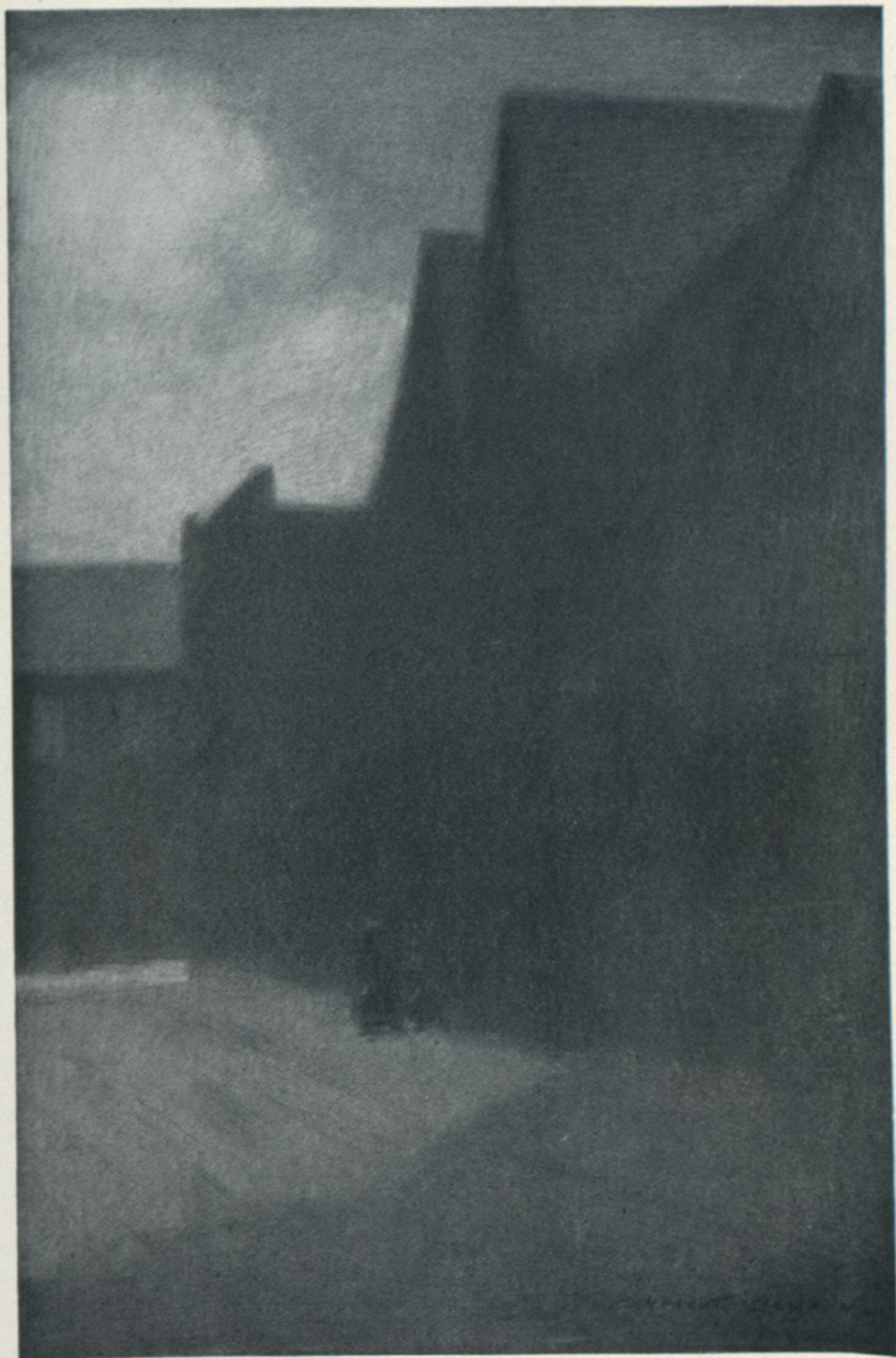
Dr. Oliver lived long enough in India to see many changes, and one who heard her speak in the autumn of 1912, thus sums up the situation, "India, the sullen, the silent and indifferent—as she recalls it twenty-six years ago when her work began—is to-day India the active, forward-moving, stirred by new forces, first amongst which is the movement of Christianity. The name of Christ is a power in India to-day and by many is held in reverence, even outside the native Christian church. . . . India is being won for Christ."

Dr. Oliver loved her work and won the love both of her associates in her labours and of those for whom she toiled, not only in healing and teaching. Something of the joy of harvest gladdened her later years, but the strain of her long service was telling on her when her third furlough came due. Unfortunately the *Asia*, in which she had taken passage for Vancouver, was wrecked on a ledge of rock soon after leaving Hongkong. The passengers got ashore and were taken back in a little coasting steamer to Hongkong, whence they sailed again in a fine, fast boat, "with a captain strictly temperate".

Dr. Oliver reached home in July, 1911, but never fully recovered her strength. Still she hoped to return to her beloved India, but in the spring of 1913 a sudden illness ended fatally. She died at midnight on May 22nd at "Burnside Farm", the old homestead near St. Mary's.

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The next sketch of this series is of Miss Carrie M. Derick, a pioneer university professor.



From the Drawing by  
J. Hubert Beynon

A NOCTURNE

Exhibited by the  
Ontario Society of Artists



# One Path to Arcady

BY KATHERINE HALE

**B**OB HARRIS received his invitation for the week-end in a form that pleased him mightily. There is so much in the way these things are done, and while young Maudie Thompson could have long-distanced him or even sent a message by Jack Taylor, she did neither. She took the trouble to write a note. Bob liked the note, the hand-writing, and the note-paper.

"A silver 'M' on pale blue ground just about suits Maudie," he mused. "She knows how to do things right."

The missive was indeed a delicate affair, and issuing from the pen of sweet sixteen to a manly, if ever so slightly junior, it contained only the merest hint of gentle sufferance. It ran:

"My dear Bob: Mother's little house party has just about vanished, leaving three whole vacant guest-rooms, and we are hoping that you will fill one with your charming presence from Friday next until Monday. I am writing for Floss Thompson, and hope that Bert Williams will complete our foursome. As Jack Taylor, our next door neighbour, is always about, it is possible that it will really be a case of five. Anyway, we are going to have a lovely time, and I do hope you can come. Ring me up or answer by return mail. Yours, Maudie T."

An invitation, indeed! So easy, so dignified, so different from the note that any other girl he knew could write! He must answer at once; and

not a thing did he possess in the way of writing material but an old fountain pen that wouldn't work, a linen pad, and an ornate picture post-card.

Therefore he strode softly but firmly towards the desk of his sister, which stood in the music-room for the reason that it was a lately acquired Jacobean prize of which that young lady was immensely proud.

When he attained the music-room he was annoyed to find Maudie in full possession, and in the throes of composition. She greeted him coldly as he approached, beaming and shuffling expectantly.

"Well?" she questioned, looking up from her paper. "What do you want, Bob? I'm busy."

"Why, nothing much," he answered. "Nothing to speak of, except that I have to catch the noon mail with a letter, and there is no place to write in this house—and nothing to write on. I've only a pad an' the old fountain pen you gave me. It won't work."

"My dear boy," replied Maudie hurriedly, "I can't help that. This is my desk, and I'm writing a most important note—a week-end—and it simply has to catch that train. Use your pad and pencil if you really have to write."

Pad and pencil, forsooth, to answer a celestial note of blue and silver. Nay, not a pad for him. But as time flies, and mails do not tarry, by what invention could he distract her so that the treasures of her writing-

desk might he his! Right well he knew that it was stocked, for it had been her coming-out present from an outrageously wealthy godmother who loved Maudie not wisely but too well.

Subterfuge comes easy to the nimble mind of fifteen, but in this case it was not needed, the harmless necessary telephone called in urgent tones, and Maudie responded eagerly.

"O, my dear!" she was soon cooing from the hall. "Such ages since I heard your voice! When did you get back?" Etc., etc., etc.

Bob was swiftly at the desk. His eagle eye glanced lightningwise over the letter cards also embossed with "M". But a stolid, staring, golden "M"—how different from moonlit silver! He read in his sister's roundest hand: "My dear Mr. Nichol. Mother joins me in hoping that you will be able to come to us on Saturday for the long-promised week-end. Take an early train in time for lunch and be sure to bring—"

The moment was his, and though the drawers squeaked, he recklessly jerked them open and at last arrived at a good plain initialless paper, suited to the needs of a strong man. He took several sheets, also a new fountain pen, for she was writing with an antique quill, affected, like Jacobean furniture, by modern young ladies, and was proceeding joyously on his way when the thought of envelopes assailed him. "Ye gods," he ejaculated hoarsely, "I never saw one among the outfit. Oh! go on talking, Maudie—go on talking."

Earnestly he prayed to fate, but she is a poor blind thing, after all. Somebody's mother wanted the telephone at the other end of the line and Maudie's conversation was broken off. She suddenly returned to her desk in time to view one of those acts of petty larceny which enraged her anew every time.

I shall not linger over the painful scene which followed. We who have been party of the first or second part are familiar with each cold accusa-

tion and cruel jibe. Bob secured an envelope, but I regret to say it was almost wholly by main force, and the lady who assured him that, while victory was apparently his own, disaster lurked for him in the near future—yea, disaster held within her own right hand—was not so far wrong.

Tragedy was already piling up for Robert Harris under the fair sky of promise.

And it was a fair sky that beamed upon him as he slipped his brief and emphatic acceptance of the long-coveted week-end into the post-box at the end of the street.

This was Wednesday. Only forty-eight hours until that moment, in the early afternoon, when he should mount the suburban car that would take him by hill and dale along the pleasant roads to Orchard Beach where her "Apple Tree Cottage" nestled just across the road from the blue lake, on and in whose waves they would disport themselves. Here he could show her what a swimmer he was, how he could sail, and above all how grandly and untiringly paddle her about in the crimson canoe that Jack had spoken of with a sort of proprietary pride all summer. He winced to think of Jack's hated propinquity and the endless chances for friendship with Maidie that it gave him, the chances to do things for her and with her, while he had wasted July and August in a silly Muskoka boarding-house with his family, sailing and fishing with other restless adolescents who longed to be old enough to "play the game" and enlist, who, gazing furtively at one another's smooth chins and girlish skins, berated their mutual youth, and put fear into the hearts of mothers by dark hints of next year, "if it lasts".

And now for three whole days in Paradise.

But even Paradise means preparation, and, newly returned from Muskoka, there was much for Bob to attend to. Mother, Chinaman, and presser must be seen, urged and command-



ed, as the case might be, two new ties were necessary, also a ticket, also week-end offerings, for the divinity, must be carefully thought out. So having established sympathetic maternal connections, extending even unto the telephoning of Young Lee, and Smith, the presser, he sallied forth to the shopping district jingling in his pockets a great deal of loose change, the entire remains, in fact, of his month's allowance, augmented by one dollar earned through cutting the grass in the grounds about the house. All told, he was possessed of some five dollars and fifty cents, which must positively see him through. His ticket being only one-ten, he wanted to squeeze out two ties—at fifty cents each—some magazines and a box of the proper kind of candy to take to such a girl as Maidie. "Fellows often have no taste about such things," he mused, as the car bore him swiftly down town. "Such stuff as Leighton, for instance, brings to Maudie—all just a lot of one kind dumped into a disgusting loud box, large enough for a family. Fancy bringing just one kind—not even a choice. Some people don't like chocolates. I'd rather have a good fudge any day myself—the home-made kind. I'm going to get a moderate-sized, sensible box of candy and maybe a magazine—and stick to it. This week-end business is overdone, and Maidie is not that kind. One dollar will see me through, then I'm safe for this month with the dad."

Thus meditating, for at times relations as to pocket money, its appearance and disappearance, had been slightly strained between father and son, Bob arrived at a haberdasher's and selected two strong, quiet, manly ties to match equally important socks bestowed as an incidental gift a day or two gone by.

This business over, he turned to the equally happy task of candy, and entering the New York Shop he proceeded to give the saleslady a bad half-hour. For he looked over the entire stock and found not one box to

his liking. "The stuff," he assured, "is all right, but the boxes are all wrong. There isn't a good-looking one in the place. Now, I want this fudge, I want two pounds of it, but I don't want a bulldog, or a picture of Kitchener or a woman watering flowers on the box, and I don't want one of these plain, glaring, red or purple things. I want something quiet and—attractive."

The saleslady was unmoved, gazing out the window at the hurrying traffic, but she observed idly that the stock seemed to please most people and she was sure she was sorry, etc.

"You've nothing more?" questioned Bob anxiously, for he did want the fudge.

"Nothing but a patriotic box that wouldn't interest you," answered the bored blonde lady.

She reached under the counter for a substantial cardboard coffin of khaki, on the cover of which a Canadian Tommy disported himself, surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves, both yellow, red and green. It was indeed a patriotic sight, and the soul of Bob responded to the khaki and the maple leaf. He was no laggard, not he, in love of country, though to hand a hero like Kitchener to a lady, on a candy box intended to symbolize something personal, was not to his liking. This was different—was possible, in fact. It even prophesied that dim "next year" towards which his young heart yearned. He inquired the price.

"Well, we're just making those in four-pound boxes, they're a novelty, and really intended for the higher-grade candy. This fudge is only thirty cents a pound, but I'll put you up four pounds if you like."

'Twas done in five minutes, and with his patriotic present under his arm he started down the street for Johnston's, where every new book and magazine was on view. Here again care must be exercised. He wanted to give something lasting, yet inexpensive. "Perhaps I'll just take *Life*

and *Punch*," he thought, "or 'Aunt Sarah and the War'—that is selling at fifty cents now. But, no, she must have read 'Aunt Sarah'." Inspiration might come when he saw the windows and their brave display. And, oh! it did—it did. There, just at the left-hand corner, right under his eye, lay the book of books to carry to Maidie. It was a slim volume bound in palest azure, with markings and lettering in her own symbolic moonlit silver, and the letterings ran "Pathways to Arcady", by Peter Joyce. There were several piled together, and there was also a price card—\$1.25. Steep! yes! but what matter! The title, the colour scheme, the whole get-up suggested the very soul of her.

"Pathways to Arcady!" Moonways that they two should paddle into soon, sunways, when they should swim together the blue lanes of the lake, woodways, green and shining, little, gay, valiant, splendid ways of youth. Of course, he bought it. Of course, he bought "Pathways to Arcady"—map of his own land.

And then he went down the street until he met Arch Martin, a good and trusted chum of his, who asked him to go to a picture-show, the afternoon being, in the jocular style of Arch, "yet young".

"Why, I guess, yes," assented Bob readily, then, glancing down at his parcels, "I suppose it's not any hotter indoors than out."

"Cooler, old chap," assured Arch. "They have hugest fans ever at the Regent. You feel the heat?"

"Naw," rejoined the honest Bob, "not I, but I've got a whole bunch of New York fudge here that might. And, by the way," he suddenly remembered, "let's go and get some for you and me. This is a kind of special box thing that's the dickens to untie."

"Girl, in other words!" grinned Arch. "Don't you undo it. I'll show you the best sweet-junk place in town, though, if you want fudge."

And he led Bob right into the very jaws of Disaster.

For the New Sweet Shop was not New York, but Boston. It had a mission in life—to elevate, to ennoble, and that by delicacy and originality. Where its rival offered rich wares and obvious effects, the Sweet Shop was all subtlety, faint colours, delightful odours, and boxes—such boxes of azure and of rose, of palest violet, and tenderest apple-greens, wrapped in faint-hued papers, tied with broad or slender ribbons, and decorated sometimes by a flower of kindred or contrasting hues with the colour scheme. The bon-bons, too, were tender of tone and doubtless as delectable as they looked. Each box was indeed a poem, and the soul of Bob Harris responded as to a new kind of music. Even the taffy and the fudge was appropriately boxed, and as they purchased a modest twenty-five-center Bob noticed that the box was done in brown khaki. It made his ninety-cent purchase look cheap. He turned sadly to the door when his eye caught a very special box standing on the counter. It was azure in hue and embossed on the top with a large silver "M".

"Oh, heavens, how could the fates so torture a man!" Here was his present, heaven-sent, celestially planned, matching, as if made for, the "Pathways to Arcady", and—well, simply Maidie all over. Actually, the silver "M"—what could that mean, by the way?

"Is that box a special order?" he asked shyly.

"Oh, no," answered the smiling waitress—even the salesgirls were pleasant and friendly here—"we've dozens more. It's our own brand of marshmallows done up in special style, two pounds for a dollar, with silver tongs included in each box."

She opened one and showed the pure contents; row upon row of white mounds, with a few purple candied violets carelessly sprinkled here and there.

Well, it just had to be, that is all. Fearful lest the precious stock might by some possibility run low, he pur-

chased, pulling out dimes and quarters recklessly. With the fudge it amounted to a dollar and twenty-five cents. He dared not think of the ashen hour of reckoning, but with an empty seat beside them piled with parcels, and refreshed from time to time with fudge, the life-story of the film actors doing a bit of bloody melodrama passing on the screen before them, the hours sped quickly by for the two friends.

That evening Bob Harris placed his purchases on his dressing-table and regarded with grim seriousness the afternoon's work. For the hour of reckoning had been brief. His expenditures had actually left him minus one dollar of the amount of his ticket to Orchard Beach. He communed with his soul and found the situation desperate. For the month before he had been obliged to ask the dad for a slight loan—owing to a certain financial speculation with this same Arch Martin, having contradicted expectations—and had been given to the understand that it was absolutely the last courtesy of the kind forthcoming.

Help from that quarter was closed, so—subterfuge again! He began to think hard dark thoughts of ways and means.

But the parcels distracted him as they stood in festive array upon his dresser—votive offerings fit for a queen. If only he had not wrecked his fortune on the ties! In a way they were unnecessary. They could have been eliminated. That khakied fudge—it could have been eliminated. Yet all things had worked together towards his meeting with Arch and introduction to the Sweet Shop.

It would seem, however, as though he were a mere pawn in the hands of Destiny. No sooner had plans begun to frame in his mind than something happened to lead him in an appointed way. To him presently came Maudie. No Nemesis now, but rather for the moment a suppliant. Strangely softened in demeanour and appear-

ance, her greeting was respectful, containing even a tinge of wistfulness as though she were uncertain how a sisterly proposition might be met. This was anything but the lady of the writing-desk. Bob's practised ear caught the change and he stiffened his spine accordingly.

"Bob," she began reflectively, while a soft, slow smile played over her features, "isn't life the most unexpected thing? Do you know I have just had a telegram—from Jim Nichol. You know I wrote him to come Saturday morning for the week-end, but it seems that he had promised the time ages ago in another direction, and as he doesn't want to disappoint me he wires that he'll arrive—to-night, of all times. And the spare room is being papered, and there's that Red Cross fête I'm helping at and the dance later. I'm simply chained. If there was any way of meeting him and putting him up! You see, he could come on for the dance, if any one met him—but where to sleep! I can't think of anything?" Silence. "Can you?"

Bob's apartment, a cell-like affair containing a narrow brass bed, had been commandeered so often that it was an old and sordid tale. It meant turning out, house-cleaning, the removal of treasures and a miserable night on the living-room lounge, which wasn't by any means all that it was cracked up to be by the relative who wanted the use of his room for a friend. Bob reviewed the whole, even to the meeting of Nichol and his convoy to the fête, with dull depression. Until, of a sudden, the thought occurred to him that, after all, there might be something in this for him. Could it be that Maudie was to become an instrument in the hands of justice, so rewarding him for many of fate's jibes in the past? He felt, vaguely, that the situation was crucial, and needed delicate handling. Nichol, a new admirer, was almost unknown to Bob, so that he would be breaking new ground with no definite certainty of results. Still, in such a

crisis, one reaches out to almost any chance. He agreed to give up his room and also, at a pinch, if she was sure she could not manage it herself, to meet his guest.

Maud, genuinely relieved that affairs were arranged without the usual protracted struggle, was casting a contemplative eye about the room on suggestions of evacuation bent when the bundles of gold-corded confectionery met her gaze.

"Why, Bob," she began, in those tip-tilted tones wherein spoke incredulous question, then—was it something in Bob's gray gaze, or anxiety for the comfort of Mr. Nichol? At any rate, she and Bob did not discuss the unwonted bundles, save in that swift language of the eye which renders our poor human speech so futile.

*But he knew that she knew there was something up.*

It spurred Bob on to that immediate planning which always precedes a great coup. The evening, wrapped in meditation, passed swiftly into a night of dreamless sleep.

At four o'clock the next day, when the train slipped into the Grand Central, Bob met and took instant stock of his man. Mr. Nichol was slight of build, somewhat nervous in manner and intensely agreeable. On their way to the house he informed his host three times that he hardly knew if he had a clean collar in his bag, he had been so hurried in throwing his things in, a press of engagements, as well as a little necessary bank work owing to the bore of having lost a few cents in his balance, and having to find them before getting away. Mr. Nichol, Bob gathered, was a man of affairs—prime mover in the musical entertainments of his city, secretary of the Cricket Club, organizer of a dozen enterprises, as well as drilling some four nights a week.

"Something doing all the time, eh?" quoth Bob genially. He had now an inkling as to his man, and himself well in hand.

Pensively he ushered Mr. Nichol in-

to his own apartment, a chamber now subdued, chastened, robbed of all its real features and immaculately clean. The contents of two bureau drawers had been dumped into a box by Maudie and placed under the lounge in the living-room. Shining white paper now lined them. Bob pulled them open to show the guest that they were entirely at his disposal. Then he started back to exclaim:

"Oh, I say, these have been left here by mistake. This room is really mine, you know, only the guest-room is being decorated."

He took out the parcels and placed them on the bureau.

"These," he said, "are the very latest things in confectionery, left to me the other day to dispose of by a poor chap that's, well, gone mash. Gone the limit, so to speak. He got this imported stuff to take to a girl where he was going to visit, and the truth is he left town in debt instead. I told him I'd do what I could. In fact, I may take it along up to the garden party with us. I daresay they'd sell it for five dollars a box there."

He moved carelessly to the door. Nichol paused in his unpacking. The candy shops were often his happy hunting-ground.

"Do you know what sort it is?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," said Bob softly, "you see, I was with him when he bought it, poor chap. As I said, it was to take to a girl, and—well, he's the kind that does that sort of thing properly and he just searched the shops till he found what he was looking for. He says it makes a great difference the kind of thing you give. I myself have heard pretty savage attacks in certain quarters when a bunch of girls are comparing notes after a week-end. Got any sisters yourself?"

"No," answered Nichol hurriedly, "or rather, yes, but they're all married and I've been away from home so much. Then, the girls in Brockton aren't such critics, I fancy. I don't find them so, anyway."

"No," quoth Bob darkly, "you wouldn't. They don't show fellows that side exactly. It's afterwards. When they're together. Gee-whizz! when I think of the things I've heard and seen. I tell you, it makes you pretty careful, having a sister of your own."

Mr. Nichol was becoming interested. He vaguely sensed a possible side of the attractive Maudie which had never dawned upon him. He had met her at tea dances, and her gentle, almost quaintly reserved manner was as attractive to him as her really spirited dancing. She did not talk much, but what eyes! What a dear, engaging smile! She was—yes—quaint and unworldly in his sight. He thought of her gentle, piquant smile, and was unbelieving of any innuendo. Also, the knowledge was suddenly borne in upon him that in his mad haste he had indeed forgotten to bring with him an offering to his hostess. Could he purchase at the garden fête? He inquired of Bob, who was doubtful.

"When I spoke of taking the candy there it was just a chance," said that gentleman. "They may not even have a candy booth—often they don't. They sell the silliest things at these affairs, pincushions and so on, and they're expensive as the dickens. I was soaked dollars the last one I went to." (Here Bob's guardian angel sighed). "The girls just rush at you and won't take no unless they see you pretty well loaded up with parcels. It's a good thing to do a little shopping down town first, just for the sake of carrying the parcels. That is," he concluded carelessly, "unless you have plenty of money. If you want to spend a fiver or two it's different, of course."

Now, Mr. Nichol, accountant in the Brockton Merchants Bank, man of many claims and activities, had not a fiver to lose, and right well had Robert Harris sensed that fact. The game, begun so carelessly, was now developing rapidly as Nichol caught

and applied each suggestion just as the cool-minded Bob intended that he should. Surprise, intimidation and possibility having been implanted, he now withdrew to leave the victim a moment to think things over while he "called up a chap on the 'phone".

