

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

391 050  
OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XLI.

MAY, 1913, TO OCTOBER, 1913, INCLUSIVE

19  
TORONTO

INVENTORY 1950  
INVENTORY 1953  
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1913

2744

# Contents of Volume XLI

MAY, 1913—OCTOBER, 1913

## FRONTISPIECES.

	PAGE
SIR GUY CARLETON.....A Portrait	2
THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.....Painting by Laura Muntz	110
SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BAR'T.....A Photograph	218
ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX.....Color Etching, by Gyrth Russell	326
MUSIC.....Painting by Florence Carlyle	423
A NIGHT IN THE NORTHLAND.....Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald	542

## ARTICLES.

AGRICULTURAL CREDIT.....J. H. Haslam	584
ARCHBISHOP MCNEILL.....M. L. Hart	90
ARE WE DEVELOPING A SIXTH SENSE?.....J. Sedgwick Cowper	166
AUTOGRAPHS OF CANADIAN RULERS.....Bernard Muddiman	117
BIRTH OF THE DOMINION, THE.....John Boyd	219
CANADIAN CREATIVE COMPOSERS.....J. D. Logan	486
CANADIAN WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.....Isabel Skelton	162
CHANGING HALIFAX.....Archibald MacMechan	327
CITY THAT WAS BORN LUCKY, THE.....Samuel Bristol	124
CONFEDERATION, THE SIGNIFICANCE OF.....A. H. U. Colquhoun	229
COOKING AS AN AID TO EMPIRE.....Harold Sands	567
DOMESTIC ANIMALS WE SHOULD KNOW.....F. A. Wightman	497
EDUCATION, A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN.....J. C. Sutherland	57
FATE OF THE EMPIRE, THE.....D. Creighton	363
FERGUSSON, THE HON. ADAM.....J. C. Boylen	555
GIVE THE FARMER A CHANCE.....J. H. Haslam	584
HALIFAX, CHANGING.....Archibald MacMechan	327
HEROINE OF LUCKNOW, A.....Isabel Ecclestone Mackay	439
HIGHER CRITICISM, THE.....Rev. Dr. Geo. Coulson Workman, 111, 263, 337, 515,	571
HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF CANADA, THE.....Wilfred Campbell	433
HON. ADAM FERGUSSON, THE.....J. C. Boylen	555
HOW LADIES SHOULD BEHAVE.....Donald A. Fraser	383
JOHNSON, PAULINE: A REMINISCENCE.....Isabel Ecclestone Mackay	273
JOHNSON, PAULINE: AN APPRECIATION.....Charles Mair	281
LIVING WITH GOD'S AFFLICTED.....E. J. Phillips	253
LOYD GEORGE, THE MAGNIFICENT INSISTANCE OF.....W. A. Barr	129
MCNEILL, ARCHBISHOP.....M. L. Hart	90
MEDICINE HAT.....Samuel Bristol	124
MUSICAL TENDENCIES IN CANADA.....J. D. Logan	142
NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION.....J. C. Sutherland	57
NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK, THE.....Rev. Dr. George Coulson Workman, 111, 263, 237, 515,	571
NEW BRITAINS AND THE OLD, THE.....Prof. H. T. F. Duckworth	245
NOVA SCOTIA: A REVIEW.....A. W. Savary	634
ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.....M. O. Hammond	543
OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN.....Arnold Haultain	32

# CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
PEACE COMING AFTER, THE.....	J. M. Harper 549
PHILOSOPHY OF TIFFS, THE.....	Britton B. Cooke 150
QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.....	M. O. Hammond 543
SIGNIFICANCE OF CONFEDERATION, THE.....	A. H. U. Colquhoun 229
SPIRIT OF TRAVEL, THE.....	Britton B. Cooke 561
SPRING IN THE BEECH WOODS.....	Duncan Armbrust 94
SWIFT: A PRECOCIOUS PIONEER.....	W. Lacey Amy 508
THE SHADOWS: A FANTASY.....	Margaret Bell 16
TIFFS, THE PHILOSOPHY OF.....	Britton B. Cooke 150
TOLL OF THE CRESTING SEAS, THE.....	F. William Wallace 469
TORONTO'S MELTING-POT.....	Margaret Bell 234
TRAVEL, THE SPIRIT OF.....	Britton B. Cooke 561
TUPPER, INTERVIEW WITH SIR CHARLES.....	John Boyd 219
UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES.....	William Renwick Riddell 48
VAN HORNE AND HIS CUBAN RAILWAY.....	C. Linern Sibley 444
WOMAN SUFFRAGE.....	Isabel Skelton 162
WOODEN WALLS OF CANADA, THE.....	Charles S. Blue 3

## FICTION.

ABBOTT'S ROOM, THE.....	Christian Lys 67
AMBITION REALIZED, THE.....	Vincent Basevi 155
ANÁTHEMA IN THE FAMILY.....	Anne Warner 502
ASSIMILATION OF CHRISTINA, THE.....	Jean N. McIlwraith 607
BEAR'S FACE, THE.....	Charles G. D. Roberts 589
BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.....	G. G. H. Reade 479
BILLY.....	J. J. Bell 39
BLIND MAN'S BROTHER, THE.....	Bernard Muddiman 452
BROWN STUDY, THE.....	Louis Joseph Vance 21
CROSSING, THE.....	W. H. Oglivie 177
CRUMBS OF CULTURE.....	Myra Kelly 622
EDICT UPON THE WALL, THE.....	Ed. Cahn 359
ELINOR.....	Clare Giffin 396
FIRING ON THE FLANK, THE.....	Frederick C. Curry 173
GARDEN GATE, THE.....	E. F. Benson 191
GRIP IN DEEP HOLE, THE.....	Chas. G. D. Roberts 523
HER POINT OF VIEW.....	George W. Hall 343
HOMECOMING OF JIM SAUNDERS, THE.....	Lloyd Roberts 405
IL CONTE.....	Joseph Conrad 595
INCORRIGIBLE JAMES, THE.....	Wells Hastings 81
LAST OF HER RACE, THE.....	S. Walkey 303
LILA OF THE LILA FRUDE.....	May Austin Low 62
LONESOME.....	Zona Gale 625
MATE OF THE PARAWAN, THE.....	E. St. John-Brenon 576
OTHER WOMAN, THE.....	Stanley Portal Hyatt 197
PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.....	Tom Gallon 284
RABBIT, THE.....	D. Douglas Eppes 351
REGAN'S DELL.....	Rene Norcross 387
SILVER FOX MUFF, THE.....	Anne O'Hagan 299
SPEEDING THE PLOUGH.....	R. Murray Gilchrist 75

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
SPELL, THE. . . . .	<i>Ethel Hamilton-Hunter</i> 269
STOLEN RING, THE. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Campbell Praed</i> 183
TRANSFIGURATION OF JAMESON, THE. . . . .	<i>Peter McArthur</i> 43
UNQUIET SPIRITS. . . . .	<i>W. C. Gaynor</i> 412
WITH THE AID OF THE WIDOW. . . . .	<i>Peter McArthur</i> 293

## POETRY.

BENEDICTUS. . . . .	<i>Pauline Johnson</i> 278
DAPHNE. . . . .	<i>Clare Giffin</i> 622
DOMINIC. . . . .	<i>R. C. Reade</i> 521
ECHO DELL. . . . .	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i> 476
ENIGMA. . . . .	<i>Carroll C. Aikins</i> 583
HIS GIFT. . . . .	<i>Violet Crerar</i> 411
JUNE. . . . .	<i>Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon</i> 176
O CANADA. . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald</i> 233
SONG. . . . .	<i>E. Pauline Johnson</i> 548
SPRING. . . . .	<i>Beatrice Redpath</i> 149
ST. JOHN CITY MOURNING HER SAIL. . . . .	<i>Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon</i> 31
THE LOG-BOOM. . . . .	<i>Bernard Freeman Trotter</i> 554
THE LOVER TO HIS LASS. . . . .	<i>Duncan Campbell Scott</i> 292
THE MONK'S DAY. . . . .	<i>Arthur L. Phelps</i> 54
THE PASSER-BY. . . . .	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 18
THE SONG SPARROW. . . . .	<i>Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon</i> 366
TO ARCADY. . . . .	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 382
TO A YOUNG GIRL. . . . .	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i> 268
TORONTO AND NEW YORK. . . . .	<i>James P. Haverson</i> 512
WE WILL REMEMBER. . . . .	<i>James P. Haverson</i> 152
WILLOW PIPES. . . . .	<i>Duncan Campbell Scott</i> 72
YOU. . . . .	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i> 272

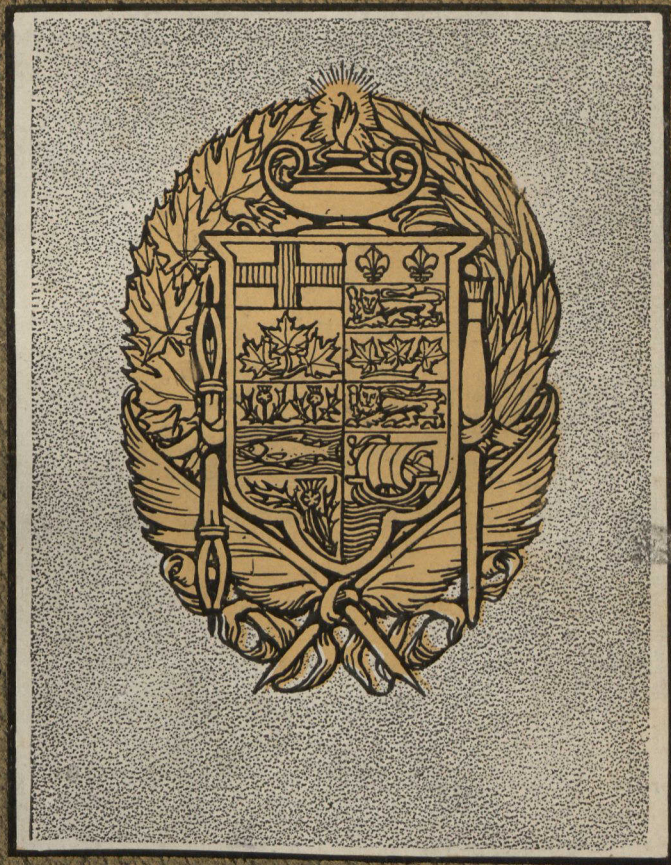
## DEPARTMENTS.

THE LIBRARY TABLE. . . . .	102, 209, 317, 423, 533, 643
TWICE-TOLD-TALES. . . . .	106, 213, 322, 428, 538, 648
CURRENT EVENTS . . . . .	203, 311, 417, 527, 637

MAY, 1913

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

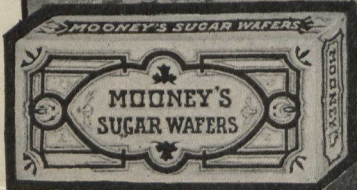
PRICE 25 CENTS



THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO



# MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS



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

Art Dept., Canadian Magazine.



## Men Admire Natural Beauty

Beauty, from the man's point of view,  
is certainly not a beauty that is made up  
of artificialities.

What a man admires is natural beauty—  
—something sweet and wholesome and healthy  
—a pink and white complexion that suggests  
flowers and sunshine—not manufactured beauty

# Pears' Soap

is pre-eminently the soap whose whole action and  
influence is to enhance and preserve natural  
beauty. Pure in every particle, and composed  
solely of things that cleanse, and freshen,  
and beautify, it is acknowledged throughout  
the world by skin specialists, doctors,  
and celebrated beauties as

Matchless for the  
Complexion

The Great English Complexion Soap

"All rights secured"

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

# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLI.

Contents, May, 1913

No. 1

SIR GUY CARLETON: A PORTRAIT . . . . .	<i>FRONTISPIECE</i>	
THE WOODEN WALLS OF CANADA . . . . .	Charles S. Blue . . . . .	3
THE SHADOWS. A FANTASY . . . . .	Margaret Bell . . . . .	16
THE PASSER-BY. VERSE . . . . .	Isabel Ecclestone MacKay . . . . .	18
SPRING SONG. A PAINTING . . . . .	Archibald Browne . . . . .	19
THE BROWN STUDY. FICTION . . . . .	Louis Joseph Vance . . . . .	21
ST. JOHN CITY MOURNING HER SAIL. . . . .	Ewyn Bruce MacKinnon . . . . .	31
OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN . . . . .	Aruold Haultain . . . . .	32
THE WOODCUTTER. A PAINTING . . . . .	Horatio Walker . . . . .	37
BILLY. FICTION . . . . .	J. J. Bell . . . . .	39
THE TRANSFIGURATION OF JAMESON. . . . .	Peter McArthur . . . . .	43
UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES . . . . .	William Renwick Riddell . . . . .	48
THE MONK'S DAY. VERSE . . . . .	Arthur L. Phelps . . . . .	54
GIRL IN WHITE. A PAINTING . . . . .	John Russell . . . . .	55
A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION . . . . .	J. C. Sutherland . . . . .	57
LILA OF THE <i>Lila Frude</i> . FICTION . . . . .	May Austin Low . . . . .	62
THE ABBOT'S ROOM. FICTION . . . . .	Christian Lys . . . . .	67
WILLOW PIPES. VERSE . . . . .	Duncan Campbell Scott . . . . .	72
OLD PIONEER. A PAINTING . . . . .	A. Suzor-Cote . . . . .	73
SPEEDING THE PLOUGH. FICTION . . . . .	R. Murray Gilchrist . . . . .	75
THE INCORRIGIBLE JAMES. FICTION . . . . .	Wells Hastings . . . . .	81
ARCHBISHOP McNEIL. A SKETCH . . . . .	M. L. Hart . . . . .	90
<small>WITH PORTRAIT</small> SPRING IN THE BEECH WOODS . . . . .	Duncan Armbrust . . . . .	94
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small> THE LIBRARY TABLE . . . . .	Book Reviews . . . . .	102
TWICE-TOLD TALES . . . . .	Current Humour . . . . .	106

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

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.

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



# Hotel Cecil

## LONDON

### Interesting Facts about the World's Greatest Hotel

**T**HIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on 2½ acres of ground.

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

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

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

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

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

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

for some 80,000 pieces per week.

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

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 600. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

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

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

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

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU**  
TORONTO, CANADA

---



---

# THE JUNE CANADIAN

---



---

## THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

By THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

This is the general title of a series of articles to be contributed by Dr. Workman. The first is "The Meaning of Criticism." Needless to say, Dr. Workman deals with the subject in a scholarly manner. This first paper opens the way to an intelligent appreciation of the attitude of the Higher Critics towards the Bible.

---

## MUSICAL TENDENCIES IN CANADA

By DR. J. D. LOGAN

A comprehensive, critical review of music in Canada, with a forecast of forms that will become naturalized in the Dominion.

---

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIFFS

By BRITTON B. COOKE

The author of this amusing essay takes the novel ground that the tiff between newly-married couples plays an important part in the proper adjustment of the home. He makes what at least reads like a logical case.

---

## AMBITION REALIZED

By VINCENT BASEVI

As if intended to follow Mr. Cooke's essay, this story proves the merit of "The Philosophy of Tiffs." It is a Western Canadian tale, and is especially human and appealing.

---

## ARE WE DEVELOPING A SIXTH SENSE?

By J. SEDGWICK COWPER

This is an article dealing with the practical and scientific sides of mental telepathy by a Canadian journalist who has devoted a great deal of time and research to this important study.

---



---

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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

---



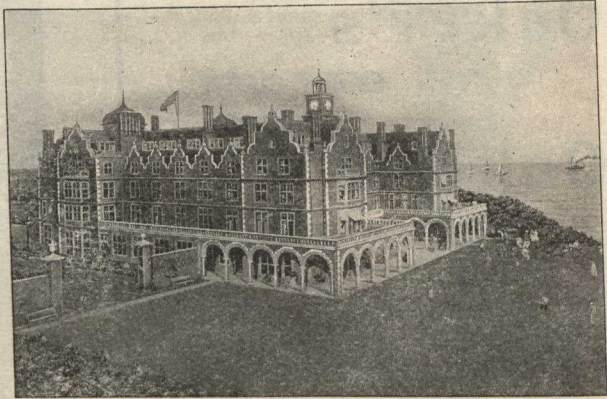
---

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

The Most Select and  
 Sunny Seaside Resort.

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

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



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

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF ?

**"MELANYL" THE**  
**MARKING INK**

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE  
 NEW MATELLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE  
 NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

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

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

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

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

Beetham's  
**La-rola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING

after Cycling, Motoring, Boating, Yachting, Etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and  
 Prevents all

**ROUGHNESS,  
 REDNESS,  
 IRRITATION,  
 TAN, Etc.**

— — —  
 INVALUABLE  
 for Preserving  
 THE SKIN  
 AND COMPLEXION  
 from the effects of the  
 SUN, WINDS  
 and HARD WATER.

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

# Oakey's

## SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

# Oakey's

## EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

# Oakey's

## "WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

# Oakey's

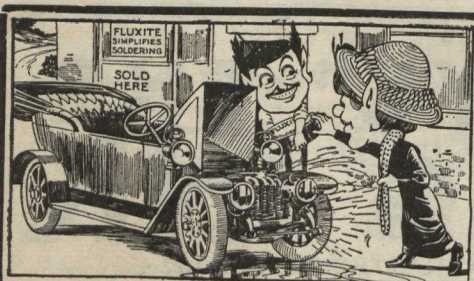
## "WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LTD.

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



Mary had a little mocar,  
Its tricks were not polite,  
It would not go very far  
Without using Fluxite.

EVERYONE is using

## the paste that SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

It is found wherever metal articles are used, made or repaired.

Of all Hardware Dealers in small and large tins.

The 'FLUXITE' SOLDERING SET, is a useful outfit for the motorcar or home. It contains a special 'small space' Soldering Iron, a pocket blow-lamp, Fluxite Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on 'Soldering Work.'

Sample Set post paid direct, \$1.32.

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

# H.P.

## THE NEW SAUCE

### From England

H.P. has a new and delicious flavour, different—quite different—from any sauce you have tasted before.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle right away?





No. 96

Suits as illustration made to order in superior Grey Flannels, for \$14.50. Also in excellent "Wellington" Suits, soft texture and light weight, in fashionable striped designs and colourings, for \$15.45.

PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY

## HIGH-GRADE SUMMER CLOTHING FABRICS

For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

"Old Country" Clothing Fabrics are distinguished the world over for Quality, Style, and Finish, and Egerton Burnett, Ltd's Ranges represent some of the latest fashionable productions for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Summer wear, stylish in design and excellent in quality.

A personal examination is invited.  
Samples mailed POST PAID on request.

## CHARMING WASH FABRICS

in ranges of exquisite colours; also in White, spot, stripe, and floral effect.



Nearly forty years' trial has proved that E. B. Ltd's "Royal" Navy Serges are dependable Clothing Fabrics; they are noted for rich permanent colour, and excellent wearing qualities.

Prices from 49 cents to \$3.30 per yard, double width.  
Samples, Styles, Plates, Price Lists, Measurements, Blanks, etc., mailed to any address, on request.

**EGERTON BURNETT, LTD.**

R. W. WAREHOUSE,

WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.



No. 883

Gowns as illustration made to order in superior Cotton Poplins in various new summer colours, for \$12.45. Vest, \$1.85 extra.

# BEST ENGLISH BOOTS

Direct from the Factory to You.

Boots of equal quality at such reasonable prices CANNOT possibly be obtained in any Canadian Store. To get the very best material and workmanship combined you MUST send your order by post to our Northampton (England) Factory, the very centre of the world's boot and shoe industry.

We guarantee to send you by return mail a pair of these magnificent boots immediately on receipt of remittance. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon and send to us with a Post Office Order, and no matter in what part of Canada you may live, the goods will be despatched to you without delay.

**Every pair is a triumph of the bootmaker's art and a revelation in the matter of downright solid value.** Further, if you are not more than satisfied with your bargain, if you do not feel that the goods sent are worth double the amount we are asking for them, send them back at once and we will return your money in full and pay cost of postage in addition. Could anything be fairer?

### LL DESCRIPTION.

**Boot No. 1651.**—Splendid quality selected Box Calf Derby pattern, unbreakable backstraps straight toe cap as illustrated, leather lined throughout, specially selected hard-wearing solid leather soles, 3/4 inch in thickness, sewn and stitched. Best make and finish throughout.

### The "Barratt" System of Sizes and Widths.

**Gentlemen's "Footshape" Boots** are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12 2/5 extra). Each size in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

**How to Order.**—Fill in the attached Order Form, stating size (length) usually worn, then the width according to the shape of your foot. If narrow, order No. 3 width; if medium, No. 4 width; if wide, No. 5 width; if extra wide, No. 6 width.

Our 144 page Boot Catalogue will be sent free.  
Address: BARRATT & Co., LTD., Dept. CM, Box 101, P.O., Montreal

### COUPON

To Messrs. W. BARRATT & Co., LTD., Northampton, England.  
Please forward one pair of All-Leather "Footshape" Boots  
No. .... Size ..... Width .....  
for which I enclose Postal Order value .....  
Name .....  
Address .....  
Box Calf, \$3.25.

Send this Coupon with your Order



No. 1651

PRICE OF BOOTS \$2.75

POSTAGE 0.50

TOTAL REMITTANCE 3.25

**Special Note.**—Applications for Catalogues (which by the way will save pounds in your Boot Bill) should be sent to W. Barratt & Co., Ltd., Dept. C.M., Box 101, P.O., Montreal, but all orders and remittances must be sent to—

**W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.** Boot Manufacturers (Dept. C.M.) **Footshape Works, Northampton, England**

# A FOREWORD

---

¶ MR. BLUE'S ARTICLE, "THE WOODEN WALLS OF CANADA," WHICH HAS FIRST PLACE IN THIS ISSUE, WAS WRITTEN AFTER LONG AND DILIGENT SEARCH IN THE ARCHIVES DEPARTMENT AT OTTAWA. IT IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTING AND VALUABLE JUST NOW, FOR IT CONTRIBUTES IMPARTIALLY TO THE NAVY CONTROVERSY AN ASSEMBLAGE OF IMPORTANT HISTORICAL FACTS. ¶ WE DO NOT HEAR OFTEN ENOUGH FROM MR. HAULTAIN. HE IS IN ENGLAND JUST NOW ENGAGED IN COMPLETING A WORK ON THE LIFE OF THE LATE PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, BUT IN THE MIDST OF HIS LABOURS HE HAS FOUND TIME TO GIVE US THE ADMIRABLE APPRECIATION, "OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN." ¶ NO GREATER NATIONAL NOTE COULD BE SOUNDED THAN THAT OF MR. SUTHERLAND'S IN "A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION." ON THE WHOLE, OUR SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION ARE CONFUSING. WE NEED A COMMON AIM AND A COMMON FOUNDATION. MR. SUTHERLAND POINTS THE WAY. ¶ THE HONOURABLE MR. RIDDELL IS A PROFOUND STUDENT OF OUR EARLY HISTORY, AND IN HIS SEARCHES HE CAME ACROSS DR. HOWISON'S BOOK. EVERY READER WILL THANK HIM FOR ABLY TRANSMITTING ITS FLAVOUR TO THESE PAGES. ¶ ONE TURNS WITH A RELISH TO MISS BELL'S EXCELLENT FANTASY. "THE SHADOWS" IS AN ARTFUL SKETCH; ITS SYMBOLS ARE SUBTLE, AND IF ONE MISSES THEM ONE MISSES ALSO THE PURPOSE. ¶ MR. ARMBRUST'S GLORIFICATION OF THE BEECH WOODS IS THE RESULT OF YEARS OF INTIMATE COMMUNION AND OBSERVATION. OTHER SEASONS AMONG THE GRAY BOLES ARE EQUALLY IMPRESSIVE, AND WE HOPE, THEREFORE, TO HEAR MORE ABOUT THEM LATER ON. ¶ IT IS GRATIFYING TO SEE THAT THE MUSE HAS NOT FORSAKEN MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. HIS BUOYANT LYRIC AND THE OTHER VERSES BY MRS. MACKAY, MR. MAC-KINNON, AND MR. PHELPS COMPOSE A CREDITABLE OFFERING FOR THE MONTH. ¶ SO IT IS WITH THE FICTION. MRS. LOW SPENDS A PART OF EACH YEAR IN THE CHAMBLY BASIN, AND HER STORIES CATCH THE ATMOSPHERE OF THAT CHARMING PART OF QUEBEC PROVINCE. PETER MCARTHUR REMAINS ON HIS MIDDLESEX FARM, BUT SOMETIMES HIS THOUGHTS WANDER AFIELD—INTO TOWNS AND CITIES—AND THE RESULT IS A STORY SUCH AS IS PRINTED IN THIS ISSUE.   -:-   -:-   -:-   -:-   -:-   -:-   -:-

# Royal Vinolia

## SHAVING STICK



**A** SHAVING Luxury, giving a creamy lather, not drying on the face, but refreshing and soothing and stimulating to the skin. Works readily with either hot or cold water. Assures a smooth, pleasurable shave.

Put up in a handsome nickel box, fit for the finest dressing table, price 25 cents.

## SHAVING POWDER

**T**HE equivalent of Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick in powder form. Many gentlemen prefer it as more convenient and time-saving. Sprinkle a little of the powder on your wet brush—the soap instantly dissolves and you rub the creamy, soft, luxurious lather into the beard the moment you begin. It is a revelation of shaving comfort.

On sale at all druggists



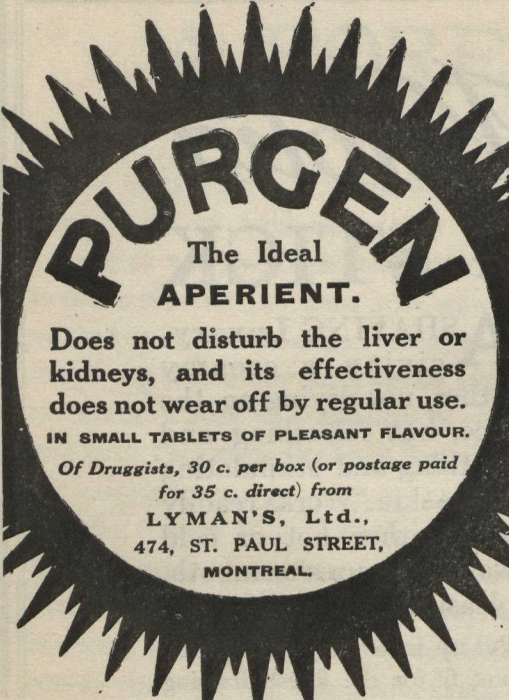
In handsome enamelled tin container, with special shaker top, 25 cents.

### VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON

PARIS

TORONTO



**PURGEN**  
The Ideal  
**APERIENT.**

Does not disturb the liver or kidneys, and its effectiveness does not wear off by regular use.

IN SMALL TABLETS OF PLEASANT FLAVOUR.

Of Druggists, 30 c. per box (or postage paid for 35 c. direct) from  
LYMAN'S, Ltd.,  
474, ST. PAUL STREET,  
MONTREAL.



PATENTED MAY 28 & OCT 1, 1904.

**The Ideal Scrap Book**  
Loose Leaf, already gummed.

**Ideal Photo Album.**

**Ideal Memory Book.**

**A Record of all Special Events.**

Simple, Practical, Convenient, Complete,  
Telescopic Tube Expansion.

All Sizes and Prices.

**BROWN BROS. LIMITED**

51-53 Wellington St. W., TORONTO.

**SCOTCH**

Tailored Suits at **9** Dollars.

To compare our value write for Patterns and Catalogue, sent Post Free.

Drop a postcard to Box No. C. M. and a complete selection of the finest patterns and qualities the Homeland produces, comprising all the newest and best 1913 designs, in Pure Wool Scotch Tweeds, Homespuns, West of England Worsteds and Indigo Blue Serges, etc., will at once be dispatched to your address, post free



To MEASURE, DUTY FREE  
And CARRIAGE PAID

Real Scotch manufacture, made in our own premises by our own expert workmen, you can fully rely upon wear, style and appearance. Every order has individual attention, and is guaranteed to satisfy or money returned in full.

It will pay you to write to us for patterns and accurate easy self-measurement forms.