Upon his return, his guest, looking very trim and neat, was awaiting him hat in hand. Bob essayed the parcels and was for bearing them off. Then, yes—yes—the magic of suggestion was beginning to work. His man hesitated—halted, then inquired further. What kind of candy? What price? And could they be undone enough to discover the contents? Bob guessed so, but really didn't want to disturb them, in thought of prospective purchasers.

"They're so absolutely fresh, you see. Just from the shop last evening. I could describe them. This, for instance, is a splendid box of fudge in Canadian design. I mean the cover is khaki, showing one of our soldiers. And I tell you the contents is some fudge—simply melts in your mouth."

Mr. Nichol admitted that fudge can be very good. He asked of the larger box. Here Bob's pulse quickened a little. He grew a shade nervous.

"The other is—paler stuff," he answered. Got it at the New Sweet Shop—candied violets or some such thing done up in light blue. Not as attractive really as the other."

But Mr. Nichol's mind, so fatally open to suggestion, had leaped to the thought of violets. Ah, that expressed her, the gentle, the piquant. What more fitting gift could he give to Maudie. Lo! the violets must be his. He plunged at once.

"Say, old chap," he said, his hands in his pockets, "you've been giving me some hints without in the least realizing it yourself. You know, I've been in such a rush the last day or two that I actually came away without a thing for your sister. I meant to order some flowers at once on arrival—but really you've given me a

better idea in mentioning violets. I can combine the two, flowers and sweets in one. A bully idea. How much?"

"Oh, they're not all violets," said Bob hurriedly. "Just a few were upset here and there. It's really a box of marshmallows."

Oh! the silver "M" on the lid! The azure ribbons! The tongs! Surely this was not the way the game was going.

"The fudge box was really much more unique," he continued, "and if it is for Maudie, she adores the military, I can tell you that. She's as crazy about khaki as the rest. However, the fudge is one dollar and the violet stuff two. Take your choice."

The moment hung suspended in air: a scale containing two little petals of destiny. Bob took his chances like the good gambler he was, and waited breathlessly to see whether Caution or Sentiment would come up or go down.

Did sickly sentiment ever fail since the world began? In a trice had a two-dollar bill exchanged pockets, and all that azure and Arcady had meant changed owners. Only the fudge remained.

Why linger over the ending of the tale? Its conclusion must be obvious. When one has gambled in beauty, and pulled out only hard cash, the reward is a certain security. I have no doubt that Robert Harris enjoyed buying his railway ticket the moment he had disposed of friend Nichol at Maudie's Red Cross booth. Also, he deliberately exchanged "Pathways to Arcady" for a magazine and kept the change, because he felt that without its companion box the book looked objectless, and, moreover, he thought him of necessary tips and other incidentals.

He had now a dollar and some small change over and above his ticket, and his mind was easy, though his spirit was depressed. Moreover, he had still to reckon with Maudie before the hour of departure, for when he knows that

she knows there is a secret enterprise on hand it is not the lady who feels nervous.

The luncheon hour of the following day saw the next meeting of brother, sister and guest. Maudie and Nichol had returned from a motor ride and Bob was in a state of pleasurable anticipation as to the 2.30 for Orchard Beach.

"Want us to run you over to the station, Bob?" asked Maudie amiably. "You have a lot of things to carry, judging by the array I saw on your dresser the other day."

Mr. Harris looked up suspiciously from his mutton chop and regarded his son steadily.

"Nothing doing," Bob replied frankly, "only got my suit-case to carry."

"Dear me!" went on Maudie sweetly, "where are all the offerings I saw standing in festive array ready for the goddess? I do hope Bob that you didn't fall a victim to their charms and perchance devour some yourself aforetime!"

"Likely, isn't it?" returned Bob grimly.

"How otherwise vanish?" pursued the torturer. "I am sure they could not be returned. Damaged goods, you know. Second-hand."

That was all. But the arrow struck two in passing, grazing an ardent young soul, and piercing a sensitive one. The very tips of Mr. Nichol's ears went pink. In that awful moment he, too, vaguely knew that she knew.

Bob, hastening his departure, refused the motor lift quite curtly at the end.

But Maudie, when she met him on the breezy platform when the trolley drew up at Orchard Beach, seemed to him a joyful compensation for the uncertainties and speculations of the past two days. Her plans for the week-end were many and glorious, the sun rode high and life was blue-and-gold indeed, except for one small white fleck of cloud. The moment

was still to come when he should hand her the white parcelled box with its brown satin ribbon.

It did come, and Maidie, opening it, exclaimed, "Fudge! Of all things my favourite! And what an adorable box! I might have known that you would choose khaki. Somehow or other, anything very fussy about extras like candy seems vulgar just now, don't you think so? I heard of one man who bought marshmallows, tied

up with blue ribbons, the other day. They were a dollar a box, and the girl actually accepted them—with our men starving for chocolate at the front, and all of us working our fingers off already over Christmas parcels. Well—it's simply bad taste, don't you think so?"

"I do," Bob agreed heartily from the very heights of relief, and he watched a small white cloud drift gaily up the sky.

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## TO ONE SO SCARRED

BY FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY

**T**O one so scarred, who smiles? Ah, traitorously  
 Mirth makes a mask of that so loved a face!  
 Giving it semblance of a strange grimace,  
 Until I, even I, must turn away from thee.

To hide the tears that rise! How meet that smile,  
 That ever-present anguish which no mirror shows!  
 The lips distorted as with long-past woes . . .  
 Shall I forget it in a little while?

O dear one from the wars! Mirth would not leave thy lips.  
 And mine shall answer—quivering maybe—  
 Surely a little thing indeed to ask of me!  
 Only a smile into the sun's eclipse.

*Only thy smile which is my misery!*

# ENGLAND IN ARMS

*By Lacey Amy*

V.—EDUCATION AND THE WAR



YOU may upset a nation's electoral system, revolutionize its labour principles, inaugurate a new standard of health—you may even alter its morals and reorganize its methods of trade—without a complete picture of national regeneration. But when the functions and direction of education are disturbed it is safe to conclude that the nation is stirred to its depths. And all these changes, even the last, the war has introduced into Great Britain.

Naturally such a creature of tradition has shifted its ground with a measure of apology, of denial even of that which it was in the very act of doing, but it has, nevertheless, accepted the lessons of experience and set about ordering its house. It is not the manner in which one works that counts, but the quantity one does. "If anyone doubted the value of our elementary schools," said Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the new Minister of Education, in his memorable announcement of educational reform to the British House of Commons, "that doubt must have been dispelled by the experience of the war." And thereupon he proceeds to pull the system to pieces and to build from the ruins a new structure that will prepare the nation still more efficiently for the next war as well as for peace.

Great Britain, even before the war, was beginning to question her system of education as a complete equipment for modern commerce and competition. But with the first few months of the great struggle her gaze became focused on outstanding faults that were looming larger and larger with the ups and downs of the armies in Flanders. Something was wrong. The British soldier was as firm a bulwark as ever, but that which stood behind the perishable flesh and blood of the trenches was not fulfilling its part. German preparedness was demonstrating to a nation which had always had reason for pride that loyalty, a record for unconquerableness, self-confidence, and determination were poor obstacles to the inventions of modern warfare. As Mr. Fisher put it: Great Britain was discovering that "the capital of this country is not merely cash and goods, but brains and body". "There is something in your d— board school education after all," a ship commander, glorying in the service of his men, wrote him. But both Mr. Fisher and the House that listened knew the compliment was but an introduction to a practical expression of national dissatisfaction.

"One might have imagined," said the Minister, "that the war would have so occupied and exhausted the mind of the country as to leave room



for no other thought. But it has had quite the opposite effect. Quite naturally, and as it seems to me quite rightly, this great calamity has directed attention to every circumstance which may bear upon our national strength and national welfare. It has exhibited the full range of our deficiency, and it has invited us to take stock of all the available agencies for their improvement." After such a confession of weakness, the most intolerant critic of the old educational system is content to await that firm stand for reform which is characteristic of the British nation when it sees its mistake.

The English educational system laboured under several disadvantages. First of all, in characteristic fashion, it was constructed like its castles—with an eye to its permanency. It is the British habit to build for all time. But if anything has been revealed by modern progress it is the superior value of adaptability to permanence.

It may seem treason to fly in the face of the hitherto much-quoted tribute of Sir Joshua Fitch to the English system of education. "The public provision for the education of the people of England is not the product of any theory or plan formulated beforehand by statesmen or philosophers; it has come into existence through a long course of experiments, compromises, traditions, successes, failures and religious controversies.

It has been affected . . . only to a small degree by legislation. The genius—or rather characteristic habit—of the English people is averse to the philosophical system, and is disposed to regard education, not as a science, but as a body of experiments to be discovered empirically and amended from time to time as occasion may require." But the new Minister of Education—and he is the first practical educationist in the forty-seven years of compulsory education who has filled the important post of Minister of Education—took issue, and the applause of the country

proved that he shocked no sensitive susceptibilities in so doing. "More grant," he announced, "will be paid to an authority which believes in flesh and blood than an authority which puts its trust in bricks and mortar." And the House cheered as much at the suggestion of symbolism as at the reforms outlined.

The history of British educational legislation is so closely entangled with another of education's drags that it seems to demand attention here. In a country where Church and State have never been dissociated it was certain that the most influential institution should be demanded by the Church as its prerogative. And the struggle of the Church to maintain its hold has written a record of educational progress in Great Britain which is not a proud one.

The first state education came in 1832, when treasury grants were given in aid of elementary schools. Naturally at that time the early influences were religious rather than economic. It is in this condition, continuing through the decades since, that lay the strong foundation on which classicism stands, the dead languages being the door to theological learning of that period. Also, being controlled by the theologians, education, from the earliest days, was not conceived as a right to the masses, but as a privilege to those who might increase its power as well as be increased thereby. The baneful influence of the Church was evident in the long struggle that was fought out by old educationists concerning the basis of education. The Grammar School Act of 1840 attempted to improve elementary education without that subservience to its classical branches which had been considered its very essence, but the Church resisted the application of ancient endowments to schools not under its control. Up to the time of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869-1874 educational endowments, unless there was evidence to the contrary, were considered to imply instruction in the doc-

trines of the Church of England. In 1870 a form of compulsory education was introduced, but not until six years later did Disraeli make compulsion complete. In 1902, the time of the last real change in the educational system and the only one with evidences of permanency—in the light of later years—the pressure of the Established and Roman Catholic Churches for equal treatment with the voluntary and board schools brought about the abolition of the parochial school board and made county councils the local authorities. Two attempts to separate education from Church control were made, in 1906 and 1908, but both failed, the offer of the Government for the Church properties and endowments in the latter year not being considered sufficient.

The danger of Church control is its narrowness, its concern as much for its authority and influence as for the efficiency of its system. But times have changed. No flagrant deficiency, in Church or State, can long survive the opening eyes of the masses.

The third unfortunate influence on education in England is the snobbery of class. Even to-day there is the unexpressed theory that education, in its more advanced stages at least, is not for the common people. It can be taken for granted that every system in England is somewhat under the blot of the existing traditions of class distinctions. The war is overthrowing them in every phase of life, but the instincts are there, even in the proletariat itself. One has only to look at the general system of education to see it at its worst. Elementary education of the masses is conducted at what are called board schools. In a general way they correspond to the public schools of Canada. But they are handicapped by this essential difference—that they are not public schools in the sense which implies the patronage of the general public. In practice they are confined to the lower grades of so-

ciety. To attend a board school, especially in the cities, is to be socially degraded.

Everyone who can afford it sends his children to private or public schools. The latter are in no sense public. Entrance is as firmly based on certain unalterable rules—and they have nothing to do with intellectual attainment—as is admission to the universities. A certain standard of wealth is evidenced by the ability to pay the fees demanded, and the boy's outfit is more precisely defined than the requirements of a girl in a ladies' college in Canada. Indeed, some social status is a necessity in many of the public schools of England, although the depletion of students resulting from the war is putting an end to that in the most effective manner.

Accordingly the system in public schools has followed a readily conceivable channel. Denoting in its initial stages a certain plane for the student, in wealth and often in society, the public school is conducted to further develop an estimate of life's responsibilities consistent with such an inception. In this I would not be misunderstood. There is nothing finer than the real English gentleman, but there is no Englishman, gentleman or not, whose outlook on life is not coloured by generations of training in exaggerated significances of social levels. The public school does not produce the snob so much as it produces those who appreciate class distinctions without permitting it to make them deliberately offensive. Its aim is to produce a "gentleman", that peculiar embodiment of virtues which, un-Canadian as it is in some of its opinions, is of a much finer clay than that which comes under the usual English designation, "gentleman".

To put it more affirmatively: The English public school, while it sends out a grand type of youth, handicaps him in the outside world by developing certain sides of him which are apt to neglect modern essentials and foreign opinions. It goes in for sports

as a feature of the curriculum, a mark of the gentleman. It lays such stress on "sportsmanship" that war with the Hun, for instance, is a more perilous and costly operation than it need be. It adheres to certain lines of education in the face of the daily revelation of their inadequacy. It strengthens the disastrous conviction that tradition is the standard of excellence. It narrows even while it makes more indulgent. It builds up a fine fellow at the expense of his future in the world's competition. And yet the public school boy is imbued with so much of the best that is in the word British that, can he but forget some of his indirect training, he becomes the world-citizen who has built up the British Empire. When he fails there is nothing more intolerable. Remove the stain of the principle behind the public school, and the public school—barring one or two details—is beyond criticism.

An example of the parental attitude indirectly encouraged by the public school is afforded by a letter from a father recently read in public by a headmaster who was much impressed with the spirit of snobbery in its reds, but failed to sense it in its grays. "I wonder if I might ask your co-operation in regard to my son," it pleaded. "The boy's extraordinary liking for what I regard as the most repulsive branch of natural history—newts, beetles, and insects—is a source of much disappointment to his mother and me. Can you, either directly or indirectly, turn his mind to a higher and more refined branch of the subject—birds, trees, flowers. I cannot help feeling that the tendency of the present study is degrading." It was the wail of a parent who was frank enough to acknowledge that public school as the propagation bed for caste education.

Public schools—there are 110 of them, with 35,000 students—are, of course, not officially recognized, although thirty-four of them receive grants and thirty-six are inspected.

In their upper grades they come under the general educational classification of secondary schools. And it is officially and popularly admitted that in secondary school education Great Britain has failed dismally, not alone in the snobbery it is inclined to encourage, but in the low educational standing of its teachers. Mr. Fisher declares that in no other country is there such a proportion of secondary school teachers without a university degree. This is largely due to the small salaries paid. There are, it is well known, a comparatively small number of public schools whose standing cannot be questioned, but being out of Government control the majority have developed methods and standards of efficiency not conducive of the best results.

The secondary schools, whether official or private, failed, too, because of the multiplicity and lack of uniformity in their examinations. There are more than a hundred examinations demanded by the different callings and professions for which education directly prepares a boy. In every way there was discouragement for the lad forced to consider advanced education as a means to a livelihood. Thus there are three times as many pupils between the ages of fourteen and eighteen receiving systematized education in France as in England, and in Prussia six times as many.

In the universities conditions were not so bad, but still unsatisfactory. England has taken to itself great credit for the remarkable response of its universities to the call to arms. It is a fact that the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are almost empty, their examination rooms given over as hospitals, their laboratories to the inventions of war. But if the higher development of a nation's education does not breed patriots sad indeed is the lot of that nation. If education does not teach the true place of loyalty to one's country it has missed its greatest mental stimulation. It is to its universities—to its more in-

telligent classes—that any country must look for its salvation.

But the older universities of England had fallen into the national habit of conservatism, of settled lines of learning too slow to adapt themselves to the requirements of modern progress. This was especially evident in the prominence of classics at the expense of science and moderns, and what has come to be called the humanities. Based on the past, on the English reluctance to change, young men entirely unsuited for classical education, others to whom such training could be of too little value to merit its grind and time, were forced to devote themselves to Greek and Latin, when any modern language would have assisted materially in fitting them for the struggle of life ahead. And science was comparatively neglected. This light attention to science has exacted its penalty during these grim days. While the German was directing his perverted, but well-trained, mind to the production of the engines of war, Great Britain was forced to rely for counter-attack and protection upon those acute individual brains which have been the foundation of Britain's position in science, including its medical branch. Until the misdirected brains of the country could be switched from that form of development which tended only to the effective in oratory and literature, in abstruse dissertation and "intellectualism", the interests of the warring nation were subject to the attainments of those who had rebelled against a standard mould for the Englishman.

To be sure there had often struggled to the light rebellion against an unworthy appraisal of science, but the disadvantages of such a campaign are that its backers are obviously revolutionists, and their uncultivated weapon of publicity is dull compared with that wielded by those whose accomplishments are verbal, not practical. In 1889 the Technical Instruction Act supported technical or manual instruction, and a Department of Sci-

ence and Art promised good results. But the Board of Education Act of ten years later swallowed up the new Department. And science became a study without direct usefulness, since it was insufficiently developed to adapt it to the needs of industry. Through mal-nutrition, too, even when it was productive it failed to meet the educated Englishman's demand for intellectual stimulus. And in English industrial life there was small reward for the scientist, a good works chemist before the war receiving a paltry six hundred dollars.

But protest and warning were coming from many sides. A number of new universities—Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, and latterly, Bristol—had sprung up to cater to the crying need for a more practical education. Even Oxford was looking about for some plan of organized training in science that might be accepted as in conformity with its high standards. The universities were pricked into introspection by the clamour of the large industries that faced the competition of the outside world. Reverent as these industrial firms were towards the English university—their heads were usually university educated—they were the immediate sufferers from its inherent weaknesses. The head of one of the largest ship-building firms declared the other day that he preferred the university man in his works, but "when I go up to Oxford to look round I do not pick the fellow who has been first in Greek and first in History, but the fellow who would have been first if he had worked". It was a subtle pronouncement against the final aim of Oxford education, while applauding its general influence. He wanted the man with the Oxford brain, but not with the Oxford honours—might I say, ideals.

Several organizations were at work to introduce remedies. The Educational Reform Council intelligently attacked the administration. The Association of Directors and Secretaries for Education urged a number of re-

forms for continuation schools, pointing out the advantages of compulsory education for a limited number of hours a week for young people between fourteen and eighteen, whether in employment or not. The Oxford Association for the Improvement of National Education, the Departmental Committee on Juvenile Education, and the London Education Committee were striving for improvement.

But the most effective spur to reform came from the Workers' Educational Association. Mr. Fisher admitted that "our popular system of education is popular in one sense only". He saw that the schools of the people had not behind them the support of the working classes. The activity of opposition from the working classes came as a war result. Higher wages were bringing higher aims, a clearer perception of the possibilities of improved status. The workingman was ceasing to accept the doctrine that higher education should be reserved for the upper classes. And the Workers' Educational Association represented this movement, one of the most important, Mr. Fisher admitted, for the promotion of higher education among the workers. It ridiculed as entirely inadequate the eight hours a week suggested by the Departmental Committee, claiming that the hours of labour should be limited and the hours of education the real consideration.

The small salaries for teachers was an active issue even before the war, but with the increased cost of living and the growing demand for reformed education the teachers took a firm stand. In London they even went on strike against the miserly pittance allowed them as a war bonus.

The scale of salary of the English teacher reads like the record of Quebec Province a few years ago. In England and Wales there are 160,000 teachers, of whom 60,000 are uncertificated and 40,000 without training college experience; and almost none of them have university education.

Five certificated masters—two of them head-masters—and 219 certificated mistresses received less than \$250 a year, twenty thousand (certificated) less than \$375. A head-master, after thirty years, had improved his pay from \$435 to \$480, another in forty years from \$350 to \$475. In one school in a large English county nine teachers (all in the school) receive less than the caretaker. The average salary for a certificated head-master is \$880, for a certificated assistant \$645, and for an uncertificated teacher \$340. And women receive only two-thirds those amounts. In many counties the maximum salary for a certain grade of head-master is \$15 a week; and the average salary for an uncertificated assistant is \$325 for men and \$280 for women. Yet the war bonus, with food one hundred per cent. higher, was sometimes as low as twenty cents a week.

Into conditions like these there was projected the first educationist to hold the Ministerial position; and in his choice Lloyd George made one of his many demonstrations of irreverence for tradition. Mr. Fisher knew the state of affairs from practical experience. Better still, he was uninfluenced by political or personal considerations. Starting with what he knew himself, he sought only what affected education. And he found it out. The result is educational reform that would never have come from the most honest politician such as those who have hitherto invariably filled the Cabinet positions.

Elementary education he first stroked, then admitted its deficiencies by granting an additional \$17,000,000, chiefly as teachers' salaries. "An embittered teacher is a social danger," he declared. And the extra money is to be allotted by inverse ratio to the wealth of the district.

Secondary schools, "which are the key of the situation," are favoured with an extra two million dollars, the principal objects being higher salaries, more teachers, and encourage-

ment for advanced courses. A strenuous effort is to be made, too, to drive out the caste system, so that "the son of the manufacturer, the son of the foreman, and the son of the workman should be educated side by side". Five years ago such a principle would have been killed at birth. For this purpose well-to-do parents are to pay for their children, while the Government comes to the assistance of the poor. The multiplicity of examinations is to be modified, although already a concerted attack has been made by narrow head-masters of some of the smaller private and public schools, who fear that candidates from uncontrolled schools might be discriminated against. This simplification of examination has been placed in the hands of a committee of eighteen, composed equally of elementary and higher education representatives.

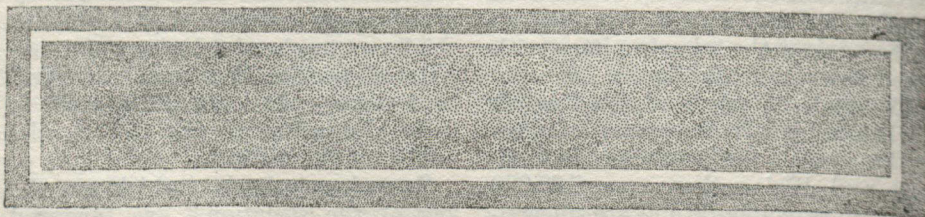
A pension scheme for teachers is proposed.

Little has been done with the university system as yet, although action promises in the not distant future. Probably the Minister considered that he was undertaking a sufficiently large proposition for the present in reorganizing the less advanced forms of education. His tendencies with regard to the universities were expressed in a demand for "ample provision for the prosecution of free and independent post-graduate courses, and also for scholarships in science, technology, and modern languages". His

attack on tradition consisted of a desire "that every child in this country should receive the form of education most adapted to fashion its qualities for the highest uses". He contended, too, for greater unity in the universities.

Without the war education in England would have proceeded along the old lines until the dire straits of inability to compete forced a change. While the record in England of the years immediately preceding the war showed a waning commerce in the markets of the world, only the very fight for existence revealed to the nation some of its weaknesses. To be forced for two years and a half to its limit merely to meet the war inventions of the enemy, without freedom to develop its own originality, has been gall and wormwood to the Briton. To look about him and see the ordinary conveniences of life missing because their supply had crept into the hands of practical Germany while England was advancing eagerly in philosophical and philological directions has opened the eyes of the nation to something lacking.

Therefore, when the new Minister proposed a drastic alteration in the very foundations of national life, instead of the customary outcry from the admirers and convention, Mr. Fisher is met with eager support. Education in England is being democratized, as is everything else. And therein lies the future of the Empire.



# The Fair Fugitive

BY G. M. L. BROWN



HEY met as the train neared Niagara Falls, the Canadian Boy and his chance acquaintance whom I am naming, for reasons hereinafter set forth, the Fair Fugitive, alias the Woman with a Past. She had been having difficulties with a hand satchel, which had to be opened for the inspection of the customs officer, and the Canadian Boy hastened to her assistance. . With a dexterous twist he turned the key and threw open the bag. He did not intend to open it more than a crack, and she knew that he didn't and smiled at his discomfort.

"I beg your pardon," he ventured.

"For what? I was just going to thank you."

"For—for—seeing in your bag; I didn't mean to."

"I know you didn't, and, anyway, I don't mind a bit. Now I'll let you lock it, if you will be so kind, and put it in the rack."

"With pleasure. Isn't it strange that just because I shouldn't have looked I saw most of its contents?"

"You ought to be an inspector, then, for I'm sure you took only a second."

"Oh, no, if I had been an inspector I probably wouldn't have seen half so much. The inspector looks for definite things, and if there is nothing dutiable, he sees nothing. Now I saw something that greatly interests me, and I'd like ever so much to discuss

it with you—or them, I mean the books."

The Fair Fugitive made a hurried estimate of the young man's age; then recalling her own, performed the necessary though annoying subtraction, and with a glance around her, half defiant, half explanatory, as if to justify the unconventionality of it, she motioned to the opposite seat.

"You may sit down," she said graciously, and smiled at the alacrity with which the invitation was accepted.

"Haven't you often marvelled," he began, in a tone that he intended to be formal but which to his vis-à-vis seemed irresistibly naïve—"Haven't you often marvelled at the infinite number of groupings that are possible in everything? Why, just the other day I saw a British army officer and a Baptist minister and a plumber walking down the street like old classmates. Now do you suppose that that particular combination of callings ever occurred before? I don't."

The Fair Fugitive thought it highly improbable. Moreover she thought it highly amusing, this being entertained by a whimsical youth of unknown name and antecedents. She had been getting a headache from *ennui*—at least she assured herself that it was *ennui*, though she knew well enough that it was from fear and worry—and all in a moment a companion had dropped from the clouds. Truly the gods were kind.

"I astonished a waiter yesterday,"

continued the young egotist, "by selecting two ordinary articles at an ordinary café and combining them for my lunch. That chap has been a waiter all his life and I suppose he serves fifty people a day; yet he was so dumbfounded that he dropped a plate."

"What did you order?" the Fair Fugitive asked with genuine eagerness.

"I admit it sounds rather unusual, but that happened to be the combination I wanted, and so I asked for it."

"But dear me! Am I never to learn what it was?"

"Why, corned beef hash and Burgundy. The waiter will never get over it. And still I was pretty nearly as surprised at the books I saw in your satchel; and say, come to think of it, couldn't they be described as hash and wine?"

The Fair Fugitive laughed outright. A collection of essays by Gilbert Chesterton wasn't badly described as hash, and the "Tartarian" adventures were certainly as near to wine as anything she could recall in fiction.

"But I also have the '*Pensées de Joubert*' which your official eye seems to have missed—how shall we describe it?"

"That little green book? I never heard of Joubert—tell me about him," said the Canadian Boy with unembarrassed frankness. Then forgetting his request—"But why don't you ask me what I am reading?"

"I was just going to."

"Well, officially I am reading 'Marius the Epicurean', but I don't make much progress except in public, and that I suppose is due to snobbishness."

"Snobbishness?"

"I mean the feeling of superiority that comes to one in having a book like that in his possession while people around him are reading 'best sellers'."

His companion was quite won by the evident sincerity of this confession and glanced her admiration. "Joubert

says, '*Les esprits simples et sincères ne se trompent jamais qu'à demi*'."

"I don't understand you, so I can't tell whether I'm guilty or not; but look at the lady over there—how can I help feeling superior to her with my 'Marius' at my side? She has just bought the *Buffalo Call*, and is evidently going to devour every word of scandal in it. At present she's on page one, and she's reading all about —"

He stopped in embarrassment. Whose portrait was that? It seemed strangely familiar—someone he had met recently—someone—who—didn't—seem—to—belong—there.

The Fair Fugitive noticed his bewilderment, glanced inquiringly across the aisle and beheld—her own picture.

"I assure you I didn't know," stammered the boy, half doubting his senses. But his confusion soon changed to alarm as he noticed her deadly pallor.

"Please take me to another car," she faltered. "No—I'll get out at the next station."

"You won't unless you let me accompany you," announced the boy firmly. "You are going to New York, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you are taking the very best method to get there."

"Buy one—buy as many as you can—quick!" she implored, as a newsboy approached with an armful of papers.

Her companion understood.

"How many papers have you?" he demanded. "Never mind counting so carefully—call it a hundred. Here, put them under the seat—thanks!"

Turning to interpret her next wish he found her crumpled up against the sill—in a dead faint.

He was potentially a man of action, as are all his kind who sever home ties and venture abroad, and he vaguely realized the responsibility that he had taken on his shoulders. This charming woman whom he was befriending, he reflected in a series of mental flash-



es, must be implicated in some scandal. "Diana of the Crossways" obstructed his vision for a fractional part of an instant, but he gently pushed her aside and concentrated on the problem before him. What the scandal was he didn't know nor care to know, but people in the car were reading about it and gazing at a very life-like picture of her. She must be protected—secluded—at once.

All this had taken possibly seven seconds, and censuring himself for the delay he beckoned the car conductor.

"Conductor, my wife has fainted—no, don't bring water—haven't you a vacant stateroom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we'll take it. Let us wrap her in this shawl and get her there as quickly as possible. That's it."

A few steps, the turn of a key, and the limp form was carefully laid in a private berth. With a gentleness akin to reverence, he loosened her collar and began the work of resuscitation.

"Now, conductor, send for some ice-water and a little brandy, please, and I'll bring her to in a jiffy. These attacks come from eye-strain, the doctor says. Thank you, I'll manage all right—you needn't wait. Just ask the porter to fetch our things, including that pile of papers. When you run a Clipping Bureau you have time for about three things—eat, sleep, and clip."

As the Fair Fugitive regained consciousness, the train was swaying around a bend, and the motion, reminiscent of a sea voyage, puzzled her not a little. But when her eyes rested upon her new acquaintance, who had been down on all fours capturing a fugitive piece of ice, memory returned, like an apologetic servant.

"Was I recognized?" She demanded.

"Yes, ma'am; I may be slow, but you needn't rub it in."

"I mean by the others."

"Not your face—we had to pile some things on it, but your feet were well inspected."

"Please be sensible and tell me how you got me here. Oh, never mind—I can guess. If you will come nearer I will tell you what I think. There! Now look at me—I think you are the dearest, cleverest boy I ever met."

"Madam," protested her companion with a furious flush, "I am your husband for the time being, so please treat me with becoming dignity."

"Well, sir, would it be beneath your dignity to remove the library from that satchel and get out a small bottle of cologne?"

The boy obeyed, flushing still deeper as he fumbled among various articles of the feminine toilet, and inhaled their faint perfume, to him at once exotic and delicious.

"And now tell me what they say."

"Who?"

"The reporters—the papers."

"I haven't looked—I don't want to."

"But I wish you to."

"It's against my principles; I must finish my 'Marius'."

"I thought you knew the code of knight-errantry—is it against your principles to oblige a lady in distress?"

"A lady with an excellent pair of eyes." He had forgotten the eye-strain.

"So that is Canadian chivalry!"

"Well," he replied, scrutinizing her face to see if she were mocking him, "if you put it that way, I'm afraid I'll have to surrender. Do you refuse to read them?"

"I can't—don't you see how I am trembling? I know what we'll do—you will read them to yourself, and then tell me what they say as kindly as you can."

To this he assented, and after scanning several columns, not without evident surprise and distress, he briefly summarized the story:

The governor of a mid-western state had been found dead in his office with the photograph of an unknown woman in his hand. He had not died

unattended, yet the witnesses had utterly vanished. That a woman had been present there were many proofs. A handkerchief, unfortunately without initials or monogram, a hat pin, and a woman's magazine were found by the detectives; but on the other hand the doctor who was summoned testified that it was a man's voice that had spoken over the 'phone. To add to the mystery, no one recognized the portrait held so tenaciously by the dying Governor. The police, while convinced that no crime had been committed, were determined to identify the strangely missing witnesses, and this portrait they regarded as the most important clue.

When he had finished his faltering recital his auditor was in tears.

"You loved him, then?" There was an incipient jealousy in the tone.

"Yes, once—a long time ago."

"He was married?"

"No."

"Then why didn't——"

His questions were smothered in the hiss of the air-brakes, but she understood.

"Because," she quivered, "he once led me—oh, I cannot tell you. It rendered me unworthy—or at least——"

"So *he* said, you mean?"

"Yes, so he said."

"But that very attitude made him unworthy of you."

"That is just what I told him."

"And you continued to love him?"

"Oh, no, I learned to despise him."

"And yet——" Each question was put more haltingly, wistfully—the boy himself was on the verge of tears.

"We hadn't met for years. I was living in a literary colony in California, when I received a letter from him telling me that he was in wretched health, and that he wanted to see me on most important business. He enclosed a check for a large sum, out of which I used enough for my travelling expenses and those of a friend whom I brought along for company. I had just handed him the balance before the—tragedy. Do the papers mention

a roll of bills left on his table?"

"Yes."

"We were arguing about it just before he died. He protested that he still loved me and could not live without me. He took my photograph from his pocket as proof of his affection and—and kissed it."

"But the other man?"

"No one else was there except Alice, my friend, who accompanied me to the outer office. She had the presence of mind to call up Doctor Frank, who was an old schoolmate of hers, and he has evidently been trying to throw the police off the track."

"But you poor little woman," said her protector, annihilating the gulf of years between them, "why didn't you recover your photograph?"

"I hadn't the heart to. I had sent it to him at his request, but accompanied by a note telling him that since he had lost the substance it was fitting he should receive the shadow. A modern adaptation of the old fable," she explained with a wan smile.

"So I stood there defiant, at what proved to be his death struggle, and refused him even the pressure of my lips. Yet what I had given him was his—women may be unjust in a legal sense, but they delight in poetic justice. Still there may have been fear or superstition in my action, or possibly a touch of vanity—I never learned to analyze motives."

"Fear or vanity in allowing a brute from his very grave to compromise your whole life? I should call it sublime unselfishness."

He had been pacing the narrow floor as he spoke, in unconscious harmony with the motions of the train.

"It was the testing of your soul," he continued, with eyes aflame. "This man had done you the greatest injury in his power, and instead of retaliating, you would not permit yourself to do even a fancied injustice to his wretched corpse. Oh, I tell you that took sublime courage, and I love you for it—I love you for it."

Saying which, this stalwart Cana-

dian—she had not noticed before how big and manly he really was—reached down and gathered her into his arms.

For a moment she resisted him; then yielding to a torrent of hysterical emotion, she pressed her tearful, radiant face to his, and gave as eagerly as she received.

It is easy to offer a synthetical formula for a given act, *after the event*, but what psychologist would have the temerity to prepare his formula in advance, and definitely denote either the direction or the force of the human reaction? For he knows that one infinitesimal factor omitted, or unforeseen, might change the whole process. Omar Khayyam blithely defines an earthly paradise, but, apparently ignorant of the supreme importance of the minutest details, fails to mention the title of the book or the brand of wine, or even to specify whether the bread should be rye or white.

The Canadian Boy, while precocious in things intellectual, had proved so bashful in affairs of the heart that his name was an actual bye-word among his girl acquaintances.

The Fair Fugitive had just emerged from a long period of self-discipline, strongly fortified, she had vainly supposed, against all passions and sentiments not "passed" by an alert board of censorship, in which mind and conscience cast the deciding vote.

Yet these two reticent beings, strangers to each other even in name, were exchanging caresses and endearments with an abandon that would tax the credulity of a puritanical spinster. It was long after the Fair Fugitive had supplied me with the outline of my story that she summoned the courage to tell of this scene, and while shame and exaltation struggled in the confession, it was very apparent that the latter triumphed.

A creaking lurch brought them to their senses. The express was pulling out of a station, and a glance at the darkened window pane warned them that it was almost night. The figure in blue, now a mere shadow, retreated

to her berth. Her outraged censors had regained their ascendancy and were vehemently denouncing every impulse and emotion that had contributed to the unpardonable indiscretion. In short, she was very repentant.

"You smoke, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I want you to go to the smoking-room and have a cigar, and please make no resolves, no plans of any kind. When you return, bring a menu with you and we'll order a little dinner, after which we'll talk just as sensibly and philosophically as if you were my age and I were the heroine of a Henry James novel."

He recoiled at something incisive and prosaic in the tone of her voice and, stumbling in the darkness, struck his temple against the door. To his horror, he almost swore, and the Fair Fugitive had difficulty in suppressing a titter. Both felt nonplussed and guilty.

When he returned the train was shrieking into Syracuse. He had brought the promised menu with him, but it was not necessary, for he found dinner already served, and the Fair Fugitive seated at the diminutive table, smiling her welcome.

"I haven't ordered hash," she said with mock gravity, "because I detest it; but here is your Burgundy, and if you don't like broiled chicken, ring for the waiter and order what you wish."

He accepted the chicken and other courses offered; but so far as his observation served him the chicken might have been salad, the salad dessert, the dessert a package of brass tacks. For this impetuous young egoist had fallen quite desperately in love, and despite her command—issued rather tardily, he might have protested—had been planning their future at a speed so precipitous that the progress of the train seemed slow to exasperation.

"Have you read much of Chester-

ton?" she demanded, when the table had been cleared.

"No, not very much—he irritates me."

"Still he is wholesome. Let us see if this book contains anything about hasty romances between, well, let us euphemistically say youth and maturity. Oh, here we have something—page 140." And she began rather haltingly:

"When a young man of twenty falls in love with a woman of thirty-seven, I deem him fortunate—though not so fortunate as a lad of fifteen enamored with a maiden of forty-seven. For I cling to the old-fashioned belief that youthful ailments should be suffered in youth—the earlier the better—and that upon their severity depends future immunity. I said that I deem the youth lucky, but I did not say that I deem the woman lucky. On the contrary, it is she who is to be pitied. For the ensnarer becomes the ensnared. Her victim recovers and goes his way, but she—"

"Look here," interrupted the boy, "let me see that book."

"Why?"

"Because I believe you're improvising. Gilbert Chesterton delights in paradox, but he doesn't write piffle."

"What an ungracious criticism. That is the plain truth, so why quarrel about authorship?"

"You know it isn't even a caricature of the truth. Anyway, I hate to be imposed upon."

He spoke with the warmth of injured pride, and the Fair Fugitive was quick to offer amends.

"I know you do, and if ever a man earned fair treatment at the hands of a woman, you have earned it from me. Can't you see that is why I am trying to disillusion you? Please don't make it any harder."

With apparent unconsciousness she stopped to light a cigarette, and after a few vigorous puffs, continued:

"Let me see—it is now nearly ten. I think we met at about half past three, which was as much as six hours ago. The first thirty minutes of our acquaintance was given up to light comedy. Then came an hour or so of

melodrama, in which you were the hero, and I the victim of untoward circumstance. I cannot sufficiently compliment you on the part you played—had you done it with less skill there might have been a tragedy on the boards. Well, one would suppose that this double bill would have satisfied us, but not a bit of it. Up went the curtain on a romance, Romeo almost creating a new part in his fervour, and Juliet a trifle frayed, but supporting him as well as her poor ability would permit. Then to modernize it, we ended the act with a misunderstanding—just the suggestion of a lover's quarrel."

She was interrupted by a hoarse roar from the engine, and a vibratory conflict of brakes with swiftly revolving wheels warned her that another stage of their journey was past. No, it was not Utica, as she had supposed, but Albany—the last stop before their destination.

"I was going to style this final act a return to light comedy; but we will be frank and call it a realistic problem play, which it is. Now let us review things in their true light:

"A young man of twenty——"

"I am nearly twenty-two."

"A young man of nearly twenty-two, but with more knowledge of books than of people, meets a woman fifteen years his senior—a woman with a past."

"Who in heaven hasn't a past?"

"I mean a past that is concealed."

"Not from me."

"Yes, from you. You are too chivalrous to see things in their true light. You never even stopped to ask me why I came so readily at the call of a man I despised. You called me magnanimous for leaving as I did, but overlooked the cowardice of leaving at all. You have deceived yourself by over-emphasizing the wrong done to me and ignoring my responsibility. Also you have confused misfortune with innocence. You may not believe me now, but you couldn't live happily one week with a woman who lacked that

maidenly attribute which the French call *pudeur*. You may even learn to despise me for the readiness with which I received your embraces, and the memory of my cigarette will certainly not be pleasant in retrospect."

"That was a stage trick, pure and simple."

"Not at all. I purchased those cigarettes at Detroit—long before we met."

She stopped to light another.

"I let you wax eloquent over my 'sublime unselfishness', though my fingers tingled with shame. Yet belief in another often bears magic fruit, and already I am a better woman for what you thought me. Now I cannot be sublimely unselfish, because there is nothing sublime about me; but I can be prosaically unselfish, and I am going to prove it this very night. I have made up my mind that we shall be strangers to each other from the moment of our arrival, and I am going to request you not to follow me or search for me."

"But suppose I refuse?"

"You will not refuse. You are going to leave me without knowing my name, and although you may miss me for a few hours or days, you will gradually comprehend that even as you helped me to escape so I have helped you and to that extent, at least, have repaid my debt, with interest. Some day the whole drama will be clear to your vision, and if you should continue to think kindly of me it will be for just one thing—for what I am doing now."

Her eyelids drooped, her voice faltered. Overcome by a flood of feeling, ill-defined and indefinable, she flung herself in pathetic abandon at his feet. But when he attempted to caress her she shrank from his touch.

He desisted. He found himself denuded of his buoyancy and power, and realized with humiliation that the

masterful lover had somehow shrunk to the awkward youth of a few hours (or was it centuries?) ago. He felt dusty and tired, and very much at odds with the world.

The Fair Fugitive knew instinctively that the crisis was past, and that it behoved her to suppress the last trace of emotion. So well did she succeed that when she finally looked up her eyes were tinged with mirthful witchery and her lips curled in mischievous bravado.

"Speaking of queer combinations," she laughed, "has there been any circumstance since we met that has not been unusual or distorted? To begin with, the very meeting of idealistic youth and *blasé* maturity."

"Please don't," he protested reproachfully.

"Then we had the Buffalo *Call* and 'Marius', as you pointed out; my escape from detection after fainting before a full car, thanks to the clever deception of a young man who until that moment scarcely knew what duplicity meant; an announcement of marriage with the contracting parties ignorant of each other's name; the foundation laid for a lasting friendship, and——"

"Wrecked before it can be built on," he finished.

"Not wrecked—simply—what shall I say?"

"Abandoned."

"'Abandoned' then if you will."

Said the boy with a rueful smile, as he helped her from the car, "Will you take this confounded satchel, or may I have it as a memento?"

"That was our undoing, wasn't it?" smiled the Fair Fugitive. "Next time I travel I will take care to check it."

"You needn't trouble," he replied, bravely echoing her laugh, "I travel hereafter in the smoker."

# The Curse of Babel

BY HILTON M. RADLEY

**I**F Europe were freed of the "curse of Babel", a writer in a recent issue of *The Literary Digest* maintains, we should hear much less of race conflict. To substantiate his argument, he goes on to show how effectively America has become an immense melting-pot for diverse races, and he claims that this has been brought about by the use of a common language—English. While adult immigrants, he points out, remain in sentiment and prejudice what they were, their children, of precisely the same race, are Americans, indistinguishable from those of Anglo-Saxon origin. They read American papers, think American thoughts, and dress and speak like Americans. "The spread of the English language," he concludes, "does much to make the world akin."

This is all very well as far as it goes, but is it exactly desirable that the world should be made kin on the American plan? The American "idea" is wonderfully pervasive; it appeals to the materialistic side, which is strong in man, and where barriers of language do not interpose it often makes great headway.

It is just because most nations realize what an effective "barrier" language forms that they are so insistent upon the retention of their native tongues. The Finn, the Hungarian, the Pole have no desire to see their peculiar culture and tradition im-

perilled by the infusion of foreign ideas through the predominance of a strange language. Thus we have Finland, after a century of union with Russia, steadily resisting all efforts to impose upon her the language of her conqueror. Intensely Western in her outlook and sympathies, she regards "Russification" as being synonymous with retrogression. In the same way, the Polish, Magyars and Czechs have refused to become "Germanized". It seems that one might almost regard language as being a kind of "protective tariff" under which the peculiar genius of a nation may come to full stature, unembarrassed by the intrusion of foreign elements which might retard or distort its growth. Some instinct in the nations make them jealously guard the integrity of their native tongues. Doubtless if the "curse of Babel" were removed, the world would be more quickly welded together, but on what plan, American, French, German or Slavonic, leaving out, for the moment, consideration of the Oriental peoples?

Just as it is impossible, in the words of Edmund Burke, "to bring an indictment against a whole nation", so it is impossible to attribute to any one race a monopoly of the virtues. H. G. Wells in his "Anticipations", published in 1902, made out a very good case for the future predominance of French, as opposed to English and German. A greater number of serious books, he said, were published in French than in English—

books which represented more keenly contemporary intellectual life—and thus the inducements for learning the language were greater to the foreigner than in the case of English. The German language, so unwieldy, and so “accursed” by its lettering, was not sufficiently attractive to become universal. French, too, had made headway in parts of Europe where German was not tolerated. For English, unless a “great intellectual renaissance” took place, he had less hope of linguistic predominance.

The fact is that we cannot say at the present time that it would be ideal for the world to become either Americanized, Germanized or Russianized. What we need is the contribution to the world civilization (for which we hope) of the peculiar gifts of the diverse races, and this contribution can only be satisfactory when full opportunity is given for the cultivation of those gifts under the most favourable conditions. The world is not yet ready for a federation upon any other terms. In the noble words of Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, “The social idea cannot be realized under any form whatsoever before the reorganization of Europe is effected; before the peoples are free to interrogate themselves, to express their vocation.” And he goes on to say that “nationality ought to be to humanity that which division of labour is in a workshop—the recognized symbol of association, the assertion of the individuality of a human group called by its geographical position, its tradition and its language, to fulfil a special function in the world of civilization without foreign domination, in order to elaborate and express its idea, to contribute its stone also to the great pyramid of history”.

Inspired by the great concept of freedom—freedom to express themselves in their own way—we find the nations of the world insisting more than ever upon national integrity as it is symbolized in language. Slowly we of the Anglo-Saxon race are com-

ing to realize that what we prize so highly ourselves is equally prized by other races. The full significance of the great national awakening which took place in Europe after the French Revolution is at last filtering through to our consciousness. Perhaps we first began to appreciate its significance when we attempted to analyze the secret of Germany’s growing commercial strength. In analyzing her “methods”, we discovered with what care she studied the language, institutions and customs of the countries with which she desired to trade. The American in Mexico has had many a rebuff, justly merited, on account of his arrogant assumption of superiority, which has caused him to slight the language and social usages of the Mexicans. He is suffering for his shortsightedness now. The Latin Americans remain suspicious of his overtures of friendship, of his belated appreciation of the desirability of a closer relationship with him. Such an attitude on their part is decidedly inimical to the scheme of “Pan-Americanism” of which we are beginning to hear a good deal in these days. The American, in common with others who are influenced by Anglo-Saxon culture, does not take kindly to foreign languages. This has been due, in part, to false notions of racial superiority which have been inculcated into him. As late as 1911, for instance, men like Professor Brander Matthews were confidently assuming that before long English would be an international language, and were minimizing the importance of modern language study in the schools. It is not so many years ago that Lord Avebury, at a meeting of the Chambers of Commerce in London, England, deplored the frequent necessity in mercantile and banking houses of “calling in the German clerk” whenever any foreign correspondence had to be undertaken.

In Canada, and especially since the outbreak of the war, the signs of awakening are everywhere manifest.

With the sending of representatives of mercantile houses to foreign countries to inquire into conditions of trade, has come an appreciation of the value of foreign languages. With the opening of branches of some of our banking institutions in Mexico and the West Indies, has also come the conviction that it "pays" all round to be familiar with the language of the country with which we wish to do business. Thus we have the Bankers' Association, which has established a regular banking course at Queen's University, adding a Spanish course to the existing one. Quite recently there was some talk of making Russian an optional subject in our high schools. Many of our business and technical colleges are now offering special courses in commercial French and Spanish—all significant "signs of the times".

Whatever may have been the case in the past, it is certain that to-day we recognize, as never before, the importance of modern language study. But although we recognize this, we have not yet discovered the "methods" of study necessary to make our realization effectual. This is not surprising. The question of method in the study of languages has always been one upon which there has been much diversity of opinion. Between 1500 and 1800, for instance, 650 dissertations on system were published, the large proportion of which bore the title, "A New Method!" And yet if we look back through history and inquire into the systems which were conceded to be most effectual in the teaching of languages, we shall find this common experience: The study of such languages was commenced by children at a very early age. Thus after the conquest of Rome, Greek was taken up very extensively in the Roman schools. Greek slaves, Greek scribes and Greek learned men were much in evidence, and Max Muller comments in this connection that from their very infancy the Roman child heard Greek, and he learned to speak

it, if anything, better than Latin. Erasmus (1466-1536), writing at a time when much emphasis was laid on the importance of Latin and Greek, says: "As soon as a child can learn anything he must begin with writing and pronouncing the letters of the Greek and Latin alphabet. Rules of Grammar should be as few and concise as possible. Power in language comes not from rules, but from use in conversation".