**THE SCOTTISH CLOTHING COMPANY**

The Great Scotch Tailors

TRONGATE, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.



ESTABLISHED 1791



# Horrockses'

LONGCLOTHS, Nainsooks,  
Cambrics, India Longcloths.

See Horrockses' name on Selvedge.

## SHEETINGS, Ready-Made Sheets.

(Plain and Hemstitched).

See Horrockses' name on each sheet.

## FLANNELETTES of the Highest Quality.

See Horrockses' name on Selvedge.

Obtainable from the principal stores of the Dominion.

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

**For Indigestion—**

## BENGER'S FOOD

Indigestion, whether resulting from dietary indiscretion, mental or physical strain, general debility or advanced age, is quickly relieved by a period of "Digestive Rest"—most effectively obtained by the use of Benger's Food.

Benger's Food gives "Digestive Rest" while completely supplying bodily nourishment. Thus those to whom ordinary food gives pain, find it at once comforting and refreshing, and fully sustaining. It promotes a high state of bodily nutrition, and in this way assists nature in the quick restoration of health. Benger's Food is

### For Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.

Benger's Food forms with milk a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream. Infants thrive upon it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

Booklets and Samples may be obtained post free from the Manufacturers—

**BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.**

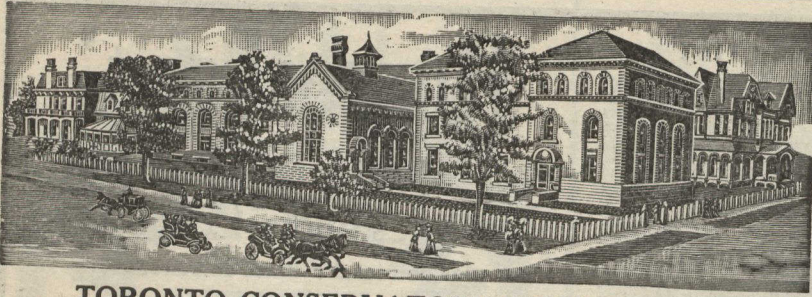
or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:—

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, or any of their Branches at

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

through whom supplies may be obtained.

B 105C

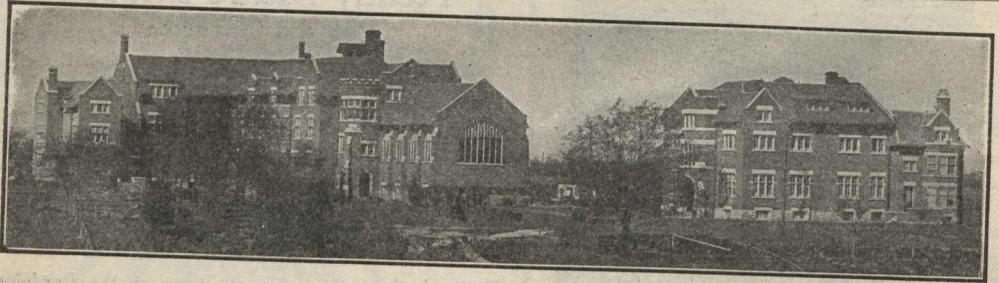


**TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**

Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

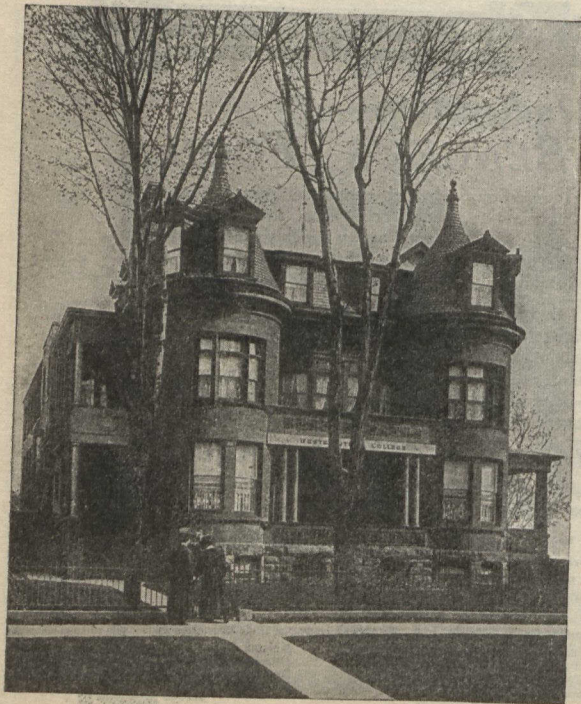
**YEAR BOOK** for 1912-13 will be mailed on application. **Special Calendar** for School of Expression

**Examinations**  
**June 16th to 21st.**  
**Applications must**  
**be in on or before**  
**May 15th.**  
**Students may enter**  
**at any time.**  
**Women's**  
**Residence.**



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

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.  
 In 1909 the School won a University Scholarship in Classics and in 1910 2nd Classics and Mathematics  
**REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal**



**WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, TORONTO**

**Westminster**  
**College**

**A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
**Opposite Queen's Park. Bloor St. W., To onto**

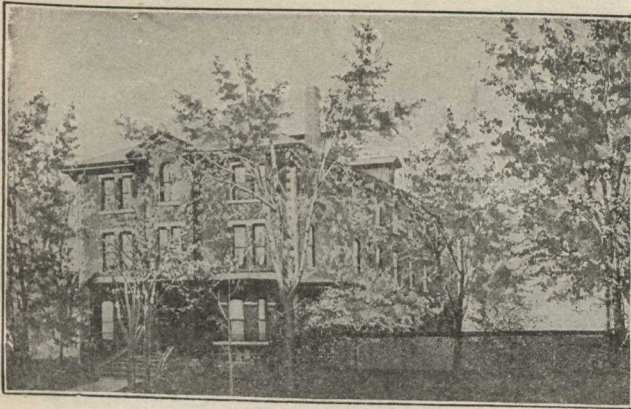
Every Educational facility provided.  
 Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.

Music, Art and Physical Education.

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

Calendar mailed on request.

**JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C., President.**  
**MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal.**



# Glen Mawr

SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

**A Boarding and Day School for Girls**

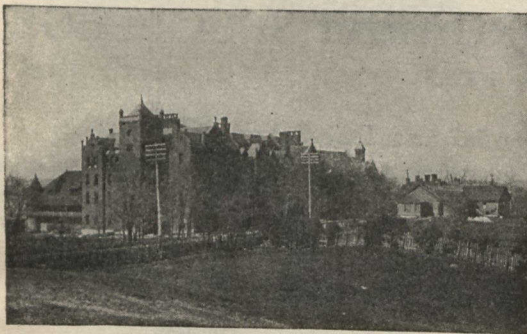
**Principal—MISS J. J. STUART**

(Successor to Miss Veals)

Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England

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

New Prospectus from Miss STUART



# Trinity College School

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

**Residential School for Boys**

FOUNDED 1865

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

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course, special attention given to younger boys.

For Calendar apply to

**REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M. A. (Cambridge) L.L.D.**  
HEADMASTER



# Bishop's College School

LENNOXVILLE P.Q.

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

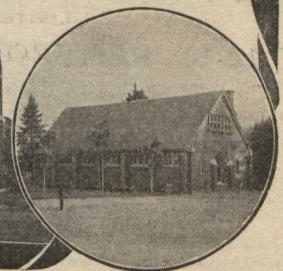
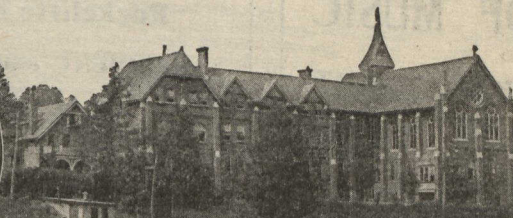
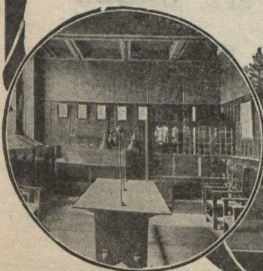
Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

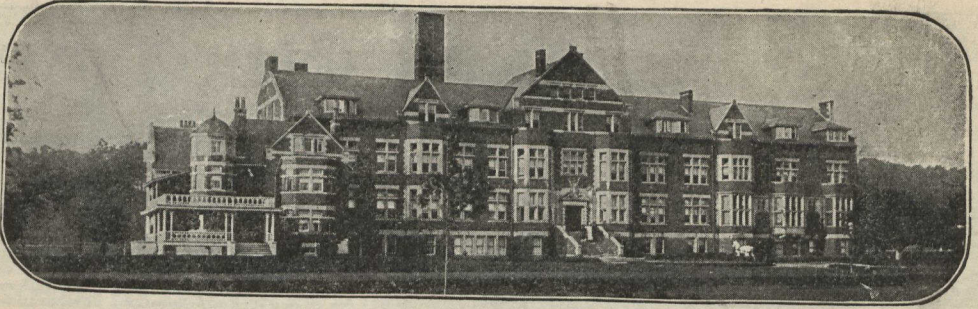
All B.C.S. candidates for Matriculation into the Royal Military College Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

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

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

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





**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.**

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



**ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE**  
**144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO**

**A Residential and Day School for Girls**

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

**Write for Prospectus**

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON

President.

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

Principal.

**LOWER CANADA COLLEGE**

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

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

**MONTREAL**

**TORONTO**  
**COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
 LIMITED  
**12-14 PEMBROKE STREET**  
 TORONTO

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

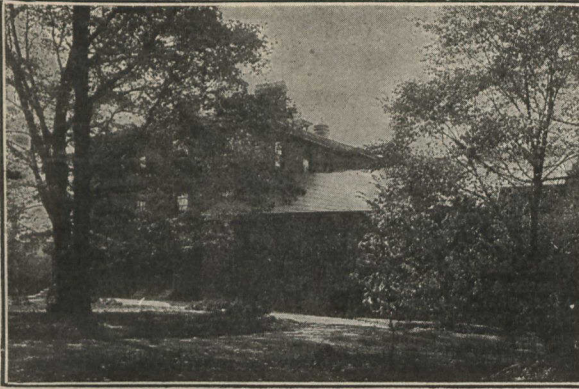
**PIANO ORGAN VOCAL**  
**VIOLIN THEORY**

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

**ASHBURY COLLEGE**  
**Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa**  
**RESIDENT and DAY SCHOOL**  
**FOR BOYS.**

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

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



## Bishop Strachan School

WYKEHAM HALL  
College Street TORONTO

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

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

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

Principal: Miss Walsh,  
Vice-Principal: MISS NATION.  
Also at 221 Lonsdale Ave., a Branch Junior Day School.



## WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

278 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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

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

Residential School for Boys and Young Men.

COURSES: BUSINESS, HIGH-SCHOOL, COLLEGE COURSES.

New Buildings, Hygienic Equipments, Private Rooms, Shower Baths, Fine New Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Running Track, Auditorium.

Rates Very Moderate.

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

## The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

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

Send for Calendar

## Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

A Residential School for Girls.

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto,

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Young children also received.

Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training.

The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.

Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress.

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

## OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION

IDEALLY SITUATED—EFFICIENT STAFF—ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Calendar and Particulars promptly sent on application.

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

# Havergal Ladies' College

JARVIS STREET

TORONTO

PRINCIPAL

MISS KNOX

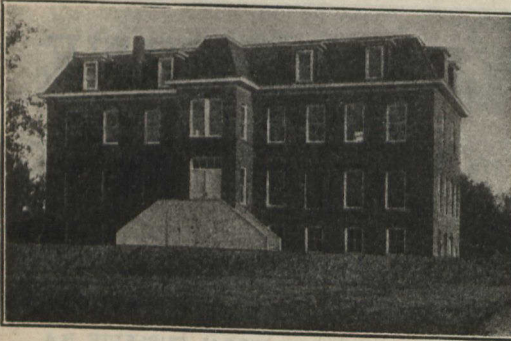
Thorough education on modern lines. Preparation for honour matriculation and other examinations. Separate Junior School, Domestic Science Department, Gymnasium, Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

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

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

For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar.

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas



## A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls St. Alban's Ladies' College

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

President—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan

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

For Illustrated Booklet (all information) apply to Lady Principal



# The Royal Military College

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

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

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

# ADVERTISING MEN ARE IN DEMAND



## RESIDENT CLASSES

Day and night classes are taught in the college class rooms. Students may enter the day classes at any time. Arrangements will be made, when desired, for the board of students coming from a distance. Each student in the day classes receives private personal instruction. He is carefully taught the principles of advertising and all the practical details of printing and engraving. This qualifies him to take the position of advertising manager in any line of business.

## Learn the Science of Advertising

Advertising is now a recognized profession. The trained advertising man works from principles. He knows how to determine the attitude of the probable buyers toward his merchandise; how to find the dominant desire; how to select a common point of interest. He also knows how to analyze his merchandise to find selling points. Such a man can earn a large salary because he is capable of going right into any business house and taking complete charge of the advertising department.

The Chicago College of Advertising is the only advertising college in the world. It is a genuine college, having resident classes as well as a correspondence department. The Director of this college is Mr. C. L. Watson, well-known as an advertising man of exceptional ability. He is assisted by men of training and experience.

## CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT

Students who are unable to attend the day classes of the college are taught by correspondence. Our system of instruction is far superior to ordinary correspondence instruction, and the careful training given the student in this way will enable him to take the position of advertising manager upon completion of the course.

Write for our interesting booklet. Tell us whether you contemplate enrolling in the day classes or learning by correspondence.

**Chicago College of Advertising** 309 Peoples Gas Buildings  
CHICAGO



## Art Association OF MONTREAL

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

Application should be made to

J. B. ABBOTT, Secretary

Write for Prospectus



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

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

We are Agents for—

CAMBRIDGE COLORS (Madderton & Co.)

MEDICI PRINTS (Medici Society)

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

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



## BECOME A NURSE

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

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

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

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

48 specimen lesson pages sent free to all enquirers

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



### FREE! FREE!

We can do it by means of our High Grade Home Study Courses in

**Commercial Art, Advertising,  
Showcard Writing, Accountancy  
or Journalism.**

Select the course you prefer and write us for particulars. We can soon qualify you to earn a good salary. Address

**W. H. SHAW, President**

**The Shaw Correspondence Schools**  
391-97 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

## Royal Victoria College

**MCGILL UNIVERSITY**  
**MONTREAL.**

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

## Branksome Hall

10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS.

Hon. Principal, MISS SCOTT,

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

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

**ARTISTS  
COLORS.**

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture.  
He buys only

**Winsor & Newton's**  
Oil and Water Colors

because he knows they are the standard throughout the world.  
They are not dear.

For sale at all Art Stores.

**A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.**  
Wholesale agents for Canada.



# Story of Another Successful Year



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

## North American Life Assurance Co.

### THE FIGURES TELL THE STORY:

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

### You Can Make No Mistake

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

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

## North American Life Assurance Company

"Solid as the Continent"

L. GOLDMAN  
First Vice-President and  
Managing Director

EDWARD GURNEY  
President

## An Authorized Trustee Investment

The Debentures issued by this Corporation are a security in which Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds.

They are issued in sums of one hundred dollars and upwards, as may be desired by the investor, and for terms of one or more years

They bear interest at a special rate, varying according to the term for which the Debenture is issued.

Interest is computed from the date on which the money is received and is payable half-yearly.

They have long been a favourite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

A miniature Specimen Debenture, with Interest Coupons attached, copy of Annual Report, and all particulars will be forwarded on application.

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, - Toronto

Established 1855

# The Canadian Bank of Commerce

PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND \$12,500,000

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

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

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager.

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager.

## Travellers' Cheques

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

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

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

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

New York Agency: 16 Exchange Place.

Mexico City: Avenida San Francisco, No. 50

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

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

RESERVE AND UNDI-

VIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000

---

 \$6,750,000
 

---

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES



CONCERNING

# “OUR MUTUAL FRIEND”

---

¶ When this expression is used some Canadians instantly think of Charles Dickens' much-loved masterpiece.

¶ Others associate the words with The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, and with reason, for---

¶ It is the only Mutual Life Insurance Company incorporated in the Dominion ;

It solicits only Canadian business ;

It invests only in Canadian securities, and

It has paid to Canadian families, often in times of direst need, \$12,800,000 since its foundation in 1870.

¶ For these and other reasons Canadians refer to

# THE MUTUAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

—AS—

“OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”

HEAD OFFICE,

- -

WATERLOO, ONT.

*The Colony of Newfoundland is included.*

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

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

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

**HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL**

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

## Officers.

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

**310—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—310**

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

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

NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT** AT ALL BRANCHES

## THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

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

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

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

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

**Agents Wanted:** to give either entire or spare time.

E. MARSHALL,  
*General Manager*

D. FASKEN,  
*President.*

## THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated In 1851

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

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

## DIRECTORS:

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

Head Office: - Toronto

# London Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Have you  
provided for those  
who are depend-  
ent upon you?  
Good intentions or  
good resolutions  
will not count for  
much when your  
widow is struggling  
to make a living.  
Ask for booklet,  
"Endowment at  
Life Rate."



A scratchy improperly made pen is not only exasperating but a strain on the writer. No need to put up with it when you can get Esterbrook Pens.

Easiest writing, longest wearing, Backed, by a half-century's reputation.

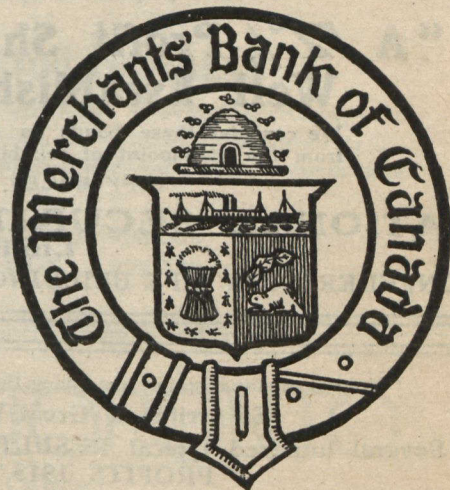
Ask your stationer.  
Write for illustrated booklet.

**Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.**  
95 John Street, New York  
Works: Camden, N.J.

**Brown Bros., Limited,**  
Canadian Agents, Toronto.

250 Styles

*Esterbrook*  
*Steel Pens*



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

194 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**Savings Department at all Branches.**

Deposits received of \$1 00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

**General Banking Business.**

# 1912

THE  
**NORTHERN**  
Life Assurance  
Co. of Canada

HEAD OFFICE  
London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE  
Managing-Director

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

Corresponding gains in every department.

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

## BOND OFFERINGS

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

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

**Yield 4% to 6%**

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

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

*We have prepared a Special Folder dealing with*

### **“A 7% Profit Sharing Bond in a Well Established Industry.”**

We consider these bonds an exceedingly good investment from the standpoint of reliability and good interest yield.

COPY MAILED ON REQUEST

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION Limited**

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING - TORONTO, ONTARIO

*“Your Company certainly are giving the Policyholders excellent dividends.”*

*So writes a Great-West Policyholder.*

Several hundred typical RESULTS are given in the pamphlet “PROFITS 1913”—now in print.

Ask for a copy, and observe the sound reasons for the popularity of the Great-West Policies.

## The Great-West Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE

**Over \$87,000,000 now in force**

WINNIPEG

## When You Travel

**W**HEN you travel, take money with you in the form of Bank of Toronto Traveller's Cheques or Letters of Credit. These are absolutely safe and sufficient, and are a protection against loss by theft, fire, or other misadventure. Their cost is inconsiderable. Obtainable from any Branch of the Bank of Toronto.

## When Remitting Money

When remitting money in large or small amounts, do so by means of the Drafts or Money Orders issued by the Bank of Toronto. It takes only a few minutes to purchase them, and they are a protection to both sender and recipient.

## Savings Deposits

A Savings Department will be found at every Branch where deposits of large or small sums may be made at any time and interest is added to balances half-yearly.

## General Banking Business

The Bank of Toronto, with 57 years of successful Banking Experience, with ample resources, with large reserve funds, and with widely extended banking facilities, offers to Merchants, Manufacturers and other Business Men an unexcelled Banking Service.

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$5,000,000

RESERVED FUNDS 6,176,578

**THE**  
**BANK OF TORONTO**

INCORPORATED 1855

Head Office:  
**TORONTO**

# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

---

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

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.

## TIME FLIES

and you are flying with it, but the main difference between you and Time is that Time is Eternal and you are not. Time will not need money twenty or thirty years from now. You will. Lay aside a little every year in the shape of an Insurance premium and you will be surprised at your Endowment when it matures, also have the feeling of security while it is maturing.

An Endowment Policy with the

### **FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

will give you as good a break with Time as anything.

Head Office,

- - - HAMILTON, Ont.





## Put Yourself in His Place

**T**HIS MAN inside the fire lines is watching his property burn. What does it mean to him? What would it mean to you if you were in his place? Would you be face to face with disaster or would you watch the smouldering remnants of your property with your mind occupied with plans for business rehabilitation, because somewhere in the ruins is the safe containing the indestructible financial soul of your business—your fire insurance policy?

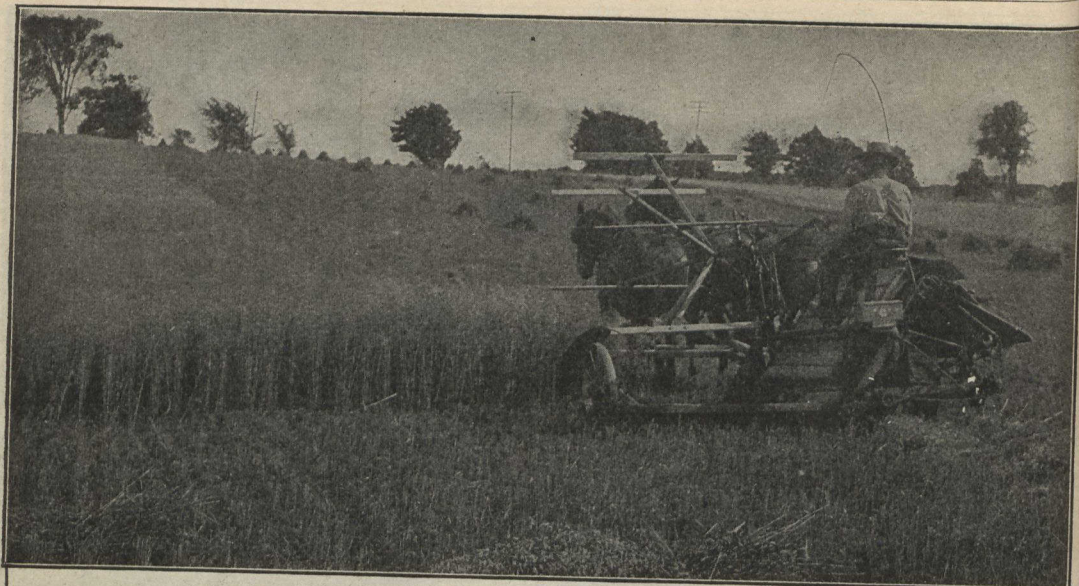
If this happens to your property, you can plan with absolute certainty if your policy is in the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company**, because for more than a hundred years it has been furnishing just this kind of business protection and has never failed to make good an honest loss.

It has paid 158 Millions for claims on property of its policy holders. This is larger indemnity than has ever been paid by any other American company.



When Next You Insure

**INSIST on the HARTFORD**



**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF  
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS  
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE  
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes  
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD  
for SETTLEMENT?*

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and  
Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a  
country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of  
whose farms thousands are growing rich.

**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest  
in the WORLD.**

---

**FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—**

**W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or  
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.**

A suffragette is Mrs. Brown  
 Who's cleaning up in Spotless Town.  
 When she discovers wrongs to write,  
 The mails assist her in the fight.  
 De-voted readers high and low  
 Are voting for

# SAPOLIO



You know that harsh, chemical cleaners give poor suds.

Try this: Lather your hands with Sapolio. Swish them back and forth through a bowl of warm water. See the rich suds form.

Now try the same with any other cleaning compound

*Where are the suds?*

Of course, strong harsh compounds will remove dirt. (So will sand-paper and caustic soda. But they give tins a dull, "frosted" surface. In time they grind off

the tin coating. Then your tins rust. If you want tin-ware that shines like a mirror, use Sapolio. It contains no strong chemicals or coarse, injurious grit.

Rub a damp cloth on a cake of Sapolio. You then have a quick, economical cleaner for tin-ware, enamel-ware, kitchen knives and forks, pots and kettles, dishes, woodwork and marble. Works without waste.

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

**Enoch Morgan's Sons Company**  
 Sole Manufacturers  
 New York City

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

# SAPOLIO



# 100% PURE

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

## "E.D.S." BRAND GOODS

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

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

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

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

**E. D. SMITH - WINONA, ONT.**



# The London Glove Company

## London's Celebrated Glove Store



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

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

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

Address all Orders **The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.**

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

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

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

**The "Hestia"** A Stout Suede

Glove  
speci-  
ally  
suit-  
able  
for  
the fall  
in  
Black,

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

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

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



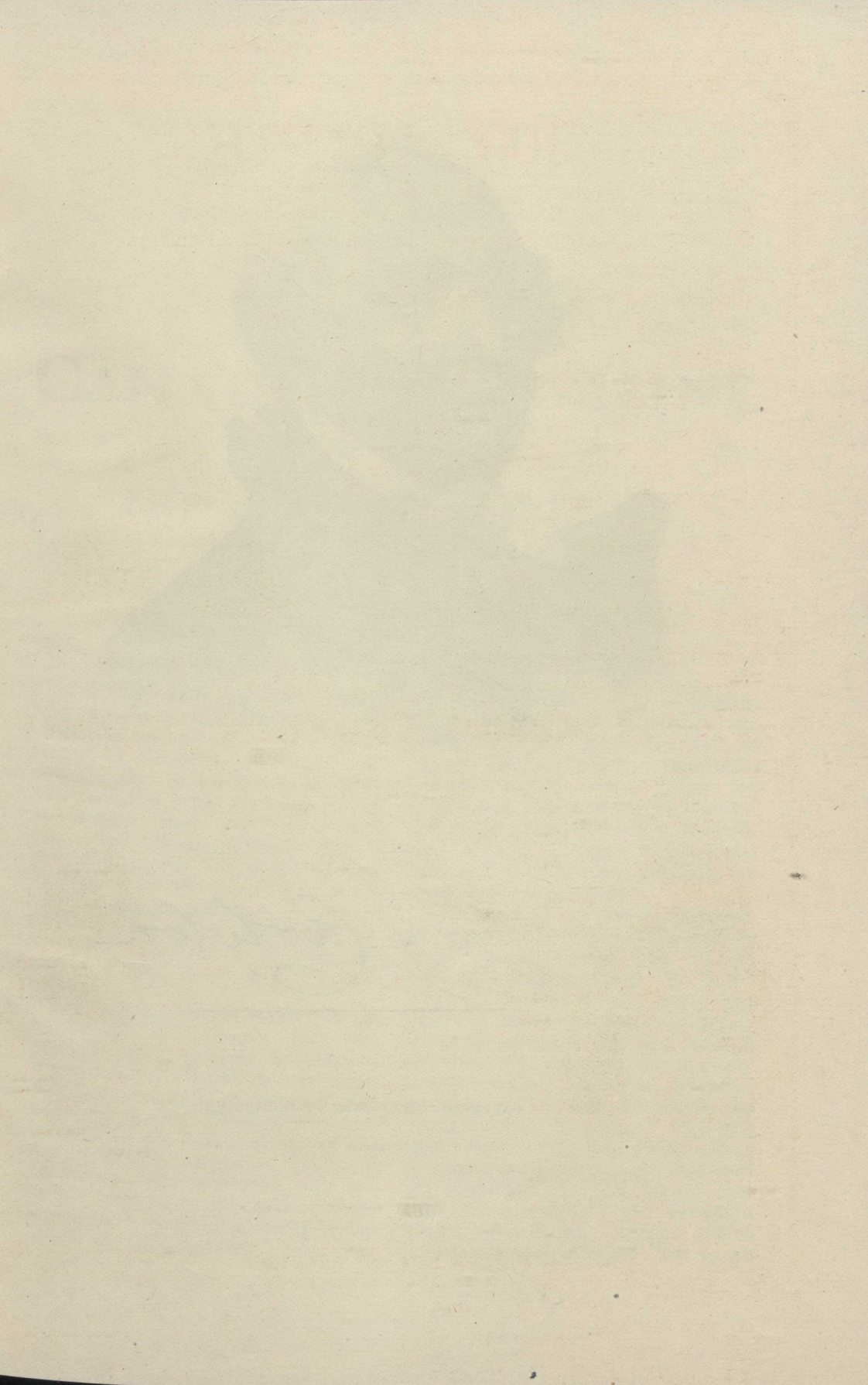
## LONG GLOVES

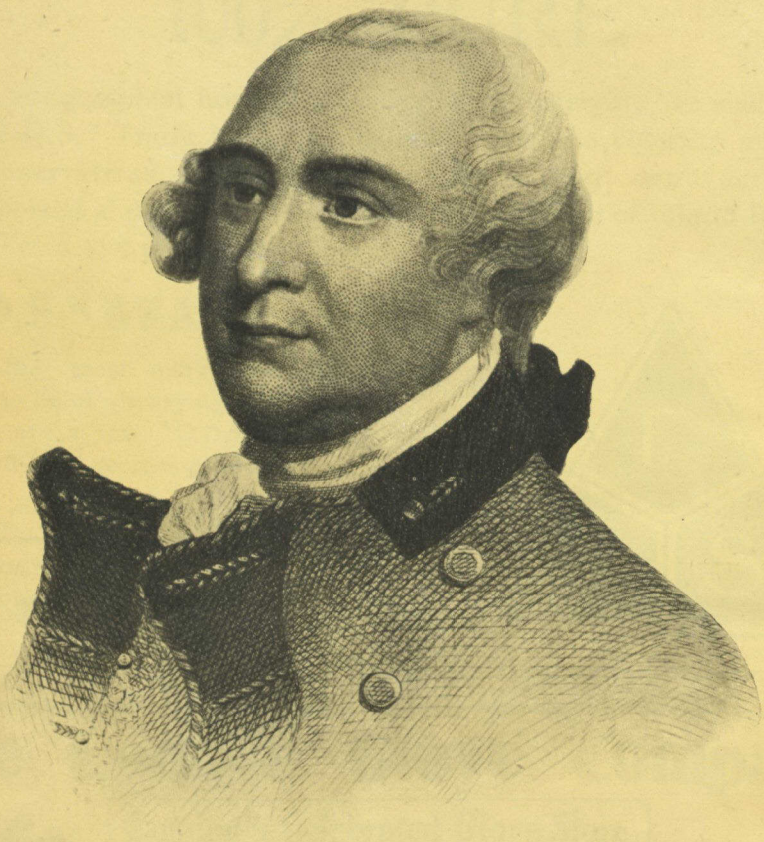
**The "OPERET 'A."**—Ladies' Real Kid  
Gloves in White, Cream or Black.