But we need not go back to history. One of the reasons, one must believe, why the French and Germans are usually such good linguists is that their school systems provide for the teaching of languages to children at an age when our children are still in the primary schools. Admitting that the linguistic ability of Canadians and Americans does not compare favourably with the ability of the French and Germans, it might be pertinent to ask wherein our system differs from theirs. It differs in this important respect: We allow all the impressionable early years of the child in the primary schools to pass without familiarizing his ear with any language but his own. In a former paper I tried to show why these early years are most favourable for the acquisition of foreign tongues; but we have only to reflect for a moment on the astonishing rapidity with which the very young children of immigrants "pick up" English to have brought home to us practical illustrations of the point I am trying to emphasize. Some time ago Professor Price, the State Inspector of Modern Languages, New York State Educational Department, instituted an inquiry into the reason for the poor showing made by high school students in language study. What he discovered, as a result of this inquiry, was that the average high school teacher knew very little more about the language which she professed to teach than the average pupil. He made the discovery in this way: He invited a number of teachers of French and



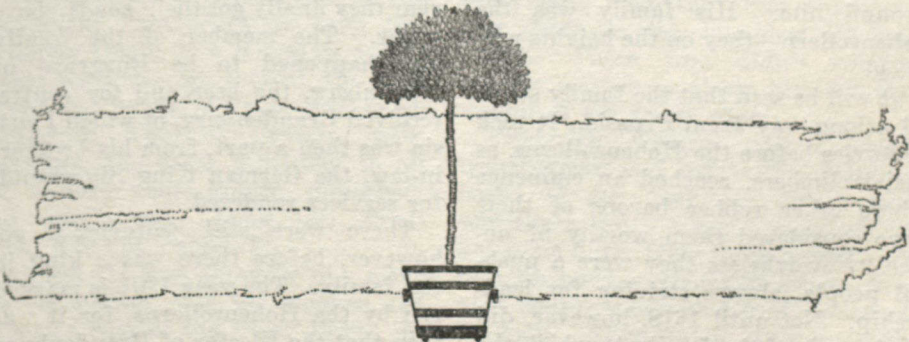
German to write to the State Department in the language they taught, stating at some length their qualifications for teaching. When these letters came in he made a "little anthology" of them. From these compositions he learned much. Many of the letters, he says, were wholly un-French and un-German, and there was hardly a sentence in any of them that was free from error. And yet all these women had passed through high schools, and most of them had, in addition, spent four years at college. In some way the American system is at fault, and one is naturally inclined to infer that the fault lies at the point of departure of that system from other systems which have proved more effectual. The point of departure, as we know, lies mainly in the failure of American schools to provide for the teaching of foreign languages to children in the primary schools. It really does look as if in this way we could at least partly account for the fact that Canadians and Americans are such poor linguists.

In Canada we have good reasons for making a special study of French. To begin with, it is the language of our compatriots the French-Canadians. In my paper, "An Aspect of the Bilingual Question", I dwelt at some length on this side of the situation. French is also becoming more and more a diplomatic language. Some of our statesmen have recently

expressed the embarrassment they felt on certain occasions when, by virtue of their high and responsible positions, they were brought into contact with the *élite* of European intellectual circles and found themselves practically the only ones present ignorant of a language which, in more senses than one, is becoming international.

It is conceded that the knowledge of even one language besides one's own not only vastly improves one's "vocabulary", but greatly facilitates the learning of other languages. If we Canadians were to concentrate for a time on French, following the most approved methods of study, Spanish, Italian and Russian might follow in due course—and with far more prospect for the real mastery of them than there is any prospect of under present conditions.

True, our awakening to the importance of the study of foreign languages has been brought about by our appreciation of the commercial value of such knowledge, but in furthering those interests along broader vision we shall learn to respect the individuality of other nations, and in the effort imposed upon us to "understand" them, we shall grasp the truth that we gain more from those who have something to offer us in the way of new and striking points of view than from those who, in the words of Emerson, yield to us in a "mush of concession".



# The House of Hohenzollern

A RECORD OF THE FAMILY WHOSE LINEAL DESCENDANTS ARE NOW  
SHOCKING THE WORLD

BY HAROLD SANDS



HOCH means high; hohe or hoehe means heights or hill; zoll means tax; zoller, one who taxes; zollern, they who tax.

A German American explained it that way, and he recalled that the first mention in history of the Hohenzollern family to which the existing branches can trace their name is found in an ancient chronicle dated 1088.

Burkhard of Zollern was the founder of the family, and his castle stood on the hill of Zollern, about a mile and a half south of Hechingen, which is in the extreme southwest of Germany, not far from the Swiss border. The name is maintained in the little principality of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, between the River Neckar and Lake Constance. It's a harsh land, with an uncongenial climate. Burkhard exacted tribute from those around him. His family was the hohenzollern—they on the heights who taxed.

It will be seen that the family started a long way from Prussia. It took centuries before the Hohenzollerns, as social climbers, reached an eminence where other robber barons of their type considered them worthy of notice. Nevertheless they were a pushful people, always striving for leadership. Not until 1618, however, did the branch of the family to which the Kaiser belongs begin its rule in Prus-

sia. It took six centuries to reach that height and has maintained it for three. Starting in 1618, will 1918 see its end?

During those three hundred years war has been almost as breath of the nostrils to the Hohenzollerns. Few of them have been able to resist the temptation to "unsheath the sword" when victory looked certain. By the sword the family forced its way up from rulership of a small castle to lordship over all Germany. The present head of the family, not content with imperial honours, sought super-imperial dignities and plunged a world into woe to gain them. Slowly but inexorably the world is preparing his punishment.

All pushful families have their ups and downs and the Hohenzollerns were sometimes on top and sometimes in danger of being submerged from the year 1050 to 1415. In the latter year they finally got their heads above water. The member of the family who happened to be Burgrave of Nuremberg, the beer and toy centre, received Brandenburg, of which Prussia was then a part, from his brother-in-law, the German King Sigismund, for services rendered.

There were still centuries to go, however, before there was a king in the family. The year 1701 is marked red by the Hohenzollerns, for it was then that the Elector of Brandenburg crowned himself King of Prussia.

Viewed in the light of to-day the Hohenzollerns were for centuries little more than a family of robber barons, producing no outstanding figure until 1640, when Frederick William I., called the great Elector of Brandenburg, rose as a giant among the men of his time. He "put the fear of God", as the Germans understand God, into his subjects and his enemies. To him Prussia owes its existence. He never was King of Prussia, but he is recognized as its maker. He had to be content with the title of Duke of Prussia, and he was supposed to pay homage to the King of Poland, the Duchy of Prussia being a Polish fief.

Brandenburg, with its capital of Berlin founded by Albert the Bear, was a good deal more important in those days than the wild Duchy of Prussia, with its capital at Königsberg. However, Frederick, who succeeded the Great Elector in 1688, had his eye on a kingship, and paid particular attention to Prussia. His father's dying advice to him was that he cultivate friendly relations with England and "caress the Prussians, but ever keep a watchful eye on them".

Frederick assumed his honours as King of Prussia on a cold January morning in 1701. He wrote his own proclamation and it had the usual Hohenzollern sound. He claimed the kingly crown by divine right. The proclamation read:

"Whereas it has pleased God, in His omniscient Providence, to raise this Prussian Duchy to a Kingdom and to create the sovereign thereof, the most serene and powerful Prince and Lord, Frederick, King of Prussia; now, therefore, the same is hereby to all and sundry made known, published, and proclaimed. Long live Frederick, King of Prussia!"

Almost the first thing he did, after the coronation, was to establish the famous Order of the Black Eagle, instituted in commemoration of the raising of Prussia to the rank of a sov-

ereign kingdom. From that time dates the motto of Prussia—*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*.

It is believed also that Frederick wrote the benediction pronounced by his home-made bishop who, after anointing him, said:

"May it please your royal majesty to take this anointment as a divine symbol that Almighty God has made and installed you king. May God anoint your majesty with the Holy Ghost, so that you may, as the anointed lord, rule and reign over your kingdom and people in health and strength for many years."

Count Wartenberg, Lord High Chamberlain, then carefully wiped the oil off the kingly head with a napkin, the bells of Königsberg pealed and a salute of guns shattered the windows in the neighbouring houses.

Prussia was a somewhat primitive kingdom in those days, as may be gathered from the fact that Queen Sophia Charlotte, who didn't take the proceedings so seriously as her lord, took a pinch of snuff during the coronation and sneezed loudly on her throne. The people thoroughly enjoyed the festivities, for they drank freely from fountains which flowed with wine and stuffed themselves with geese, fowls, sucking pigs and venison.

The second King of Prussia, Frederick William I., started out as a reformer with Peter the Great of Russia for his model. He interfered with everybody, from the great chamberlain down to the humblest kitchen wench. Those who didn't reform quickly enough to please him felt the weight of his heavy cane.

Frederick William was a great trencherman and invariably drank a bottle of old hoch for dinner and sometimes two. A royal menu which has come down from those days shows that the meal started with soup. The next course was boiled beef, followed by ham. Then came sausages with the inevitable sauerkraut. By this time the royal appetite was ready for

salmon, followed by a huge pie, three or four kinds of roast, salad and a capital cheese to top it all off. There was great smacking of lips at the royal table.

After dinner this valiant eater attended his famous tobacco parliament, where his cronies drank beer out of big mugs and smoked cheap tobacco in short clay pipes, while they freely discussed the king's policies. His consort considered him an uncultivated, ill-mannered boor, but if he was somewhat crude he was a great force in his little kingdom.

Prussia's military régime really started with Frederick William. He raised the famous regiment of tall grenadiers and he made the army superior in equipment and training, giving it, in fact, that prominence which it has maintained to date.

Frederick William worked, hunted and drank so hard that he became a martyr to gout, which, combined with dropsy, carried him off in 1740. This military monarch of a military monarchy was succeeded by the man who became known as Frederick the Great.

The new king had been a puny child and at one time was supposed to possess the artistic temperament, but he got over that. As a boy he liked to read naughty books on the sly and played the flute, for which he was not infrequently caned by his unmusical father.

The young man flirted with the arts and sciences, corresponded with Voltaire, wrote books, caroused and never neglected the pleasures of the table. But when he came to the throne he changed almost as greatly as previously Madcap Harry of England had changed. He took his kingship very much in earnest, and above all cultivated the military spirit, becoming one of the greatest generals of his time.

Having inherited a magnificently-trained army and a big war chest, Frederick the Great improved both and then began to look for trouble. He let it be known that he was not

averse to starting "a conflagration which would set the whole of Europe in flames", something which his descendant, William II., accomplished in 1914.

Audacity marked Frederick's career from the start. To use the descriptive reporter's phrase, he burst like a bombshell upon an astonished Europe. In less than a year after his accession he proclaimed war against Austria in order to enforce his claim to Silesia. After peace was concluded he announced that he expected to have to "unsheath the sword"—William II.'s pet phrase—within a few years. He was a true prophet, for two years later he invaded Bohemia, but instead of "planting his foot on the throat of his enemy", as he had boasted he would do, he was soundly beaten.

Taught thus early in the hard school of adversity Frederick the Great, with true German thoroughness, improved and increased the size of his army, reorganized the cavalry, replenished the treasury, and started once more to contribute to the aggrandizement of his house. In the campaigns of 1745 he scattered his enemies and retrieved his fortunes. He gave a public dinner in Berlin to celebrate his victories, and many of his guests were mean enough to stow the royal plate away as well as the royal victuals.

Militant women next occupied the attention of Frederick the Great. After a decade of comparative peace the alliance of the three graces, as Frederick called it, was made against Prussia. Maria Theresa of Austria, the Marquis de Pompadour of France and the equally indiscreet Empress Elizabeth of Russia, joined hands against the Prussian, and the Seven Years' War resulted. But for the British Prussia would have been annihilated. With their help the kingly Fritz emerged from the fray a conquering hero, but with his country on the verge of ruin. He restored it. He turned from the pursuit of glory on the battlefield and devoted his efforts to placing his kingdom on a

sound footing, in which he met eminent success. Gout and dropsy, hereditary diseases in the Hohenzollern family, carried him off in 1786. The great blot on Frederick the Great's escutcheon was the partition of Poland, to which he was tempted by that same Catherine of Russia he had so freely denounced.

Pleasure, not glory, was the aim of his successor, Frederick William II., surnamed "the Fat". He has been described as a royal mystic voluptuary. He succumbed at an early age to the blandishments of a beautiful brunette, with a perfect figure, and she had many successors.

Like the deposed Czar of Russia, the fat Prussian monarch was a strong believer in the supernatural. His mistresses and courtiers fed him to the full on it. Although he was conspicuous for folly, there is this much to his credit—he believed that the German language and customs should be maintained in Germany, and therefore he made the court German instead of French, and encouraged German writers, actors, musicians and architects. "We are German, and Germans we wish to remain," was his dictum in expelling the French language and customs from Berlin.

One of the seductive beauties to whom Frederick so easily yielded sold the famous ring with the black stone, which Frederick the Great gave to his son on his deathbed, with the injunction not to lose it or the family prosperity would depart. After the attractive Countess Lichtenau took the ring the fortunes of the corpulent king began to decline, and Prussia also lost the proud prominence it had gained under his father. An inglorious campaign against "the ragged Republicans" of France, as the Prussians called them, shook the prestige of the army and Prussia experienced great humiliation. Frederick's end was pitiable. He died on a dull November day in 1797, attended only by servants, who upbraided him for taking so long a time.

A shy and awkward prince was Frederick William II. when he ascended the throne of Prussia, but frugal, pious and virtuous also. He was uncouth and his manners were none of the best. Treitschke described him as a thorough German. A mediocre man and lacking in decision, he was no king to cope with Napoleon, as was shown at Jena, from which disastrous battle he fled after cutting a poor figure. His queen, the famous Louise, was the "better man". Even after the French occupied Berlin and she and the king fled to the confines of their kingdom she remained every inch a queen, while Frederick William made a sorry show.

The king retrieved himself to a certain extent at the Battle of Nations at Leipzig in 1813. The defeat of Napoleon on that occasion was largely due to the Prussians, and Frederick William III. was, in fact, hailed as the "liberator of Europe".

While Europe was calming down after the Napoleonic wars the King of Prussia developed melancholia and the doctors prescribed the distraction of female society. His courageous and beautiful wife died in 1810. A fresh young girl was obtained to console him and proved a real helpmate in his old age. In 1840 it was whispered about Berlin that the famous White Lady, whose appearance is believed to herald a death in the royal family, had been seen in the castle. Whether she was or not, it is true that that year the king died.

A far different man from his father was Frederick William IV. Passionate, intelligent and stubborn, he seemed cut out for a stormy life. He early conceived a dislike of Great Britain, and especially of the English system of government. The idea of the divine right of kings was firmly implanted in him, and he was strongly opposed to the spirit of freedom and nationalism which was beginning to assert itself. His father had bowed before the storm by granting Prussia its first semblance of a national par-

liament. The son opposed the constitutional movement until he saw it could not be stemmed, and then, with true Hohenzollern shrewdness, he placed himself at its head, just as William II. is seeking to do. This leadership boded little good for constitutional reform. The constitution proclaimed in 1851 was far from meeting the desires of the people.

In his later years Frederick William IV. suffered from mental derangement, and a regency was established. The mad king died in 1861 and the regent, who afterward was famous as William, first German Emperor, came to the throne. He has been described as every inch a soldier and a king. He was firmly imbued,

however, with the divine right theory despite the fact that in his "Principles of Life" he modestly set down that he would "never forget that a prince is a man".

He was warlike from the very start. The first thing he did was to reorganize the army. As a military leader, however, he was overshadowed by Moltke, and as a statesman he was eclipsed by Bismarck, who made him the first German Emperor, after conquering France and Prussianizing Germany. The Hohenzollern cup of glory now seemed filled to the brim, but that didn't satisfy the first Emperor's grandson, William II. He spilled it over and drenched the world in blood.





#### HOSTAGES

"The lives of hostages have not been respected, these have been shot without the least personal fault having been laid to their charge."—*Belgium Committee of Inquiry.*





# The Art of Making Books\*

BY CHARLES H. THURBER



FAVOURITE device for teaching geography is the so-called dinner-table method. Since it applies the principle of proceeding from the known to the unknown, it seems to be based on sound psychology. If the child knows anything it knows what is on the dinner-table. Where did the tea and the coffee and the pepper come from? The grocery store. But where did the grocer get them? For the city child even the origin of the butter and milk and cream might be equally mysterious. Knives and forks and table linen would open up other industries and other lands. If all the materials on the dinner-table were merely collected and thrown there, however, you would not have a dinner, but a mess. The artist who transforms the mess into a palatable, nutritious, even luscious dinner, is the cook. But we have recently discovered that the cook must see to it not only that the materials are properly assembled and mixed and presented, but also that they contain a proper amount of certain mysterious substances or qualities which have not yet been isolated, about which very little is known, but which are absolutely indispensable for the health and vigour of the human machine. These elusive and mysterious substances or principles are called vitamins. About all we know of them at the present time is that they are

found in certain food materials prepared in a certain way, that they are not found in the same food materials differently prepared and that it is absolutely unsafe for the human race to try to get along without them.

The art of making books may be approached in a similar way. Take up any book and you will find it offers as many as or more varieties in materials than the dinner-table. The first thing you see is the cloth on the cover, which can be followed a long way to the fields where the plant was grown, through the mills where the cloth was manufactured, and then to the special book-cloth mill where the cloths are put through a secret process. There is the dye which must have been used in colouring the cloth. There is, perhaps, gold on the cover, real gold, which leads us to consideration of the ancient art of the gold-beater. Without opening the book you see that it is composed of a great mass of paper. What is the paper made of? Rags from a Mediterranean port, or pulp, the ignoble end of some monarch of the forest? Here is a whole vast industry with all its ramifications, from the materials and chemicals used to the nations that contribute them, an enormous industry with many picturesque features. There is glue; there are bits of cloth to hold the book into the binding; there is thread used to sew the leaves together; there is ink on the pages. How did the ink get on the pages in the form

\* An address to the Ontario Library Association.

which makes an intelligible, readable document? It was put there by pressing the paper against metal—metal type, or more likely in these days, metal plates. Where did the metal come from? How many different kinds of metals are used? How are they arranged in just this particular way? There may be pictures. How did they come into being? If all the materials that go into a book were merely thrown together we should no more have a book than we should have a dinner if the materials on the dinner-table were thrown together. It is the cook who takes the materials for the dinner-table, arranges them properly, saves them from becoming a mess and makes them a dinner. So there must be some agency to perform a like function for the materials which go into a book. There must be, to carry out the figure, a *book cook*. That, for many years, has been my job.

Now the dinner cook does not need to know absolutely everything about the origin of the materials that go into his dinner—he may know very little about them and yet be a very good cook. So the book cook need not know everything about the origin and preparation of all the materials that go into a book, but both cooks, if they are to succeed, must know when their materials are good and how to combine them properly. Finally, just as in the dinner there must be these elusive, mysterious elements called vitamins, or else the dinner doesn't minister properly to our physical needs, so the book must contain the vital elements of fact, or thought, or fancy, which are the vitamins of the heart and the mind and the soul. These book vitamins the author must supply. Bad materials and poor cooking obviously spoil a dinner. If the food vitamins are not there, that defect while more fatal is not obvious. It is quite possible to have a dinner that looks good and tastes good, that would be lacking in food vitamins, so that if we ate only such dinners we

should pine away physically. Bad materials and poor cooking may spoil the physical appearance of a book, and yet the author may have the spiritual vitamins in it. Good materials and good cooking may make a good-looking, artistic-appearing book which is, after all, defective in soul vitamins. A good literary critic's job should be to analyze a book and discover whether it does contain these elusive, intellectual vitamins which are the only legitimate reason for the publication of any book. Milton says, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." If it be scientific or technical it may represent years of laborious research on the part of the author; if a work of literature it may present the finest flowers of sentiment and fancy and imagination. A true book is the ultimate expression of the subtlest and highest elements in the author's intellect and soul.

It is not my place, however, to discuss literature nor to go into a detailed account of the mechanical side of book-making. I am here primarily as the cook to describe, if possible—and I find it very difficult, as most men do, to describe my own work, particularly when it is of a somewhat complex and elusive character—to describe as well as possible how the complex of physical and spiritual elements, the raw materials and the vitamins of a book are worked together into the finished product.

Men have recorded their thoughts and achievements from prehistoric times, so that books in one form or another are among the most ancient possessions of the human race. Hammurabi published his wonderful code, which has been preserved to us these thousands of years to be discovered again only in the present generation, by means of baking it in bricks. The commandments were graven on stone; many ancient records have been discovered graven on stone. Books were written on papyrus, on tablets of wood or ivory, and later, writing on

parchment until the discovery of printing was the only method generally practised for producing books in the European civilizations. You have your own conceptions of what a library is or should be, but you see that it may well have been a pile of bricks, a collection of stone pillars, a heap of papyrus rolls or of wood or ivory tablets, a collection of parchment manuscripts. Yet the essential function of the library, so far as it is limited to the preservation of knowledge or literature, was the same in the heap of stone or the pile of bricks as it is in the most modern library in the world. It is astonishing to think how long this essential idea of a library as the jail of knowledge dominated the world. The replacing of the jailer spirit by the missionary spirit in the library is the achievement of the last quarter-century, if not of the last decade. As a book might have been of brick or of stone or something else, so the art of the printer or the art of making books was played successively by the baker or the stonecutter or the penman. The latter art as practised by the monks, especially in those wonderfully illuminated parchments, is a marvellous example of human skill and patience and often of the highest artistic achievement.

All this time and until long after the invention of printing, books, it hardly need be said, were rare and costly treasures. When we consider how they had to be preserved and the vicissitudes to which they were subjected all through the turbulent ages, the wonder is not that so much of our ancient literature has been lost, but that on the whole so much has been preserved. When reading and writing were themselves mysteries which only a few of the initiated could practise, when great monarchs could at most sign their own names, small wonder that the book produced with such toil was looked upon with awe, and that not only the Bible as the Book of books, but all other books were to a

great extent objects of reverence.

The invention of printing did not immediately change this condition, for the early printing presses were few and the process was slow, laborious and expensive. Really it is only in the present generation that books have become cheap and common and sometimes, alas, though properly enough, despised. The multiplication of books, the cheapening of their prices and the dissemination of knowledge are all ultra-modern, and so long as they do not lead to that contempt which is natural to human nature for everything that is cheap and common, to a contempt for books and for knowledge, this modern development is altogether good.

The parties involved in the production of the book are the author, the publisher, the printer or manufacturer, and the buyer or public. These different parties to the transaction are generally all different individuals. A few large publishers are also printers or manufacturers, and occasionally an author undertakes to be his own publisher. Books have been written on the relations between authors and publishers, and the Scripture even has been perverted to parody these relations, making that passage, which is so well known to all of you that I need not quote it in its proper form, read, "Now Barabbas was a publisher". Yet as a matter of fact these relations are to-day generally based on mutual confidence and respect.

The first step in bridging the chasm between the author's brain and the manufactured book in the hands of the public is in making the arrangement between the author and the publisher. Here the initiative may come from either side. Quantitatively speaking, it comes from the author's side. Authors are always seeking publishers. A large percentage of the seekers do not find and do not deserve to find success, but many of them do deserve success. Authors often have the feeling that their work is not given careful consideration by pub-

lishers. They should remember that the publisher has no other way of making his living except by selling books and that he can't sell books unless he gets saleable books on his list. The foundation of every publishing house is the securing of good books and it must continue to secure a constant stream of such good books or it will fail. Mistakes of judgment are made, of course. "Ben Hur" sought a publisher for some ten years and "David Harum" was rejected by most of the great publishing houses in the United States before one editor saw its possibilities and opened the way to its enormous sales. On the other hand, great sums of money have been lost on books which never returned the cost of their printing. Most people can hide a fair share of their mistakes, and generally do. The publisher must flaunt his mistakes in the eyes of all the world. When he has cooked his intellectual dinner he invites every one to partake of it and he is seldom so fortunate as to please all of his guests. He often has the experience of being commended and condemned for precisely the same thing and occasionally in the same mail.

But while authors are always seeking publishers, it is also true that publishers are always seeking authors. Those authors who have already established their fame in whatever line of writing are reasonably sure to be approached by various publishing houses with requests for their work. It is the duty of the editorial manager of a publishing house not only to pass upon the propositions and the manuscripts that authors submit, but also to canvass carefully the possibilities for new books. This is particularly true, of course, with publishers who specialize in educational and technical lines. Knowing the task to be done, the editor must find the person to do it. Wide acquaintance helps. Searching and long-continued inquiry is necessary. Having found your man, you must present your case

attractively and at the same time honestly. In delicate negotiations personal interviews are better than the best letters, and your desired author may be in California or England. Often the best appeal is not the financial appeal. Here may well be said that in my experience the best books are made by men and women who have something they believe in enthusiastically, something that seems to them a high privilege and a compelling duty to bring before the world.

In this search disappointments are many. Perfect plans only too often come to no fulfillment. The author may die, or he may live and not work. I know one case where a book was kept standing in type for fifteen years waiting for the author to write the introduction and give the final reading to the proof. At last he wrote the publishers that the book did not represent his opinions any longer and he should never allow it to be published. I know another instance where the plates of a book have been ready nearly twenty years, waiting only for some matter at the beginning and end. Nearly every year the author explains why he has not finished the work and promises to complete it without delay. Again, authors, especially the best of them, are apt to be gifted with the artistic temperament, so that each is prone to write in his separate star the thing as *he* sees it, and to make a perfect book for whomsoever wants that sort of a book. The trouble then is likely to be that nobody wants it. It is part of my professional creed that there is absolutely no quarrel between the ideal book and the counting-room. That needs explanation and qualification, but is essentially true. Naturally there are many splendid books that can never be profitable because they are written for a very few specialists who alone can and will read them. Parenthetically, it may be said that such books generally sell at a high price, the only chance to get back the cost. The pub-

lisher generally does not make money on the very expensive books. To come back to my theme, I illustrate it by showing that the biggest seller the world has ever seen is the Bible. How much good would that wonderful Book do if nobody bought it and nobody read it? The same is true in a degree of every good book, whether its purpose be to entertain, to instruct or to inspire.

Here comes in again the function of the *book cook*. No one person is competent to pass on all the manuscripts on all the subjects that a publishing house with a large list has to consider. There must be a larger or smaller staff of editorial advisers or readers, as they are often called. Some of these are employed regularly, some of them are more or less regularly retained and some are consulted as specialists only from time to time. A manuscript may be read by a dozen of these advisers, and often it is no easy task for the editor to make out from all these reports what the verdict should be. He reads the manuscript himself along with the reports and when, as is often the case, some of the readers are warmly favourable, some decidedly unfavourable, and some neither hot nor cold, but merely lukewarm, the final judgment may be hard to reach. The jury disagrees, but the judge must decide. He may see that the public will disagree, just as his advisers do, that here is a book with real individuality. If the editor were as wise as he ought to be he would always know when he accepted a book for publication just what constituency it would please and where it would run against hostile criticism. A book that neither especially pleases nor displeases anybody is not worth publishing.

As a result of all this criticism by the readers and advisers and, hopefully, of some skill of his own, the head book cook ought to see two things clearly—first, what the real merits of the manuscript are, if it has any; and second, how its defects may be mini-

mized so as to make the book appeal to the widest possible audience. There may be passages in the book that will give offence to some particular class. Generally the author has not willed to give offence—he simply isn't aware of the sensitive spots. In the United States, with its multitude of races and creeds, these sensitive spots are very numerous. The book may be too large or it may be too small; it may contain material irrelevant to the main theme—mere padding, weakening the whole effect of the book—or it may omit some points essential to a well-rounded, satisfactory treatment of its subject. If it is a textbook for school use, there are innumerable other detailed requirements to be considered. If the manuscript has in it the making of a real book, then it is the duty of the editor to point out to the author its defects as he sees them and to recommend that the manuscript be revised accordingly. By this service many a book, impossible as it came first from the hands of the author, has been made a great success and done the world a great service. If a book has a real message or can do a real service, then the editor does a high kind of service in so changing that book instead of reaching a thousand people it may reach and serve and inspire a hundred thousand or a million people. Of course, there are many worthless books that also reach millions. So does the influenza.

The manuscript, let us assume, has finally been accepted and is ready to be turned into a book. What road must it travel before it reaches that goal? I will not undertake to speak in detail of all the processes, particularly as it is hard to describe them clearly and interestingly. But there are two elements for which I may perhaps profitably take a few moments of your time.

The first of these is the work of what I shall term the book architect. Page architecture is an accepted and commonly used term. The phrase "book architecture" is not in common

use, but it is needed, and as the art of bookmaking is more and more developed this phrase or an equivalent must be generally adopted. As a matter of fact, it describes the work in a well-organized publishing house of a definite person. It includes page architecture, upon which it is based, for the size of the page determines the size of the book. There are established rules now for good typographic arrangement of the page, rules that so far as school books are concerned are practically laws based on the principles of school hygiene. Here be it observed that these rules as laid down by school hygienists in the United States, and I believe this is true in England, cannot be complied with accurately because they are based on foreign studies where the metric system prevails and our type foundries do not work on that basis. Do the best we can we shall be a millimeter or so out of the way! The size of type, spacing, number of lines on a page, size and shape overall, including margins, the placing of illustrations on the page are all questions of page architecture. Books tend to be of the same general shape, and this is no accident but an established canon of the printing art. The golden oblong (five by eight) is the best form, and departures from it are either for some good specific reason or else from ignorance. The book architect must choose the size and weight of paper, and many elements have to be carefully weighed in making this choice, such as the use to which the book is to be put, whether it is to be illustrated or not, and if so, how; he must select the cloth for the binding and when his specifications are all made out, he must prepare a dummy which will show exactly how the finished book will look and even how much it will weigh. Sometimes several dummies must be made before one gets the *o.k.* of the chief.

The other topic which ought not to be passed by in any discussion of the art of book making is the illustra-

tions. Into all of the technical questions of reproduction it will not be possible to enter. It is enough to call attention to the crude wood engravings in the New England Primer, which were practically the only kind of illustrations available up to a comparatively recent time, and ask you to compare those with the fine pictures so commonly found in our best books to-day. Wood engravings, to be sure, are not necessarily crude. The best wood engravers were great artists and the best wood engravings were perhaps the most expensive illustrations ever used—a single one, to my knowledge, having cost \$400 for the engraved wood block. The very fact that good wood engravings were so costly limited their use. The invention and improvement of photo-engraving has brought excellent illustrations within the reach of moderate purses. It may be noted that in photo-engravings, or halftones as they are commonly called, there is very great difference in cost. You may get them for ten cents a square inch or for twenty-five or thirty-five cents a square inch, or even more. The modern processes of colour printing have also opened up a wonderful field for the beautifying of books.

The originals from which these reproductions are made are in part photographs and as such need no special consideration here. But original drawings and paintings are also used. These are of all degrees of excellence and of all grades of cost. Many of the very best, and incidentally the highest priced, artists devote much of their time to book illustrating. The planner of the book has to decide how good an artist he can afford to employ for the book in question and he needs to have at his command a large number of artists, the more the better, upon whom to draw when he needs their services. The art editor, therefore, is a necessary and a very important officer, not only in an illustrated magazine or paper, but also in a book publishing house.

This work of illustrating is often carelessly done. The drawings may be poor or they may be poorly adapted to illustrate what they are intended to illustrate. Sometimes pictures seem to be stuck into a book without much regard to their relation to the text, but merely as embellishments. This is frequently the case in novels. You can all recall instances where the text describes the heroine with disheveled hair and bathed in tears, while on the opposite page is a beautiful picture of the heroine at the same moment in an afternoon gown and a garden hat, wreathed in smiles and radiant with happiness. Or the hero is described in the text as doing something calling for an outing shirt and tennis shoes and depicted on the opposite page in a silk hat and correct afternoon dress. Things of *this* sort "get by" in books of *that* sort, but they will never get by in serious books, particularly in educational and scientific books. The illustration in that case is often absolutely essential to the proper explanation of the text and it must be made absolutely accurate. Sometimes it is very difficult to get this done. You have no idea of the immense amount of pains that must be taken in what would apparently be so simple a matter as getting correct diagrams for a mathematical book. They are perhaps more often drawn incorrectly than correctly. Few artists or draughtsmen who are competent to make the drawings properly have an intelligent understanding of the subject they are trying to illustrate.

It is a happy time for the art editor when on approaching an artist with a proposition to illustrate some book, he is welcomed with enthusiasm and told that that particular book is something that the artist will regard not as a job alone but as a joy. I recall a recent instance that came to my attention. The publisher approached probably the most distinguished black-and-white artist in England to see if he would illustrate an edition of Tom

Brown at Rugby. The artist replied that this was a plan that he had cherished for years, that he welcomed the opportunity to do it, stipulating only that he should have his own time for the work and agreeing to make, for a large sum, but not too large under the circumstances, a certain definite number of drawings. The agreement was made and nothing further was heard from the artist until the drawings came in, with a letter in which he stated that he had gone to Rugby, spent much time there, made all of his sketches on the spot and enjoyed it beyond almost any other work that he had ever undertaken—I believe he was a Rugby boy himself—and that he had made something like twice the number of drawings he had agreed to make, all of which were at the publisher's service for the price agreed upon. The publisher could use them all if he chose, or make such selections as he wanted to. The drawings were superb and that book will be a properly illustrated edition.

A great many books are published into which consciously the art of making books has not entered at all, and if they are well and artistically made it is apparently by accident. Yet that is not really true. There are many able men and women who are devoting their lives to the making of good books. Now and then one of these men manages a small printing plant of his own and is his own master artist and master craftsman. Such a one, like Updike of Boston, may have a more than national fame. Others work for the few publishing houses that keep their standards high and find their reward in the satisfaction of good work well done quite as much as in the money return. These men are organized into societies in the larger cities, hold regular meetings, get the benefit of the group experience, and even publish their own craft organs. The work of these artists is leavening the taste of the whole reading public. Their influence reaches vastly beyond their own pro-

ductions. When the publisher who does not know much about the art of making books sends a manuscript to his printer, he is apt to send along with it a book he likes and tell the printer to copy its style; or if the publisher gives no such instructions nor any instructions, the printer may choose some model already in existence to follow. The printer is very apt to have good taste and to care for the good appearance of his finished product. The models selected are pretty sure to be the product of some printer who has studied the art of making books. In this way the work of the specialists is copied by many who never heard of them and certainly never helped pay their salaries. When publisher X, who spends not a cent for printing art, tells his printer to put out a certain manuscript just like publisher Y's book, Y being publishers who spend thousands of dollars a year for their special book designers, Y may be flattered but not altogether pleased. But Y can't help himself and X *can* help himself to all of Y's ideas! The public thus gets the benefit of all the best experimental work done anywhere. So the crude, flamboyant, showy book is more and more not being done, and the simple, dignified, truly artistic book is more and more preferred even by those who have never analyzed the reason for the preference.

To repeat Milton's words, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." It is not primarily a thing of cloth and paper and ink, no matter how artistically arranged, no more than a tailor's dummy, no matter how radiantly attired, is a man. But a decent man desires to be decently and becomingly dressed, and a good book deserves the same. This dress should be sound and durable. It is amazing to see what a large proportion of books that deserve better treat-

ment and for which, incidentally, good prices are charged, are not even decently well made, though they may look well superficially. I have not dealt much in the technicalities of book-making, because it would be impossible in the limited time to give you any permanently useful information, and to have tried to do so would have made my remarks even duller than they have been. But I cannot refrain from saying that if every librarian as a part of his or her training had some sound instruction in the processes of book manufacturing and librarians then refused to buy books that were not soundly made, the result would be altogether good. Because they do not have this accurate knowledge, librarians now sometimes make impossible demands and yet fail to demand what is perfectly possible and perfectly right. It is always to be remembered, of course, that a book is made of paper and cloth held together by thread and glue, not of armour plate and steel rivets, and that paper and glue will not stand as much hard treatment as armour plate.

Librarians, authors, editors, publishers, we are all engaged in the same great ministry to the minds and souls of men and women and little children. We may conceive our office nobly or ignobly. The librarian may be a base jailer of knowledge, the author may be an intellectual panderer, the publisher may be a soulless trafficker. Our concern is not with such as these. We conceive our ministry to be as sacred as any human calling, for we are guardians and dispensers of the winged words that inform and cheer, uplift and inspire. In our charge society places the solemn trust of preserving and passing on to posterity the records of the achievements of that civilization which you and I believe shall not be allowed to perish from the earth.



# A Good Job at Section Twenty-Nine

BY RALPH AND CELESTE LISTON HARRIS



EVERYTHING would have worked out all right when mother came to the homestead to keep house for Jake and me, only mother had changed a good deal in some things since we had left home. If we'd only known of this difference in her we'd 've acted different.

You see, Jake and me had been away from the old home ten years altogether, and just went back for a few days five years ago to see mother before we started up here to homestead, and to see—well, a couple of girls we knew when we were kids, you know. Since we'd been here we hadn't had a woman on the place till mother came, and you know batchin' and doin' your own washin' don't tend to refine a man overly. So when mother decided to come out here to stay a spell with us, we just naturally failed to attach as much importance to having things smack and clean about the cabin as maybe we should. Anyway, we just calculated that mother would fix things up to suit herself, once she got here.

We decided that Jake should go to Broadview, the little town at the end of steel, that stands right out on the prairie and gets all the fresh air that blows, to meet mother, while I stayed at home to red the shack up a bit and fix the binder, it bein' an understood

thing between us that I was pretty good at both, considerin'. It's ten miles to town, and the train gets in there at midnight, so, of course, I never once thought Jake would drive out before morning. But it seemed mother was kinder anxious to see her "baby" (that's me) and, besides, she was allus the kind that liked to finish a job by night so as to be ready to tackle a new one bright and early next morning. I remember when we used to drive away over into the next county to visit our relations when I was a boy, and mother allus insisted on dad drivin' all the way home in one day, with us boys tucked in snug and warm on some hay in the back of the sled (it was always winter when we went visitin'), sound asleep long before we got there, so's she could "start" her bread early next morning.

So out they drove, Jake and mother, getting here about two a.m., and I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry, not havin' cleaned up a mite that day, bein' so busy with the binder. I didn't even have a bunk ready for mother, but she lay down on Jake's bed and was asleep in five minutes after she kissed me; she was that tired, what with the long railroad trip and all. She said the jerkwater branch from the main line out here was rougher than the ocean in a storm coming over from the old country.

Jake and me turned in soon's we

got the team put away, but I was a bit uneasy over the look mother gave to the surroundings as she took her bonnet off, and I resolved to be up long before she woke next morning and clean things up a-plenty before calling her. She would need the rest, anyhow, I thought.

In one respect, though, mother hadn't changed a speck, for we were awakened next morning by the familiar call:

"Come, now, you boys, get up and wash. Breakfast is ready."

I thought I was dreaming. It seemed like twenty years had slipped back and we were boys again, on the old Ontario farm. I waited for mother to make her customary third call while I took another little snooze. Just as I thought I should hear father's booming voice I woke with a start, and there stood mother with the pancake turner in one hand, her face flushed with the heat of the little red-hot sheet-iron stove—and I guess something else besides. The way Jake and me turned out and got ready for that breakfast, after just one smell of it, was a thing indecent. So the meal passed off very well, exceptin' that neither Jake nor me thought about making any allusions to how good it was, we were both that anxious to be the first one through, so as to beat it to the barn and leave the other to square it up with mother about the house. Everything pointed to my successful get-away, for Jake had just landed three more pancakes on his plate, and I suddenly decided to forgo my seventh when mother addressed us both, asking where we expected her to unpack her trunk. Her question was innocent enough, but her voice held another element than innocence. It had the same effect on me as I've experienced in walking over a swollen stream on a footlog and expecting every minute I'd slip and take a plunge into the icy waters.

Jake gulped his last mouthful of coffee, grabbed his hat and turned the responsibility onto me in a mad-

dening way by replying in even tones, "That's your room, mother," pointing to the door in the only partition the cabin boasted, and at the same time making a bee-line for the barn and calling back over his shoulder that I'd help her all she needed, as he had to harness the plow-team right away.

As long as I was left to face the music alone I decided to fortify myself by eating a few more cakes, so accepted the three steaming hot ones mother carried to the table on the cake-turner as she went to take a peep into the designated room. My! You ought to 've seen the look on her good old face when she had had a squint into that room; and as I look back now I can't say I blame her for the things she said, though at the time I remember I felt considerable martyized. For four years it had been used for a catch-all for the surplus stuff that will, somehow, accumulate in a bachelor's shack. Into it had been pitched a set of old oxbows and yokes, a box of harrow teeth, a breaking plow (to keep it from being unceremoniously borrowed by a shiftless neighbour), several beef hides, a buffalo skull and the pelts of six coyotes.

"You'll not plow any to-day," said mother, in a tone that left no room for argument. "I'll send Jake to town to get me some civilized furniture, and you are going to help clean this trash out and bring water to scrub this whole house. It's a disgrace to you, to both of you."

Mother went to the cabin door and in the same clear, bell-like voice of old called, "Jak-i-i-e-e-e, Jak-i-i-e-e-e." Jake heard it all right; in fact, I suspected he had been waiting for it, and he came in, looking rather sheepish.

"What is it, mother?" he asked. Jake allus was a good bluffer.

"What is it, mother!" she repeated, her voice getting a little sharp-edged. "It's enough! You boys have lived so long in this forsaken country without women folks around that you're a discredit to the mother that raised

you. I want you to hitch up, right now, and go to town and get me a bed with a mattress and springs, like a Christian woman that's pioneered in old Ontario is entitled to, and a bureau and some other things. It would be different if you boys was poor like I and your pa was when we came to Ontario before you was born, but you ain't, for all the way out here last night you was telling me how you had prospered and about your bank savin's." Her voice softened a little as she added, "It's a shame you boys have forgotten Madge and Kate and just left them girls waiting for you to say the word, and—" Here she broke off as though she had said too much, and she had, too, as far as I was concerned, for her words brought back a flood of memories about a certain black-eyed, auburn-haired girl that I had made some promise or other about coming back for when "I got rich", and here I hadn't written a line to her for more'n two years. Jake winced a little and rushed off to hitch up the team most too quick to be in keeping with his general tendency to argue and have his own way.

After he drove off toward town in the new wagon we'd bought in the spring, and with parting admonitions from mother as to just the kind of furniture she wanted, she and I set to work on the biggest upheaval that cabin had ever witnessed. I never knew before how much could be crowded into so small a space. All forenoon I carried stuff from the cabin to the barn, where I cached it. There were things I had forgotten we owned, and a lot of 'em would now come in handy about the place. By the time Jake returned in the evening the cabin was clean, believe me! It had sure taken a deal of water, and my knees had blisters on 'em from getting down with a scrub-brush to clean the floors. Mother had carried the day, in spite of my protests against that method of scrubbing, for, as I told her, me and Jake just threw a pail of water over the

floor when we scrubbed and swept it out with the broom. Mother said she wondered if we'd really ever done that much to it!

Jake got home in record time from town, and we could see mother was real pleased with his purchases, which she had him put right in place in her shiny, clean room. He had got her some little "extras", by way of atonement, such as a picture for the wall and a frilly pin-cushion for the bureau and some fancy white towels for her own use (she had made some derogatory remarks about our grimy roller towels that morning). Jake and me took turns, when we thought each other wasn't lookin', goin' into mother's room just to get a good whiff of its cleanness. It sure did look like another place, with the fresh buildin' paper tacked onto the walls and a real bedstead in one corner with one of mother's pieced quilts on top of it, and I, for one, made up my mind that, come what might, I'd never live so slipshod again, if I had to divorce Jake, and him my only brother.

Early next mornin' we got out to our plowin'. Mother said at breakfast that she liked the place better than she had, someway, and we both agreed that no matter what she might take a notion to want she should have it if she kept up her present lick in the cooking line. I tell you what, a fellow whose mother is a good cook has a lot to be thankful for. We had a cow and a bunch of barred rock hens and a garden patch that mother said she could find no fault with, and say, the way she could throw together a dinner of hot biscuits, fried chicken with cream gravy and mashed potatoes, topped off with punkin pie, was something to be proud of. Sometimes she would vary the bill of fare by substituting boiled chicken with dumplings. Then we made fools of ourselves.

It wasn't long before every bachelor homesteader within twenty miles was losing his stock about once a

week, and the search always led past our door about dinner time.

After a few weeks, when we had accepted the fact that mother had settled down and that things were running as smooth as clockwork, we came home one night to find mother lying on her bed and no supper ready. We felt no end worried, for neither of us could remember ever seeing such a thing happen to mother before in all our lives. She said she guessed she had been overdoing it a little and that we would have to throw together something for our own supper. I got supper and Jake grumbled and made odious comparisons about several things, such as potatoes boiled in their jackets versus creamy, mashed spuds. He was especially vociferous about the burnt pork chops. You'd a thought *he'd* never burnt any.

Several times in the succeeding weeks mother felt indisposed and one night when Jake and me had had a particularly wordy argument about who was to get the supper mother came right out and said that if she had a girl to help her she could still do the cooking and wouldn't keep getting tuckered out this way. "There are the chickens to tend to and the butter to make and the house to clean. Now, if I had a girl to help me do all this, and the washing, too, I'd not get so tuckered out that I couldn't get your suppers."

Well, say, you could a-knocked me and Jake over with a feather, we was that surprised. You know that after a fellow has lived without any woman around the house for five years or so the idea of a hired girl seems a little superfluous, but, as usual, we finally gave in to mother's wishes, even to her request that we'd have to build another room and buy some more furniture. Within a few days we were busy hauling lumber from a nearby sawmill, and in a very short time had built on a new room, which, again following mother's suggestions, we built on a good foundation so that it would serve as the basis for an en-

tirely new house perhaps the following spring, as the sod-roofed, low-ceiled place was enough to get on a body's nerves, mother said. When the room was about ready we began to question where the girl was to come from. Not in the whole valley did we know of a girl who had escaped matrimony long enough to hire out to work, unless it might be one of the half-breed girls from the reserve down on the river. Mother listened a while, then with a smile, said we were worrying needlessly, as she had already written to a girl she knew back East that she thought would come. Sure enough, Mary (mother called her that) wrote to say she was willing to come, so we dug up the fare for mother to send for her.

Mother seemed to regain a good deal of her old-time vigour after this arrangement had been completed, and she sang snatches of hymns as she bustled about her work. It seemed to me she was slicking things up so well the girl wouldn't have anything to do when she got there, and I certainly did hope mother would continue to do the cooking.

The day came when the girl was to arrive in town, and next morning mother announced that she would go in to bring Mary out.

"She might feel shy if one of you boys went," mother explained.

Well, we felt too shy to insist on going, so hitched the team to the democrat and mother started off early. They returned in the evening before we got in from the field, for it was pretty near harvest time, and we worked late. When we came blustering in mother cautioned us to be quiet, as Mary was resting from her long trip. I saw right away that mother had put the white tablecloth on the supper table, part of our boasted bank account having been requisitioned for its purchase some weeks before, and she insisted on me and Jake puttin' on our clean shirts, which we thought was goin' it a little too strong. We certainly didn't mean to

change our shirts before supper every night just because there was a hired girl in the house, not if we knew it! First thing we knew she'd be wanting us to shave every morning before breakfast! But mother only looked at us in a way she has, and we grabbed our clean shirts off the top shelf and beat it for her room without another word.

Mother's hasty look when we came back to the big room satisfied us that our improved appearance pleased her. Both Jake and me felt self-conscious and kept smoothing down our hair and pulling our neckties like two young sprouts at their first dance. Time never dragged on so, and I was that hungry I was gettin' hot under the collar. Finally mother went to the door of the new room and said: "Come, Mary, supper is all ready now."

I had resolved to appear very unconcerned, so I glanced up carelessly to behold—not one, but two girls. And I rubbed my eyes and got red in the face and otherwise made a fool of myself when I discovered that those two girls were none other than Madge and Kate. Madge stood there smiling at me (a peach of a smile she's got, too, believe me), just like ten years ago when she was a slip of a girl only seventeen. And pretty soon I saw that Jake and Kate had clasped hands in a way that indicated the years had rolled away, leaving them

young and full of hopes, too. Mother had gone outside to feed Carlo, and when she came in she said, just as though nothin' unusual had happened:

"Well, children, supper's getting cold."