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

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

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





*Guy Carleton*

---

SIR GUY CARLETON (FIRST BARON DORCHESTER)

Father of the Canadian Navy



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, MAY, 1913

No. 1

THE WOODEN WALLS OF  
CANADA

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

FATHOMS deep, in the placid waters of the little bay, o'er which the scarred ramparts of Fort Henry, at Kingston, cast their shadow, lie the decayed relics of what was once the pride of naval power in Canada. Here, nearly a century ago, were unceremoniously laid to rest all that was left of the fighting *Temeraires* of our inland seas, sunk, "by Death's superior weight of metal," in a grave unmarked, unhonoured, and unsung, invisible tokens of a past which is almost forgotten.

That Canada has a naval history worthy of remembrance is a fact which is not sufficiently realised, or, if realised, not adequately appreciated." The creation of a Canadian navy is as old as Confederation," recently declared the leader of one of the great political parties. It would have been more in accord with historical truth if he had said that the maintenance of naval armaments was as old as Canada herself. For just

as the greatest sea power of modern times had its foundations in the "Wooden Walls" of Old England, so Canada can look back to a time when her own armed fleets, flying the King's flag, but none the less distinctively Canadian, formed a redoubtable factor in the issues of peace and war, and exercised a controlling interest upon her history.

The naval forces which represented the might of Britain in Canadian waters in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, have been described somewhat contemptuously by an American writer as a kind of water militia; and even our own historians have not been over enthusiastic in praise of their character and performances. Compared with the mighty engines of destruction which, it is now proposed, shall represent the Dominion in the power that rules the waves, the old Canadian navies, no doubt, appear almost ludicrously insignificant. But as an

eminent authority reminds us, "the art of war is the same throughout, and may be illustrated as really, though less conspicuously, by a flotilla as by an armada; by a corporal's guard, or the three units of the Horatii, as by a host of a hundred thousand." And it is the case that, though organised under conditions of great difficulty, for the most part inadequately equipped, at certain periods notoriously mismanaged, and, on at least two occasions, decisively defeated, the King's ships on the great lakes played a part which forms an interesting and illuminative chapter, not only of Canadian history, but also of the history of the world's sea power.

That the old "wooden walls" of the lake frontier formed a Canadian navy in a very real and distinctive sense cannot be too clearly emphasised. As Major-General Robinson, in his work on "Canada and Canadian Defence," points out, the armed vessels on the inland waters, prior to 1813 at least, formed no part of the Royal Navy of England. "They were ships — schooners, sloops, barges, etc.—built, bought, or hired by the Canadian Government, and then armed; and they were manned by scratch crews, composed partly of seamen, partly of men accustomed to boats and acquainted with the lakes, and often partly by soldiers (regular and militia). Nevertheless, they formed the only naval force for the defence of the Canadian southern lake and river frontier; and it was not until after a long delay that a few British naval officers and seamen were sent out to organise, command, and fight in them."

Though it was not until about the middle of the eighteenth century that any attempt was made to organise a naval force in Canada, the history of floating armaments on the great lakes may be said to have commenced with the construction by La Salle of the ill-fated *Griffon*. Described as "a kind of brigantine, not un-

like a Dutch galliot," she was of forty-five tons, and carried five small cannon; and though built for the purposes of trade, was no doubt intended to act as a ship of war, if the occasion demanded. For many years subsequent to the loss of the famous explorer's vessel, however, the old-fashioned batteaux continued in use for military and transportation purposes, and it was not until the latter days of the French regime that armed flotillas made their appearance on the inland waters. Recognising the importance of the lakes as a base of operations, and appreciating the advantage of having a fleet to co-operate with the land forces, the British, in the early stages of the campaign which ended in 1760, built several warships on Lake Ontario and a flotilla on Lake Champlain. Fitted out at Oswego, where a shipbuilding yard had been established in 1755, the Lake Ontario fleet consisted of a schooner with a forty-foot keel, mounting fourteen swivel guns; a decked sloop carrying eight four-pounders and twenty-eight swivels; an undecked schooner with fourteen swivels and fourteen oars; another with twelve swivels and fourteen oars; and two smaller vessels, with four guns each. Such a squadron was allowed to remain at anchor under the guns of the garrison, and, being taken absolutely by surprise, fell wholl into the hands of the French. The prizes were retaken and destroyed two years later by Colonel Bradstreet at Fort Frontenac. Meanwhile the French themselves had constructed and fitted out two armed vessels, the *Iroquois*, and the *Ontaonaise*, and these rendered notable service on Lake Ontario, but met the same fate as the Oswego armada.

On Lake Champlain, embryo navies had also begun to make their presence felt. There, General Amherst was building ships while Wolfe was anxiously awaiting his co-operation in the siege of Quebec. Parkman says that the French had four armed ves-



sels on Lake Champlain in 1759, and these made it necessary for the British commander to provide an equal or superior force to protect his troops on their way to the Ile aux Noix. Amherst's naval attaché was a Captain Loring, and according to historians he was first ordered to build a brigantine. "This being thought insufficient, he was directed to add a kind of floating battery moved by sweeps. Three weeks later, in consequence of further information concerning the force of French vessels, Amherst ordered an armed sloop to be put on the stocks."

We are told that the sawmill at Ticonderoga was to furnish planks for the intended navy, but being overtaxed in sawing timber for the new military works at Crown Point, it was continually breaking down, with the result that much time was lost. "It was the 11th October, 1759," records Parkman, "before the miniature navy of Captain Loring—the floating battery, the brigs, and the sloop that had been begun three weeks too late—was ready for service. They sailed at once to look for the enemy. The four French vessels made no resistance. One of them succeeded in reaching Ile-aux-Noix, one was run aground, and two were sunk by their crew."

Britain's naval supremacy having thus been established on Lake Champlain, attention was again directed towards Lake Ontario, where Amherst proceeded to construct about a dozen galleys to strengthen the fleet which was to transport the troops to La Galette. In addition, he ordered two armed vessels to cruise on the lake. These were in all probability the *Onondaga* and the *Mohawk*, the former carrying twenty-two cannon, and the latter eighteen. Built as merchant vessels, they were a class of craft known as "snows," and had three masts. With the fall of Montreal in 1760, the flag of the French passed from the great lakes, and British power, naval, as

well as military, reigned supreme.

During the next few years, the armed vessels that remained on the lakes were used for trading purposes, the only call made on their services in a military connection being to assist in the suppression of the Pontiac rising, when the schooner *Gladwin*, one of four vessels plying on Lake Erie, played a not inconspicuous part. But it is to the time of the American Revolutionary war that one must look for the real beginnings of Canadian naval history. If the title of "Father of the Canadian Navy" belongs to any individual, it may be applied to Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, to whose services Canada owes so much. When active hostilities commenced in 1775, and the American rebels set out to subdue Canada, there was only the semblance of a fleet on the inland waters. A few armed craft, relics, no doubt of the conflict with the French, were stationed on Lake Champlain, but in spite of Carleton's orders their strength had not been augmented, and they fell an easy prey to the rude but vigorous Vermonter, Ethan Allen, and his force when they seized Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Charles Carroll, one of the American commissioners who visited Canada in the following year, records that one of the captured vessels was called the *Royal Savage*, and was pierced for twelve guns, four- and six-pounders. "She is really a fine vessel, and built on purpose for fighting," he writes. The initial success of the rebels left Carleton without a single armed ship along the whole course of the St. Lawrence, and though he at once took steps to dispute the passage of Lake Champlain by ordering the construction of an adequate flotilla at Ile-aux-Noix, the enterprise failed for lack of artificers and, as a consequence, St. John's was forced to capitulate. When Carleton left Montreal to assume command at Quebec, which was being hard pressed by Montgomery,

the only vessels available for the transportation of his troops were eleven boats of the Durham type, long, shallow, and nearly flat-bottomed craft, with guns of small calibre pointing from their sterns, and manned by Canadians.

That the spirit which made glorious the achievements of the Royal Navy on the high seas was not wanting in the Canadian flotilla was evidenced by the bravery of two of the officers, Captains Belette and Bouchette, the latter of whom was destined to play a distinguished part in the subsequent history of the Canadian navy. Carleton's passage being disputed at Sorel, where the American provincials had erected batteries. Captain Belette undertook the face the enemy's boats long enough to enable the Governor to get out of harm's way, while Bouchette, who had already earned the soubriquet of "La Tourtre," or the "Wild Pigeon," by his dashing seamanship, volunteered to run the gauntlet of the enemy's guns with his distinguished chief. The faithful and courageous Frenchmen performed their self-imposed tasks successfully, and the Governor reached Quebec in safety, with what results, every reader of Canadian history knows.

Canada was saved, as it proved, for all time, but Carleton was not satisfied to rest from his labours. He had set himself to "whip this dwarfish war out of our territories," and in order to accomplish that object, and to secure the immunity of Canada from further invasion, he realised that something more than a military force was needed. Mastery of the inland waters, and particularly of Lake Champlain, which, from the first he had perceived to be the key of Canada, was essential to the maintenance of British rule, and no sooner had the Americans retired from Canadian territory than he addressed himself to the task of building a fleet capable, not only of keeping open the British line of communica-

tions, but of taking the offensive. From his efforts sprang what may rightly be called the first Canadian navy, that is, a navy built in Canada, and controlled by Canadian authority, not as a part of the Royal Navy, but as a distinct and separate unit. The difficulties in the way of its organisation were immense. There was little prospect of assistance from the authorities in England, where the troubles in the American colonies were regarded as practically ended. Material for the building of the ships had to be brought from the motherland, artificers were scarce, and supplies difficult to procure. Sir Howard Douglas Bart, writing in 1812, recalled that ship frames for Carleton's fleet were sent out to Canada in the squadron which his father commanded.

A shipbuilding yard having been established at St. John's, "the pieces were sent up the rapids in batteaux and were put together, and the vessels launched in an astonishingly short time." The work was carried out under the personal supervision of the Governor, who had as his master shipbuilder one Jonathan Coleman, and for months the clang of the hammer echoed across the waters of Lake Champlain. Such was the activity displayed in the mushroom shipbuilding yard that before the close of navigation in the winter of 1776 the new fleet was ready to sail.

On the tenth day of October, Carleton, in his capacity of Vice-Admiral of the naval forces in Canada, hoisted his pennant on a schooner, named after himself, a vessel of ninety-five tons, carrying fourteen six-pounders and six swivel guns; and, with flags fluttering, and amidst the cheers of the bluejackets and the soldiers of the garrison, the first Canadian squadron, commanded by Captain Pringle, with Lieutenant Daere navigating the flagship, swept proudly past the Ile la Mothe, and

bore away in search of the enemy. Hastily improvised and fitted out, and unconventional in rig and equipment, the fleet was of a somewhat heterogeneous character, but, as events proved, it was easily superior to the enemy's squadron as a fighting force. In addition to the flagship, it consisted of the *Inflexible* of 203 tons, with seventeen twelve-pounders, and ten swivel guns; the *Lady Maria* (named after Carleton's wife) a schooner of 128 tons, with fourteen six-pounders, and six swivel guns; the *Thunderer*, an ungainly vessel of the ketch type, of 422 tons, with fourteen eight-pounders, and four swivels; the *Royal Convert*, a brig carrying seven nine-pounders; twenty gunboats, thirty feet by fifteen, carrying each a brass piece of from nine to twenty-four pounds: and four long boats with a gun apiece, serving as armed tenders. A number of smaller boats, carrying troops, baggage, provisions, and stores accompanied the squadron, which was manned by 600 seamen, drawn chiefly from the men-of-war and transports at Quebec, but including a fair proportion of Canadian volunteers. The regulations framed by the Governor provided that no person was eligible to serve as an able seaman who had not been more than four years at sea, "nor is anyone to be mustered as an able boatman under the age of sixteen, nor any boy under fourteen, except an officer's son, and then not under the age of twelve." It is evident, therefore, that Carleton was determined to have more than a navy in name.

The Canadian squadron had not long to wait to be put to the test. The American fleet, under the command of the resourceful Arnold, numbered fifteen vessels and carried about the same weight of metal as Carleton's flotilla, but it proved no match for the latter in the matter of seamanship and gunnery, and was almost annihilated after a two-hours'

engagement, only a schooner, sloop, and galley escaping. Thus, at one sweep, Lake Champlain was cleared of practically every hostile vessel; and when the conditions under which it was accomplished are considered, the feat must be regarded as a notable one, and as a striking incident in the early naval history of Canada. Pent up in a province mostly disaffected, and over-run by rebels, Carleton had been left on the navigable waters, to use his own words, with "not a boat, not a stick, neither materials nor workmen, neither stores nor covering, nor axemen!" These he had had to seek amidst confusion and the distracted state of an exhausted province, and yet he was able to announce to an invertebrate British Minister of War that "a greater marine force had been built and equipped, a greater marine force defeated, than had ever appeared on the lake before."

Carleton's reward for his services was his recall, but before he left Canada he made it his business to see that the Canadian navy, which had proved its worth as a fighting force, was placed on a proper footing. To rely upon the Province in its distracted and exhausted state for the upkeep of the fleet was impossible, and accordingly he arranged that "the pay of the officers and men, as well as every other expense attending those vessels are to be borne by the Crown." He further proclaimed that no vessels were to navigate the lakes except such as were armed and manned by the Crown. Officers were carefully selected for the different commands, regulations drafted relating to their status and pay while in the lake service, and steps taken to ensure an adequate supply of seamen. A naval station and shipbuilding yard was established at Carleton Island, with Captain Andrews, an officer of the Royal Navy in charge, a new master shipbuilder was appointed, and a beginning was made with the construction of a fleet on

Lake Ontario, of which Andrews was the first commodore.

It was fortunate for Canada that Carleton was succeeded by a Governor whose interest in the marine service was second only to his own. One of Haldimand's first acts was to divide the lakes into three separate commands, the first comprising Lake Champlain and Lake St. George; the second, Lake Ontario; and the third, Lake Erie and the three upper lakes. Another important step was the appointment of a commissioner, or general director, of the service, and the choice fell upon Captain John Schank, a British officer, who had served under Carleton on the *Inflexible*. That he was somewhat reluctant to accept the office is evident from a letter which he wrote to his former chief. "I must beg leave to acquaint you," he said, "that I would not wish to serve on the lakes without your particular recommendation to His Excellency (Governor Haldimand) and the rank under which I am to act clearly explained. The commissioner's station alone will never recommend me in my service—a service in which it is my most earnest wish to rise as an officer." The requisite assurances having been given, presumably, Schank assumed the duties of general supervisor, and the Haldimand correspondence is full of references to the ability and energy which he brought to his task.

"You are to proceed with all possible despatch," he was instructed, "and visit the vessels navigating on Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and make such regulations on board each vessel as you may have my particular instructions for." He was also authorised to make whatever changes in the establishments, vessels and officers as he should judge best calculated to promote His Majesty's service on the lakes, and he was to inspect all the dockyards and stores.

The strengthening of the fleets was to be his first interest, how-

ever. "The first great object of your attentions is to construct a new vessel on Carleton Island of about 200 tons burthen, and, without waiting to complete her as a finished vessel, to launch her, and arm her in such a manner that she can transport provisions without damaging them, and fight her guns for her defence." Schank proved indefatigable in his efforts to improve the organisation of the naval forces on the lakes, and despite difficulties of recruiting, discipline, and equipment, the service was gradually raised to an efficient standard. The director of the navy received every encouragement in his work from Haldimand. "I flatter myself," wrote the Governor, "that by your example you will encourage others to sacrifice not only the luxuries, but even the conveniences of life, to promote the public service. Indeed, I have no doubt, particularly as the enemy is so near us, but we shall all be very unanimous, and most heartily assist each other in every instance where the common cause is concerned."

Meanwhile the command of the respective divisions had been entrusted to three very able officers in Captain Chambers, on Lake Champlain; Captain Andrews, on Lake Ontario, and Captain Grant, on Lake Erie. All three had served in the royal navy, and had taken part in active service with distinction. Tough sea dogs they were, those old navy captains, worthy representatives of a school which produced as its highest type the hero of Trafalgar, who, but for the accident of fate, it is not too fanciful to suppose, might himself have found a commission in the Canadian service. We know that while stationed in the *St. Lawrence*, Nelson was by no means content with his lot; his impulsive nature craved for a change of scene, and had duty called him to Quebec a few years earlier than it did, it is by no means improbable that Carleton, with his keen eye for men, might have picked

him out to serve the cause he had so much at heart. How vastly different would history then have been written! But though the Canadian navy could not boast of a Nelson, it enlisted the services of officers who worthily upheld the honour of the flag. Chambers, a strict disciplinarian, and a first-class fighting man, was just the type required to lick raw material into shape. His letters to Haldimand, now cursing the officers under his command, now assuring His Excellency of his devotion to duty, and of his preparedness for any emergency, remind one partly of Captain Bowling and partly of the immortal Truncheon. Like the latter,

“He kept his guns always loaded,  
And his tackle ready manned”

And one can imagine him, like the gallant Bowling, addressing his men as “lazy, lubberly, cowardly dogs” and calling upon the jolly boys to “stand by me, and give one broadside for the honour of Old England.”

“I have not more than three or four officers in whom I can put the least confidence,” he writes on one occasion, while in another letter he describes with unctiousness the measures adopted to guard against surprise. “Every night at sunset, if at anchor, every vessel has all hands at quarters; boarding nettings up, and their guns primed, and if, above Split Rock, matches lighted, and the soldiers that have the watch have their side arms and all their muskets on a rack, and those that are off deck sleep with their clothes on”—an interesting glimpse of life on board one of the lake sentinels in the old days, and of the vigilance which was the price of protection. But with all his zeal, the gallant Chambers was never called upon to measure his strength against the enemy. His squadron rendered valuable service in transporting and covering the operations of Major Carleton’s troops, and he succeeded in keeping

intact, what was essential at the time, British superiority on Lake Champlain. But the difficulties of preserving discipline and of securing efficiency seem to have caused him more concern than the movements of the Revolutionaries.

Not only were suitable officers difficult to get, but seamen as well. The former feared for their chances of promotion in a service which lacked the opportunities afforded in the royal navy, while experienced seamen could scarcely be expected to take kindly to a life which involved great hardships and brought little prize money. With the fleet laid up during the winter months in an inhospitable region, with few facilities for naval exercises, and fewer still for rational enjoyment, the officers indulged their bent for mischief and the men their taste for rum, with the result that insubordination was rife and desertions frequent. In 1778 Haldimand wrote that he was “employing all means in his power to procure you a supply of seamen in order to enable you instead of diminishing the number of vessels on the lakes, to increase them.” He was not so reassuring in the matter of officers. “I have taken Captain La Force (a French-Canadian) into the service again,” he wrote some months later, “and I am in hopes of getting two or three more able Canadian officers for the upper lakes, and wish I could say as much for Lake Champlain.”

Captain La Force was subsequently appointed to the command on Lake Ontario, which he held for a few years, and other Canadian officers in the service at this time were Captain Burnett, a stalwart Nova Scotian, who succeeded Captain Chambers in the command of the Champlain squadron; Captain Bouchette, who commanded the *Haldimand* on Lake Ontario, and Lieutenant Chiquette, of the *Seneca*, also of the Lake Ontario fleet.

In the meantime the strength of

the Lake Champlain squadron had been increased by the addition of the *Washington*, a brig of 127 tons, carrying sixteen six-pounders four three-pounders and six swivel guns; the *Lee*, a sloop of forty-seven tons, with eight six-pounders and four swivels; the *Royal George*, of 383 tons, with twenty twelve-pounders, six six-pounders and ten swivels; and the *Jersey*, *Trumble*, *Liberty* and *Spitfire*, all small vessels armed with nine-pounders.

On Lake Ontario, Captain Schank and Engineer Twiss had organised a fleet consisting of the *Haldimand*, *Seneca*, *Caldwell*, *Mohawk* and *Ontario*, vessels of the sloop and scow types, with a number of galleys and gunboats, the whole manned by 150 officers and men; while the Lake Erie squadron, under Captain Grant, included the brig *Gage*, three schooners, the *Dunmore*, *Hope*, and *Fark*; and five sloops, the *Angelica*, *Felicity*, *Welcome*, *Wyandot*, and *Adventure*, with guns of varying calibre, from two-pounders to twelve-pounders, and manned by about eighty officers and men. So that altogether the Canadian navy under Haldimand, or the Provincial Marine, as it was called, numbered no fewer than twenty-three vessels, not counting galleys and gunboats, and the armed ships on the River St. Lawrence, with a total complement of over four hundred officers and men—an armada, which, if concentrated, would have wrought considerable havoc upon any hostile fleet that cared to oppose it. And yet Haldimand was not satisfied that it was as strong as it might be. "I regret the naval force is so small," he wrote to the captain of one of the royal navy frigates at Quebec, and he lost no opportunity to urge upon the energetic Schank the necessity of keeping it up to the highest standard of efficiency, both as regards ships and men. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of able seamen, a difficulty, which, it is interesting to

note, seems to have been ever present throughout the history of the Provincial Marine, the Governor was occasionally compelled to apply to the royal navy for assistance, but it is significant of the distinctive position which the lake service occupied that he was always careful to emphasise its autonomous character. When Chambers complained that a certain officer of the royal navy was interfering with his prerogatives, his Excellency replied that "no officers commanding his Majesty's ships in the River St. Lawrence can be so ignorant of the service as not to know it is out of his power to order anything as regards the lakes, or the officers and seamen employed there."

With the close of the War of Independence and the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783, the immediate necessity for a strong naval force on the Great Lakes disappeared, and steps were at once taken to reduce the establishments. Several ships were sold, others were dismantled; a number of officers, including the redoubtable Chambers, were discharged, their services being no longer required, and nearly two hundred seamen were paid off. It was Captain Schank's opinion that three armed vessels with a few gunboats, manned by about fifty troops, were sufficient to watch Lake Champlain, and that a somewhat similar provision would meet the requirements of Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, respectively. The King's ships, flying the English and French Jacks, and the blue and red ensigns, and controlled by the Provincial Marine Department, continued to patrol the inland waters, but the stirring hail, when they met, of "May God preserve our noble King," no longer echoed over the waters.

During the subsequent decade they were little better than armed trading vessels, and it was not until the Upper Province had come into being that the necessity for strengthening the service again arose. To Gover-

nor Simcoe, acting officially under the authority of Lord Dorchester, but largely on his own initiative, belongs the credit of reorganising the Canadian navy on a basis compatible with the requirements of the country's defences. On his arrival in the Province, he had found it to be "the common language of all people . . . that any attempt of the United States to launch a single boat upon the lakes was to be repelled as hostility," and he set about forming his plans accordingly. He badgered Dorchester into giving instructions for the arming of vessels on the lakes, passed the Militia Act, which gave him power to "employ the militia upon water in vessels or batteaux and thus make it possible to dispute the control of the lakes," and proceeded without delay to place the naval forces on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie on a warlike footing, selecting York in preference to Kingston as a naval base.

In 1794 there were six vessels in the King's service upon the lakes. The two largest on Lake Ontario were the *Onondago*, pierced for twelve guns, and carrying six, and the *Mohawk*, both schooners, the latter commanded by Captain Bouchette acting as commodore of the fleet, which included three smaller craft, the *Mississaga*, the *Caldwell*, and the *Buffalo*, and several gunboats. There is an entry in Mrs. Simcoe's diary which sheds a little light upon the character of the vessels. "We went across the bay this morning," she writes at Kingston, "to see the shipyard. There are two gunboats lately built on a very bad construction. Colonel Simcoe calls them the *Bear* and the *Buffalo*, as they are so unscientifically built. . . . The present establishment of vessels on this lake consists of the *Onondago* and *Mississaga*, named after the Indian tribes, top heavy schooners of about eighty tons, and the *Caldwell*, named after Colonel Caldwell, which is a sloop. They transport all the

troops and provisions from hence for the garrisons at Niagara, Forts Erie and Detroit." She might have added that the *Caldwell* and the *Buffalo* were occasionally used to convey the Governor on his tours of inspection.

Evidently Mrs. Simcoe, who was doubtless echoing the sentiments of her distinguished husband, was not very favourably impressed with the Provincial Marine establishment, as it then existed, and her opinion seems to have been shared by La Rochefoucauld de Liancourt, the French noble, who has left an interesting description of what he erroneously terms the royal navy. "The royal navy," he writes in 1795, "is not very formidable in this place; six vessels compose the whole naval force, two of which are small gunboats which we saw at Niagara, and which are stationed at York. Two small schooners of twelve guns, viz., the *Onondago*, in which we took our passage, and the *Mohawk*, which is just finished; a small yacht of eighty tons, mounting six guns, which has lately been taken into dock to be repaired, form the rest of it. All these vessels are built of timber, cut down and not seasoned, and for this reason they never last longer than six or eight years. To preserve them, even to this time, requires a thorough repair; they must be heaved and caulked, which costs at least from 1,000 to 1,200 guineas. This is an enormous price, and yet not so high as on Lake Erie, whither all sorts of naval stores must be sent from Kingston, and the winter price of labour is still higher. The timbers of the *Mississaga*, built three years ago, are almost rotten. Two gunboats, destined by Governor Simcoe to serve only in time of war, are at present on the stocks, but the carpenters who work at them are only eight in number."