No use telling you how that evening two men and two girls walked over the nearby hills unravelling the tangled threads of the past, while a full moon shone over the world and the air was balmy with the soft odours of turf and harvested grain.

During those following days it was surprisin' what a lot of times either Jake or me, sometimes both of us, had to go to the house the middle of the forenoon, and like as not the middle of the afternoon, too, to get a drink of water or look for somethin' we forgot! And it was surprisin', too, how mother forgot all her ailments, and every night insisted on washing the supper dishes, while she urged us young folks to go for a walk, saying she "had been young, once".

It wasn't very long before mother said her sister wanted her to come back East and spend the winter, and she guessed she'd better start soon as the weddin' was over. So Jake drove to town the next week and brought out the Methodist missionary, whose business in life, he said, was to make folks happy. He certainly done a good job of it on section twenty-nine, on top of mother's boostin'.



# Cheating Aunt Fane

BY EDITH G. BAYNE



GISBORNE leaned back into the downy depths of his many-cushioned chaise lounge and puffing slowly at his pipe watched with languid interest the game of ground hockey in progress on the green sward. It might have been reasonable to expect him to exhibit some trifling enthusiasm over the game that resembled that Canadian sport in which he was himself an expert. But compared with ice-hockey as he knew it, this seemed more or less of a burlesque and a sort of mild resentment was seething in him at this British assumption of what he considered a strictly home-made product. More than once he had been on the point of falling asleep, but a due regard for the feelings of his hostesses restrained him, just in time.

Also, there was the girl in the blue-striped blazer. One couldn't doze with her to watch. She was so entirely "different"! Gisborne lazily compared her in his mind to Mr. Wells's Miss Corner, who was such a valorous hockeyist. Then he amended the suggestion, and likened her to Mary Pickford, because there was that sheer joyousness, that delightful abandon in her every movement, which was the very spirit of gladsome childhood. The other players in their swirl and dash across the lawn were just players and no more—figures in white and pink and blue, "smacking the ball about," as Lambert said.

(That constituted another griev-

ance! Why didn't they call it the puck?)

But the girl in the blue blazer seemed to be a fairy, a grown-up elf that had been conjured up to add a touch of unreality to the picture. Presently she must melt ephemerally away . . .

Still, she was substantial enough to be "ruled out" occasionally, and then she would subside on to the "bench" with an air of pretty humility that made Gisborne's firm lips curve in spite of himself.

She had a rather unruly mass of bronze-coloured hair, eyes of an indeterminate gray-green and a lithe, boyish figure. From her perch on the "bench" (and Gisborne noticed that her slim ankles swung several inches from the ground) this little person idly contemplated the semi-circular row of convalescent officers. Once she smiled in his direction, but starting up, he discovered that his next neighbour, Captain Lambert, was the lucky man. Lambert gave her a military salute.

"Not bad, that last play, what?" he drawled to Gisborne, after a moment.

"I—I'm afraid I wasn't watching," confessed the Canadian. "The heat has nearly put me asleep."

"It is extraordinary warm for September," returned the Captain. "But, I say, you know, if the weather holds out like this till the fifteenth we shall be taken to the Blantshire Links to see the golf match. You positively ought not to miss that! Miss Moxley

—that girl in the striped coat——”

Gisborne straightened up, and removed his pipe.

“Moxley! So that’s her name!” he exclaimed.

“I noticed your interest in her! Well, I was about to say that she plays a wonderful game. Has a remarkable drive. Absolutely corking. She holds three cups.”

Lambert talked on about golf in general. He did not perceive the expression of surprise that lingered on his companion’s face.

“The hoe of course is mightier than the niblick, nowadays,” he observed. “But it is a difficult thing to quite stamp out the golf habit. I mean to say one might as well suggest that we do away with such institutions as the Bank of England, Whittaker’s Almanac, Trafalgar Monument——”

“And tea-drinking,” put in the Canadian, with a smile. “Don’t forget tea!”

“I’ve been thinking of it for the last hour, my dear chap! And, by Jove, here it comes at last!”

A bevy of pretty waitresses flocked about them. Tea-carts were wheeled up and soon Gisborne, like the rest of the men, was hungrily devouring delicate sandwiches, cakes of a marvellous lightness, and tea of the fragrant brew that is England’s own secret.

To the eyes of the Canadian officers tea on the terrace of an old manorial hall, which was *pro tem* a convalescent hospital, made a picture that would live long in the memory. The long, gray-stone, ivy-clad mansion looked out upon a sweeping driveway and an emerald lawn dotted with cut cedars, rhododendrons, laurel bushes and little silvery fountains. In the background were mighty oaks, and from over the lowest hedges one might catch fascinating glimpses of an old English rose garden.

Presently, however, as the early-September sun began to cast long shadows across the pleasant scene a chill crept into the air. Nurses and orderlies assumed a very business-like

manner, and in a very few minutes the last wounded officer had been wheeled through the long French windows, and the delightful day was over.

In the long main corridor stood a green-baise covered announcement board. Here the lonely soldier-boy from overseas might learn that Lady Grex-Greene would be on hand at two o’clock on Tuesday with a Rolls-Royce seating seven. Or that Miss Sibthorpe, the well-known lecturer, etc., would bring three motors at one-thirty on Wednesday, to make tours of The Embankment, The Royal Residences, Mayfair, and other places of interest. Or that anyone desiring entertainment for the evening would be taken to St. Bernard’s Parish Hall, where the ladies of the Auxiliary were providing supper for fifty, with lantern-slides, and prayer, afterward.

The drives were always accepted with eagerness. The latter form of entertainment found a steadily diminishing number of advocates. It may have been the prayer.

Three days after the terrace tea Gisborne limped slowly past this bulletin board. But a name halfway down the list caught his eye and he returned. In a moment he had picked up the pencil and written his name, in acceptance after the following invitation:

“Miss Vera Moxley will call at three with a side car. Room for one only. Tour optional.”

Just after the luncheon hour the sergeant went about trying to gather promises for one of the aforementioned semi-religious sociables. He came to Gisborne’s group, but they all with one accord began to make excuse, saying:

“I gotta beast of a cold to-day. Think I shall remain indoors.”

“My Aunt from Upper Tooting is coming to see me this afternoon.”

“Honest, sergeant, I promised a chap upstairs that I’d play a game of chess with him to-night.”

“You’re mykin’ gammon o’ me, that’s wot!” and the sergeant shook

his head sorrowfully. "Ah, 'ere's Lootenant Gisborne! 'E'll go."

"Sorry, I've accepted Miss Moxley's invitation."

If the Canadian had dropped a bomb into the midst of them it could scarcely have produced a greater effect of consternation. The sudden silence was broken by a horse laugh from a Cockney corporal. Then the rest joined in.

"Well! Anybody here got a pre-emption on Miss Moxley?" demanded Gisborne, with some heat.

"Pre-empted is it? *Boycotted* is the word!" said an officer of the Irish Fusiliers.

"She'll talk the bloomin' 'ead off you," the corporal put in.

"As long as she doesn't run me into the ditch, I guess I can hold my own with her," Gisborne stated.

"It's not that," said Major Walmsley quietly. "She's the most inveterate matchmaker in England. If you don't take another think you'll be the next goat, my dear chap. Before it's too late——"

But a vision of the charming young athlete rose before the Canadian. He shook his head.

At three o'clock an orderly announced that Miss Moxley was at the front with her side car, and Gisborne limped out by the aid of his stick and was ensconced in the roomy basket seat.

"I'll be very careful," his fair driver assured him, as she helped to make him comfortable. "And we can go as slowly as you wish, you know."

In her chauffeur costume, consisting of mannish belted coat and peaked cap with the goggles pushed up, she made a striking figure. More than ever Gisborne was reminded of some slim boy, only that presently he noticed her feet encased in serviceable tan boots. They were small. And occasionally a wisp of that wonderful hair strayed from under the close-fitting cap.

"Miss Moxley is 'er own man an' drives like a regular Gee-who," the corporal had told him.

Gisborne reflected that he must have meant "Jehu"—if such a term could be applied to the driver of a motor-cycle!

The sputter of the engine cut Gisborne off, as he was about to remark politely that she could proceed at any pace short of the speed laws, if she liked. Miss Moxley did certain things to the machine, examined the tires, and then springing to her seat, steered a deft course out along the winding driveway to the lodge-gates. Not until they were well along the road to Market Glenborough did she speak again.

"Am I going too quickly?" she asked, half turning her head.

"Not at all," returned Gisborne.

They spun rapidly past vivid autumn-tinted hedgerows and beneath a continuous leafy archway the like of which for sheer loveliness Gisborne had never beheld. Miss Moxley appeared to be absorbed in managing her machine. Her silence seemed to disappoint the Canadian, who had looked forward perhaps to lively conversation. From time to time he sent sidelong glances at the enchanting, child-like profile.

"These English roads!" he exclaimed at length. "Is there anything to equal them?"

"Smooth as asphalt," she answered briefly, without turning her head.

At the end of an hour they were in the High Street of the fascinating old town of Market Glenborough. Miss Moxley applied the muffler to her engine.

"It is customary to take the guests to tea at this hour," she said. "Where do you wish to go?"

"Allow me, please——" began Gisborne hurriedly.

"Thanks, no. The treat will be mine."

"Very well. I am a stranger here. Wherever you like. Some quiet place, preferably."

Miss Moxley, who had been casting her eye toward a very popular tea-room opposite, seemed to hesitate.



But soon she had decided. In five minutes they were seated opposite each other in an almost deserted tea-garden, under some spreading oaks. The air was warm and still.

Gisborne leaned across the table.

"Now!" he said decisively. "Please tell me why you are masquerading under the name of Miss Moxley?"

She returned his steady gaze, and smiled slightly.

"It is very warm. I'm going to take my coat off," she remarked, suiting the action to the word.

"I would like an answer to my question. Now that we are relieved of the noise of that motor surely you can——"

"Poor soldier boy! I would gladly do anything to please you, but we are strangers, aren't we? After all, I am not the kind of person you approve of—so you said plainly that night in Vancouver. So we meet as total strangers——"

"That was two years ago. Things have changed—I have changed. The whole perspective of a man must change under conditions such as——"

She looked at him gravely, as he broke off with a shrug.

"Then," she said quickly. "Then you believe *now* that a woman has a right to her own soul?"

"Vera, I've been arbitrary and narrow. So have many other men. But after the hell we've been through I—I believe anything you like."

The answer did not wholly convince her. She shook her head slightly. An interval of silence ensued while tea and cakes were brought.

"Am I not to be forgiven?" pleaded Gisborne, at length.

"You said some bitter things, Jack, that time I gave an address on suffrage, things that cut deeply. I was only doing my duty. Mrs. Greenlee asked me to take her place on the program, when she became suddenly ill. Fortunately, I had my school address ready, and I just used it. I wasn't 'ranting from a platform,' as you ac-

cused me of doing! If you had taken the trouble to read the newspaper accounts the next morning you would have learned that my little spiel was very well received."

Gisborne looked properly contrite.

"I have your ring, that you mailed to me so very peremptorily. It is here in my pocket. I've carried it for two years," he remarked suggestively.

"Still, you surely didn't expect to see me in England!" she protested. "Even if you did have an idea that I'd 'come to my senses sometime,' to use your own——"

"Don't quote my asinine speeches, Vera! No, I didn't expect to see you here."

"When did you first recognize me?"

"That day at the hockey match. At first I wasn't sure. But even when Lambert had pointed you out as Miss Moxley, I felt that was Vera McKenzie and no other. No one else plays just like you. But what Vera McKenzie, girl golf champion of the Pacific Coast, was doing in a rural English neighbourhood and using another name——"

Miss McKenzie's silvery laugh interrupted him. He noted, with eyes that were full of the old-time ardour, that her neck and arms were of that delicate creamy-brownness that spoke of a life lived much in the open.

"It was this way," Vera began, as she stirred her tea. "Dad put his foot down about my volunteering as a nurse. Said the confinement and hardships would ruin my health. Mother aided and abetted him. So as I wasn't then of age I had to abide by their finding. But Dad finally agreed to let me come over on a visit to Aunt Jane Moxley (she's mother's only sister, you know). That was before this dreadful submarine menace. Well, coming across, I conceived the idea of getting up a series of games for the invalid officers. But as I was a professional, I couldn't enter into any amateur matches, so I decided for the fun of it to change my name. Aunt

Jane, who is a brick, concurred in the scheme. It was made in a spirit of patriotism, for I just had to help somehow. And we've really done wonders, if I do say it!"

"But——" and Gisborne looked puzzled.

Some remarks of the corporal's were revolving about in his mind: "Talks the bloomin' 'ead off you," "rushes the 'andsome ones," "tries 'er level best to myke matches between us boys an' the girls 'ereabouts."

"And then we were drafted in to entertain the Chigwell Manor Convalescents," Vera went on. "I didn't know you were among them."

"I only arrived last Wednesday. That tea on the terrace was my first real outing here. I suppose had you known I *was* here you'd have ignored me?"

Vera smiled reluctantly at his hurt tone. She took up a sandwich, broke it idly and set the pieces down. Neither of them had tasted anything, though the tea had now grown cold.

"Of course, I only recognized *you* to-day," she said. "Your head, swathed in so many bandages would defy your own mother's keen eye, Jack. You *will* get better soon, though?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Gisborne dolorously.

She paled. Her lip began to tremble. Gisborne restrained himself admirably from jumping up and rushing around the little table.

"I might as well die," he went on. "Nobody loves me. It's either that or 'going out to the garden to eat worms' for mine."

She sent him a glance that set his heart to beating hard—as in the old days. Then, very slowly, she stretched a brown hand across the table.

"You can put it back—where it belongs," she said softly.

The Englishwoman and her crippled husband who were the proprietors of the little tea-garden saw a

rather touching scene from their living-room window.

"Lor! Look at them two!" exclaimed the woman, as she pulled the snowy-white dimity curtains aside. "Look at 'im a-kissin' of 'er an' them just strangers when they kyme in! The polite way they were talkin' when they first kyme!"

"Leave 'em be," said the man. "'E's a Canydian. Maybe the poor chap hain't seen a girl for so long 'e don't know 'ow to behyve."

"She's Canydian, too."

"Well, don't be a-lookin' at 'em, I s'y! A body'd think you never saw a couple spoonin' before! Them Canydians, they're *always* a-doin' of it. Come aw'y!"

When Miss Vera McKenzie put her guest down at the door of the Convalescent Hospital he lingered for a brief moment.

"What shall I tell the boys when they ask me if you have succeeded in betrothing me to some Market Glenborough lass?" he demanded.

"Tell them that Aunt Jane will be on the job again to-morrow! She doesn't *often* get a sick headache. And as for poor Major Walmsley, Aunt Jane has set her heart on matching him off with the charming widow Clerigan, of Moss Terrace. Poor Aunt Jane! She just can't help it apparently, but it—it doesn't run in the family, Jack! And you're coming to dinner with us Sunday, aren't you? We—we'll spring it on her then."

Gisborne laughed.

"It'll hurt her feelings, perhaps—to think that ours was one match she *didn't* consummate."

"I don't think so. She's feeling rather happy these days. Did I tell you that she and Captain Lambert were engaged last week? Perhaps we can have a 'double-header,' as the baseball boys say! I know Aunt Jane will be sure to suggest it."

"Bless Aunt Jane!" murmured Gisborne.

# Moose Hunting in New Brunswick

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH



THE season for hunting moose in New Brunswick will re-open soon; and with admirable instinct, an instinct that arouses our curiosity, the moose himself, the bull moose, will withdraw from the common haunts of man and seek safety within the magnificent fastnesses of the forest. The cow and the calf, with instinct equally admirable, will lag behind, well knowing the law is on their side, the law that imposes a costly fine on any person who dare slay either one or other. But the bull, which is the most picturesque of all wild animals, knows that his great antlers, now hard like flint for the mating season, are coveted by trophy-hunters from all parts of the world. Four hundred and fifty of these non-resident hunters held licenses last season at a cost of fifty dollars each. The license entitles the holder to shoot one bull moose and two red deer. Seven thousand nine hundred and ten licenses were issued to residents of the Province at a cost of five dollars each. The bull moose, therefore, and his smaller cousin yielded to the provincial treasury more than sixty thousand dollars. Of course, this game is worth to the Province every season much more than that amount, for no party can go into the moose country without spending a considerable sum of money for pro-

visions, guides, transportation and camping. A well-equipped party of, say, four hunters and four guides, starting on a hunt of fourteen days, will have a supply of flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, butter, evaporated apples, baking powder, sago, candles, cornstarch, onions, peas, lard, tomatoes, honey, evaporated milk, pickles, beans, bread, eggs, pork, cheese, bacon, ham, potatoes, jam, lemons, oranges, sugar, molasses, vinegar, canned peaches, raisins, currants, prunes, soap, tea, coffee, chocolate. The cost of these provisions, many of which are produced in the Province, added to the wages of the guides and railway and other transportation charges from Fredericton, which is the usual point of local departure, amounts to about two hundred dollars for each member of the party.

It was my good fortune to go to the camp at Rocky Brook, which is about forty miles from the railway and in the very heart of the forest. I might say truthfully that it is the forest primeval, for there many of the great hardwood ridges have not yet heard the woodman's axe. These ridges, however, have heard the axe of the hunter's guide and they have reverberated also to the blast of the birchen horn. But some guides profess to have faith no longer in the famous imitation moose call; still they practise it, perhaps for nothing



A BULL MOOSE LEAVING THE WATER

more than pure sentiment. Take, for instance, old Bill Carson. Bill has been traversing Rocky Brook since before New Brunswick entered Confederation, and therefore his years and experience distinguish him as the arch-critic of the birch-bark horn. Many old enough hunters still make the call, especially in the mating season, and even Bill himself, with all his prejudices, can blow an indifferent blast, although I have to confess that he does not seem to put much soul into it. He will call, o' course, just to humour any sportsman he happens to be guiding, but he tells him it ain't no good, and with disgust throws the bark funnel into the hardhack. He would not condescend to splash his foot in the water or to make other noises peculiar to the cow moose. He admits that you might get an answer in the full heat of the chase. Nevertheless he is skeptical and he says that Birthright says that after the

tenth of October at the furthest you might just as well call to a mountain. And he adds that if there is anyone on airth who ought to know it's Birthright.

Harry Braithwaite, to give him a full and proper name, is a hunter of about Bill's own age. He and Bill have swapped yarns and exchanged dodges and cursed the porcupine year in and year out for half a century. Fifty years is a considerable stretch of time as things go nowadays. If you subtract it from Bill's present age it leaves just twenty-six. Twenty-six bear-trapping seasons, therefore, had passed over Bill's head before he studied the woods as a short road to fortune. First, however, he went down to Chestnut's hardware store in Fredricton and bought a bear-trap. It is the identical trap that we saw him set beside the moose carcass last season. He has carried it, off and on, ever since he bought it, and if he had a

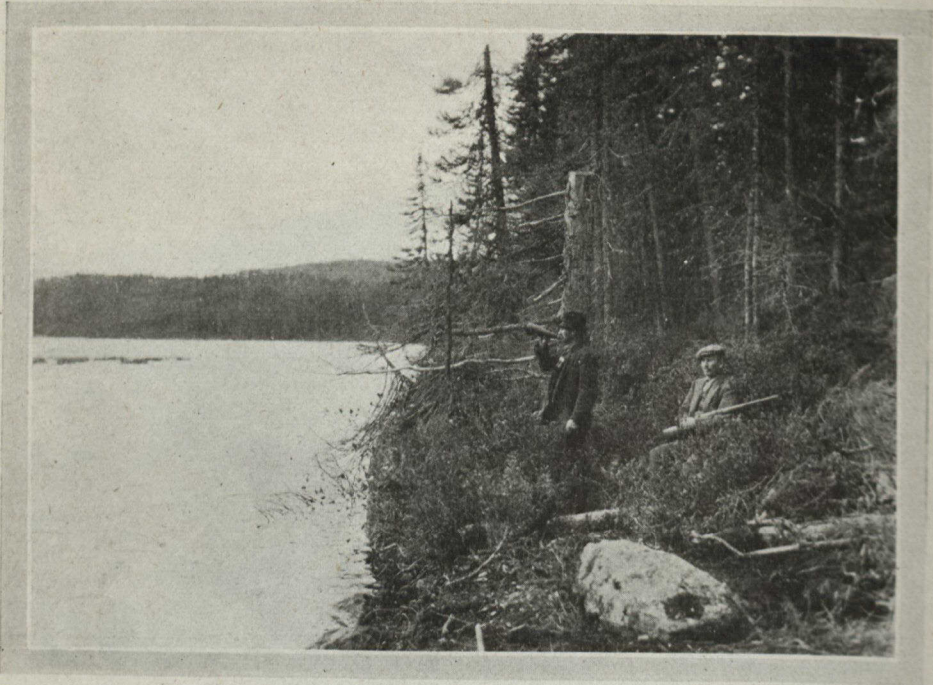


A BULL MOOSE AND COW IN NEW BRUNSWICK

dollar for every time it has not caught a bear he could afford to dry his socks under Assyrian suns and cool his brow in Siberian snow. Still, he has the satisfaction now of looking at things with a seasoning of philosophy. At twenty-six even a bear-trapper is likely to be full of what some persons call the arrogance of youth. Bill gives an instance of this in his account of a visit he and Harry Braithwaite once made to a trap which, he is careful to point out, was set lengthwise at the entrance to a hollow log. The trap held a snarling black bear, and when the two trappers came on the scene, Harry volunteered to show Bill how he always killed a bear. He took his axe from his shoulder, advanced to within striking distance of the bear, and struck. But by a motion unforeseen by Harry the bear struck first. The axe flew from Harry's hands; the bear clutched it, and in less time than it takes Bill to get up

at five o'clock, light the fire and fill his pipe, it had bitten the handle as if it were straw and was sitting down, ready for more. Bill then, in accordance with what he regards as a fairly safe practice, stood off and shot him.

Bill owns that only once in his hull life has he been badly scart. And that once was not mortal. He was walking along the trail, guiding a sportsman, who was following, when suddenly a big she bear riz up out from behind a pine stump and stood facing him, showing glistening teeth and making a snarling noise. Bill, as usual when guiding, carried only his axe. He jerked back a jiffy, then struck with all his might. But the bear was too quick for him. She turned tail and climbed a big black birch, leaving three yearling cubs to scurry away into the gathering gloom. The sportsman shot up at the bear. The bullet entered below the chin and came out at the top of the head. But even at



SOUNDING THE CALL

that, Bill declares, she dropped fifteen feet, caught a limb with one paw, held on for the space of a second, and fell dead upon the ground.

The ground at Rocky Brook is not always a bed of roses. Bill says you are just as likely to light on a stone as on a feather bed, and you are lucky if some balsam boughs intervene to break the fall. I saw Bill himself take a tumble one day when we were crossing some black land covered with windfalls and jagged rocks. He looked a bit scowly for a minute, and I asked whether he had hurt himself. "Yes," he answered, without stopping to swear, "I hurt my thigh." But I noticed that he went on leading just the same as before, and we heard nothing more about it.

Bill's leading is about as easy to follow as an annual report. He says that the moment he lifts one foot yours should fall into its track. You will find it a nice limbering exercise if you are on the tote road or a well-

beaten moose trail; but when it comes to crossing a broiling brook or an overturned spruce, running the rapids on jutting rocks, or jumping from a cedar stump across black muck onto a slippery hemlock root, you feel like taking a short preparatory course as a lumber-jack.

Lumber-jacking, by the way, is not fifty-fifty with Bill when he enters a trail. He enters it with as little timidity as some men enter a profession. In the West you hit the trail, but at Rocky Brook it hits you—in the face, on the head, and under foot. It encloses you on all sides, except the front and back, like a tunnel, and its twists and turns are about as uncertain as the marriage laws of Quebec. These twists and turns Bill knows by heart. He has passed much of his life within their embrace, and he loves them as one might love an ancestral estate. If it is not Bill's estate by birth, it is his by the sheer force of knowledge. And what an



A LONG SHOT

estate! It is all forest, every acre of it that is not water, and in it abound moose, deer, marten, otter, beaver, bear, mink and partridge, with here and there and everywhere the exasperating presence of the fretful porcupine. Bill says that he has killed seven of these bristling beasts at one time, not counting the lucky ones that got away.