According to the same authority, two of the gunboats were employed in transporting merchandise; "the other two, which alone are fit to carry

troops and guns, and have oars and sails, are lying under shelter until an occasion occurs to convert them to their intended purpose." Such a state of affairs could not have been to the liking of Simcoe, and it is not surprising to learn that it was his purpose to build ten additional gunboats on Lake Ontario and a similar number on Lake Erie. Had he remained Governor of the Province for a few years longer, there can be little doubt that the Canadian navy would have given a very much better account of itself than it did when the crisis arrived in 1812.

At the time of La Rochefoucauld de Liancourt's visit, the officers serving on the lakes under Bouchette were Captains Earle, Fortiche, McKenzie, Richardson, Steel, and Paxton. Of the commodore, it may be said that a more capable commander or braver seaman than he never paced the quarter-deck of a British man-o'-war. Certainly, the King's lake service never boasted a better officer. His courageous exploit, when he secured Carleton's safe escort from Montreal to Quebec in 1775, has already been referred to, and it was but one of many actions, in the course of twenty-seven years' service under the British flag, which marked him out as a seaman worthy of an honourable place in Canadian naval history. Le Rochefoucauld de Liancourt pays him a warm tribute. His son, Joseph, afterwards the Surveyor-General of the Province, served for a few years on the lake establishment, as first lieutenant of the *Onondaga*, and showed that he, too, had the qualities of a capable officer by floating his ship when she ran aground in a dangerous position and was given up as lost.

Captain Richardson was another hardy sea-dog of the type which made the British navy famous in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He had fought under Rodney against the French when, according to the poet,

Rochambeau their armies commanded,  
Their ships, they were led by De Grasse,  
and had also taken part in the engagement off Dominica in the West Indies in 1782, when a French squadron was almost entirely destroyed. Captured by the French, he remained a prisoner of war until 1785, when he retired to Quebec, and was subsequently appointed to the command of one of the Ontario vessels under Bouchette. Like the latter, he gave to the service a son, who afterwards rose to distinction in another field. James, known in later years as Bishop Richardson, joined the Provincial Marine shortly before the outbreak of hostilities in 1812, and served under Yeo.

At the close of the eighteenth century, the only vessel of the old fleet still in commission on Lake Ontario was the *Mohawk*. The *Onondaga*, *Buffalo*, *Caldwell*, and *Mississaga* had all disappeared, relegated to the scrap heap, and had been replaced by the *Speedy* (Captain Paxton), a fast schooner, one of the first vessels built at the Government dock at Navy Point; the *Governor Simcoe* (Captain Murray), taken over from the North West Company and refitted; the *Swift*, a gunboat, and the *Toronto*, an armed yacht, which *The Gazette* of September 14th, 1799, described as "one of the handsomest vessels of her size that ever swam upon Lake Ontario."

With the retirement of Commodore Bouchette in 1802, the Canadian navy entered upon a period which forms perhaps the least agreeable chapter in its history. Captain Steel, who succeeded the gallant Frenchman in the command of the force, was an experienced officer and an excellent seaman, but he was well advanced in years when he assumed control, being as old as the man he replaced, and lacked the initiative and executive ability necessary to maintain such an organisation in a proper state of efficiency. Indeed, the new commodore appears to have been more in-



terested in indulging his artistic bent—for he was an artist whose sketches preserved in the Archives at Ottawa reveal genuine talent—than in the exercise of his official responsibilities. While the Americans were starting to build warships in which strength and durability were the prime considerations, Steel was concerned more about beauty of model, and elegance of appointment. As Joseph Bouchette says of the Canadian vessels of this period, they were handsomer and much better finished than the American craft, but far more expensive and much less durable.

It was probably because of the expense, as well as the result of apathy, or of a false sense of security, that so few additions were made to the fleet during the early years of last century. Economy was the watchword, and the idea which had dominated the minds of Dorchester and Haldimand, namely, the imperative need of maintaining naval ascendancy on the lakes, no longer prevailed. During six years only two new ships were launched, the *Duke of Kent* and the *Earl of Moira*, and though both were of a fine type, they no more than maintained the strength of the flotilla, which had suffered from the loss of the *Speedy*, which foundered in 1803 with a distinguished company on board, and of the *Mohawk*, which had gone out of commission. The result was that in 1807, when the clouds of war were gathering thick about the frontier, the number of vessels in the King's service on Lake Ontario was, according to Joseph Bouchette, "not more than three, two of which are appropriated for the military, and one for the civil department." Each vessel carried from ten to twenty guns.

An effort had been made by General Simcoe and Captain Bouchette to man the Canadian navy with Canadian seamen at a wage of 40s, or eight dollars a month, with rations, but it had not proved success-

ful. A return of seamen who had entered the service between 1794 and 1801 showed that of 189 recruits, only thirty-four were Canadians, and during the following decade the proportion was probably no greater. The fact was, that Canadian seamen preferred to serve in the mercantile marine, where the wages were far in advance of those offered to the men of the naval service. It is to the credit of the merchants of Montreal and Quebec that, at a critical juncture, they agreed to use their best endeavours to keep the Canadian navy supplied with seamen, but there is abundant evidence to show that in that important respect, as well as in others, the establishment fell far short of efficiency during the years that immediately preceded the outbreak of the war in 1812.

It has been commonly assumed by historians of the War of 1812-14 that, when hostilities commenced, the British possessed a superiority on the lakes. It is true that both Prevost and Brock had taken steps to increase the strength of the armaments on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and that orders had been given in 1811 to proceed with the construction of two new schooners, one for each lake, but even so, the superiority was more apparent than real. On Lake Erie, pending the completion of the *Lady Prevost*, there were only two armed vessels carrying the King's flag, the *Queen Charlotte*, a sloop, with sixteen guns, and the *General Hunter*, a schooner with ten guns; while the Americans had a sloop and a fine brig, the *Adams*, carrying twelve guns, both in perfect readiness for service. On Lake Ontario, the proportion was as four to one in favour of the Canadian force, but the superiority thus implied was completely nullified by the state of utter neglect and inefficiency into which the squadron had been allowed to lapse.

There is nothing more painful in the records of the war than the revelation of the condition of the naval

establishment at a time when, properly equipped, officered, and manned, it would have proved a factor of incalculable importance in the contest. Commodore Steel had been retired in his seventy-fifth year by Brock, and replaced by Captain Earle, while Captain Grant, in command on Lake Erie, a veteran of eighty-five years, fifty of which had been spent in the service, had given way to Captain Hall. The latter was described by Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, commanding the western military district, as "an active, zealous, and gallant officer," and his letters indicate that he at least realised his responsibilities, and sought, with the limited means and time at his disposal, to increase the efficiency of his command. Captain Gray, the acting Quartermaster-General, who in 1812 set himself, with great zeal, to reorganise the naval department, admitted that little attention was necessary, so far as Lake Erie was concerned, "as the officers in this division of our marine have invariably done their duty," and he spoke highly of the services of Hall.

But the case was different on Lake Ontario. "The good of the service" on that lake, wrote Gray, "calls for a radical change in all the officers, as I do not conceive there is one man of the division fit to command a ship of war." In another report he declared that "the officers serving in this division of the Province are in some instances extremely inefficient, and in short totally unfit for the situations they hold." They appeared to this plain-spoken critic "to be destitute of all energy and spirit, and are sunk into contempt in the eyes of all who know them," and certainly, if the description which he gave of the appearance and equipment of the ships in the early stages of the war can be relied upon the officers fully deserved the censure passed upon them.

In January, 1813, the Lake Ontario squadron consisted of the *Royal*

*George* (Captain Earle), eighteen guns; the *Earl of Moira* (Captain Sampson), fourteen guns; the *Prince Regent* (Lieutenant Fish), ten guns, and the *Duke of Gloucester* (Lieutenant Gouverneau), while two new ships, one the *Sir Isaac Brock*, designed for thirty guns, and the other, the *Wolfe*, for twenty-four guns, were in course of construction at York, and Kingston, respectively. Commodore Earle had already had an opportunity to prove his worth, and had lamentably failed. He had set out shortly after the commencement of hostilities to capture or destroy the enemy's only vessel on the lake, then lying at Sackett's Harbour, but, to quote the words of a Quarterly Reviewer, "a few shots from two of the brig's guns, planted without cover on a point of land at the mouth of the harbour, were sufficient to send the gallant commander to his own haven at Kingston." While the reviewer, speaks of the commodore's "notorious incompetency and miserable inefficiency," it is perhaps not to be wondered at that he failed to accomplish his object when the condition of his squadron, as described on its return to Kingston, is considered.

"The want of seamen is so great," wrote Captain Gray, "that the *Royal George* has only seventeen men on board who are capable of doing their duty, and the *Moir* only ten able seamen" out of the fifty-one officers and men who formed her company. "The general appearance of the men bespoke the greatest want of attention to cleanliness and good order. Such was the state of the guns on the *Royal George*, that the greater part of them missed fire repeatedly in consequence of the vents being choked up, and would not go off till they were cleaned out with the pricking needles, and further primed." As for the ship, Captain Gray found her to be "everywhere in the most filthy condition." Nor was the condition of the *Earl of Moira* much

better. "The men, guns, and state of the vessel very much resembled the *Royal George*—not quite so bad; or rather, the state of the *Moira* was bad, and that of the *Royal George* worse." Later the inspecting officer found the magazine of the *Moira* empty with the exception of about ten rounds of full cartridges, and he expressed the opinion that the captain "never intended to defend his ship, otherwise he would not have got the vessel in the defenceless state I found her in at a time when the enemy was looked for every hour."

Such were the conditions that marked the last phase of the Canadian navy's existence as a distinctive force. A few months later the Provincial Marine ceased to be, and became part of the royal navy, under the direction and control of Sir James Yeo, and the officers sent out with him from England. That its end was so inauspicious was due to a variety of causes, of which the shortcomings of the officers formed only one. The worst that could be said of Earle and his associates was that they lacked the experience and training required for the proper maintenance of a fleet as a fighting force. Unlike the older school of commanders, who had served and fought in the royal navy, they knew little about the conditions or requirements of naval warfare; they were expert navigators and practised seamen, and those of them who remained in the service under Yeo showed how invaluable their experience and skill as such were. As sailing masters in the reorganised squadron, Earle, Fish, Smith, and Richardson rendered services which earned the high appreciation of the British commodore, while in a despatch written by Barclay on his arrival at Kingston,

preparatory to taking over the Lake Erie command, that gallant but unfortunate officer paid a warm tribute to the zeal displayed by the Canadian officers. Later, he had occasion to acknowledge still further the courage and skill of the men of the old Provincial Marine, for in the action in Put-in-Bay, few distinguished themselves more than Captain Hall and Lieutenants Rolette, Irvine, Barwis and Robertson, all Canadians.

The naval operations on the lakes in 1813-4, the importance and effectiveness of which have not been fully appreciated by some historians, formed, if not a part of the story of the Canadian navy, at least a thrilling sequel. Without the organisation which had been in existence for thirty-five years, and without the ships, ill-equipped and neglected though they were, which Yeo and Barclay found ready to their hands, the task of maintaining British supremacy on the inland waters would have been infinitely more difficult than it proved. After all, it was a Canadian-built navy that, in spite of vicissitudes and reverses, upheld the honour of the King's flag in a struggle in which the odds were heavily against it, and the fact is worth remembering in these days when a naval policy of national and imperial significance is being shaped. The old wooden walls of Canada unquestionably played a useful part; their picturesque story but waits the touch of a Marryat or a Fenimore Cooper, who will reconstruct and refit them, man them again with their gallant crews, hoist the flag of romance, and sail them over the inland seas where modestly dwelt for a time the spirit that now rules the waves and has made an Empire great.



# THE SHADOWS

BY MARGARET BELL

THEY used to meet every day about noon, just by the fountain in the park. They must have lived somewhere in the same neighbourhood, for she went back to the publishing house from her luncheon, just as he left the office to go for his.

That is how they met in the centre of the park.

The first time was a day in June, when the shadows of the birds fitted across the basin of the fountain. They stood quite close, looking at the shadows. And involuntarily she looked down at his, he at hers. The day was soft and smiling and kind, and the fragrance of the flowers came to them, as they stood there. They could see scudding bits of cloud, chasing each other across the marble of the basin, and back of them, the kindly blue of the sky.

"It is so good to see the clouds fade away and leave the clear blue sky in sight," she found herself saying, more as the utterance of a thought than a bit of conversation.

"Except the silver ones," he answered.

It was as if he had expected her to say something. He stood with his cap in his hand. A blossom from a chestnut tree flew down into the basin. The children played around them, and threw bits of bark and leaves into the water. The sun made the sparkling spray look like diamonds. They laughed. It was so good to be alive in June.

The next day it rained. The birds did not fly through the park, and the

shadows in the basin were indistinct. They met, and stood looking at the spray and playing raindrops. He noticed that she coughed a little, and drew her coat closer around her.

"The shadows seem undecided today, and waver," she said, just as she had spoken before. She noticed a frown between his eyes, when she looked at his reflection on the water.

"Because there is a storm. It is not easy to remain decided in a storm."

The frown seemed to leave his face at the sound of her voice. People passed quickly by, and wondered at the sight of the two young people in the rain. They did not know what they saw in the shadows.

"The clouds are not bright today," she said. "The silver ones seem to have turned to lead."

"Yes, but it is not the clouds that have turned. It is the forces without, which work upon them. See how they try to run away from themselves."

A bedraggled crow flew, screaming, and perched on a tree near the fountain. He sat pecking the raindrops from his feathers, and uttering strange caws. The girl shivered.

"I don't like the crow to shriek like that," she whispered. And she coughed a hard, little cough, and buttoned her coat tighter around her throat.

"It's because he doesn't like the grayness and the rain," he answered. And the frown came back again between his eyes.

The next day was bright and shining again, and tiny raindrops glistened on the grass blades, like points of crystal on a bed of emeralds. The birds were riotous in their happiness, and the little children laughed and clapped their hands. The basin of the fountain reflected a great, clear space of blue. One would almost have thought it was the mirror of an everlasting paradise.

His face showed radiant in the shadow, and there was no frown between his eyes.

"I have never seen your face more beautiful," she said.

It was the first time she had addressed a thought directly to him. And she continued watching the shadows flit across the basin.

"Things must always be beautiful, when they are looked at through the eyes of beauty, just as the thoughts of a beautiful mind cannot be ugly."

"I didn't like the shadows yesterday," she went on. "They were so murky and seemed at war with themselves. And your face too showed frowns and discontent."

"We must have murkiness and frowns, so that the sun may seem more bright. We must have rain to make the rainbow and the chestnut blooms."

\*

There came a time in August, when the grass in the park was seared and burnt, and the loiterers and children bathed their faces in the fountain. The two young people met, as usual, and watched the playing crystals. People had grown to look for them, and conversation was always hushed when they came near the fountain.

"They seem always so sad," said an old woman one day. She was wrinkled and hunch-backed, and carried a heavy basket on her arm.

"Perhaps that's the new way of making love," her companion laughed. "We may not understand it."

"Maybe so, maybe so, but the old way was good enough for me. Young folks nowadays have strange ways of

enjoying themselves," and she cackled a harsh laugh, as she sat down under a tree.

"It seems to me it would be better if the girl would laugh more. And I don't like her cough, and her eyes are getting more sunken every day. I think she thinks too much."

"She seems to like the ragamuffins that play around the fountain, bad cess to them. They never pull her skirt or try to trip her when she walks," and the hunch-backed old woman struck the park seat with her withered hand.

But the two young people by the fountain paid no attention to the comments and criticism. The girl flecked bits of water with her fingers, and watched the little birds hop up to drink.

"The burning heat makes all the birdies thirsty," she said. There was a soft expression in her eyes, when she spoke to him.

"A burning heat makes everyone athirst. And, then, the more it's quenched the greater it becomes. It's human, too, for August suns come, one day, to us all. Let's keep close to the fountain, or we too may feel the burning heat."

She saw his hand tremble, and a strange look came into his eyes. He walked abruptly from her, and left her standing where his shadow had showed beneath the playing spray. She went slowly toward the far park gates, trying to choke down the sobs which rose in her throat, from sadness or joy, she did not know which.

One day in autumn, when bits of red and gold and bronze dropped down from the chestnuts, they stood at their accustomed place. Soon, the water in the fountain would forget to play, and the shadows would be obscured by ice. The girl's cheeks were paler and her cough more frequent. But there was a light in her eyes, which had not been there before, and her voice was sweeter when she spoke to him.

"We have seen many shadows to-

gether in the fountain, we have watched the gloom and murkiness come and go, we have seen the flowers blossom and burn, but never has the fountain been more beautiful than now in the fulness of autumn, when the trees cast their gold into it, and the clouds above send down the shadows of amethyst and topaz."

She could say no more, for the cough came, and left her weak and trembling. He held her close to him, as if he would like to give her of his strength. And she smiled, and a great happiness shone from her eyes.

"I looked at your shadow that first day in June, and then my own appeared to me to change. In the storm

it was dim and uncertain, but when the storm ceased and the sun smiled again, I saw a radiance appear over my reflection, and I knew it was the radiance of your sweetness and purity. And every day it grew more and more, and every day I learned and understood. By keeping near the fountain, we have seen in its shadows all that can be seen by the eyes of life. Already, I have lived a thousand lives."

She did not reply, and he stroked her face and hair. And a sudden shudder passed through him, at the touch of her, and he stood with bared head, holding close the cold beautiful form who had shown him life.

---

## THE PASSER-BY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WE are as children in a field at play  
Beside a road whose way we do not know,  
Save that it somewhere meets the end of day.

Upon the road there is a Passer-by  
Who, pausing, beckons one of us—and lo!  
Quickly he goes, nor stays to tell us why!

One day I shall look up and see him there  
Beckoning me, and with the Passer-by  
I, too, shall take the road—I wonder where?





"SPRING SONG"

From the painting by Archibald Browne in the Goupil Galleries, London.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE BROWN STUDY

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

WHEN with her own hand, as fragile and delicate as a child's, as inexorable as destiny's, Eleanor locked herself out of the empty, darkened house that her girlhood had called home, it was with a sense of having by that act builded an implacable barrier between yesterday and tomorrow. The impatience with which she had anticipated that moment, cooled; a little saddened and reluctant she lingered upon the high brownstone stoop, suddenly made sensible that nothing, not even emancipation, may be achieved without regret for the order that passes.

Over the way, smiling behind its jealous barrier, the Park basked in the hot, gilded sunlight of a mid-morning late in the waning spring. The air was heavy, stifling with the sweet, cloying smell of its verdure. In the hush a child's chuckle sounded above the murmur of the city; a shrill chorus of shrieks followed; through the iron railing Eleanor caught glimpses of slim scampering legs, flashing like wheel-spokes down one of the hedged paths.

So she, too, had one time played in that enclosure. A mist of poignant memories dimmed her eyes; she dried it away with the brave reflection that such emotions were unworthy a budding bachelor-girl, and impulsively ran down the steps, not daring to turn for a single backward glance as she hurried westward, chin high, eyes shining, an adventurous colour mantling her firm young cheeks.

She hailed and swung aboard a

north-bound car, naming her destination to an overworked, preoccupied conductor; and settled back, a slight and slender figure in her modish gown of brown linen, to dream uninterruptedly her dream of independence, until at length, roused by his warning yawn: "Here y'ah, Miss; this's where yeh wantuh gitawf!" she rose and alighted.

Approached in this wise, the quarter wore an aspect quaintly strange to her eyes; she recognised nothing of it other than the unlovely southern cliffs of a large hall and the great park's fringe of green, peering alluringly over the brow of the hill. None the less, aware that she was to know it all more intimately, she reviewed it with interest, ignoring only the street-sign on the lamp-post that reared up on the nearest corner like an unheeded semaphore of destiny.

Downhill to the weather-worn scaffolding of the Sixth Avenue "L," ran a block largely given over to buildings of a curiously composite character, the ground floors occupied by stables, those above by studios. Midway between the avenues Miss Rowan found an open doorway topped by a fan-light bearing a number which she verified carefully, having been there but once before, and that six months ago. Entering, she ascended two long and narrow flights of steps, broken by a cramped landing. At the top, pausing breathless, she found herself in a deep broad corridor, upon which four doors stood open; a fifth, at the rear, was shut.

Through the first door came a rumble of masculine voices punctured by laughter; through first and second drifted a pungent fog of tobacco smoke; from the third emanated a trickle of piano chords, hopelessly emulating a series of crescendo howls—the voice feminine; from the fourth emerged, as Eleanor passed, a gaunt and scraggly female in a gown disconcertingly baggy. Her front hair had strayed casually over her forehead; she wore staring eye-glasses, an inquiring expression, and bore a large portfolio.

With soundless strides this apparition sulked swiftly through the hall and vanished over the lip of the stairs, leaving Miss Rowan with the conviction that she was not to suffer from lack of artistic atmosphere, in her new abode. Before the fifth, the shut door, she knelt and lifted a corner of the mat.

Surely enough, a key was there. The girl fitted it to the lock, opened the door, and shut herself in.

Her initial impression was compounded of disappointment and resentment; the room seemed very sparsely furnished, in distinct contrast to the memory she had of it. She has looked forward to something less Spartan in artistic simplicity. Yet a second glance reassured her to some extent; the room was fitted with all things needful for the comfort of independent youth. If she lacked anything, it would be an easy matter to supply it from her own ample resources. She must not complain at the very outset, who had engaged upon this venture in a spirit finely scornful of hardships; none of which could possibly prove too onerous to be endured in the name of Freedom.

With the ready adaptability of her sex, Eleanor wasted no time in search of closet or clothes-press. The long coat which she promptly removed, she draped over one corner of a screen; her hat she disposed coquettishly on top of the coat. Then she sat herself down in a ramshackle bas-

ket chair, for a moment's rest and quiet survey of her newly annexed territory.

The moment lengthened into a minute; the minute into many. The chair was comfortable, the studio quiet; through an open window at the back a drowsy air breathed, freighted with dreams; green linen shields suspended beneath the skylight manufactured a pleasing gloom; even the graduated wailing, muted by two intervening partitions, had a somewhat soothing effect. One's thoughts wandered while one waited for the express-man to bring one's trunk. . . . After a time Eleanor opened her purse and took from it a note which she re-read with a smile—it was altogether so characteristic of Jerry Donovan, in letter and in spirit! It read in part:

“Dear Nell,—I'm off to-morrow on the Etruria, armed with letters of marque in the shape of a travelling scholarship in Europe—awarded yesterday. No time to see you. . . . Here's a scheme; you've frequently complained of feeling lonely in the Gramercy Square house, since Aunt Emma died. My studio won't be working for a year—unless you use it. Why not? You can be comfortable enough. Shut up the house and take possession; I'm leaving the key under the door-mat and the janitor orders to behave. There'll be some butter in the ice box (on the fire-escape) if you get there quick enough. . . . Your 'aff 2nd cousin, Gerald.”

Still smiling, Eleanor lowered the hand that held the letter. Her gaze wandered out of the open window, her thoughts at random. . . . If Jerry Donovan were rattle-brained, what was she, who had fallen in so readily with his scheme?

In this pose Penoyer found her.

He came in suddenly, out of breath, and slammed the door. Eleanor sat up, startled, then more slowly got to her feet, eyes to the intruder, lips shaping an “Oh!” so subtly enunciated that it was susceptible to half a dozen reasonable interpretations. Penoyer received it with unshaken composure. The sur-

prise in his face gave way to a smile, and he nodded pleasantly, unabashed.

"Good morning!" he gave her cheerfully. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting long. Sorry. But I see you've made yourself comfortable. That's right."

Miss Rowan gasped; but before she could recollect her wits, Penoyer continued.

"Had to run out on an errand; when I found I was to be detained, I hoped you'd find the key under the mat. Too bad, though—this cuts short the pose by about an hour. That is, unless you have no other engagement to-day? No? Then you won't mind sitting until half after one? Bully!"

His voice rang with satisfaction so genuine that one hardly liked to dash it; while Miss Rowan sought for a gentle form of rebuke, he rattled on.

"Sit down—I'm not quite ready yet." And somehow she found herself obeying. "Awf'ly glad you found you could get here to-day. Ballister told me Saturday he'd send you if you could give me the time." His glance appraised her with open admiration. "That's a ripping gown, you know—perfectly stunning! Ballister said there wasn't another model in New York who dressed as well as you."

Eleanor flushed indignantly, and started to protest, getting as far as "I'm not—!" before her words were drowned by the rumble and squeal of the heavy easel Penoyer was wheeling to the middle of the floor. By the time she could make herself heard, she had thought better of it. She was not stupid; she understood clearly now that she had blundered somehow into the wrong studio—though, to be sure, that in itself was stupidity so crass that she would have blushed to own it. It were best, she thought, not to confess; best to accept the game as it lay, pose for the young man who took things so serenely for granted, make an eventual escape

without question, and be more careful thereafter. Besides (this was not altogether an after-thought) she liked him.

Penoyer was likeable. She stole swift, curious glances at him, continually, when he least suspected it. He seemed a new type to her knowledge of men—somehow variously different. She even went so far as to make comparisons with one or two of her set, whose attitude of late cumulatively ardent, had quickened her apprehensive attention; comparisons of which the advantage lay all to the nearer equation.

Before her eyes, quite unconcernedly, Penoyer removed his coat and draped his shoulders with a paint-smear'd smock. His demeanor was business-like to an extreme. He squinted at Eleanor with a critical detachment to which she was little used. She had to remind herself that, while to her he was a human being, a personality, to him she was merely a problem in light and colour.

"As you were when I came in, please," he directed tersely. "You were thinking—a letter in your hand, I believe. It's not a hard pose, and the absolute unconsciousness was charming. . . . That's about it. Head a thought this way, please. I want your profile; it's as near perfection as anything I ever hope to see. . . . And the way the light catches in your hair's simply gorgeous!"

"Do you . . . at . . . Is it customary to compliment a model with such extravagance?" demanded the girl, with an uncertain smile that made her heightened colour radiant.

Penoyer impaled an expansive palette on his left thumb, and from an obese collapsible tube squirted a squirming serpent of silver-white. "Not always," he replied abstractedly; "not unless she deserves it. . . . If you're quite comfortable, we'll get to work." He smiled inscrutably to himself; but this the girl could not see; she was posing, and

wondering, and (a little guiltily) beginning to enjoy the adventure.

For some moments no sound was audible within the four walls, aside from the pat-pat of brushes on prepared canvas. Then the young man began to chatter with engaging inconsequence. Fortuitously his name passed his lips. Later it occurred to him to remark that "Ballister" had mentioned the model's name, but that he, Penoyer, had forgotten it.

"I am Eleanor Rowan," announced the girl, with fortitude.

"Thank you. Head a little more to the left, please. There!"

By his tone her name, which to half a score young men of her world stood for a comfortable fortune and a pretty girl into the bargain, to him meant nothing but an inspiring model. He worked on. In twenty-five minutes he invited Miss Rowan to rest; in five more minutes he calmly invited her to resume the pose. Throughout the sitting the half-hours were so divided. Promptly at one-thirty, Penoyer laid aside his palette.

"That's all for to-day." His tone did not lack regret. "What d'you think of it?"

Smiling diffidently, Eleanor rose and joined him before the canvas. Penoyer gauged its effect upon her, covertly, with a shadowy smile, by the ebb and flow of light and colour in her eyes and cheeks. He was rarely endowed with the faculty of justly appreciating the worth of his own work, and knew that this was good—promising, if no more than a hasty, preliminary sketch.

The girl stood silent, rapt in sheer wonder. To her his ability seemed little less than marvellous.

The canvas ran the gamut of shades of brown, from the palest-golden brown of the wicker chair to the rich deep coppery tint of her wonderfully woven hair. Between these there was the brown of the tarnished cloth-o'-gold tapestry, which formed the background; the creamy brown of

her shirt-waist, the deeper shade of her skirt, the ivory of cheeks and temples relieved by the rich scarlet of her lips, the velvety, luminous seal-brown of her dreaming eyes.

"The Brown Study," said Penoyer, at her shoulder; "we'll call it that, for a pretty average poor pun—in paint," he rounded out the alliteration with a laugh. "Well?"

"Of course you know," said Miss Rowan seriously, "that it is wonderfully clever. It's fairly incredible that you should do anything so quickly! Why when I looked at it during the last rest, it was only paint—"

Penoyer's eyes shifted from the canvas to her own; he grinned quizzically. "I pulled it together in a hurry," he admitted, "because I wasn't sure of another pose. There's nothing sound there—just mere superficial smartness. It needs—deserves—study. When can you come again? To-morrow?"

"I . . . Why! . . ." Eleanor's face burned beneath his regard. Dared she carry on the deception? And risk discovery? "I'll come—yes, surely," she stammered; and was appalled by her own temerity.

"Good enough. Nine o'clock sharp, then." Penoyer thrust a hand into a pocket and produced three silver half dollars. "Better settle up every day," he suggested amiably. "Then we always know where we stand."

Dismayed, Eleanor put forth a timid hand, hastily withdrew it, hung in irresolution for an instant, and in final desperation accepted her wage. Should she refuse it, she would forfeit her right to return upon the morrow; and quite of a sudden it was clear to her understanding that tomorrow would be gray and empty and profitless unless she posed for Penoyer's portrait.

Stammering her thanks, she suffered the painter to help her with her coat, aware of her one imperative need—to get away, to think things over; that dumb, animal longing for

solitude that is the portion of every woman at least once in her span. In a flurry she adjusted her hat, doubtless with less care than ever before in her experience; dropped her veil between her traitorous face and a keen-eyed world; and—somehow, in a rush—escaped.

Penoyer drifted back to the canvas and there, regarding it with a vague, elusive smile, remained for many minutes. At length, "Wel-l!" he said. "I wonder . . ." As he turned aside he was troubled by a sense of the studio's emptiness.

\*

The corner lamp-post set Eleanor right, verifying her surmise that the conductor's carelessness had conspired with her own absence of thought to set her feet in a street one block removed from that which she had sought. In the next street to the south—like the other a thoroughfare distinguished by the effluvia of the mews below, the ether of the Muse above—she found a building in whose entry-way she was, this time, at pains to pause long enough to search out upon the list of tenants the title and estate of "Gerald Donovan, Artist."

Her mistake, after all, had been pardonable. Here, as in the first instance, she found two long flights of stairs, with the deep corridor at the top, upon which four doors stood ajar, the fifth, and last, being shut. But here, if she required further reassurance, she found it in the circumstance of her trunk, at rest before the closed door; and, superimposed upon it, his back to the rear window, the figure of one whom she hastily assumed to be the expressman, patiently awaiting his receipt. No premonition warned her.

As she hurried toward him the man arose. "You've kept me waiting the deuce of a while, Nelly," he complained, by way of greeting; "'most all of an hour. . . ."

The girl stopped short with a brief

exclamation of displeasure: "George Inglis!"

That person shaped his thin lips into a deprecatory smile. His pale eyes remained mirthless; he was of that type which, struggling to simulate depth of character, permits itself to smile only on the surface. "I'd begun to worry about you—really!" he protested.

"You had no right," asserted Eleanor shortly. "Why have you followed me?"

"I had to see you, Nelly," explained Inglis in an injured tone. "Got your letter last night—came to town this morning—found your house closed—a bit of a Sherlock Holmes, you know—easy to trace you."

"If I had wished you to, don't you suppose I would have sent my address?"

The man smiled, furtively apologetic, and began to slip off one of his immaculate chamois gloves. "I felt it was my duty—"

"You are wasting your time, Mr. Inglis," interposed the girl decidedly but not unkindly.

"But, really, it isn't—ah—right, you know—"

"What is not right?"—sharply.

Inglis waved the yellow glove comprehensively. "All this sort of thing—you know—girl of your standing—no chaperone—ah—"

Key in hand, Eleanor straightened up from exploration beneath the door-mat. "George Inglis," she enunciated with deliberation, "you weary me. You always did, I think. Please go 'way."

"Besides," he persisted, producing an object for which he had been fumbling in his waist-coat pocket, "I want to know what this means." He nodded toward the slender hoop of gold, set with a single coruscating stone, as though he held it mute evidence of some heartless perfidy of hers.

"That? I sent it back," Eleanor flashed impatiently. "That has only

one real meaning that I know of."

Inglis bethought himself to look aggrieved. "But, Nelly, it's always been understood—"

"Then it's time the misunderstandings were corrected!"

"But your parents approved—"

"That was a long time ago. . . . Won't you please take no for an answer, George?"

The man's lips tightened sullenly. "I refuse to release you," he said.

Anger flickered ominously in the girl's eyes. She unlocked the studio door, and, with her back to it, turned. "Please do go," she reiterated, still patient. "I've changed my mind—"

"I haven't. I refuse to take back the ring." Inglis attempted to capture her hand; she withdrew it quickly. The ring slipped from his fingers, fell, bounced, and settled at her feet. "I leave it there!" Inglis declared, with much dramatic expression.

Eleanor's lips curled. "You better not. A char-woman might find it, and then you'd be obliged to pay for it."

She darted suddenly into the studio and shut the door.

Inglis checked something on his lips, made as if to follow; reconsidered, glaring malevolently at the inexpressive panels; took three strides towards the stair-head; hesitated; turned back, snatched up the ring, and disappeared.

\*

Consistently Eleanor employed the remainder of the afternoon and the best part of the evening in vacillation, her humour of two complexions; she would, she would not, return to pose for Penoyer's Brown Study. At bed-time, she wouldn't, and fell asleep placidly convinced that she had chosen the safer course. She awoke as unshakably determined. At nine she was sounding a timid knock at Penoyer's studio door.

The matter-of-course reception he accorded her proved annoying. Penoyer himself was exasperatingly

wrapped up in his work; he got at it immediately, with deft, confident brush-strokes building up the groundwork of his brilliant sketch, a living, womanly incarnation of the charming mystery that Miss Rowan was to him. When the girl was permitted to inspect the result of the morning's work, she forgave him. And on the morrow returned—this time a trace more confidently.

She was slipping without a wrench from the old-time ordered routine to the new, so strangely unrestricted; unrummured, the lonely little lady of Gramerey Square had yielded place to the self-contained and independent young woman of the studio. The novelty of it all enchanted her, and she told herself, with unconscious, ingenuous exaggeration, that for the first time in her twenty-odd years her soul was able to breathe freely. No one, not even George Inglis—certainly no regret for him—troubled her. She was naïvely happy and contented.

Of course this couldn't last. . . . On this third morning she assumed her pose in the basket-chair with a sigh of sheer delight, to be there, not altogether unaware that part of her enjoyment was derived from Penoyer's greeting, which had been tinged with the ardour of his gratitude. As the easel the young man painted steadily through a still, singing half-hour. Then came interruption—a rap on the door, which, as always, stood ajar, the opening protected by a screen. The girl neither moved nor turned her head as the painter went to answer—smothering an exclamation of annoyance.

"Oh," he said, none too graciously, "helloa, Inglis."

"May I come in?"

The girl, perturbed beyond belief, steeled herself to absolute immobility; there was no mistaking George Inglis's affected drawl. Her indignation,—that he should have dared follow her!—burned high, but she subdued its evidences.

"Why . . . yes," assented Penoyer at the door. Nothing disconcerted, Inglis entered. Out of a corner of her eye Eleanor saw that he was in riding costume.

"On my way to the Park, old chap," he explained airily. "Happened to remember your invitation to drop in and look over your pictures. Hope I don't intrude? See you've got a model?"

"Yes," Penoyer agreed to the obvious. "I'm working. . . . You may rest now—"

"I am not tired," interrupted the girl quickly. "I will continue posing."

Penoyer thanked her with unaffected warmth, believing that she was furthering his own design to discourage the intruder.

"Go right ahead," Inglis protested. "Don't mind me. I'll just look 'round and see what you've got."

"Help yourself," Penoyer told him brusquely. "Pardon my going on."

He took up palette and brushes and for some time worked with commendable application. Inglis prowled, spurs clashing, hither and yon, pausing now to eye a framed study, now to turn to the light a canvas that had been placed face to the wall. At intervals he ventured comments complimentary or otherwise, which the painter received with unbroken equanimity. Once Inglis was smitten with admiration by the studio's one expensive bit of furniture—a Colonial escritoire in a splendid state of preservation.

"Fine thing, this," he enthused, waving his riding-cap. "Sheraton?"

"Chippendale," corrected its owner.

"Care to sell it?"

"I'm not running an antique shop," retorted Penoyer, offended.

"Oh, of course not, old chap—beg pardon."

Again, Inglis stood staring at the girl for several moments, in silence. Beneath her pretence of absolute un-

consciousness she was aware of his shallow, ironic smile. Presently he turned away to join Penoyer before the easel. After a pause he inquired when it would be finished. "In three days," said Penoyer.

"And what 're you asking?"

"For this?" There followed a prolonged silence. The girl understood that Penoyer for the first time was permitting himself to study his handiwork with a detached, impersonal eye. Under his brush another Eleanor had emerged from the painted cloth-o'-gold background, a breathing presentment of her sweetly thoughtful self. Beneath the silken texture of her cheek, mirrored by the painter's craft, the rich young blood leaped and flowed visibly; in her hair entangled light struggled vibrantly for freedom, or, tiring, lay content, suffering itself to be merged insensibly into the deep, soft, coppery shadows; in her eyes the long, quiet thoughts lingered pensively. Her hands, slender, delicate, their cream-white veined imperceptibly with blue, fingers rosy at the tapering tips, were pictured with a truthful tenderness, a sympathy that had required something more rare and fine than simply an artist's understanding eye. . . . Penoyer shook his head gently. "I don't think I care to sell."

"No?" queried Inglis in counterfeit surprise. "It's very—ah—interesting, you know."

"Yes, I know," agreed Penoyer in a dry tone that closed the question.

Shortly after which Inglis took his departure without betraying any resentment of the painter's lack of cordiality. He said nothing about returning; Eleanor dared hope that he would not. What she did not dare hope was that he would refrain from annoying her by a call at her studio; but in this apprehension she was pleasantly disappointed. The fourth sitting, too, was marked by no interruption of any sort; the fifth only by a curious change in Penoyer's demeanour.

She remarked that he seemed to be working with a devotion notably less sedulous; for minutes at a time he would stand motionless, brush poised, eyes dwelling upon his model with an effect of profound brooding, slightly tinged with melancholy. She discovered that his eyes did not always smile; that they could be even sombre and weary. The discovery affected her with an unaccountable feeling of resentment, an instinctive antagonism to whatever outside concern it was that worked upon him so distressingly. What could it be? Was he poor? She found it hard to comprehend poverty, but all that morning she tried to, and sat strengthening her determination to refuse her daily stipend, when dismissed at noon. When the time came her resolution evaporated. But Penoyer did not pay her, after all.

He made no reference to the omission, and she tried to think of it as an oversight; but the constraint in his manner troubled her; she could not forget it. She remembered, too, a fancied trace of interesting pallor in his countenance, a rather grim expression in the lines of his good-humoured, wide-lipped mouth, and faintly bluish rings beneath his eyes—so faint as to be discernable only to a solicitous regard. Then his extraordinary reticence. . . . She was alarmed and dismayed to discover that the young man was occupying her imagination to a degree for which she knew no precedent. She endeavoured to dismiss from her mind—with a result which might have been discounted by a more sophisticated person.

Penoyer, however, proved unexpectedly normal the next morning; his careworn manner had disappeared. So she discovered presently, had the Chippendale escritoire. She mused vaguely on the connection between the two circumstances, throughout the first pose. During the following rest Penoyer surprised her by producing three one-dollar bills, which he professed with elaborately off-handed air.

"Oh by the way!" he said. "I forgot to settle up yesterday. Careless of me! But this covers both yesterday and to-day."

"Thank you," she said, stricken with a compassion she dared not give way to. Her study of him had already warned her of his sensitiveness and pride. She took the money without demur, and instinctively resumed the pose, the wicker chair offering itself as a refuge from distraction wherein she might sit and scheme.

. . . . So it *had* been poverty, after all! And he had parted with his beloved bit of Chippendale to get money to pay her!—and that when, only a day or so before, he had refused to name a price for one of his paintings. Why? Because it was *her* portrait?

A soft colour flooded her face. Her eyes grew brilliant. She began to plan for him with all the generosity of her unselfish heart. Something must be contrived to relieve his distress, and that at once. Someone must be commissioned to buy some of his canvases, immediately, secretly.

There came a knock at the door. The girl caught her breath sharply, stabbed by a pang of intuition as by a knife. She sat up suddenly, then sank back into the chair, hearing Penoyer greet Inglis as if their voices came from a great distance.

"'Morning, Pen. 'Couldn't forget that study of yours, you know, and thought I'd drop up for another look. It's great, you know—immense."

"I'm glad you like it," returned Penoyer quietly.

A slight pause followed, Inglis, assured, at ease before the easel, Penoyer standing to one side, his glance wavering between the model and the portrait, his manner inquiring.

"You haven't changed your mind, have you?" Inglis advanced at length.

"About what?" Penoyer parried uneasily.

"Selling."

"Why . . . You really want to buy?"

"Act that way, don't I? Put a



price on it and watch me. Fire away."

Penoyer hesitated. "It's — it's quite the best thing I've done. . ."

"Well?" interrupted Inglis insolently. "You don't want five thousand, do you?"

Penoyer blushed painfully. "No," he said slowly; "you know very well my work's not worth so much, to-day. But I do want money. Will you . . . will you pay a thousand?"

"You'll sell for that?"

"Yes—for cash," Penoyer conceded wretchedly, his face crimson.

"Will a cheque next Monday do you?"

"Ye-es . . ."

"Done!" Inglis slapped his puttee exultantly with his riding-crop. Momentarily the girl was conscious of his glance upon her, informed with extravagant malice. She sat sunk in effable misery, deaf to his concluding remarks as, pleading an engagement, he made off, too politic to linger and gloat over her discomfiture, lest Penoyer should find cause to change his mind again.

As he left another took his place at the door, a student occupying one of the other rooms in the building, asking Penoyer to step into his "place" for two minutes and help him out with some technical difficulty. The painter acceded, and Eleanor was alone.

Abruptly she arose, in a whirl of excitement, aware of one thing more important than all else; that she could not remain to face Penoyer again. He had sinned beyond forgiveness, though unwittingly. That he should have sold his work she could have pardoned; but that he should have parted with her portrait to George Inglis! —that was unendurable.

She struggled dazedly into her coat, put on her hat, and darted quickly down the empty corridor, blind with anguish.

\*

In the dull warm dusk of evening

she returned, timing herself to reach Penoyer's studio at an hour when he would most probably be absent, dining. But even if he were there, she was determined. . . .

She climbed the stairs a little wearily, drooping with fatigue, worn and spent from the conflict of the day's emotions.

The hall was dark and silent, the studios all deserted, for any evidence to the contrary; even the day-long wailing of the musically-afflicted one had been hushed. She stole quietly, a shadow among shadows, to Penoyer's door, there to pause, a trifle frightened. It stood ajar. No sound came from within.

Waiting a moment, Eleanor tapped, but educed no answer. Timidly she pushed the door wide. The screen had been folded against the wall; the studio was deserted. Only, in the middle of the floor, rose the gaunt framework of the easel that held the Brown Study, now invisible behind its dust-curtain.

With an inaudible sigh of relief the girl pushed the door to. Beneath the skylight she paused to examine her purse and reassured herself as to the safety of its contents—more money than she was in the habit of carrying; ten one-hundred dollar bills, newly drawn from her bank, that same afternoon.

Inglis should never have her picture, but Penoyer, she was resolved, should not suffer. It was not his fault . . . poor fellow! . . .

Thrusting the drapery aside, with adroit fingers she unfastened the canvas and lifted it to the floor. The curtain fell back into place. The portrait itself was not too large for her to carry through the darkening streets, in a neighbourhood where the sight of art students carrying their work about was nothing uncommon, even in daylight. But she hesitated, temporarily at a loss for a place to leave the bills, where Penoyer would be sure to find them, where another would not think of looking. . . .

In the corridor footsteps sounded. A man laughed briefly, and then she heard Penoyer's voice, subdued and steady. He had evidently been calling in one of the other studios, and was returning! In panic she cast about for a hiding-place. . . .

Doubtless he would soon go out. There was the screen with the cloth-o'-gold, behind the basket chair . . . But the canvas? She had no time to restore it. If he found it gone . . .

His footsteps were approaching, but an interruption gave her an instant's advantage. Someone called his name from the stairway, and he stopped to reply.

"Helloa?"

"Penoyer?" — Her heart leaped and fell: it was Inglis! "I say, Pen, I want to see you a moment."

Trembling with dismay the girl seized the canvas and bore it with her behind the screen, from which refuge she heard Penoyer somewhat coldly invite Inglis to "Come in, then," and the two men entered. A match was lighted; a gas jet flared. Then the painter's voice: "Well?"—with a note of weariness.

"I got your note at the club." Inglis spoke with restrained heat. "I want to know—"

"Doesn't the note explain itself? I've decided not to sell."

"But—you agreed: a bargain's a bargain. I intend to hold you—"

"You'll find that a hard job. I won't sell. That's final."

"I suppose you think you'll get a higher price by holding it."

"Possibly."

"Well, I can inform you that you're wasting your time. Eleanor—"

"You mean Miss Rowan? What about her?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know she's my fiancée?"

A pause; then Penoyer, slowly: "No-o, I didn't know that. Furthermore I don't believe it. Circumstances don't bear out your statement."

"Why, you fortune-hunter—"

"Before I throw you out," said Penoyer, "I give you two minutes to explain just what you mean."

"Mean!" Inglis snarled. "I mean you know well enough she's got a small fortune in her own right, and that you're refusing to sell me this portrait in order to make a gallery-play—"

"That's enough," interrupted Penoyer. "Now—I'll throw you out of the door for your insolence any way, but first I want to say something. . . . I didn't know this. I only agreed to sell the picture to get money enough to ask Miss Rowan to marry me. Apparently she resented the sale; she ran away, and I've no notion where to find her. Therefore I purpose to retain the picture. Now, Mr. Inglis, out you go!"

There was a scuffle of feet; a sound of hurried breathing; an oath from Inglis, and an abrupt, heavy fall in the corridor. Then: "Had enough?" inquired Penoyer, from the threshold. "If you like I'll give you a hand downstairs—or a foot."

But Mr. Inglis was satisfied, it appeared. With some indications of haste, he departed. Penoyer turned back into the studio, and stopped still with a little cry of rueful wonder: "Oh-h! . . ."

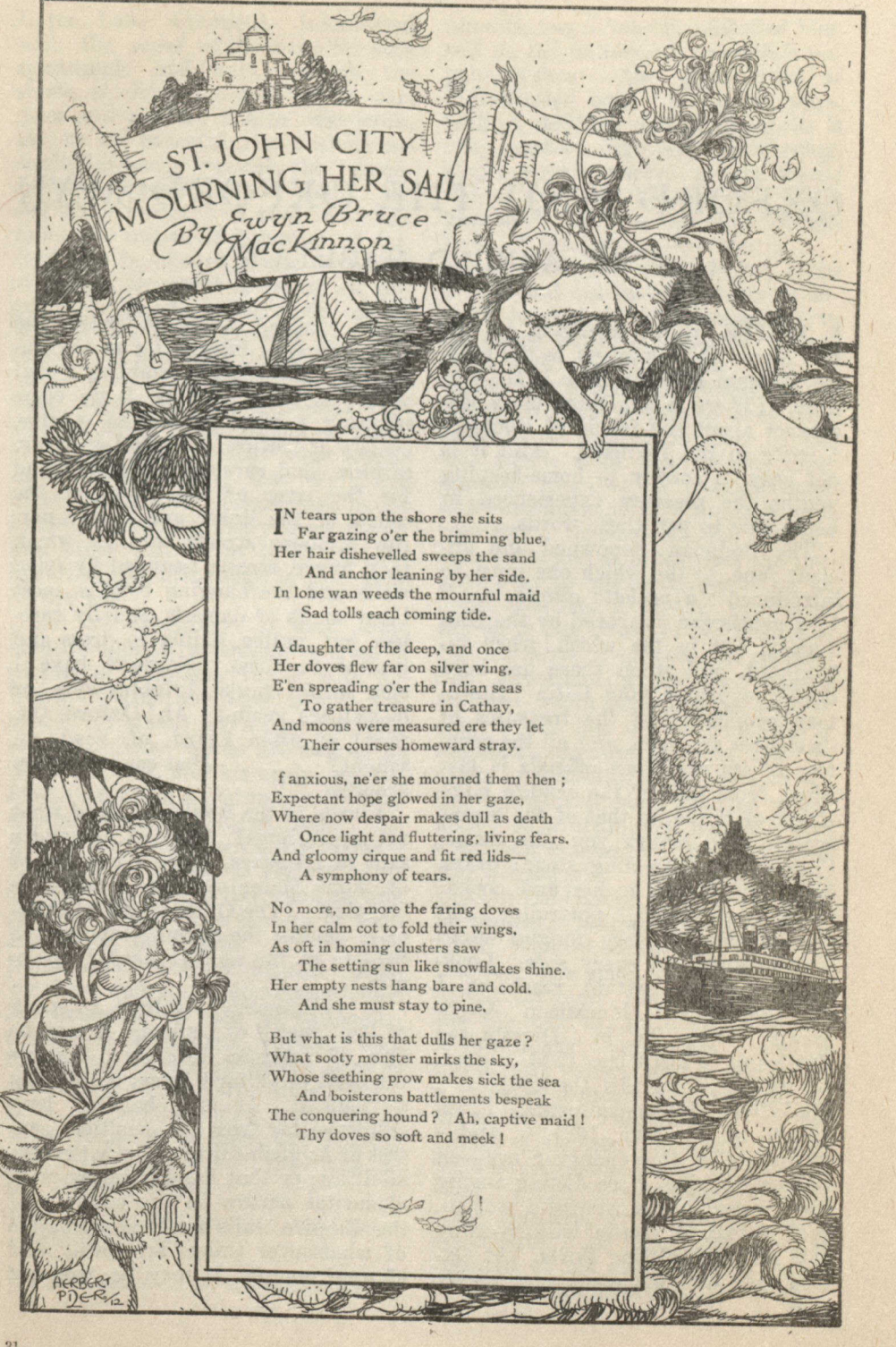
Eleanor stood by the edge of the screen, poised timorously, as if on the point of flight. But she met his gaze with eyes lambent with the light of her divine courage.

For a space neither moved, nor spoke. Then Penoyer shook his head, smiling sadly.

"Of course," said he, "you heard. I . . . I don't know what to say to you, Miss Rowan. I . . ."

With an adorable gesture she raised her hands and held them out to him. "Can't you," she pleaded in a low voice broken by a little, fluttering catch—"Aren't you brave enough to say to me now, dear, what you said a moment ago, when you thought—?"

But Penoyer was already saying more.



ST. JOHN CITY  
MOURNING HER SAIL  
By Ewyn Bruce  
MacKinnon

**I**N tears upon the shore she sits  
Far gazing o'er the brimming blue,  
Her hair dishevelled sweeps the sand  
And anchor leaning by her side.  
In lone wan weeds the mournful maid  
Sad tolls each coming tide.

A daughter of the deep, and once  
Her doves flew far on silver wing,  
E'en spreading o'er the Indian seas  
To gather treasure in Cathay,  
And moons were measured ere they let  
Their courses homeward stray.

f' anxious, ne'er she mourned them then ;  
Expectant hope glowed in her gaze,  
Where now despair makes dull as death  
Once light and fluttering, living fears,  
And gloomy cirque and fit red lids—  
A symphony of tears.

No more, no more the faring doves  
In her calm cot to fold their wings,  
As oft in homing clusters saw  
The setting sun like snowflakes shine.  
Her empty nests hang bare and cold.  
And she must stay to pine.

But what is this that dulls her gaze ?  
What sooty monster mirks the sky,  
Whose seething prow makes sick the sea  
And boisterous battlements bespeak  
The conquering hound ? Ah, captive maid !  
Thy doves so soft and meek !

# OXFORD AND THE OXFORD MAN

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I WRITE in the Bodleian — the Mecca of book-lovers, as the British Museum Reading-room is the Medina. (There is something more sacrosanct about the fabric of Bodley.) I write in the Bodleian. And it is not easy to convey to home-keeping youths the pleasure experienced in being able to pen those words.

The Bodleian: renowned and ancient fane, to the which one must be introduced "*a probato aliquo viro*," by a gentleman approved by the University, but in the which, when introduced, and when there has been doubly signed a long Latin "Statutory promise," all the treasures of its shelves are open, and all the courtesy of its courteous officials is lavished, from that of the erudite High Priest of Books, to that of the errant acolyte who brings you the same. Carved but crumbling stone; oaken floors and desks; niches and nooks; relics, autographs, portraits; and manuscripts in every tongue under heaven—these on every side. Looking up I see, within reach as I sit, Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*"; near by is "*Digesta seu Pandectae Florentiae, 1553*"; and, not far off, "*Davidis Doringii . . . Bibliotheca Jureconsultorum. Francofurti, ad Moenvm, 1631.*" And—symbolical of this changing age—on looking up, also, I see fitting among these musty tomes, youthful women, good to look at, gentle, with fly-away hats and tight-fitting skirts. At Oxford, age and adolescence strangely

jostle. Indeed, I find at Oxford the adolescence as interesting as the antiquity. Out of the crumbling portal of a mediæval edifice I see come trooping a band of hatless youths, comely of feature, rubicund of cheek, careless, and careless of dress, bound for the river or the crease or the courts or the links; and in the narrow tortuous streets through which they hurry, streets bounded by ivied walls and overhanging boughs, meet them bands of damsels, equally careless, but, unlike, dainty in dress and lissome in form. Nowhere have I seen softer cheeks, brighter eyes, or looks more jocund. Ah! Oxford, Oxford! so often heard of, read of, sought! . . . what emotions thou arousest!

I write in the Bodleian. And what are my feelings? Well, as Alexander said to Diogenes, Were I not son of an Alma Mater oversea, I would be Oxonian. (The Oxford man will perceive neither the compliment nor the banter; so for neither need I apologize.)

It is customary, I believe, to speak of the "spell" of Oxford. It may be sign of æsthetic deficiency, but me the spell of Oxford leaves not wholly subjugated. It may be that long residence far from the emollient centres of English culture blunts the sensibilities; or that harsh struggle with elemental nature on the confines of the Empire dulls one's appreciation of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. It may be; and yet

I, too, have wandered, intoxicated with the sense of beauty, through quadrangle and hall, beneath the shade of cloister and tower, in gardens and groves; I have wandered, too, by the peaceful meads which encircle this lovely borough, the "green-muffled Cumner hills" and "the Berkshire moors." I know not; but to me the untravelled denizen of Oxford may be likened to one domiciled at Mecca; he needs to go on no pilgrimage; he sits at the shrine of all that is sacred to learning and culture. And yet (may I roun it in his ear?) his very immolation at that fane begets, I think, a mental attitude deficient in catholicity of taste. He is apt to forget that other creeds have other Meccas; that there are other "doctrines" (*doctrinae*, as he himself would learnedly term them) and other cults than those of the beautiful city that sleeps by the banks of the Isis.

Let me exemplify: I sent, some months ago, to a nephew oversea a picture of Magdalen Tower, with the words "Will not this tempt you over?" (I meant for a post-graduate course). Some weeks afterwards he did come over, and his reply, written from Oxford on a picture postcard of another Oxford College, was, "Almost as fine as my own Alma Mater." That will be Greek to Oxford men; or rather, it will be like those certain opinions which were said to be foolishness to the Greeks. Oxford men forget that there are actually existing, here and there, non-Oxford men as vertebrate—if not as rational—animals as themselves. Perhaps they forget, too, that each *terrae filius* is enamoured of his own Alma Mater. It is not because one's own proper Alma Mater is unique, but because "our hearts are small" that it is, as Mr. Kipling sings,

"Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all."