You learn in New Brunswick that the porcupine has an insatiable fondness for chewing anything the hand of man has touched. An axe handle, for instance, is a dainty morsel, while an old boot is as larks' tongues to an epicure. You will find these pests, therefore, in abandoned camps and frequently in camps that have not been abandoned. I once heard Bert Carson, a nephew of old Bill's, declare within the hearing of others that he and Charlie Moon, while bear-trapping on the Cains River, four years ago last summer, killed three

hundred and seventy-five porcupines and did not have to go out of their way to do it. The joke came later, when Bert confided to me that it made him smile at the others for thinking he had sure counted quills instead of heads. It reminded one of the claim made by an old French-Canadian that in the days of the wild pigeon he had killed ninety-nine with one charge from a shotgun. He was asked why he did not make it the even hundred. "Do you think," he answered, "that I would tell a lie for the sake of one pee-zhee-on?"

Unlike the pigeon, unfortunately, the porcupine is not extinct. Apart from his prolikerous propensities, he has an uncommon capacity for deviltry. He can set off more bear-traps than there are bears in the great hardwood ridges rising between the Oungarvan and the Miramichi. He can make a meal of a boot-jack. He can climb a tree, ruin a dog, or let his



BRINGING IN THE ANTLERS



PART OF THE CAMP-SITE AT ROCKY BROOK



quills sink into the tough texture of a horse's hoof. His only successful enemy seems to be the bob-cat, but even at that he flourishes like the green bay tree. Bill avows that he is a durned nuisance in bear-trapping season and nawthin' on airth can stop him.

Bill has been trying to stop him for fifty years. Fifty years in the forest! Just think of Bill, a young man of twenty-six, going into Chestnut's hardware store in Fredericton and buying a bear-trap, and then think of him, fifty years later, starting out to set the same trap. But he has eleven others. Or is it nineteen? I forget.

Forgetfulness is a failing that we do not always properly appreciate. If one could forget things as Bill now can, one could sit, as he sits, of an evening by the camp fire and enjoy a smoke full of reminiscence that is not marred by the jarring occurrences of to-day. Bill used to have a phen-

omenal memory. Never having been crossed with what we call education, he had to depend on the word of others for his knowledge of the great world out from and beyond the New Brunswick forest. He used to listen to others reading the newspapers, and it is said of him that having heard a passage read he could repeat it afterwards word by word. But now he does not care much about hearing even the news of the war, perhaps because he has a son somewhere in it. He prefers to sit and smoke and think. He thinks of the deadfall set for ermine down near Spider Lake. He thinks of the springback for otter just above Frigid Pond, near the spot where he almost always biles the kettle. He thinks of the best way a bear-trap should be sot, having in mind the fact that a bear is a terrible critter for toeing-in. He thinks of his reputation, for it is the first time that he has ever failed to lead his sportsman up to a fine bull moose. Could it have



A YOUNG MOOSE IN THE OPEN



A YOUNG MOOSE STARTLED

been the smoking? Some say that you should not smoke during calling-time. But Bill has always smoked, and he has never failed—until now. He swore that he would quit smoking as soon as he quit finding moose. Now he has that also for his thoughts. But most of all he thinks of the son somewhere in France. He says he was a good lad, take him all round, but no word has come from him in a long time. You never know. There has

been a terrible sight of Canadians killed. I tell him that if anything should happen to his son the Government would send word. "Would they now?" he replies, and the smoke rises blue round his white head. Then he guesses, the lad is all right over yonder.

Moose hunting? It is like fishing. You do not go fishing just to catch fish. You do not go moose hunting just to get antlers.

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING

BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



BERNARD SHAW said that we had better close our churches for the duration of the war, a prominent German declared an eclipse of Christianity, and now Mr. H. G. Wells has discovered God.

It is enough to set the rest of us thinking.

In the preface to this book, "God, the Invisible King", Mr. Wells says: "This book sets out as forcibly and exactly as possible the religious belief of the writer. That belief is not orthodox Christianity; it is not, indeed, Christianity at all; its core, nevertheless, is a profound belief in a personal and intimate God." He says also in the same preface: "The Council of Nicaea was one of the most disastrous and one of the least venerable of all religious gatherings." He can pretend to no awe for the "spiritual monstrosities of that gathering". To him "such elaborations as 'begotten of the Father before all worlds' are no better than intellectual shark's teeth and oyster shells". He does not like "morbid speculation about virginity". He says: "The writer's position here in this book is, firstly, complete agnosticism in the matter of God the Creator, and secondly, entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer. He cannot bring the two ideas under the same term God."

Now this is a headful and a heart-

ful, indeed, for any of our modern churchmen, orthodox Christians, professional theologians and the like. In those sincere and unwitting believers who with simple humility are always ready to cherish the words of the great, the book, if they turn to it for inspiration and counsel, will beget a peculiar bewilderment. The unsophisticated churchman, who buys the book for its title, preparing with condescension and Christian joy to welcome to the true fold a famous novelist, will find surprises calling probably for indignation and dismay. Many, many men and women may say to Wells, having read his book through: "Thank you; the book sounds real. Your God I have known also, Mr. Wells". And sincere Christians who think deeply may find in the book much fine sincerity along with hasty amateurishness and regrettable misapprehension.

I select random passages:

"None of us really pray to that fantastic, unqualified *danse a trois* the Trinity, which the wranglings and disputes of the worthies of Alexandria and Syria declared to be God."

"By faith we of this modern religion disbelieved and denied. By faith we said of that stuffed scarecrow of divinity, that incoherent accumulation of antique theological notions, the Nicene deity, 'This is certainly no God'. And by faith we have found God."

"Contemporary minds . . . had been hypnotized and obsessed by the idea that the Christian God is the only thinkable God. They had heard so much about that God and so little of any other. With release their minds become, as it were, nascent and ready for the coming of God."

". . . that strange miscellany of Jew-

ish and early Christian literature, the Bible . . . ."

"This God, inciting his congenial Israelites to the most terrific pogroms."

"The clergy of our own days play the part of the New Testament Pharisees with the utmost exactness and complete unconsciousness."

"God is a person who can be known as one knows a friend, who can be served and who receives service, who partakes of our nature, who is, like us, a being in conflict with the unknown and the limitless and the forces of death. He is our King to whom we must be loyal. . . . He feels us and knows us, He is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. God is no abstraction nor trick of words, no Infinite. God is finite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace."

"God waits for us, for all of us who have the quality to reach Him. He has need of us as we of Him."

"Without God the 'service of man' is no better than a hobby or a sentimentality or an hypocrisy in the undisciplined prison of the mortal life."

"We of this modern religion say this: that if you do not feel God, then there is no persuading you of Him; we cannot win over the incredulous. If you feel God then you will know that thus and thus and no other is His method and intention."

"This modern religion . . . the new understanding . . . it has no church, no authorities, no teachers, no orthodoxy. It does not even thrust and struggle among the other things; simply it grows clear. There will be no putting an end to it. It will compel all things to orient themselves to it. . . . It comes as the dawn comes, through whatever clouds and mists may be here or whatever smoke and curtains may be there. It comes as the day comes to the ships that put to sea. It is the Kingdom of God at hand."

It will be interesting for us to learn from the publishers whether a book like this will have a wide sale in Canada. If a professor, say, of one of our denominational colleges had written it there would be a heresy trial and certain intent persons would pursue its pages. The rest of us would go on with our work.

But here is a famous "secular" novelist coming out with a glowing title-page announcing "God, the Invisible King". What is more, he talks about God as if he believes in him, that is, as we talk about potatoes or billiards or conscription. Most of us

in Canada, or at least a great part of us, have felt that God is an embarrassing subject like prostitution, or fleas, or undergarments. We had drifted into a way of letting paid clergymen in churches make him a subject of proclamation. He rarely, except among socialists and free thinkers, who mostly derided him, entered practical conversation.

And here is H. G. Wells treating God as seriously as potatoes. H. G. Wells is vulgar or irreverent surely.

Where are we in Canada anyway about the matter of God? We have a more scrupulously observed Sabbath probably than any other people. Though in the cities the situation is somewhat different, in rural parts and small towns a fair proportion of us attends the churches, yet it has been growingly felt of late, even among us who are a comparatively simple-minded people, that our doctors and lawyers and business men, our men of affairs and standing, get little or nothing out of the church and give little but money to it. But the church has talked a great deal about God. There has been a feeling in some quarters that the silence of the rest of us means ignorance and damnation. Certainly our polite conversation has not involved God very often as a poignant theme. Yet here is this Mr. Wells by turns amiable and austere over the subject.

He makes us think of our long relegated catechisms. What is God? Where is God? Who is God? If we say God is Providence (it has always been an easy way out for us when we did not want to use the word of three letters, like insects for fleas), Wells says, do you really think God will bother to make a fine Monday so you can hang out your wash, or a mist in the North Sea so a small British squadron can evade overwhelming enemy pursuers? Do you actually believe that he will look after your children if you leave them at home with the lamp burning? Wells will tell you a lot of things that God is not.

Then he will tell you he is courage and a person and youth and love (of a sort; Wells's definition). When you get done with this book if you have read it carefully you are somehow far readier than heretofore to say to your neighbour something like this: "I was reading to-day a book by H. G. Wells. It's called 'God, the Invisible King'. It's a strange book in many ways. What do you think about God?" Ten to one your neighbour will answer as naturally as if you had asked if his peas were filling out—if he has read Wells. It may easily be if the book has a large sale that Wells will introduce God as a topic of conversation among us. It may set us thinking about God.

And about Christianity.

Wells says he is not a Christian. Doesn't believe in it; a lot of nonsense, obsolete. Yet he believes in Christ, likes Him, has a real admiration for much about Him. Doesn't like His non-resistance doctrine, though; a man with ideas like that can be no God for him. This again may set us thinking. Some of us have had a fetish somewhere amid the jumble of our thoughtlessness called "The Christ". It has indicated in some of us real conviction, the possession of a certain amount of reverence, and a great many hazy notions. It has been the label for whatever of religious feeling we possessed. But it has meant nothing very vital, nothing very clear-cut, nothing belonging very much to the issues of life and death like the price of automobile tires or hogs. It is to be doubted whether the rank and file of us have had any very clear notions at all about Christ, or any definite conviction about religious issues. We have rarely regarded the New Testament as the book of a religion; it has been rather, where it has been anything, the fetish of a superstition. As to God, as has been said, He was not for practical conversation. It is to be doubted whether certain of our psychologists can quite make out a

case for us when they get behind words and concocted terminology and tell us that our interest in potatoes and automobile tires and hogs and conscription, if it is honest and enthusiastic, is our religion and religion enough. This seems a little like telling us that we know all about electricity and are experts in its realm if we can with honesty and enthusiasm push a button and ring a doorbell. We are constantly, all of us, all about the world, pushing buttons and ringing bells. That seems to be our business. But the why and wherefore of it all is a question that remains in abeyance by collusion. Until someone confounds us and irritates us by facing us up with it.

One sets out upon interesting conjecture when one begins to imagine what may happen to us if we really do get to thinking and talking about God and Christ and religion. It opens such an amazing field. We shall possibly be amazed we had neglected it. Our enthusiasm will be so great that someone will write of us that we are having a national revival.

But what it will imply for the churches may be a grave question—for the churches. Creeds will have an agitated time of it. Clergymen will be stirred to a blinking wakefulness.

I may be drifting too much into the Wells vein. Mr. Wells seems to have an uneasy bias against the churches. He says so many fine things that the best elements in the church are constantly saying as if they were new things altogether and the discovery of his own special brand of modern religion. He makes so many vivid and splendid criticisms that only an outsider perhaps can most keenly make, that one begins to suspect Mr. Wells of unfairness. One begins to suspect him of condemning wholesale an institution the true inner life of which he has never known. At times one is almost on the point of being sure that some morning Mr. Wells will wake up an

ardent church member of the evangelistic type; that he is like the man who by himself thinks out a political problem and imagines he has a solution unique and fresh and final, only to discover it is already the platform of a party. That man, if he is honest and humble, will join with the party. One is tempted to say sometimes that if Mr. Wells is honest and humble he will join some branch of the organized church; that surely he is one of the staunchest brethren, and probably a mighty Christian—if he only but knew! The church will do well for awhile at any rate to treat him as a seeker, with some follies but much character. And see how he takes it. Both he and the church may go to the penitent form together. If they are both humble and in earnest that would be a consummation for both of them.

And, then, again, one wonders. Wells turns a corner with a thought. Can you imagine him with Bible and prayers?

Yet he says so many things that so many believe when they pause to do that necessary bit of thinking that precludes conclusions. He may indeed be calling out that great body in whose existence he seems with such passion to believe, that great body of modern believers, devotees of the modern religion, followers of the true God. He may be the prophet of a new phase in religious development. Or he may be a child with a bright idea, which is new to the child but ages old to the world. He may be an amateur.

One thing, indeed, the book does. It raises in an urgent way our question concerning Wells himself. There are two kinds of popularity indicating two kinds of greatness. The man (or woman, of course) is popular after his own fashion and great after a fashion who catches up and reveals in the pages of his book those movements of our thought which are a little out of sight, but quite near the surface. Such a man will serve his

day and generation. He will help his day and generation a step forward. The other kind of fame and greatness accrues when a man reveals our deepest selves and directs our greatest selves with authority which accepts the rights of leadership.

Wells will set us thinking. If he sets us so deeply thinking as to waylay our souls, to startle us, and if he then can make us feel he is verily our leader, H. G. Wells is not of our generation alone; he is of those who make the world, a prophet for the people; he is as great as these pages of his latest book, with a sort of naïveté and a queer humility, seem to imply he is.

But perhaps he is too easy!

He seems to achieve an evasion of the Nazarene.

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## CANADA, THE LAND OF PROMISE, AND OTHER POEMS

BY S. RUPERT BROADFOOT. Woodstock: The Sentinel-Review Press.

THE profits from sales of this brochure of minor verse are given in aid of Canadian prisoners of war. That is its best claim on the attention of the public. The author has an appreciation of objects and conditions that bestir the muses, and he has given vent to this appreciation in several localities—Ottawa, Guelph, Pigeon Lake, New York, Springfield, West Flamborough, Bobcaygeon, Osgoode Hall, Hog's Back, and Goldie's Dam. We quote from one of the Guelph appreciations:

### THE SPEED BY NIGHT

The moon-magic is on the river, Bill,  
I never saw the waters sleep so still.  
They lie unwimpled in the steaming haze,  
Reflecting bright the mist-empiercing rays.

Go slow, old chap, let the canoe just drift,  
The mood is on me to enjoy the gift  
Of the clear blue vault and the gibbous moon,  
The voices of evening and its soothing croon.

Isn't it spooky in those long dark reaches?  
The bats flit by and a lone owl screeches:  
All else is still—the night birds in the  
brake,  
They stir not at our paddles' swirling  
wake.

The banks are alternating inky shade,  
And bushy shores in floods of light displayed,  
The moon-fire's glow on neighbouring leaf-  
age plays,  
O, winding Speed, forgive my puny praise!

\*

## DOODLE M'CLINK

By DAVID M'CUCCLOCH. Toronto: Hod-  
der and Stoughton.

THIS is one of the successful hu-  
morous war-time books. The title  
alone is almost enough to set one  
laughing, and many will regard the  
whole book as good cause for merri-  
ment from cover to cover. Doodle  
M'Clink is a stoker, one of the "Black  
Squad" aboard the world-cruiser, the  
*Sardine Castle*. His ship voyages  
from one end of the world to the  
other, and, of course, he goes with her.  
There are many adventures, humor-  
ous and exciting, especially the en-  
counter with a submarine. This story  
met with much success in England.

\*

## AUTUMN

By MURIEL HINE. Toronto: The Ox-  
ford University Press.

SOMETHING in the title of this  
excellent novel attracts one at the  
outset. It imparts a savour of rich-  
ness, of mellowness, of that fulness  
and completeness that in many things  
besides nature immediately precedes  
winter. A woman of thirty-five to  
forty, for instance, is always more  
interesting than when she was young-  
er, for she is more complete, for she  
is passing through the rich autumn  
of her life. These remarks, perhaps  
better than any formal review, give  
an idea of "Autumn". The author's  
style is entertaining and vigorous, and  
by many readers she is regarded as  
being among the foremost women  
novelists of her day.



MRS. MADGE MACBETH

□ A Canadian writer, author of a new novel entitled  
"Kleath". (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.)

## THE MEN WHO WROUGHT

By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Toronto: The  
Copp, Clark Company.

THE author of "The Way of the  
Strong" has in this novel used the  
present as a splendid background  
against which to stage his strangely  
assorted group of characters—a Bri-  
tish Cabinet Minister, the head of an  
English firm of shipbuilders, a Polish  
inventor and his daughter, a Prus-  
sian military officer and a band of  
German spies. The plot hinges on  
the operation of a submersible mer-  
chantman, a vessel which by plung-  
ing beneath the waves can evade all  
prisoners. There are many intense-  
ly exciting moments, a good amount  
of dramatic force and some melo-  
drama. Altogether, however, it is a  
strong tale, well told by a writer who  
is able to meet the requirements of  
great situations.

### A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS

BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore: The John Murphy Company.

THESE two volumes, although they by no means represent the literary work of Cardinal Gibbons, who is the author as well of "The Faith of Our Fathers", "Our Christian Heritage", "The Ambassador of Christ" and "Discourses and Sermons", serve, nevertheless, somewhat as a recapitulation of an unusually active Christian life. They comprise selections from the Cardinal's essays and sermons, an intimate account of the Vatican Council (Cardinal Gibbons is the last living Father who attended the Council), extracts from the diary written during the sitting of the Council, the crisis between the Church and Labour in America, with chapters on "The Church and the Republic", "The Claims of the Catholic Church in the Making of the Republic", "Irish Immigration to the United States", "Lynch Law", and "Patricism and Politics".

\*

### THE GRIZZLY KING

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is in a sense a return to the animal story that was in vogue a few years ago, the time, in fact, when the author made one of his first successes with "Kazan". This time the hero is a great grizzly bear, a beast that seems to possess some human qualities. For one thing, it adopts a motherless black bear cub and sees it

well on the way to independence. It is a novel of adventure as well as a story of nature, in which aspect it is wholly fascinating.

\*

### GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE

BY RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE the author of that inimitable character of the Bishop in "The Shepherd of the North" gives us an equally appealing and human figure in Daidie, a young girl who revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand. It is a story of Daidie's experiences, the drama of her young career, which almost involves a tragedy, but which, with the solution of the problem which keeps her and her lover apart, ends consistently and, even better still, happily.

\*

### WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM BOYD. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THE author of this volume of what must be regarded as authentic records is the Professor of Pathology at the University of Manitoba. It is a small volume, without much pretension, but it has the merit, notwithstanding the fact that it was written in dugouts, kitchens, barns and other unromantic places near the front, of revealing the beautiful, the picturesque and the heroic aspects of war. For this alone it is well worth being read.





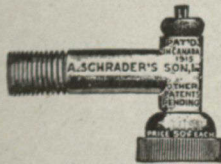
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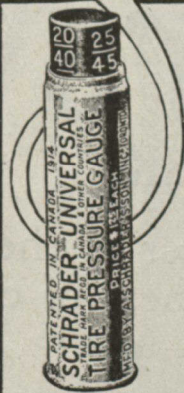


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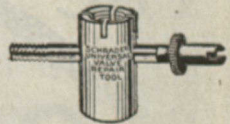
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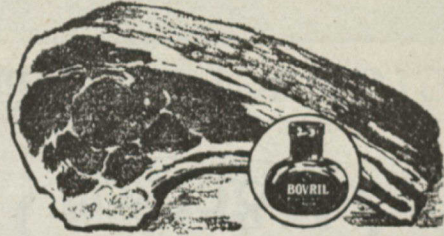
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# Quaker Oats

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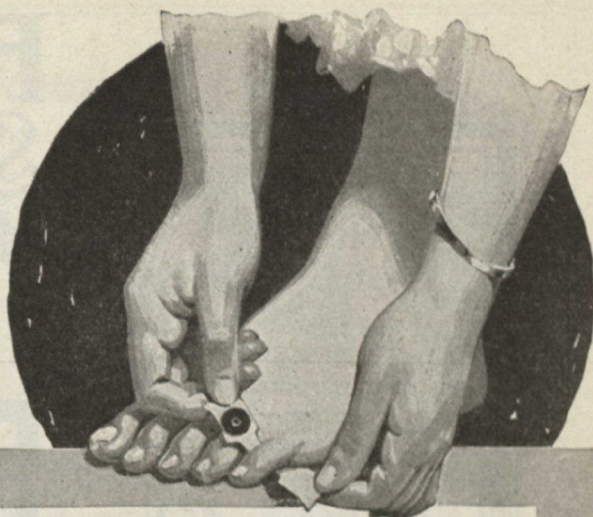


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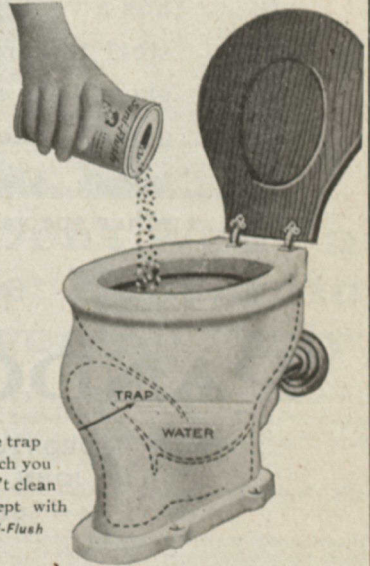
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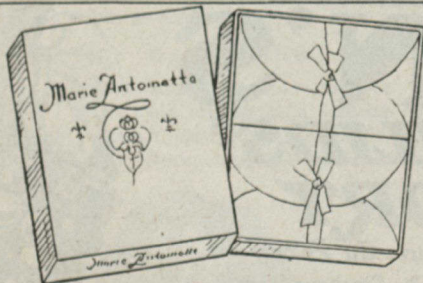
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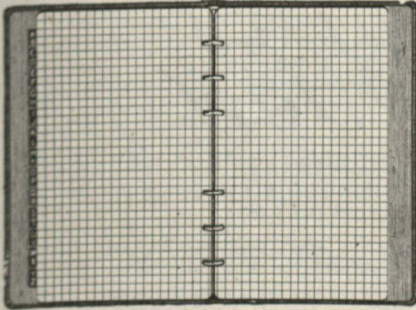
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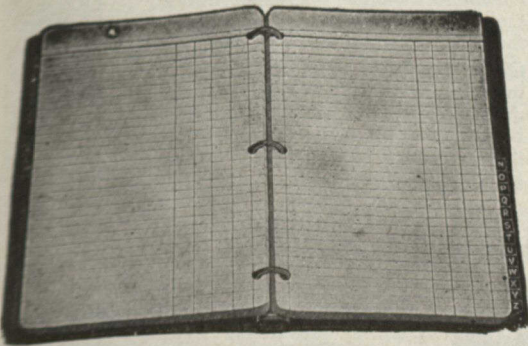


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¶ If you believe that a plain tire will always fill the bill, then doubtless, you will see no reason to change from Dunlop "Plains."

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

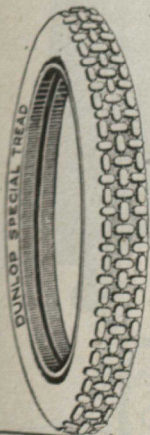
### Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO  
BRANCHES:

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

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

A. 85



"SPECIAL" **DUNLOP** "TRACTION"

MADE IN

Macey

CANADA

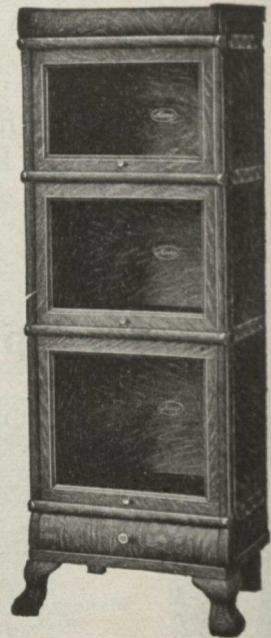


## Present Needs

are all you need to consider, as the future will take care of itself. If you only have one dozen books, you start with accomodation for one dozen, and if your stock increases, let your bookcase grow with it.

### IT'S SO EASY

to enlarge your library if you start it right with the famous "Macey" cases.



## THEY LOOK SOLID BUT THEY'RE NOT

You can add to them or take away from them, but you always have a perfect bookcase. The full size will stack up with the half size, in fact there is hardly anything in the way of arrangement you can't do with the "Macey" Cases.

### WRITE FOR OUR "MACEY STYLE BOOK"

*A beautiful book, giving you all information about the "Macey" Cases will be mailed to you free on request. Write to-day.*

Sold by all leading Furniture Dealers

**CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS**  
LIMITED

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

# WHERE-TO-GO

**HOTEL RESORT & TRAVEL DEPARTMENT**  
 APPEARING MONTHLY IN TEN FAMOUS MAGAZINES

Century The New Country Life Everybody's Field & Stream Harper's Red Book Review of Reviews  
 Scribner's The Canadian World's Work Two Million Copies—Fifteen Million Readers Monthly ELEVENTH YEAR  
 Write to these advertisers. Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., for reliable travel information and advice

## AWAY FROM WAR AND WORRY



Have you been wondering where you could enjoy a few weeks of real rest away from war and worry?

The greatest Health Resort in the world is located in Battle Creek, a quiet, inland city in picturesque Michigan.

Here you find real "rest" and seclusion, a delicious dietary, health-building baths and treatments, ample facilities for outdoor diversions and a delightfully informal social life.

The benefit of a week or two of rest and health-building under ideal conditions must be experienced to be appreciated.

Write now for free Vacation Booklet.



**THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM BOX 109-A BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN**  
**MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.**

**FOR RHEUMATISM**  
**THE PARK**  
**MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH.**  
 Send for booklet. P. O. Box 247

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

**MAINE**  
**OUANANICHE**  
**LODGE & CAMPS**  
 Famous salmon fly-fishing is now in full swing in Grand Lake & Stream. All comforts. Booklet. W. G. Rose, Grand Lake Stream, Me.

**Sebaseo Estates**  
 Sebaseo, Me.  
**Booklet**

Where-to-go forms for Oct. close Aug. 31

### OCONOMOWOC WIS.

Home for the aged. A limited number of cases. Childishness or old ladies and gentleman of good family find a suitable cheerful home and excellent attention at **Waldheim Park** Oconomowoc, Wis. For particulars address Miss Mary L. Bird, Matron.

### CANADA

**LOUR LODGE** and cottages, Digby, N. S.  
 Free from flies, mosquitos and hay fever. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing. Garage. Write for booklet.

## CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

will do more than satisfy children's craving for "something sweet" — it will supply them with a wholesome food.



Dealers everywhere have

"Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars.

Write for free Cook Book.

**THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED,**  
 MONTREAL. 29

"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

*There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"*

**CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - MONTREAL**

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM



A SUMMER CAMP IN THE LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT

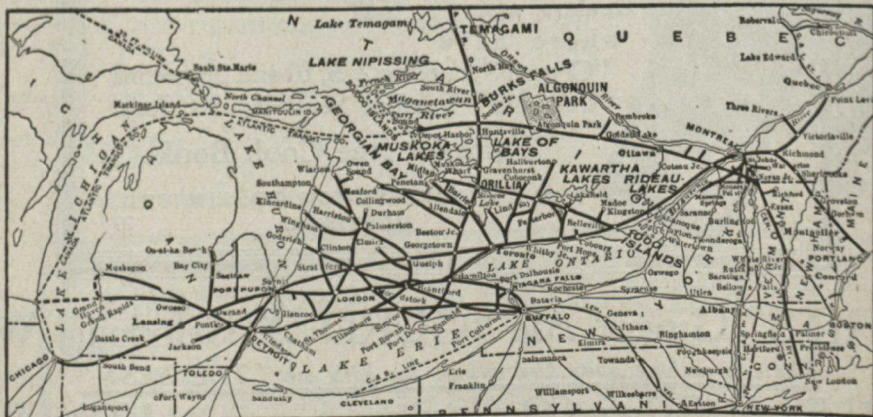


IN ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK

# The Highlands of Ontario

The most glorious spot on the American Continent for your vacation. Cast aside the cares of business and roam in Nature's garden. Thousands of square miles of woods, lakes and streams, all undefiled by the relentless march of industry. Where the fisherman can thrill to the death fight of the muskie, the bass and the trout! Where swimming, boating, camping are everything they should be to give you **That Perfect Vacation.** Breathe in health and vigor in the pure air of the pine and spruce grown hills, 2,000 feet above sea level.

Reached easily on through trains via the Grand Trunk System. For full details see or write J. QUINLAN, D.P.A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que. C. E. HORNING, D.P.A., Union Station, Toronto, Ont.



# “JULIAN SALE”

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

## ‘RITE-HITE’ WARDROBE TRUNKS

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



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

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

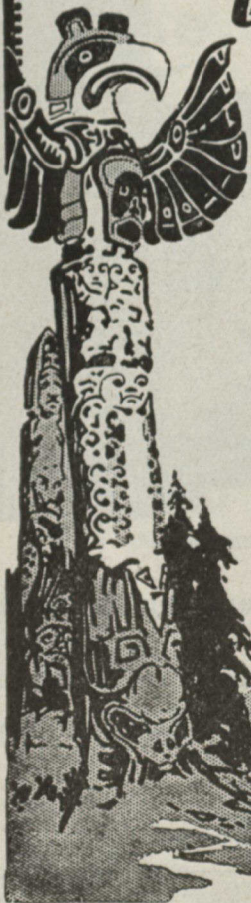
**\$33<sup>00</sup> to \$90<sup>00</sup>**

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**

105 King Street West, Toronto

# ALASKA

## *Follow the Gold Seekers' Trail*



to this wonderful land of the north. Know the lure of its fjords, snow-capped mountains, blue-green glaciers, rivers and tumbling cascades, Indian villages and totem poles. Thrill with its awakening to a mighty commercial life.

Travel luxuriously by the splendidly appointed

### **Canadian Pacific "Princess" Liners**

including the

### **S. S. Princess Charlotte**

Sailing northward, 1,000 miles along the protected "inside passage."

Make your reservations early and secure choice accommodation.

W. B. HOWARD

District Passenger Agent,  
Toronto, Ontario

### **Canadian Pacific Railway**





SEE THE

# Canadian Northern Rockies

*en route to the PACIFIC COAST*

You will be amply repaid.  
Convenient Train Service.  
Summer Tourist Fares.

by the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park  
and Mount Robson, Monarch of the Range

For through tickets, information and our handsome Mountain Booklet apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

**CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY**

## QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY

The only line running through Pullman sleeping cars between

**Quebec and Boston**

and

**Quebec and New York**

and through Pullman Parlor cars between

**Quebec and Portland**

passing through the heart of

**The White Mountains**

**Dining car service on all trains**

For timetables and further information apply to

**J. H. Walsh,** General Manager  
**E. O. Grundy,** Gen. Passenger Agent  
**SHERBROOKE, QUE.**

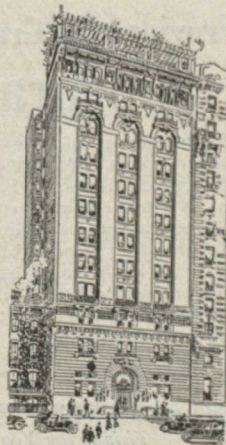
## HOTEL WEBSTER

Forty-fifth Street by Fifth Avenue

40 WEST 45th STREET

**NEW YORK**

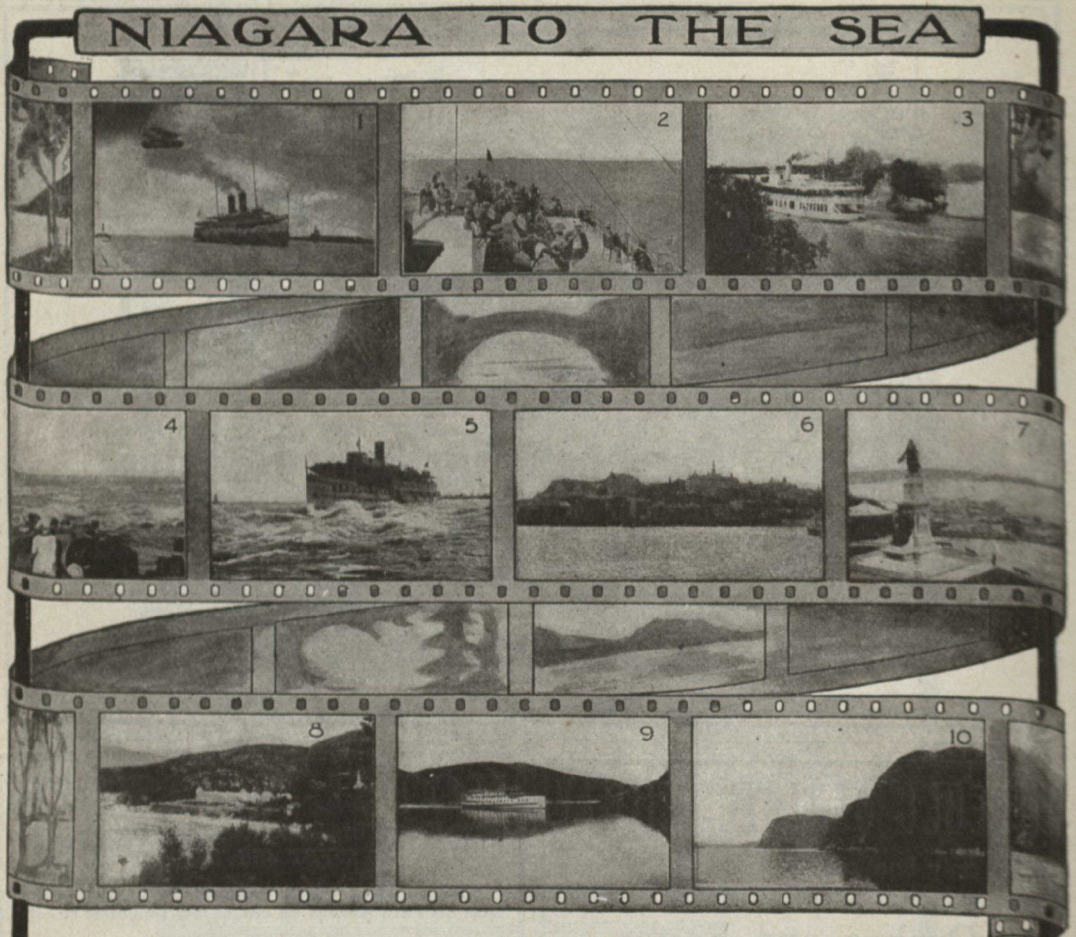
(Just off Fifth Avenue on one of city's quietest streets)



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

Send for booklet

Rooms, private bath - \$2.50 and upwards  
Sitting room, bedroom and bath - \$5.00 and upwards  
**W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.**



## Nature Has Provided the Greatest Moving Picture in the World— Niagara to the Sea

From the deck of a fine steamship, view the ever-changing panorama of a trip unrivalled in beauty and full of scenic interest. Board one of our boats at Niagara or at Toronto. Let us take you to Montreal and on to quaint old Quebec. The brooding beauty of the Saguenay—a river cut by glacial action through the heart of a mountain chain—comes as a fitting climax to a 1200 mile trip that has not a dull moment from beginning to end. Something of its varied charm is indicated by the views above, showing, (1) The "Str.

"Cayuga" in Toronto Bay. (2) A Deck scene. (3) A narrow channel among the 1000 Islands. (4) Passengers viewing the "Rapids" scenery. (5) Boat "Shooting" the Lachine Rapids. (6) Citadel view of Quebec. (7) View from Dufferin Terrace, Quebec. (8) Hotel at Tadousac. (9) On the Saguenay Canyon. (10) The wonderful Cape Trinity.

Full details of this most satisfying of Vacation Trips will be found in our beautiful book "Niagara to the Sea"—sent anywhere on receipt of 2c to cover cost of mailing.

Address JOHN F. PIERCE, Assistant Traffic Manager

*This is the Year for an Inland Water Trip*

**CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED**  
91 R. & O. BUILDING, MONTREAL





# CECILIAN

## WORLD-FAMOUS

### One of The Faculty of Applied Science in Toronto University

after exhaustively examining every make of Player Piano, paid us a high and appreciated compliment by purchasing a

#### CECILIAN PLAYER PIANO

for his own use.

This is but another case in which the Cecilian Player Piano has, by its wonderful merit, won worthy recognition. The Cecilian Player Piano is manufactured in Canada and is distributed throughout the civilized world.

There are Six Particular Features which make the Cecilian Player Piano distinctive and supreme. Perfect Tone, Easy Operation, Complete Control, Perfect Compression, Durability, Beauty of Design. This combination can only be found in the Cecilian All Metal Action Player Piano.

#### CECILIAN UPRIGHT PIANOS ARE CONVERTIBLE

If you wish to change your Cecilian Upright into a Player Piano at any time, the Player Action may be installed quickly. The Cecilian Upright Pianos are specially built with sufficient space and supports to receive the Player Actions.

Write for catalogue and full information concerning Cecilian All Metal Action Player Pianos and Cecilian Upright Pianos.

#### THE CECILIAN COMPANY, LIMITED

247 Yonge Street, Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1883



## CANADA

### Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

**W. D. SCOTT, Esq.,** Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or

**J. OBED SMITH, Esq.,** Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,  
11-13 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.

*A safe and palatable laxative  
for children*

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

*Absolutely Non-narcotic*

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

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

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

## Lift Corns out with Fingers

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



### Freezone

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

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

*Small bottles can be had at any  
drug store in Canada*

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Walkerville, Ont.



The Favorite  
365 Days in the Year

# REGAL

FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

Made in Canada

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

172



### GENUINE DIAMOND CASH OR CREDIT

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

*Write for Catalogue to-day*

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

**AFTER  
THE  
MOVIES**

## Murine

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

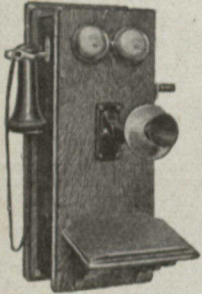
**Rests—Refreshes—Restores**

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

**YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!**

Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores  
Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

# Telephones for Every Service



Standard Wall Telephone  
for Rural Lines.

For rural systems.

For the factory or departmental building.

For the home.

For the garage.

For any service.

## We make these in Canada

Quality in every instance is guaranteed.

Our **PRESTO-PHONE**, the Canadian automatic for private inside systems of from fifteen to one hundred lines is the ideal system for factory or departmental building.

**ASK FOR OUR BULLETINS.** We have one for your particular telephone want.



Presto-Phone Desk Set.

**CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE  
CO., Limited**

263 Adelaide St. West

TORONTO

## WHO'LL BUY FLY PAPER FOR THE ELEPHANT?

Pity the poor old elephant, tied to a stake, out in the Zoo. For even if his hide is several inches thick he is pestered to death with the flies which swarm around his huge head and flapping ears. If he were in his native jungle he would break off a nice green branch and use it like a fan, or wallow in some river mud hole to acquire a protecting mud jacket.

When you next go out to the Zoo you might ask how a fly can bite through an elephant's hide. Perhaps they don't, but just make him miserable by there crawling and buzzing. All animals hate them as much as we do. Flies make them miserable and uncomfortable but they don't make them sick.

For here is where we need fly paper more than the elephant does. We've got to catch the flies to keep them from walking over our food and giving us dangerous diseases. So after all perhaps you had better save your fly paper money for use at home.

Put some sheets of sticky fly paper in the dining room. Then you will be able to eat in comfort, without flies buzzing around and lighting on your food. You won't have to swat flies on the very table where you eat. And you won't have the danger of fly poison.

Every year Sticky Fly Paper catches more flies than all the fly poisons and swatters combined. The varnish holds them fast and won't let them get away.

The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

MINARD'S  
LINIMENT



## Lighten the Work of Housekeeping

WHILE you can never get rid of the sweeping problem, you can make it so simple that it will be a pleasant duty instead of a hard task. You can make your rugs look spick and span, and with very little effort, by the use of the

### BISSELL'S

#### "Cyclo" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweeper

Practically no other article will take so much of the drudgery out of housekeeping as a Bissell Carpet Sweeper. It makes sweeping easy, does its work thoroughly and without raising dust in stifling, unhealthy clouds.

Prices \$3.75 to \$5.50; Vacuum Sweepers, \$8.00 to \$12.50—depending on style and locality. At dealer's everywhere. At

Booklet on request.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**  
of Canada, Limited  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.  
Grand Rapids,  
Mich.

Oldest and Largest  
Sweeper Makers

(340)



EARN \$25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate 514, St. Louis, Mo.



## MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book **FREE BOOK** describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, \$35 and up.

**SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Dept 200 GALESBURG, KANS., U.S.A.

**MURAD**

FINEST CIGARETTES

FIFTEEN CENTS

S. ANARGYROS

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO

*Everywhere Why?*

**Finest Quality**

*Anargyros*

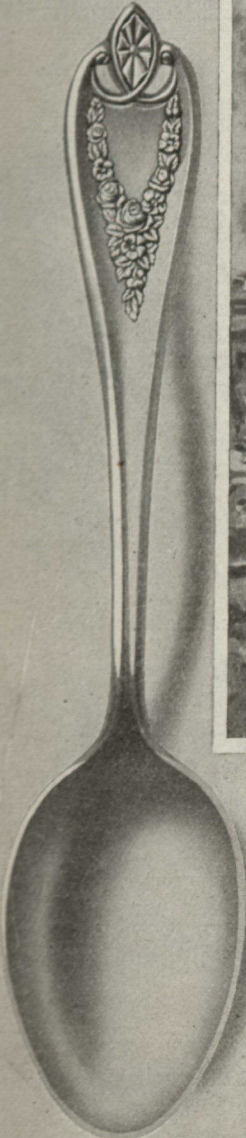
The advertisement features a central illustration of a Murad cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted, showing the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold letters at the top. Below it, the words 'FINEST CIGARETTES' are written in a smaller font. The pack's design includes a woman sitting on a balcony, with a sun rising behind her. The cigarette itself is shown in a dynamic, curved position, with the brand name 'MURAD' and 'S. ANARGYROS' visible on its filter. The background consists of horizontal lines, and the entire advertisement is framed by a double-line border.



# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

*Old Colony*

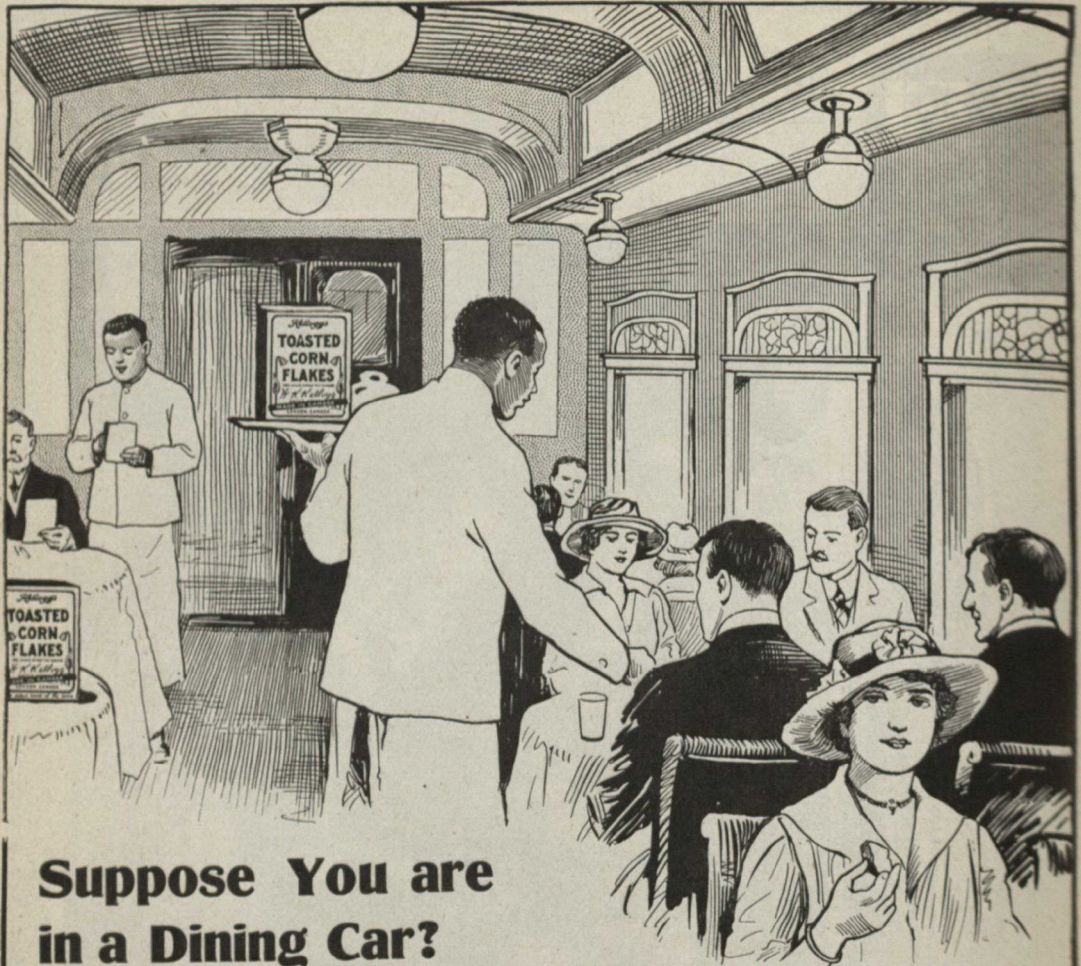


The place of honor among wedding gifts is accorded 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate. Its reputation insures appreciation - its quality assures long service.

Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

*At leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "F-20."*

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited  
 HAMILTON, CANADA  
 MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.*



## Suppose You are in a Dining Car?

You will probably want a light meal, but still nourishing and sustaining. Try

# Kellogg's

## TOASTED CORN FLAKES

and note how fresh and bright you feel.

Also note the economy compared with the cost of other foods. The same ratio of economy will apply in your home.

And insist on the original in the red, white and green package.

Made in Canada for over eleven years.

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.  
Head Office and Factory : London, Ont.





# Overland

TRADE MARK

Model Eighty-Five Four

## \$1250

f. o. b. Point of Shipment



## Do your bit—but keep fit— The car of the hour

The times demand alertness—energy—  
efficiency.

The call for extra effort has been heard and  
answered by men, women and children.

Do "your bit"—but keep fit. If you work  
harder play harder too.

Have a motor car.

With it you can speed up your work—gain  
time for play—and reach your playground  
quickly—without fatigue.

Have efficient equipment for efficient living—

*Five passenger capacity    112-in wheelbase    35 horsepower motor    Cantilever rear springs    Auto-Lite starting and lighting*

get an Overland Model Eighty-Five Four.  
Among cars of such comfortable size it has  
been the leading favorite for years.

It represents the maximum of economy possible  
without sacrifice of comfort—true  
economy—true efficiency.

It is the car of the hour.

Go to the Willys-Overland dealer and get  
your Model Eighty-Five Four today—  
the car of the hour—efficient equipment  
for efficient living.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Waggon  
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont.

## To Meet The Demands of School Life

there is one absolutely dependable food—

# Grape-Nuts

A daily ration of this easily digested wheat and barley food will tell its own story, and the children love it dearly—

**“There’s a Reason”**

## USE FORESIGHT

“The time to prepare for a rainy day is when the weather is fine.”

That is a truism. Yet many a person who would never for a moment dispute so obvious a piece of common-sense forgets that the time to prepare for a financial “rainy day” is NOW, and that the way to do so is by means of Life Insurance. To the great majority Insurance offers the only way within their reach of taking care of the future—not only the future of dependent ones, but their own as well.

The Great-West Life Policies provide such Insurance on exceedingly attractive terms. Premium rates are low and profit returns to Policyholders are high. Personal rates and full explanations will be gladly given on request. State age.

*The*

**Great West-Life Assurance Co.**

DEPT. “P”

Head Office - WINNIPEG

## Oakey’s

SILVERSMITHS’ SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

## Oakey’s

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

## Oakey’s

“WELLINGTON” KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

## Oakey’s

“WELLINGTON” BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY’S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LIMITED

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

## The Full Luxury of the Bath

is attained when it is perfumed with the genuine

# MURRAY & LANMAN’S Florida Water



In use for a Century, this matchless perfume has won on its merit a most enviable, world-wide popularity, and stands today unique among perfumes of its class.

In the Bath its cooling, refreshing and reviving effects are truly remarkable. For general use on the Dressing-table it has no equal.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
LANMAN & KEMP,  
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.  
Accept no Substitute!