The Oxford man, all unknown to

himself, has, I take it, modelled himself on the pattern of Aristotle's megalopsychos — the great-souled or high-minded man. In all his ways, both of thinking and of doing, he is lofty, austere, dignified, slow-moving, with a certain reserve; as who should say, as the Stagirite assuredly would have said, "I have the good fortune to be of Oxford; ye—ye are . . . not of Oxford"; which latter, being interpreted (in thought, never in uttered language), is tantamount to the Greek adjective *barbaroi*. It is a magnificent pattern, this; but, if copied just a little too closely, or too rigidly, it is apt to give to these same *barbaroi* an impression more of one who stands aloof than of one high-minded; more of an unsympathetic self-seclusion than of a laudable self-restraint. Ostentation, the Oxford man contemns as much does the premier peer of the realm—and we all know how free from that particular failing is His Grace of Norfolk. But the excessive avoidance of ostentation sometimes gives the pagans amongst whom he moves an impression, I will not say of rudeness or crudeness, because at heart the Oxonian is cultivated and polite to the last degree; but, shall I say of brusquerie? of a brusquerie coupled with a curious *insouciance*, both of dress and demeanour. The overseas exile looks in the Oxford man for the glass of academic fashion. What does he find? Well, of course the day of the "dandy" has gone. The day of loud tweeds has gone. Come in their place has the day of up-turned trousers, extraordinary waistcoats, negligé shirts, soft collars, and a mien and a carriage befitting these laxities of dress; laxities "significant," in the phrase of Carlyle, "of much." The Oxford man lacks the gentler graces (and "gentle," he knows as well as I do, signifies, etymologically, pedigreed birth). He lacks what the most cultured of his own prophets called a "sweet reasonableness." "Light"

he has in abundance, a very dry light; but "sweetness" he lacks. He lacks a catholicity of taste. He lacks a catholicity of interests. With Nathaniel, he seems to say, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"—Nazareth being any locality which is not Oxford's towers, Oxford halls. Speak to him of a great University oversea, many of the staff of which, perhaps, are Oxford men like unto himself, and he will gaze at you quietly with quiet eyes and say that he thinks he has heard of it. Speak to him of currents of thought, of waves of feeling—philosophical, social, economic—flowing over distant shores, shallow currents it may be, spumy waves, but actually existent nevertheless, and wielding in their way a real influence—assuredly more significant and more far-reaching than many a storm-in-a-tea-pot which has swept over Oxford—speak to him, I say, of such, and he will gaze at you quietly with quiet eyes and answer not a word. To him the *Litterae Humaniores* are the Law and the Prophets as expounded by Heads of Colleges—the Heads of his Colleges.

To all Oxford men not only are all Oxford things of prime import, but no other things matter. (The inference may be strictly in accord with Aristotelian logic, but the world at large denies the major premiss.) What clamorous strife, for example, surged around that wholly topical, wholly ephemeral, "Tractarian Movement"! (The very nomenclature bespeaks diminutiveness.) Which reminds me that surely a very sage and subtle-minded Don not undeliberately infused a tincture of irony into his saying, anent the catastrophe of that Movement, that though, to Oxford, the secession of Newman was as the crack of doom, it was as natural and as trivial as the coalescence of two raindrops on a window-pane. *That* bell-wether Don had over-leapt the Oxonian wattles.

For, of a truth, Oxford is a wattled

cote. From his youth up, the Oxford man has been hedged about with a sort of divinity—a multiplex divinity, made up of convention and tradition, and assuredly of beauty—beauty of houses and halls, horses and dogs, manners, customs, and people. At Eton, most carefully constructed and guarded are the hurdles. The traditions, the "houses," even the sports and the dress of the place, keep youth grazing within a narrow fold: a smooth-sliding river upon which to row; smooth-shaven lawns upon which to play—and he must not wander off the central street, nor, unless in flannels, may he doff his silken hat. At Oxford—again the miniature pasture, though the area of divagation is somewhat extended: but still a nice little river, upon which races are won by "bumps" (in those who have seen Abana and Pharpar—or, shall we say, the mouths of the Irawady and the Gulf of St. Lawrence—this always raises a smile); nice little meadows, nice little fields. From school-days, up to the days when he goes to a crammer, never does the Oxford man consort with anything that is common or unclean. It may be excellent for the morals—perhaps it is excellent for the morals; but for the intellect, the outlook, the understanding, for adaptiveness, for manners . . . I hesitate to conjecture, but I bethink me of the apophthegm of the sagacious Bacon, to wit that the two best schools for the manners are the Court and the Camp. I bethink me too of a passage by that Oxonian who could not praise a "fugitive and cloistered virtue." And, if more modern authorities are asked for, they are in court. Hear "Democritus" in *The Daily Mail*:

"He goes from Oxford to Whitehall, to a nest of men brought up like himself, with the same manners, the same tradition, the same prolonged pupilage behind them . . . He has never been in contact with real life as it throbs and palpitates outside the walls of lecture-rooms and examination halls and offices."\*

\*The "Daily Mail" of Wednesday, August 14th, 1912.

Again let me exemplify: More than one son of my own Alma Mater have I known: this one, called almost suddenly to a responsible post in a Troop of Horse in regions where to preserve the life of both rider and beast required knowledge untaught in aulic halls; that one, all his impediments on his back, seeking gold, or adventure, or fame in snowy sub-arctic zones, where, for food, he was dependent on his rifle and on that of his only mate. A third, transporting himself to territories newly constituted, and making laws for conglomerate peoples rent by every divergence of race, religion, social custom, fiscal policy . . . divergences compared with which those of Newman and Pusey and Manning and Pattison and Keble and Ward were as the bickerings of petulant children. A fourth (I knew them all), thrust unexpectedly into positions in which the organization and regimentation of bands of lawless men—miners, ranchers, navvies—were subsidiary details of everyday life.

Not that *Almae Matres* in parts infidelious exactly teach such things; but that many of their sons spend the long vacation in penetrating, with rod and gun, far into the wilds of nature, carrying their packs, and portaging their canoes, like the humblest habitants; or supplement a scanty income by signing-on as rod-men or chain-men or ordinary mechanicians—donning jeans and overalls and learning the A B C as well as the X Y Z of exploring or surveying or mining or constructing. At the heart of somnolent England such things may be unknown, unnecessary (there are seven Professors and two Lecturers in Theology at Oxford to one Professor and an "Assistant" of Engineering); but on the outskirts of the Empire somebody must and will do them.

Does the great and ancient University of Oxford recognise this significant fact?"

But the teaching of such things, I hear some one say, is not the function of a University. Yes; I knew I should be told that. It is one more sign of imperviousness to ideas. Why should it not be a function? One of the most beautiful academic buildings I know of in the New World is devoted—what to, think, you, reader? It is devoted to dairying. Besides, am I not right in thinking that Oxford itself was largely built by clerics and for clerics, and that it was only about half a century ago that it was unshackled from clericism? Well, in the Middle Ages "learning" was the most esteemed, the most powerful and influential of qualifications. To-day learning must go hand in hand with doing; and, if this combination is the most powerful and influential to-day, the Universities of to-day must provide for it.

The high-minded Oxford man, following Aristotle's model, "loves to possess beautiful things that bring no profit, rather than useful things that pay" (*Ethic. Nicom.* iv. iii. 33). But he mistakes. It is not things peculiarly profitable that I ask his University to provide; it is things absolutely necessary to the life of the Empire.

The wonder is, not that the Oxford man is a little impervious to ideas, a little unadaptive to the rough-and-tumble of pagan and barbarian life, but that he bears himself as well as he does when flung over the hedge into the hedgeless world. He succeeds, not because he is impervious and unadaptive, but because that Aristotelian ideal of high-mindedness is perhaps the most valuable asset that Oxford culture can give. This is why, all the world over, the English Public School boy and the Oxford man keep immaculate England's ancient reputation for honour before all men. *It is this makes Oxford holy ground.*

\*

Ah! Oxford men, ten centuries of

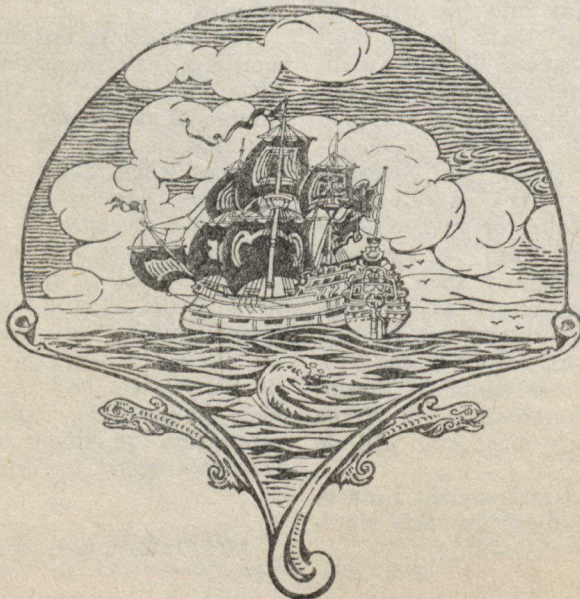
honourable human endeavour, honest human fame hallow this your sanctuary.

"Human." It is this word breaks Oxford's spell. When in learned Oxford, I too, with Schopenhauer, try to view all things *sub specie aeternitatis*, from the standpoint of all time; and . . . I remember there was human culture, human fame, long ere Oxford was born, and will be long after Oxford has ceased to exist. Alexandria, Lacedemonia, the Troad; Nilus' banks, the banks of the Ganges; Mexico and Peru; Iceland and the mountain fastnesses of Athos and Thibet—each, no doubt, had, in its day, its own particular and fervid spell; and some day, alas! I suppose that Oxford's fame will be as is now the fame of Bologna or Salerno, and Oxford's ancient fanes as deserted as are now the fanes of Paestum or Meroe. Ten thousand years hence the Superman will regard all Oxford's learning as we today regard the superstitions of Bosjesmen or the Ainu. Ten million years hence . . . where will be Oxford's spell then? Buried twenty feet beneath incursive peoples from the East—if, by that time, our whole

pygmy planet be not drownded in cold and night . . . . .

\*

There comes a time in the affairs of men when it is well to question the intrinsic value of age and tradition and convention and custom, *qua* age, tradition, convention, custom. Coming from long residence on the outskirts of the Empire, but educated in beautiful England, I cannot but remember that "England" does not now mean the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but means an Empire vast and complex. The political theories, the social and economic schemes, and, above all, the educational methods, suitable to the one may not be at all suitable to the other. The Empire is governed by those brought up and nurtured at its heart. Imperial Parliament makes laws for all. Upon Oxford, surely, lies a very large share of the responsibility for such nurture, such laws. Much should I like to see a Royal (and Imperial) Commission which should investigate the whole question of the education of the youth of the Empire, and how that youth may best be tutored in the responsibilities which the governance of that Empire entails.







*Copyrighted by N. E. Montross*

THE WOODCUTTER

Painting by Horatio Walker

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# BILLY

BY J. J. BELL

**B**OTH body and face belied his age. The former was much too slight, the latter much too wise for nine years. But sturdiness and fresh simplicity are not bred on "poverty, hunger, and dirt," and this boy had known little else from his cradle, which had been an old soap-box. Probably he had been more in contact with soap then than since. The past, however, troubled him as little as did his personal experience; and as for the future, there was no necessity to consider it, seeing that the present contained food and warmth. In the summer sunshine he squatted on the door-step of the shut-up mansion, and ate a thick slice of bread and jam.

Some weeks previously he had made a grand discovery. For the first time in his life he had left the city proper behind him, and after a pretty long walk had come to where there were neither shops nor factories, only great, beautiful houses and fine gardens. Many of the houses were closed, but more than sufficient for his purpose were open; indeed, it gave him a comfortable feeling to realise that he would never be able to call at them all. It is true that every call did not result in a meal far nicer than he could get at home; as often as not he met with a rebuff; but he did not mind making two or three calls on the certainty of being once successful.

To-day the results had been even more encouraging than usual, for two maids had willingly responded

to his appeals with a delicious beef sandwich and the aforesaid bread and jam. And what with the blue sky, the bright sunshine, the warm step, the electric cars and motors, and carriages flying past, not to mention his satisfied appetite, Billy was as happy as ever he had been in his life.

The closed house, whose bottom step provided him with rest, was one of a short terrace, standing on a carriage drive, well back from the main road. Broad square pillars flanked each end of the step; and when he saw the policeman strolling along the main road, Billy was wont to squeeze behind one of them. So far he had escaped observation, though once in his anxiety he had nearly fallen into the area, twelve feet below. Of ordinary pedestrians, who were few and far between, he was not greatly afraid. On the contrary, since that happy day when a lady had given him a penny, he had regarded their approach more with expectation than apprehension; albeit no more pennies had come to him. Still one can hope on a full stomach.

Having swallowed the last morsel of the bread and jam, he licked his fingers and wiped them on the leg of his trousers. Then from his ragged jacket he produced a half-smoked cigarette and a wooden match. Presently he was leaning back against the pillar, puffing luxuriously. He felt perfectly comfortable.

And he would have felt perfectly happy, also, had he not begun to

think of his brother. He missed his elder brother Bob very much. Bob, it is true, had never been particularly kind to him, but he had never failed to champion him against the other street boys who were inclined to make a butt of the younger. Billy had always been a solitary little soul, and since Bob had been taken away he had been lonelier than ever. As he sat on the step he wondered what Bob was doing, and what Bob was getting to eat, and how Bob was being treated, and whether Bob would ever come back again. He was sorry for Bob. He vividly remembered the day, a year ago, when Bob, struggling and screaming, had been taken away by two men who kept on smiling and saying it was all for Bob's own good. Billy would have kicked the men had not his mother restrained him. She had not seemed to mind much. Indeed she had afterwards expressed the wish that there had been a vacancy for Billy too. Billy shuddered, and felt in his pocket for another "fag."

He was in the act of igniting it from the remains of his first smoke when a sound on the pavement startled him. Someone was coming along the terrace. Billy had gathered that ladies did not give pennies to boys who smoked, so he extinguished the second "fag," and replacing it in his pocket, at the same time dropping the first regretfully into the area. But when he peeped round the pillar he discovered that he had acted rather hastily.

An old gentleman was approaching and Billy at once summed him up as quite harmless. For the old gentleman was hobbling laboriously with the assistance of two sticks, and was peering through uncommonly large dark glasses.

"He'll likely no' see me," thought the boy, "an' he couldna catch me onyway. I'll just bide here. He drew in his bare legs and waited, regarding the new-comer not without interest. There was something fas-

cinating about the great black spectacles on the ruddy, white-moustached countenance.

"I wisht he wud gi'e me a penny," said Billy to himself. "But I doot he'll no' dae that."

The old gentleman did not appear to observe the lad until he reached the steps. Then he halted abruptly.

"Well, boy, what are you doing here?" The question was put in a somewhat gruff voice.

Billy's last faint hope of a penny evaporated.

"Naethin'."

"What were you doing five minutes ago?"

Billy began to feel uneasy. "Naethin'," he said again, and wriggled slightly.

"You were smoking, boy."

Billy made to rise.

"Sit still, boy."

Billy collapsed. He wanted to bolt, and yet he could not.

"I saw you from my window," the old gentleman continued. "You shouldn't smoke. You are much too young. You must stop it. You must promise me never to smoke again till you are—Ah!"

Here the old gentleman gave a queer grunt and seemed about to fall on Billy, who shrank into his corner; but recovering himself he tottered to the steps and, with great difficulty, seated himself on the step above Billy's.

"Don't be afraid, boy," he gasped, and went on grunting for fully a minute, while Billy eyed him with fear not unmixed with curiosity.

"A spasm, boy," he said at last, the colour returning to his face. "Merely a spasm, but a—a dashed severe one. Enough to make one swear. But you must never do that. Do you hear, boy?"

Something compelled the boy to nod his head and mutter, "Ay."

"That's right." The old gentleman's voice was not quite so gruff. "And no more smoking—eh?"

This time Billy did not respond.

"Come, come!" said the old gentleman. "Surely you do not really enjoy smoking?"

"Fine!" said Billy, off his guard.

"Well, I'm—er—surprised! But all the same, you must give it up. Do you hear, boy?"

Once more Billy made to rise.

"Sit still, sit still," said the old gentleman reassuringly. "I want to talk to you, boy. We'll drop the question of smoking in the meantime. Where do you live?"

Billy gave the information grudgingly.

"Father and mother quite well?"

"They're fine!"

"That's right! And what does father do?"

Billy hesitated. "He's oot o' work the noo," he replied at last, with a suspicious glance at the questioner.

"That's a pity. And mother—has she any work?"

"Ay; she washes."

The old gentleman sighed. "A hard life! . . . And have you any brothers and sisters?" he inquired. "Five leevin' an' five deid. What d'ye want to ken for?"

"Are your five brothers and sisters at home?"

"Bob's awa'."

"Is Bob the eldest?"

"Ay."

"And where is Bob? At work?"

"What d'ye want to ken for?"

"Tell me where Bob is," said the old gentleman, with a quiet authority that Billy could not resist.

"They took him awa' to a home to be trained, an' I doot I'll never see him again." The boy's voice trembled.

"Oh, yes, you'll see him again. And you must remember it is a splendid thing for your brother, my lad."

"It's no! He didna want to gang."

"Yes; but he'll know better now."

Billy shook his head. "Bob'll never get ony fun whaur he is."

"Fun!" murmured the old gentleman. "Do you know what fun is?"

"Fine! What d'ye want to ken for?"

The old gentleman became silent, and after a little while Billy got up.

"Stay, my lad. Don't go yet. You haven't told me your name."

Billy retired a couple of paces, regarding his questioner with increased suspicion.

"Come, tell me your name."

"What d'ye want to ken for?"

"Don't be afraid. It's for your own good."

The words "for your own good" fell like a knell on Billy's ears. With all his suspicions he had never imagined the old gentleman to be anything worse than a sanitary inspector in plain clothes, wearing the extraordinary spectacles by way of disguise, and hobbling on two sticks to deceive people. But now!

Billy turned and fled, thankful that he had given a wrong address and incorrect details as to his relatives.

"Stop, stop!"

But Billy tore along the carriage drive, expecting momentarily to hear sounds of pursuit, and blind to the policeman awaiting him at the end of the terrace.

"I've had my eye on you for a long time," said the constable who, as a matter of fact, had never seen the boy before.

Weeping bitterly Billy was dragged to where the old gentleman still sat, unable to rise without assistance.

"Has he stolen anything, sir?" asked the constable, saluting.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the old gentleman, rather testily. "I seemed to frighten him—that's all. Help me up, will you? I think you had better bring him along to the house. Don't cry, boy! There's nothing to cry about. Good heavens! I'm not going to eat you, and neither is the policeman."

\*

At the door of the big house the constable was dismissed with "some-

thing for his trouble," and Billy, realising the uselessness of flight, yet still sobbing and trembling, accompanied the old gentleman indoors.

"Stay here for a moment, my lad," said the old gentleman, indicating a chair in the hall. And Billy went and stood against the chair, as though he had been stricken with catalepsy.

Softly the old gentleman opened a door, peeped in, made a remark to someone inside, waited a little as if listening, nodded his head several times, and finally beckoned to Billy.

"Come away, my lad," he said, and took off his dark spectacles; and the boy, as he obeyed, wondered if this was really the man who had sat on the steps with him.

Then Billy found himself pushed gently into a room, large and beautiful—far finer even than the Mission Hall at Christmas, though it seemed dark after the brilliant sunshine outside; and it was some time ere he caught sight of an old lady, with such white hair, lying on a couch.

"This is the young man, Mary," said the old gentleman. "See what you can make of him. I seemed to put my foot in it. I'm afraid I've been too late in beginning this sort of work."

"Not a bit too late, John." Then she turned to Billy, who had taken off his cap as he did at the Mission.

"Come nearer, my dear, and sit on that chair, and help yourself to those sweets on the table—but perhaps you are hungry."

Billy shook his head.

"Well, perhaps you'll have an appetite later on," she said, smiling.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Billy Martin," he mumbled.

"Well, I'm—surprised!" exclaimed the gentleman. "When I asked him that, he ran away!"

"But you won't run away from me, will you, Billy?"

"Naw, Mistress."

The old gentleman hobbled to the door. "I'll look in later," he said.

By the time he came back Billy

had turned his little heart inside out, and the old lady had proved it to contain neither more nor less than the heart of a carefully nurtured child.

"Billy is going to think over it, John," she said to her husband. "He has told me about his brother, and I have been trying to tell him how well off his brother is. And I think it might be arranged—I'm sure you could arrange it, John—that Billy might go to the same home as his brother is in, and be beside his brother. And some day Billy will be a great help to his mother, and—isn't that so, Billy?"

"Ay," said Billy, hastily, swallowing a jujube.

"And Billy is going to tell his mother about this whenever he gets home, and he is not going to be alarmed if someone comes to see his mother about the matter in a few days—are you, Billy?"

"Naw, Mistress."

"Because I've explained to Billy that he is not to go to the Home unless he likes. Still, it would be nice to be beside your brother again, and get plenty of good food and become a fine, strong, clever man—wouldn't it, Billy? And—do you know?—I believe you'll choose to go to your brother!—And now it's time you had something to eat. Ring the bell, John, please."

\* \* \* \* \*

About an hour later Billy left, laden with a parcel of good things for himself and his relatives. The old gentleman hobbled to the door with him, and at the last moment placed some pennies in his hand.

A lump came into Billy's throat. He fumbled in his jacket pocket.

"Ha'e!" he said huskily. "I thoct ye was coddin'."

The old gentleman held out his hand. Billy put something in it, and ran down the steps.

"Well, I'm—surprised!" muttered the old gentleman, staring at his palm whereon reposed three "fags" and two wooden matches.

# THE TRANSFIGURATION OF JAMESON

BY PETER McARTHUR

JAMESON was busy opening his morning mail and giving instructions to his clerks with surly curtness. Presently he picked up a large square envelope and paused, with the paper-knife poised, ready to be inserted under the flap. A whiff of violets greeted him.

"Humph!" he snorted, as he looked at the address and the red seal on the back, and wondered whom the unusual letter could be from. Square envelopes have no place in business correspondence, and business letters are more likely to smell of brimstone than of violets. After the first surprise he inserted the paper-knife and gave a savage rip. As the knife passed through, it brought out the end of a little blue ribbon, and a moment later the surly lumber merchant had a birthday card in his hand. He felt dazed as he looked at the flimsy lace paper and the little pink and white Cupids that smiled out at him. Turning it over he saw, written on the back in a childish hand: "With love to papa, from Millie."

A remembrance from his little daughter, the first he had ever received! He read the simple verse that was printed on it:

If your heart be pure and free,  
I pray you give your heart to me,  
Mine to you I send away  
On this your seventieth birthday.

As he handled it gently with his rough, hard fingers, a glow pervaded

him, as if something for which he had been longing all his life had come at last. Just then he heard a titter behind him, and, turning quickly, saw that the typewriter girl had been watching. With a muttered oath he threw the card to the back of his desk, and a feeling almost of nausea overcame him. The success with which he had been satisfying his pride and starving his heart became odious to him in an instant, and the emptiness of his life came back with stinging force. What did it matter that he had fought his way from the lumber-camps in the backwoods of Maine to the position of foremost lumber dealer in New York? He had allowed himself to be married for his money; he was a stranger in his own house; he was hardly acquainted with his only daughter, because, forsooth, his wife kept them apart for fear the child should acquire the Scotch burr he inherited from his parents, and for which he was freely ridiculed. She must acquire a pure English accent, and to this end had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school, after a preliminary course of study with an imported governess. Faugh! It made him sick to think of it. Only work would give him even a fleeting relief. He must bestir himself, instead of dreaming. She had sent him the card simply because other girls were sending them, not because she meant it! The heart-sick, lonely man roused himself from

his unpleasant reverie and resumed the work of the day. He punished the tittering typewriter by giving her enough work to keep her fingers rattling the keys until after hours. Then he went into the yard to see how things were going on. Everything was wrong.

"Here!" he growled to his foreman, "don't you know enough to pile them planks wi' the heart side down? You're piling them sap down, an' they'll check an' rot. How many times have I told you how to do it? Can't I ever learn you to do it right?"

One after another, the workmen were scolded, and they, good men, credited it all to the "old man's stylish wife."

"He's been havin' another row at home," they said, "an' is takin' it out of us."

\*

What if his little daughter did love him? What if she, alone among strangers, were lonely, too? Humph! What an old fool he was. What could he do about it? He had married a woman who was above his station and below his wealth, and would have to endure his mistake. Still that little card with its flowers and lace paper and silly little rhyme, jammed into a corner of his desk, would force itself upon his mind. And a sweet-faced little girl would look wistfully at him. Was she lonely, too, and heart-sick? How he did long for the pure child-love that his only daughter should be giving him! How he would lavish all his love on her! Then he thought of his Scotch burr, the rolling r's that he could not soften, and he laughed. His laugh was not good to hear. The heavy grizzled eyebrows were knotted into a fierce frown, and his shaved upper lip became harder, and squarer, and sterner over his whiskered chin. Still the little rhyme and the wistful face would come back to him.

After making himself thoroughly disagreeable to everybody he return-

ed abruptly to his desk. He made a feint at occupying himself with his papers and finally picked up the card.

One of the Cupids looked out at him with an expression that was indescribably roguish. "Oho, you old dry bones!" it would have said if it could, "you despise me, don't you? But I have had my sport with you already. Didn't I make you fall in love with a woman who only loved your money? And I'm going to have more fun with you than ever."

He looked at the writing again.

"With love to papa, from Millie."

Again the wistful face looked at him, and as the repressed love of his heart welled up a mistiness came over his eyes. He sprang from his seat and walked hurriedly out into the street, with the card in his pocket. Perhaps mingling with the crowd would rid him of his brain-sick fancies. But it didn't. The Cupid looked out at him more teasingly than ever, and there was a look of loneliness on the childish face that sent a twinge of pain through his heart.

"Dugald Jameson," he muttered to himself, "are you acting the part of a father, or a Christian, in not ruling your own household? Have you not neglected your duty? Where is all your strength of will and the manliness that has made you succeed in life, if you will let a woman who neither loves nor honours you rule over you?" Then the cold indifference of his wife came back to him like a blow in the face: the bitter discovery that she merely endured his awkward caresses, the feeling that he was repulsive to her, then the years of well-bred contempt. It staggered him, but it was love and not pride that was ruling him now, and he rose serene over all obstacles. He forgot the mother. Only the daughter, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh! How his heart yearned for her! It was then that Jameson was transfigured by a great resolution that lit his hard face with love and changed



his uneasy gait to that of a strong and happy man.

The little Cupid said nothing. He had passed from memory. He was only a trifier with the love of boys and girls. This was something beyond him; the love of a father—love that has been long pent up, and now broke out in an irresistible flood.

Jameson telegraphed to the superintendent of the school to send his daughter home by the next train. Then he went home to make preparations for her reception.

"Set things in order in Millie's room," he called cheerily to the housekeeper, when he entered the mansion in which he had hitherto been a lodger. "She will be home to-night."

"What!" exclaimed his astonished wife, who was attracted to the spot by the hearty tone in which the order was given. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that our daughter is coming home! And she's coming home to stay. I have telegraphed for her."

"Have you lost your senses?"

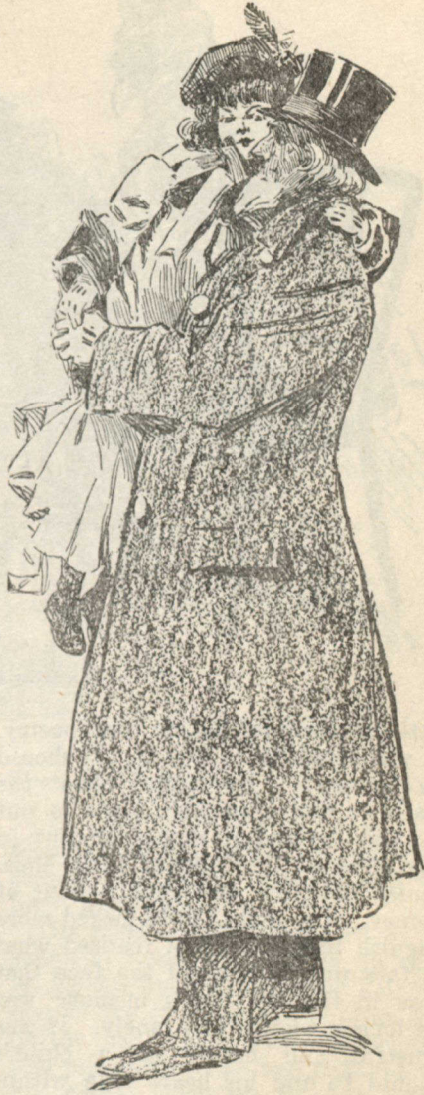
"No! I have found them! I am going to be the head of this family!"

"Who has been putting these fine notions into your head?"

"Woman," he exclaimed, towering to his full height and making use of a Scotticism that at another time would have made her smile, "I have neglected my duty too long. After this my daughter shall be educated in her own home, as a Christian child should be, even if I have to hire the whole school to come here to teach her!"

"This is outrageous!" said his wife angrily. "Is it not enough that I must endure you and your uncouth ways that are a constant source of shame to me among my friends, without Millie being brought home to learn them from you? I intended that she should be a lady."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say—"and you'd marry her to a title as you yourself married money," but the love that was in him made



"He carried her in his arms to the carriage"

him feel kindlier to all the world, and all her sarcasms and storming could not affect him. Jameson had covered himself with the panoply of silence that is the birthright of everyone of Scottish descent, and made no reply. Finally she burst into tears and left the room. He then took out the card and looked at it again. To his uneducated taste the little chromo Cupids were high art, and the



"With what a dainty air Millie played the hostess"

little sentimental rhyme true poetry. It was beautiful to look at. It should be framed! He looked about the walls to find a suitable place to put it, and decided it should be put in the place of that absurd little Meissonier that had cost such a mint of money. The little Cupid looked more roguish than ever as it realised what its fate was to be, and the face that rose in the old man's memory was no longer wistful and lonely. It was trustful and happy as a child's should be and his heart sang within him.

\*

When the train stopped at the station the little girl that was carefully helped off by a prim teacher was picked up with such an embrace as she had never felt before. She was but a little wisp of a thing, and he carried her in his arms to the carriage, as if she were a child of three instead of a young lady of ten, with the irritating grown-up manners that children of these days have. Of course

it was a shock to her, but there is something conquering in strength and love, and she was soon cuddling up against his shoulder, listening to his occasional broken expressions of affection and feeling the pressure of his protecting arm about her. The intuition of children is quick, and before they reached home they were like old cronies, and she even forgot to wonder why she and her father had never been like this before.

Her mother's tearful face was a surprise to her, but the mother was too much overcome by the conflict with her husband in the afternoon to have anything to say. She loved her daughter too, as only a lonely woman who lives a life of self-inflicted suffering can love, but she let her affection spend itself in ambitious plans. But she never took the trouble to understand the man with whom she had linked herself, and now he had risen in his might and she felt that defeat and utter misery were before her. She kissed her child again



"She saw the great good heart that was under all his uncouthness"

and again, and pleading a headache left the two together.

What a supper they had, and with what a dainty air Millie played the hostess and poured his tea for him, and how she rattled on about her schoolmates and her little troubles, while he listened with his face beaming unbounded love! After supper he showed her that he had the card safe in his pocket, and they pledged themselves to be true to one another for a year and a day. She sat on his knee, and at last fell asleep while listening to stories that he had heard from his mother, many hard and long years ago. Then he carried her tenderly up to her room and helped a nurse to put her into her cot. After tucking her in, he stood looking at her innocent beautiful face buried in curls and resting on her little tired arm. It was something he had never

seen before, and was all so pure and sacred he feared to stoop and kiss her "good-night."

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of a sob, and looking up hastily, he saw his wife standing half-hidden in the curtains at the other side of the bed. Her face was haggard and miserable. She had suffered too, but why? Then the two souls, that were hitherto blind and dumb and yet joined by the bond of a great love for their child, at last saw and understood. He tip-toed to her side, and as he put his arm about her she did not think him awkward. She saw the great good heart that was under all his uncouthness.

The little card was not put into the frame that held the Meissonier. It was altogether too sacred a thing to be profaned by the eyes of the careless.

# UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES

A REVIEW

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

JOHN HOWISON, a surgeon in the East India Company's service, spent some two years and a half in Upper Canada in the second decade of the nineteenth century, and he has left us a most entertainingly written account of his impressions of the country and its people. He brought down on himself by his book\* the wrath of Robert Gourlay the "Banished Briton," who admitting that "we see a book very well written, very readable as a romance"—still considers it "the tale of a sentimental weak man. . . worse than trifling—scandalous;" and his account of the people of Niagara District "is indiscreet, is ungenerous, is ungrateful."

Landing in Quebec after a seven weeks' passage across the Atlantic in company with a large number of British emigrants, mostly from Scotland, and all bound for Upper Canada, he was pleased with the appearance of Quebec as a commercial city, as well as amused by the manner in which the officiousness of the French-Canadian porters was damped by the watchfulness and suspicion of the Highlanders.

Taking a steamboat to Montreal, he found there the "lightness of the streets, the neatness of the buildings, the hospitality and polished manners of the people and the air of enterprise and activity that is everywhere exhibited in it . . . truly attrac-

tive"; and they "appear to particular advantage when contrasted with the dullness, gloom and dirtiness of Quebec." Even "individuals of the lower classes . . . carry with them an appearance of vigour, contentment and gayety very different from the comfortless and desponding looks that characterise the manufacturing population of the large towns of Britain." Which, *en passant*, sounds very modern.

He drove in "an amusing ride which lasted more than an hour" from Montreal to Lachine; then, next morning, provided with another *calash* and driver, continued his journey west; he stopped for breakfast at St. Anne's, where he first had the opportunity of observing the manners of an American inn-keeper. "Gentlemen of this description," he later found in Upper Canada. They, "in their anxiety to display a noble spirit of independence, sometimes forgot those courtesies that are paid to travellers by publicans in all civilised countries; but the moment one shows his readiness to be on an equality with them, they become tolerably polite." So the St. Anne's boniface seated at his door poising his chair on its hind legs and swinging backwards and forwards, paid no attention to the traveller as he alighted, or walked into the house or even when he desired him to get breakfast ready, but when he said, "Will you

\*Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local and Characteristic. By John Howison, Esq., Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, High Street. 1821.

have the goodness to order breakfast for me if convenient?" the tavern-keeper replied "Immediately, Squire," and rose and showed him to a room where an excellent breakfast was at once set before him.

We are not told the terms or the tone in which Dr. Howison's "desire" for breakfast was first expressed, but we may imagine. The traveller apparently finds it impossible to understand how innkeepers can consider themselves on a par with other people—and he afterwards speaks of an incident related to him by a gentleman in Upper Canada concerning a major in the American invading force of 1813 taken prisoner by the Canadians, who stated to one of them that "he hoped to be treated with respect for he kept one of the largest taverns in Connecticut—Howison added that this showed that the American Government granted commissions to many whose "rank in life did not entitle them to such a distinction."

Dr. Howison wholly disapproved of "those absurd notions of independence and equality which are so deeply engrafted in the mind" of those whom he calls peasantry, and regrets that such notions are acquired by emigrants in a very short time. At Kingston, he accosted two Scotsmen whom he had seen in Montreal less than a fortnight previously; and "instead of pulling off their hats as they had invariably done before on similar occasions, they merely nodded to me with easy familiarity." He adds: "I addressed them by their Christian names." Precisely why a Scots bricklayer should raise his hat to Dr. Howison rather than the Doctor to the Scotsman we have no information.

After being ferried over the Ottawa River at St. Anne's, he went westward in the *calash*, passing through the settlement of Glengarry, and after "the polished and interesting peasantry of Lower Canada," he finds the inhabitants of Glengarry "blunt and

uncultivated," displaying "no inclination to improve their mode of life, being dirty, ignorant and obstinate. The surface of the soil was excellent, "to the depth of several inches it is composed almost entirely of decayed vegetable matter . . . too rich for the common purposes of agriculture . . . cropped twenty-one years in succession without receiving any manure whatever." *O, si sic semper!*

The following appears in the first edition; but good taste or good sense caused it to disappear in subsequent editions.

Speaking of Glengarry (or Glengary), as the author always spells it, he says:

"This account filled me with high expectations, and the more so, as I had been told that the upper part of the settlement was in a state of rapid advancement. I, therefore, hoped to see my countrymen elevated in their characters and improved in their manners, by the influence of independence, and stopped at a private house, which my driver had recommended as being much superior to the tavern. Here I found a large family devouring pork and onions, and a room containing as much dirt as it could conveniently hold. I had scarcely passed the threshold, when I was importuned by signs to take my seat on the head of a cask and helped abundantly to the family fare. Resistance was vain, as none of the party seemed to understand a word of English, and I suppose my unwillingness to join in the repast was attributed to *false modesty*.

"The evening being far advanced, I was obliged to resolve upon remaining with them all night. After listening for a couple of hours to Gaelic, I followed the landlord to my bedroom; but the moment he opened the door, a cloud of mosquitoes and other insects settled upon the candle and extinguished it. He made signs that I should remain a few moments in the dark; but I followed him down-

stairs and firmly declined paying another visit to the apartment intended for me, as it seemed to be already occupied."

The other changes in the several editions—there are three editions that I know of—are merely verbal.

After leaving the Glengarry settlement, he travelled upwards of sixty miles—"half cultivated fields, log houses and extensive forest all along composed the monotonous scene . . . destitute of variety and interest . . . a dull and unvaried prospect." He reached "two small villages . . . within twelve miles of each other called Prescott and Brockeville" [*sic*]. Prescott with twenty or thirty houses and a new fort occupied by a few soldiers.

He discharged his carriage at "Brockeville" and secured a passage to Kingston on a *bateau* [*sic*]. Five *bateaux* went together, a brigade, each boat with five rowers and a man with a paddle to steer—the noise of the oars startled the deer "browsing along the banks"—the water exquisitely pure and transparent but producing in gentlemen from Upper Canada nausea, pain in the stomach, etc., i.e. on the way down before they became accustomed to it. Indians were met, "their heads adorned with steel crescents and waving feathers, the rest of their dress consisting of the skins of wild beasts and long scarlet cloaks covered with ornaments."

Reaching Kingston, a fine town of 5,000 inhabitants, he found a good hotel—more fortunate in that than most of us. Then he took passage for York on the steamboat *Frontenac* and soon felt himself impelled to "invoke a thousand blessings on the inventor and improvers of the steamboat for the delightful mode of conveyance" furnished mankind. The *Frontenac* was the largest steamboat in Canada—her deck 171 feet long and thirty-two broad—her tonnage 740 tons, and her draught when loaded up, eight feet. "Two paddle-wheels, each about forty feet in cir-

cumference, impel her through the water," and she sailed "when the wind was favourable nine knots an hour with ease." A fine boat, indeed.

York was reached, a town of 3,000 inhabitants whose trade was trifling—he remained there for an hour or two and re-embarked for Niagara, thirty-six miles distant, reaching this village at 10 p.m. The village, with a population of 700 or 800, was "neat, gay and picturesque, and was crowned by a small fort [Fort George] at a little distance, the ramparts of which were crowded with soldiers"; "a detachment of military was always stationed at Niagara."

In the vicinity, "the soil and climate . . . seem to be admirably adapted for the production and growth of fruits . . . the orchards may almost be said to grow wild. They raise wheat, Indian corn and potatoes enough," but the visitor saw everything in a state of primitive rudeness and barbarism."

After paying a high tribute to the Canadian Militia, of whom he says "the bravery of the Canadian militia which was brilliantly conspicuous on many occasions, has neither been sufficiently known, nor duly appreciated, on the other side of the Atlantic," he goes on: "In Upper Canada a man is thought dishonest only when his knavery carries him beyond the bounds prescribed by the law."

"Between Queenston and the head of Lake Ontario, the farms are in a high state of cultivation and their possessors are comparatively wealthy . . . Many of them possess thirty or forty head of cattle . . . They are still the same untutored incorrigible beings that they probably were when, the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment or the outlawed refuse of some European nation, they sought refuge in the wilds of Upper Canada, aware that they would neither find means of subsistence nor be countenanced in any civilised country. Their original depravity has been confirmed and increased by

the circumstances in which they are now placed. The excessive obstinacy of these people forms one greater barrier to their improvement; but a greater still is created by their absurd and boundless vanity"; "they can, within certain limits, be as bold, unconstrained and obtrusive as they please in their behaviour towards their superiors, for they neither look to them for subsistence nor for anything else.

"It is indeed lamentable to think that most of the improved part of this beautiful and magnificent Province has fallen into such 'hangmen's hands.'"

Some of these Canadians must have failed to raise their hats to the Doctor. That he was one of "their superiors" goes without saying.

We have no hint throughout the volume of the writer's profession, but Gourlay perhaps gives the key to this unfavourable view of the character of the Canadians. In his General Introduction, Gourlay tells us that Dr. Howison, assuming the name of "The Traveller," was "advertising for employment . . . as a practitioner of physick" and assisted Gourlay for a time "in rousing . . . attention to the iniquities of the government and the pollutions of Little York . . ."; but he seems to have been unsuccessful and ultimately deserted the cause "keeping up a silly correspondence with the Major . . . now made Sheriff of Niagara District . . ." Gourlay contends that "the great mass of them [i.e., the Canadians spoken of by Howison] are well meaning, honest, sober and industrious men," and "some of those who set themselves up for the respectables—the gentlemen of the country were, in fact, the most ignorant, mean, disgusting and infamous char-

acters that ever came under my observation."

Whether the failure to obtain a medical practice was the cause or not\*—and Dr. Howison never was qualified to practice in Upper Canada—"the Traveller" does not spare the character of Canadians.

Some of the information he gives is not without interest—Ancaster, at which we know the Courts of Assize were then held, is described as a village of a few dozen straggling houses and between 200 and 300 inhabitants, near which was a church, one of the two within fifty miles—the nearest to the west being more than 200 miles away. "Thus in the space of nearly 300 miles, there are no more than four villages at which public worship is conducted regularly throughout the year."

A good description is made of the manufacture of maple sugar. "The Indians sometimes refine the sugar so highly that it acquires a sparkling grain and beautiful whiteness, this they put into small birch-bark boxes called *mohawks* and sell to the white people."

Dr. Howison travelled to the Grand River and gives a description of the Mohawk Indians, their religion, virtues and vices. He rode to Long Point where he saw a frog fascinated by a black snake, saw "partridges spring from every copse and deer often bound across the path," and tells of the passenger or wild pigeon, now, alas a thing of the past—(the last I ever saw, I shot in 1871). "Myriads of them are killed by firearms or caught in nets by the inhabitants; for they fly so close and in such numbers that twenty or thirty may sometimes be brought down at a single shot." (The best I ever did was six.) Wilson, the ornithologist

\*In the biography of the Honourable W. H. Merritt, M.P., by J. P. Merritt, St. Catharines, 1875, p. 45:

"A Dr. Howison spent the winter of 1819-20 here (i.e., "The Twelve," now St. Catharines) and kept his office at Paul Shipman's Hotel. He appeared to have been a man of means and practised but little at his profession, spending most of his time in visiting around the neighbourhood, where his society was much appreciated."

saw a flock in Ohio more than a mile in breadth and at least two hundred and forty miles in length which he calculated to contain 2,230,272,000 pigeons—And now in 1913, it is not known that a single bird of the species survives!

Coltman's Tavern comes in for commendation. There Howison got delightful venison which had been kept for three or four weeks and "was in such a fine state that it almost fell into powder under the knife."

The Talbot Settlement was visited where "the excellence of the soil, the condensed population and the superiority of climate all combine to render it more agreeable and better suited to the lower orders of Europeans than any other part of the Province." But while "the first view . . . excites pleasing emotions . . . a deliberate inspection will destroy all these Arcadian ideas and agreeable impressions. He who examines . . . in detail will find most of its inhabitants sunk low in degradation, ignorance and profligacy, and altogether insensible to the advantages which distinguish their condition. A lawless and unprincipled rabble consisting of the refuse of mankind, recently emancipated from the subordination that exists in an advanced state of society and all equal in point of right and possession, compose, of course, a democracy of the most revolting kind . . ." But then "the farmers of the Niagara District, many of whom have been thirty or forty years in the country . . . are in no respect superior to the inhabitants of the Talbot Settlement: they are equally ignorant, equally unpolished . . ." Some of these Talbot settlers must have shown that they considered themselves equal to a new-come-out Englishman!

And their habits did not commend themselves to the stranger—"Many of the settlers . . . follow the habits and customs of the peasantry of the United States and of Scotland,

and consequently are offensively dirty, gross and indolent in all their domestic arrangements." They must apparently have lived up to the old Scottish proverb "The clartier, the cosier."

The Scotch perhaps were the worst for they "do not fail to acquire some of those ideas and principles which are indigenous to this side of the Atlantic. They . . . become independent, which in North America means to sit at meals with one's hat on, never to submit to be treated as an inferior, and to use the same kind of manners towards all men." I must admit that having seen many who have been brought up in a Scotch immigrant home, it did indeed seem as though some of them had been taught all these except "to sit at meals with one's hat on," which I never saw or elsewhere heard of—I shudder to think what would happen if they tried that. Notwithstanding all their faults, "the utmost harmony prevails in the colony and the intercourse of the people is characterised by politeness, respect and even ceremony." And "any poor starving peasant who comes into the settlement will meet with nearly the same respect as the wealthiest person in it, captains of militia excepted." Unfortunately being thus treated, the newcomer "generally becomes most obtrusive and assuming in the end: and it is a remarkable circumstance that in Upper Canada the *ne plus ultra* of vanity, impudence and rascality, is thought to be comprised under the epithet *Scotch Yankey*." I have been calling the Doctor an Englishman—I withdraw the name—no one but a Scot could give that touch.

There can be no possible doubt about Howison's politics, either—he says "the lower classes are never either virtuous, happy or respectable unless they live in a state of subordination and depend in some degree upon their superiors for occupation and subsistence." There was noth-



ing unduly democratic about the Doctor—and he was one of “their superiors” even if the “peasantry” did not lift their caps to him.

Nevertheless “the time I lived in the Talbot Settlement comprehended some of the happiest days” he ever passed in the course of his life—he read Plutarch’s Lives, which he borrowed from a farmer, and *one* number of Blackwood.

Then he went from the Talbot Road to the head of Lake Erie, and on his route found Scotch, New Englanders and Indians. “The Scotch peasants had been degraded by a life of poverty, servitude and ignorance. . .”

“The New Englanders unaccustomed to subordination stood much higher in their own estimation . . . but they were destitute of any sort of principle either moral or religious”; “The Indians were not in a state of debasement and they seemed more entitled to respect than either the Scots or Americans.” Poor Canada!

He was ferried over the Thames on a raft and got into the Long Woods, nearly lost his horse and at length reached Ward’s Tavern, came again to the Thames and a populous settlement but was grieved for there too “the Canadians in addition to their indolence, ignorance and want of ambition are very bad farmers.” He found some mineral oil which was used as a medicine—“it very much resembles petroleum, being of thick consistency and black colour and having a strong penetrating odour.”

Then he came to “a spot called the town of Chatham. It contains only one house and a sort of church, but a portion of the land there has been surveyed into building lots and these being offered for sale, have given the place a claim to the appellation of a town. There are many towns like Chatham in Upper Canada and almost all of them have originated from the speculations of scheming individuals. When a man wishes to dispose of a piece of land or to render one

part of his property valuable by bringing settlers upon the other, he surveys a few acres into building lots. These he advertises for sale at a high price, and people immediately feel anxious to purchase them, conceiving that their situation must be very eligible indeed, otherwise they would not have been selected for the site of a town.” No, this is not written of “towns” in Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1912, but of “towns” in Upper Canada a hundred years ago. There is nothing new under the sun.

Reaching the Detroit River, the doctor was charmed with the “amenity of manners which distinguishes them from the peasantry of most countries:” and “this quality appears to particular advantage when contrasted with the rudeness and barbarism of the *boors* who people the other parts of the Province.” The French-Canadians must have doffed their caps to the visitor.

He visited Sandwich “which contains thirty or forty houses and a neat church,” also Amherstburg which had a population of over 1,000, “many of them persons of wealth and respectability, and the circle which they collectively compose is a more refined and agreeable one than is to be met with in any other village in the Province.”

He remained at Amherstburg and Sandwich ten days and left for the Talbot Settlement again: arriving at Arnold’s Mills, he was deserted by his companions and left to make his way alone. He got to the Talbot Settlement and at length to Niagara—in June, 1820, he was conveyed across the Niagara to Lewiston on his way homeward.

Dr. Howison is typical of a certain class of visitor—he comes to Canada firmly convinced that he knows it all, that his way is the only way and that all who differ from him are fools or worse. The courtesy of the French-Canadian he accepts as homage paid to a superior person and

thinks that he is entitled to homage from English-speaking Canadians. Their independence he resents as insolence and he is wholly unable to understand that they do not look upon him as a superior. He cannot see that the free yeomanry are not a peasantry, but that they consider themselves—and rightly so—the equal of

any man on earth. They hold up their heads, and do not consider it a sign of condescension for which to be grateful to be addressed by their Christian names. And with all their manifold failings in the eye of the stranger, he is, as we have seen, bound to admit their prosperity and their happiness.

## THE MONK'S DAY

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THIS morn I footed far  
Down towards the city there,  
This step and that step  
Lured me in the spring air,  
New birds were on the wing,  
My heart bounded to sing.

Lord, if my heart forgot,  
Lord, if it gave Thee pain,  
This joy and that joy,  
If the joy, Lord, was vain,  
For this I tell a bead,  
For this I bow my head.

Later, a flower girl climbed  
Up from the city street,  
White face and drawn face,  
I found her a cool seat;  
Had I her life reproved  
She had been all unloved.

Yet, should I, Lord, have bared  
To her her inmost sin,  
Weak fault and black fault—  
She was so pale and thin?  
If I was wrong to spare,  
For this now, Lord, a prayer.

At noon a band of boys  
Scaled up the white cliff's steep,  
Big boys and small boys,  
To shout, and throw, and leap;  
I left my prayer to show  
Them where the wind flowers grow.

Should I, my Lord, have kept  
Rapt to my prayer and book,  
Deep eyes and far eyes  
For Thee, for them no look?  
My Lord, if this be so,  
For it my head is low.



GIRL IN WHITE

From the painting by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# A NATIONAL PURPOSE IN EDUCATION

BY J. C. SUTHERLAND

INSPECTOR GENERAL OF PROTESTANT SCHOOLS IN THE PROVINCE  
OF QUEBEC

WE have not yet a supreme national purpose in Canadian education, urban or rural. In this respect we are at one with the English-speaking world at large. We have purposes in education, in common with Great Britain and the United States, but like them we lack the proclamation of that supreme national purpose of developing national efficiency which marks the educational history of three countries, namely, Germany, Denmark, and Japan. We have many purposes in education, and various incentives to educational progress. Some of them are of historical origin. It was religious considerations, for instance, which founded the parish schools of Scotland and the township schools of Massachusetts, and the same considerations have had their influence in Canadian educational history.

Another incentive to modern countries in general during the last half century has been the extension of the suffrage. It has been recognised that every man who exercises the right of a vote should have sufficient education to follow intelligently in the newspapers the political issues of the day. Those who opposed the extension of the suffrage were also for a time opposed to the extension of education to all classes of the peo-

ple. The minority who are still doubtful of the benefits of general education may be regarded as a very small one in Canada. Conservative fears of the policy prevented England from having a popular education act until 1870. Ontario's first large workable act dates from 1846. The records show that there were many people opposed to the principle of public schools and to the idea of being taxed for the education of other people's children, but the broader public spirit of to-day, of which the Province is proud, was rapidly developed.

There has been great progress in Canadian education, and particularly in that of the towns and cities. Whatever defects may exist to-day and call for remedy cannot mislead the historical student as to the fact. There has been progress, and there is sound hope of further progress. But the greatest impetus which our education can receive must come from a more general realisation of the truth that our schools, urban and rural, should be more fully dominated and directed by the national purpose of developing national efficiency. In other words we want a national policy in education.

It may be asked whether all sensible people do not look for efficiency

—sometimes with disappointment — in the pupils turned out from the public and high schools. This is true, but it is equally true that as a whole people we have not yet a definite national purpose of efficiency in our education, such as has been manifested in Germany, Denmark, and Japan. The large measure of local self-government which we possess in the management of our schools has many benefits, but it has tended to develop local points of view and to obscure the vision of larger national purpose.

Germany's modern and effective school system may be dated from 1806. There were good schools in Prussia before that time, but it was only after Napoleon had crushed and humiliated that country in 1806 that a great statesman arose with a splendid policy of rehabilitation by means of national education. It was with the definite purpose of creating and developing the industrial efficiency of the whole mass of the people that Von Stein proposed the system of public instruction which all educational authorities, German, English, and other, concur in regarding as the basis of the great system of German education to-day.

It was in 1860 that Denmark began to establish those splendid rural high schools which are acknowledged to be the foundation of the marvelous agricultural and dairy development of that country. Practically all the farmers of Denmark are educated, and well educated. Many of them are proficient in modern languages or in the modern sciences, such as chemistry and physics, which have a bearing upon agriculture. It is the high standard of their intelligence as developed by sound education, indeed, which has enabled them to see the wisdom of allowing none of their products, such as butter, bacon, and eggs, to be exported if below a certain quality. Their products, even to the individual eggs, are stamped, and the Danish stamp

is a certain one. The child of the workingman in London, when sent to the grocer for a pound of "Danish No. 3" butter, knows exactly what it will taste like. The self-denying ordinance which ensures this uniformity is the act of the farmers themselves through their legislature. It is no wonder that their exports in butter alone have reached some sixty million dollars a year. This result has been attained, also, in spite of the fact that the soil of Denmark is not equal to that of many parts of Canada. But in her education Denmark has the definite purpose of developing national efficiency. That was the avowed purpose of Bishop Grundtvig, who started the first rural high school over half a century ago. Before that time the people of Denmark were unprogressive and "stupid and dull." They are not so to-day.

It was in 1880 that Japan adopted a modern school system, and that with the definite purpose of developing national efficiency. Her success against Russia was surely due in some degree to the education given to her people. She thinks so, at any rate. There are now nearly thirty thousand elementary schools in Japan, giving an admirable six years' course; many middle and high schools; over five thousand special and technical schools; a complete system of normal schools, and the great university at Tokio. Over eight million children attend school.

With technical education now rapidly developing in the cities and towns of Canada, it is plain that our greatest need of a directed national purpose is in connection with rural education. It has been said that the cultivated area of the older Provinces of Canada became practically a fixed quantity about 1870, and that traditional methods in farming became fixed about the same time. The latter part of the statement is, of course, only relatively true. In sections of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime

Provinces there has been great progress to the credit of individual farmers and groups of farmers. There are butter, cheese, fruit, and stock sections whose development deserves the fullest recognition. But the point is that they are limited to sections—townships and counties usually—and that in the aggregate they are much less in area than the unprogressive. It is to this large unprogressive element that we owe the fact that there is under-production in agriculture in older Canada. Professor Robertson is within the mark in saying that our production could be trebled at once by the general adoption of modern methods. Educational history shows that the whole mass of a people can be uplifted in industrial efficiency in the course of a very few years. Progressive movements in education may be slow in the matter of their adoption, but once they are adopted they bear fruit with remarkable rapidity.

The Dominion Government has announced its intention to assist agriculture and agricultural education throughout Canada by the expenditure of a sum of ten million dollars, spread over a period of ten years. While the main purpose of the annual grants is to disseminate more generally, in coöperation with the provincial departments of agriculture, a knowledge of the modern principles of farming, a direct and indirect influence upon the rural schools should be looked for. The writer was long of the opinion that good schools were necessary before the value and importance of scientific agriculture could be recognised. Experience of recent years, however, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec has convinced him that an awakening to the value and interest of modern principles of farming may take place among men of strong native intelligence, even in sections where the schools are poor. The awakening, however, is immediately followed, on the part of the younger

men particularly, by a desire and demand for better rural schools. All recent educational history throughout the world, indeed, goes to show that the spread of modern ideas in agriculture tends to stimulate local effort in education. This has been admirably shown of late in Ireland, in connection with the work inaugurated by Sir Horace Plunkett, and in Wisconsin and other Western States.

But whether good rural schools precede or follow the awakening to modern ideas, they are the indispensable means for the progressive development of the principles upon which scientific agriculture is founded. It is not a completed or closed branch of human knowledge. Like steel-making, or the manufacture of pulp, it is still capable of large developments. Its greatest results are not achieved in the laboratory only; they are possible also to the working farmer of trained mind. But at the back of such efforts and possible contributions to the sum of human knowledge there must be a sound and progressive system of rural education.

No one can study the reports of the provincial departments of education from east to west of the Dominion, during the last few years, without being impressed by the fact that the educational authorities of our country are everywhere fully alive to the great importance of this question of the rural schools. Not less certainly also is the fact disclosed that everywhere there is room for improvements upon existing conditions. The standing problem in every Province, with varying degrees of urgency, is to provide competent instructors for the thousands of small-group schools scattered over the whole country. It is these small-group schools which are, in general, inefficient, because the trained instructors cannot be engaged to take charge of them, and they are left to the tender mercies of the incompet-

ent. Now that the great majority by far of the elementary teachers of this continent are women, the question of keeping up a supply of the trained is more difficult than ever. It is a difficulty in the older Provinces, quite as much as in Alberta and Saskatchewan, where new schools are being opened daily. A large percentage of the teachers marry, and consequently give up the profession. Others, where the salaries are low, either make their way into other work or move to those parts of the country where the salaries are better. In the Province of Quebec, twenty-five per cent. of the Protestant rural teachers are new to their work each year. Even if the whole annual output of the Training School at Macdonald College was placed in the Protestant rural schools of the Province, it would be insufficient to meet the annual demand. As a matter of fact, also, over one-half of the graduating teachers are absorbed by the cities and by the academies and model schools.\* The shortage in Quebec is perhaps exceptional, but only from the comparative point of view. Nowhere is the supply equal to the demand; all over rural Canada one may find backward educational conditions, due primarily to insufficient salary or to unattractiveness in the physical conditions or to both.

The one grand remedy is school consolidation. General success with the small-group schools is a proved impossibility. With the expansion of the country it is becoming more and more impossible. There are too many openings for young women of ability in the towns and cities to make the teaching of a small country school attractive. But with half a dozen or more of such schools united into a central one, there is new life and purpose, not only for the teachers but for the pupils and the whole

community. This is not theory, but demonstrated fact. Consolidation began in Massachusetts at the close of the Civil War, when the rural depopulation made it a necessity. Owing to the local prejudices which always arise, it made slow progress at first, but it is now generally adopted not only in that state but all over the American Union. Recently the *New York Outlook*, in speaking of the backwardness of a certain county, said that it had "only one consolidated school" and that less than twenty-five per cent. of its roads were macadam or gravel. The consolidated school has now become a measure of civilisation with our neighbours.

The efforts of Sir William Macdonald to inaugurate the movement in the older Provinces of Canada a few years ago have not entirely failed. They served at least to bring the question before the public. Opposition was widespread, and the experiments were few and far between. Some of the experiments, in centres of hostile opinion, naturally failed. But there are now indisputable signs of a far more favourable attitude towards the principle, which bid fair for its general adoption. The most powerful objection has been the idea that the removal of a school more than a mile or two from one's farm would lessen the value of the farm. The objection is passing away before the higher consideration that a much better school is possible under the consolidation plan, and the more active realisation of the truth that much better schools are desirable.

In Manitoba alone, however, is the plan fully alive at the present moment. There the pupils are conveyed distances of seven, eight and even ten and eleven miles. The Department of Education reports, in spite of these long distances, a greatly in-

\*In the Province of Quebec a model school is not a training school for teachers, as in Ontario. It is the name for the kind of school which is intermediate between the elementary and the academy.

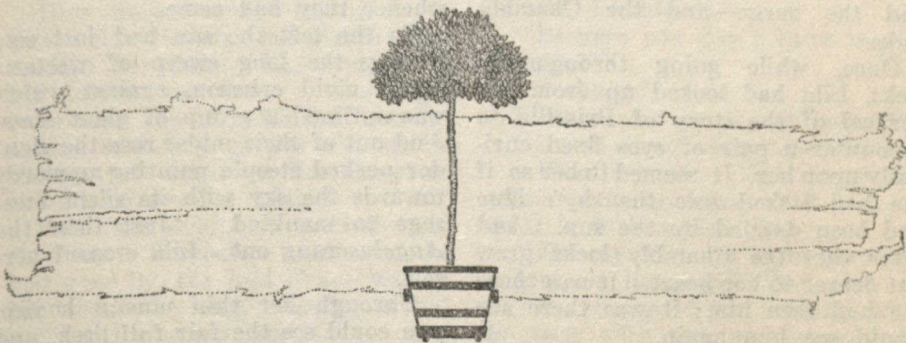


creased average attendance among the results so far obtained.

Everywhere that the system has had a fair trial—and wherever it has had this fair trial it has been permanently adopted—other beneficial results have followed. The younger pupils are conveyed in comfort distances of four or five miles in rough winter weather when they would have been unable to walk half a mile. The consolidated school ensures a livelier local interest, better equipment, more advanced instruction, a larger school library, and a community centre for the people. Above all, its more general adoption in Canada would afford the grand means of taking up in earnest and efficiently the teaching of the elementary principles of agriculture in our rural schools, on larger and more satisfactory lines than has ever been afforded by the mere text-book, however excellent it may have been. Here, again, we must look outside for an example, but this time within the Empire. In New Zealand expert and trained instructors are sent from

school to school, and the results have proved so satisfactory that whole communities have benefited by improved conditions, and farmers and farmers' clubs are supporting the movement with voluntary contributions.

Consolidation of rural schools on a large and general scale, with the definite purpose of providing an education that will be of service to progressive agriculture, is a national policy that will now meet with far more favour than it would have received even five years ago. The last few years have seen a large awakening to the need of better agriculture—a need which has been emphasised by the work of the Conservation Commission—and the demand for better rural schools will follow. The progress will be the more certain, and the results the more effective, if public policy with regard to education is steadily illuminated by the principle that the schools should exist largely for the purpose of developing the industrial efficiency of the rising generations.



# LILA OF THE "LILA FRUDE"

BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

TO the passer-by she was merely a barge girl, with a narrow, low, and monotonous life. How could they guess at the depth and breadth of the vision of Lila's soul.

Lila's first recollection was of the barge, after which she was named, and of a mother who lavished love upon her and made her know the world was a beautiful place; who kept the little cabin as she kept it to-day, with shining windows, and spotless floor, a row of sweet-scented geraniums in one window and a bird cage in the other. But she had lost both father and mother, and the barge had fallen into the hands of her mother's brother, who appeared to be her only relative.

In the winter they lived in a tiny tenement in New York, and Lila went to school and longed for the summer and the barge—and the Chambly locks.

Once, while going through the locks, Lila had looked up from her perusal of the story of Priscilla to encounter a pair of eyes fixed curiously upon her. It seemed to her as if she had looked into the sky's blue and been dazzled by the sun. And after that the Chambly locks grew but dearer to her heart. It was there she had seen him; it was there she would see him again.

Her beloved book of poems was full of deeper meaning to her now. It was her mother's legacy, this little gray covered volume full of such wonderful things; and her mother

had first read it to her—and the world took shape from the things she had read and seemed an enchanted land. Her glad young blood beating high with the belief in a happy future.

Often she had lain awake, looking out of the little cabin window over the lake, so full of sweet mystery beneath the summer moon, or to the hollow by the canal bank, where the fire-flies gleamed, looking like tiny stars that had trembled earthward; but life's sweet and sad and beautiful story is an unwritten scroll to each youthful soul, wherein it marks the ciphers only age may read.

\*

Lila stood at the cabin door as the *Lila Frude* slowly lifted in the locks, looking backward, over the blue lake whence they had come.

To the left the sun had just set, leaving the long sweep of western sky a vivid crimson, against which was outlined a group of giant elms. And out of their midst rose the slender peaked steeple pointing upwards towards the sky with its silent message to mankind. Just then the *Angelus* rang out. Lila crossed herself.

Through her thin muslin bodice, you could see the fair full flesh, and the outline of her scapula. Her eyes were so dark as to appear almost black, with the fringe of thick black lashes above and below them. In reality they were gray, with hazel

lights, which showed strangely in moments of unusual excitement. And her hair was brightly golden, as only a fair French girl's hair can be. She shaded her eyes with her hand, and then let it fall bringing her hands together with a little sigh of content.

On the bank a Frenchman in a faded blue shirt and a battered straw hat on the back of his head was doing his best to attract the girl above him.

"Sacre! Get on!" he cried to the tired-looking horse cumbered with yards of cable rope.

But man, horse, and language were all lost on Lila.

"Earth is so beautiful; there seems no need of a heaven," she thought to herself, and then she saw him.

He was standing by the canal, waiting for the barge to pass by.

Again to Lila's mind came the thought of blue sky (his eyes were such a vivid blue), still looking into each other's eyes, they smiled. Life was so fair, and young, and beautiful.

And then the barge went on, and the bridge swung slowly back to its place, and Phillias Milliare walked homeward, across the common, carrying the image of Lila in his mind.

How unconsciously beautiful she was! How thrilling her glance! How radiant her hair! The romance of his nature was fired. She might have been the Lily Maid of Astolat, sailing so slowly by one without the stillness of death on her features. Would he see her again?

Fate was kind, or unkind—who shall say? For before another month had gone by, the *Lila Frude* was lying under the long, Chambly wharf, waiting for a tow boat.

There Phillias espied her.

He paddled close to her in his little bark canoe. Lila was at the cabin door. She had been straining her eyes in the direction of the common, when suddenly he appeared

beneath her, close to her side. He plied his paddle so noiselessly she had not heard his approach.

He lifted his hat. There was true homage in the movement, and the girl blushed a soft pink and smiled.

"I suppose you think my craft very unsafe," he said.

"I think the barge is safer," she made answer.

"And prettier."

"No—not prettier."

"But it holds treasure."

"Only some grain."

"And a fairy princess in charge."

"There's a dragon in the hold."

"No, not in the hold. I saw the dragon just now going after the cup that cheers. So I came to cheer you."

"But you shouldn't have. You don't even know my name."

"I will call you Lila."

"You might as well: I was christened it."

"Now I call that strange. Do you want to know mine?"

"At once."

"Phillias Milliare, dreamer of dreams, and loafer at large."

"It sounds"—she hesitated a moment—"unsafe. I wonder what men dream about. I dream too."

"Will you tell me what you dream about?"

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Because you don't know me well enough?"

"Perhaps."

"When you know me better?"

"But I won't know you better."

"Won't you? You are coming with me in my canoe just as soon as it is dark enough."

"For my lord not to be seen with a common barge girl?"

"For the good for nothing not to be seen with the uncommon barge girl."

"I have only dreamt of happiness said Lila. I will come."

He paddled off, under the shadowy shore of the lower village, and in half an hour he returned.

Lila had wrapped a crimson shawl about her shoulders. She stepped deftly into the canoe.

"Now you are not to move or we'll go over."

"Oh I know the danger. And I can't swim. See how I trust you."

As she spoke the canoe shot past the end of the wharf into the reflection from the lighthouse.

\*

At the moment her uncle, having his fill from the cup that cheers, sighted the canoe.

"Sapre! if that doesn't look like Lila's shawl. But I suppose the minx is in bed.

When he got into the barge he tried the handle of the cabin door, but it was fastened. Lila had got out of the window.

"Asleep, as I thought," he mumbled, and soon slept heavily himself.

They came back noiselessly, for fear of waking him. When the moon was high in the heavens, and the lights along the shore had grown few indeed, the air was breathless, and the heavy dew falling on Lila's bare head had forced every stray hair to curl about her forehead.

"Good-night," said Lila softly, something of her exuberance had left her. It was long until to-morrow.

"And you will remember to-morrow?" he whispered.

"If we are here."

"At eight, near Hangman's oak."

Lila laughed a little hysterically.

"It sounds so uninviting," she said.

Her hilarity chilled him—A man appreciates humour when he isn't the cause.

"Oh we'll only hang care," he said, and laughed too.

Lila watched him until the wharf hid him from sight. Then she crept through the cabin window and fell asleep with her beads half said, but her hand on her scapula.

\*

The *Lila Frude* made many trips up and down the Chambly canal that

summer, and it never happened that she went by, without at least sighting the tall, slight, figure of Phillias Milliare, who had taken to haunting the locks.

When luck was on their side and the *Lila Frude* stayed over night by the wharf and the summer moon shone on the water filling Lila with desire for love and loving, what more easy than to climb up the wharf along the bank to the common, where Phillias was certain to be waiting her.

"Isn't it beautiful to live," she said one night, as close to his side she nestled and looked over the lake to the mystery of the mountains—"Ah! and the *Savanne* is on fire. "Don't you love the smell of it? It fills my viens with rest."

He laughed, putting his hand on her bare white arm.

She put her own hand over his so as to keep it there.

"Ah *mon ami!* If it could only be always like this."

Even at this delicious stage his masculine mind asserted itself and told him he would not care for it to be always like this.

To her he had come as the ideal of her girlish life. The hero she had dreamt of, thought of since she first began to dream.

To him she was a piece of sweet womanhood—flesh and blood, made to be loved and kissed and petted; and, coming his way, could he do aught but claim what he might, being a man. But come what might, should he not be forgiven for the heights to which he had lifted her in lifting him. For we each have a Plain of Dura whereon we set a golden image, that all may see and worship.

The Fort flooded in the mellow light of the September moon seemed to stand as a monument to the littleness of human life.

What was warfare? Or the strength of nations? Or the sword of the brave? Or the hearts of hundreds?

But Lila sitting close to the water, with Phillias by her side, could only feel that since the world began it had only tended to this moment, when she felt the impassioned kisses of her lover.

Then came a little chill—a breeze now suddenly sprung from the north and Lila shivered. It had all happened before. Just a moment to think clearly and she would remember the rest. But she got up without having remembered.

What was to tell her that, just twenty years before her mother had harkened to Phillias's father's avowal of love within the shadow of the old fort?

But that night Lila got a surprise as she stepped upon the barge her uncle confronted her.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. How you did frighten me!"

"And it's not a timid maid to traverse the common alone so late."

Lila hung her head with shame. There was such a visible sneer in her uncle's tone.

"*Tien!* I mean no harm. Only I would not see you in your mother's foot-steps."

She raised her head, and confronted him with scornful eyes.

"Of myself, say what you will; but my mother, she is holy and the Saints protect her."

The man laughed. Evidently he had been drinking enough to make him have the folly of speaking the truth.

"'Tis a holiness all would escape, for your mother has been in the the Longue Point Asylum for over twelve years."

\*

"*Dieu!*" Something snapped in the girl's head, and she fell at his feet.

When she recovered consciousness she was on her little bed in the little cabin that had been such an earthly paradise to her, but she could never be happy again.

The mother she had mourned as dead, lived, but as one dead, and the taint was in her own blood. She must never think of Phillias again, she must tell him, and all would be over between them. And she had thought earth so joyous there was no need of a heaven. All through the night she lay with eyes that stared out of the little cabin window, on the silvery lake, seeing nothing.

The water lapped against the barge as was its wont, but Lila's ears were deaf to the sound. She would see Phillias once more and tell—and bid him good-bye. Then—

When the day broke it brought no hope with it. How could it, to a grief like hers?

\*

Phillias had begun the flirtation as a pleasing pastime for a season, but something in the girl's own nobility of soul roused his highest sense of honour; and, though there were many love passages between them, there was no thought of wrong on the one side or wish for wrong on the other. Waiting for her, the next evening, he was surprised to see that she did not come as she was wont to come, every movement telling of the buoyancy of a happy spirit, but slowly and in heaviness, as one grown suddenly old.

"Darling," he said, and clasped her hand, leading her to the stone where they always sat in the shadow of the old Fort. But she stood to tell him her story. How often times he had likened her to the Lily Maid of Astolat. She looked a Lily Maid indeed with all the colour gone from her face, the light from her eyes.

She had dressed herself in white, and above her somewhat low bodice the string of her scapula showed, and through the fabric of her light frock you could see the scapula rise and fall on her bosom.

"I can never marry you," she began, and stopped, putting her hand to her heart.

In his wildest moments he had never thought of marriage, but the pathos of her voice almost touched him to tears.

"O Phillias! I thought my mother was dead. She is not—she is not." Again a pause, and her voice sounded as of one who could not hear. "She is mad! She is mad!"

"Poor darling," said Phillias. He drew her down upon the stone by his side, and then tears came to her relief. She cried till she slept. Sleep had not visited her the night before.

When she awoke Phillias took her by the hand, and so they walked across the common. They met no one, for all was quiet, even at the canal.

Lila had spoken no word. When they reached the barge she moved on, as one in a dream, speaking no farewell as he turned to go.

"To-morrow," whispered Phillias, but it seemed she did not hear.

She did not enter the cabin. In the stern of the boat her uncle slept,

breathing heavily as in a stupour.

She threw herself down in the bow.

How strange things seemed . . . what was real? Was anything real? What could reassure her?

She put her hand to her breast, with the old familiar gesture, sure of finding her scapula—but it was gone.

She did not for a moment guess that Phillias had stolen it from her bosom, as she slept, reverently, as a mother might take a curl from her dear dead babe's head.

"Holy Mother!" she moaned—but who would now protect her?

The yellow moon, so full and round, seemed coming closer—closer. How it scorched her! And what dread was in her soul!

Anything, anything to get away from it before it came too near. To forget. To forget!

She gave a sudden spring, over the side of the barge, and the water closed over her. And the full moon, straight above her in the sky, looked down, unmoved.



# THE ABBOT'S ROOM

BY CHRISTIAN LYS

"THE funeral is on Wednesday. Please come, Philip, and forget the past altogether if you can."

So my aunt had ended her letter, and I was so hungry to see the old place again that the joy in my heart was sadly at variance with the solemnity of the occasion, I fear, as I drove to the Grange from the station, and glanced down the lane which led to the Rectory and Maud.

The Grange stood in a hollow of the downs, an old house with a history, for into the present building the ruins of an ancient Abbey had been incorporated; that was how the Grange came to have an Abbot's room, and it was hardly wonderful that village gossip should declare that it was haunted.

I only arrived just in time for the funeral, so it was not until the evening that my aunt and I could talk over matters.

"It was very good of you to come, Philip," she said. "After all that has happened it is not possible that you can really be grieved at your uncle's death."

"At any rate I want to make things as easy as I possibly can for you," I answered. "I shall come and live here, but that is no reason why you and the boys should go. The house is big enough to hold us all."

"But you will soon marry," she said

"Have you seen Maud lately?" I asked eagerly.

"No. we have never seen much of the Blackmans; couldn't expect it."

Her words made me realise how much might have happened in the three years during which I had virtually been an exile from the scenes of my youth.

"It is kind of you to think of me, Philip," she went on, "but I have already taken that cottage which is at the corner where the road dips down to the village. I could not stay here. There is something uncanny about the place. Your uncle was never the same man after he came here. He had a haunted look, was startled at the slightest sound, and always seemed to be listening for someone."

Considering the manner in which he had secured my inheritance this did not appear very wonderful to me, but I would not hurt my aunt by saying so.

There was a fire in my room, for it was late November and cold. I was glad my aunt had thought of giving me this room, the Abbot's room. It was the one my father had used, spending a large portion of his time there, and was in much the same condition as when I had last seen it. Of the original room very little was left, a part of the walls only perhaps, but its mediæval character had been retained and it felt odd. A superstitious person might not have been comfortable in it at night, but happily I was free from any imagination of this sort. I was tired and soon in bed, but once between the sheets all desire for sleep left me. For a time I tossed from side to side and then, part-

ly dressing myself, I pulled an arm-chair close up to the fire and sat thinking over the past.

My father had always been a stranger to me. He was absorbed in money making, and I am quite sure never played a game with me in his life. When my mother died I was sent to school, and often in the holidays did not go home because my father was abroad on business. We lived in London in those days. After leaving school I was sent abroad, and on my return found that my father had retired and bought the Grange. He had made a fortune, and I was his only son. At the Grange he lived the life of a recluse, and I was free to come and go as I pleased. I grew to love every corner of the old place, and I often went to the Rectory, for Mr. Blackman had a daughter. We were both young, but a very real love had blossomed between us, and although I had never actually asked her to be my wife, all our thoughts concerning the future took for granted that we should be together in it. My Eden was suddenly broken into by my father, who ordered me to London to qualify for a partnership with a merchant of his acquaintance. My own inclinations were not considered in the matter, and I hated the work I was called upon to do. In six months my father died suddenly, and to my utter consternation left practically everything to his brother, a man I hardly knew, although I had seen a good deal of my aunt at various times and liked her. The will declared that: "The character of my only son, Philip Danvers, is such that I do not consider it good for his welfare to leave him master of a fortune," and then went on to make provision that at my uncle's death the property was to revert to me if I were still unmarried, but if I were married it was to go to his eldest son; it also went to this son should I subsequently marry and die without an heir. I was left two hundred a year, and a certain sum was set aside to

buy me the partnership when I had qualified for it.

My uncle had enjoyed his ill-gotten gain for three years and now he was dead. I was master of the Grange and a fortune; I had small reason surely to regret the death which made me so. To-morrow I should see Maud and then—then I suppose the soothing warmth of the fire had its will upon me, and I fell asleep in the arm-chair.

I do not know what woke me. I believe I suddenly said: "Come in," so perhaps I heard footsteps on the landing outside. The fire had burnt low, but as I sat up straight in my chair the cinders fell together and a single flame leaped up in the grate. It was the only light in the room, for the candle had burnt out, and for a little while it set weird shadows dancing about me. One shadow seemed to flit across the bed, jumping and twisting there until it suddenly disappeared as though it had sprung into the curtains at the head. Of course, I was only half awake, and by the time I had thoroughly aroused myself the flame had gone out and the room was in darkness. I remembered that I was in the Abbot's room and thought of the ghost, but I am sure my hand did not tremble as I lighted another candle. I glanced round the room, looked at my watch to find that it was three o'clock, and then got into bed and slept soundly until morning. As I dressed I had the curiosity to try and discover what article of furniture had produced the peculiar shadow, and why it should have danced so, but I could make no discovery.

My aunt was down before me reading her letters.

"I hope you slept well," she said.

"Yes, in the armchair," I laughed.

"Why not in bed?" she asked.

"I was restless and I never can lie in bed when I am awake," and I said nothing about the shadow, thinking I might frighten her.

I went to the Rectory after break-



fast to find that Maud was away from home. Mr. Blackman received me rather coldly, but having so much at stake I was persistent, and meant to find out his reason for treating me in this manner.

"I shall be coming to live at the Grange almost immediately, Mr. Blackman," I said. "I should much regret if there were any misunderstanding between us."

By degrees I got him to confess that he and my father had quarrelled, the matter between them trivial, but the quarrel was bitter. Knowing my father's peculiar temper this did not surprise me.

"That was why my father made me leave home, I suppose."

"No doubt."

I could not explain my father's treatment of me, I could only declare there was no warranty for it.

"Both your father and your uncle were peculiar men," he went on, "and although I am bound to believe what you say, I may frankly confess that I am not very anxious for an intimate acquaintance between the Rectory and the Grange. You force me to speak plainly, and I think you must understand what I mean."

"I do only too well, but may I ask whether Maud shares your views?"

"I have trusted to time rather than to persuasion," he said. "Three years count for much in a young girl's life, and I had better tell you at once that I am expecting to hear of Maud's engagement every day."

I left the Rectory with bowed head. Mr. Blackman evidently believed there was something queer about us as a family, and knowing the close union there was between father and daughter, I could not hope that Maud had remained unchanged. Under the circumstances I was in no hurry to take up my residence at the Grange. When I went there Maud had been back at the Rectory more than a month, and my aunt had moved into the cottage.

I did not go to the Rectory, and

for two Sundays I stayed away from church. I could learn nothing about Maud's engagement, and then one morning I met her. I was riding and she was coming towards me walking on the grass by the roadside. Had she changed? In one way, yes, for she was more beautiful than ever. She did not notice me until I was close to her, and then I was out of the saddle in a moment.

"Maud!"

I think she must have understood all the questions in my mind as she looked into my eyes.

"You have not been to see us at the Rectory," she said, the colour mounting to her cheek.

"Yes, I came the day after my uncle's death. Surely your father told you."

"I understood that he expected you to come."

"But of our conversation, did he tell you nothing of that?"

"A little, but I am sure he expected you."

"And you, Maud?"

"I have been wondering why you did not come."

"May I come this afternoon?"

"I—we shall be pleased," she said.

What Maud had said to her father I do not know, but his manner, even from that first afternoon, was different. He had not exaggerated when he said he expected to hear of his daughter's engagement. The man had asked her more than once, but she had never loved anyone but me. She confessed in the Rectory garden as we walked one afternoon in the shelter of the high red brick wall which glowed in summer time, and made a warm corner even in winter.

"The Grange is terribly empty and silent," I whispered. "When will you come and be its mistress?"

She said something about a year, but that of course was absurd. I think I mentioned a month which she declared was impossible. It ended in a definite four months, the wedding to be a quiet one.

"We must not forget that it was your uncle who died," she said.

Perhaps I smiled a little hardly.

"Your uncle puzzled me," she went on. "Soon after he came to the Grange he stopped me one day, was rather curious in his manner, and hesitated a good deal, but he tried to make me understand that you were blameless.

"Very subtle of him," I laughed. "Don't you understand, dear, that if I were married I could no longer be a rival to his son?"

"Somehow I do not think that was in his mind."

"My dearest, my aunt has unconsciously shown me that from the time he came here he was a haunted man. He had been poor, terribly poor, and the temptation to acquire riches easily was too much for him. He lied, succeeded, and may have repented. I have forgiven him.

I was honest in saying so, yet my aunt's description of her husband's haunted manner had set the germ of a terrible suspicion at the back of my mind. I could not forget that my father had died suddenly; I could not forget how my uncle had profited by his death.

The middle of June was fixed for the wedding and two days before Merrit came down. He was the only real friend I had made in town, and was to be my best man. The night before the wedding we sat up till midnight yarning. I am afraid I kept him up for he yawned over an exceedingly amusing story I told him, and I do not think I could possibly have been prosy that evening. When he had gone upstairs I opened one of the library windows. It was an exquisite night and there was a happy restlessness about me which made the thought of bed odious. I let myself out by a garden door and went straight across the downs, walking quickly and taking no note of my direction, thinking only of Maud. It was close upon three o'clock when I approached the village again, and

I took the path which joined the road close to my aunt's cottage. I was surprised to see a light in the sitting-room window, just lit it seemed to me, for I noticed it suddenly. Was she ill? I debated whether I should knock and inquire, and had just decided that should probably frighten her if I did, when the door opened and my aunt stood upon the threshold. Only a narrow strip of garden lay between the house and the road.

"Is there anything the matter?" I called.

She did not answer, nor did she move.

"What is the matter?" I asked as I opened the gate and went towards her. She appeared to see me then for the first time. I knew at once that I had startled her by the way she flung out her arm to the doorpost for support, and I hurried forward to reassure her. Her other hand shot out to keep me back and her sudden shrieks literally cut through the silence of the night.

"It is I, Philip!" I cried, but to no purpose. With a shriek, more shrill than any of the others, she turned and fell in a heap in the passage.

The old servant who lived with her came rushing down the stairs, and together we tried to force brandy down my aunt's throat. Then I ran into the village for the doctor, confident that my errand was useless, certain that my aunt was dead.

It would be difficult to describe my feelings adequately; they were complex and not without a selfish element in them perhaps. This day was to have seen the fulfilment of my desires, and now my wedding must be postponed. It was my sudden coming which had killed my aunt; with all his preamble regarding the state of her health this was what the doctor's verdict came to. Why should my presence have terrified her? Why indeed was she up and dressed at this time? The servant said she had gone to bed well at her usual hour.

The servants were stirring when I went back to the Grange, but I let myself in by the garden door and no one saw me. I went to my room to change and have a bath. At first I had occupied the Abbot's room, where I had slept on the night of my uncle's funeral, but lately I had moved to a smaller bedroom Merritt, who was very much interested in the story of the shadow, was in the haunted chamber quite anxious to see the ghost. I knocked at his door as I crossed the landing.

"Jack! Jack! Wake up!" I called. There was no answer. I hammered at the door without any effect, and then I became alarmed. My nerves were at high tension; anything seemed possible this morning.

I went on to the terrace, and looked up at the windows. One was open, and, not waiting to call anyone to my assistance, I fetched a ladder from the stables and climbed into the room. I made noise enough stumbling in, but he did not stir.

"Jack!" I cried, and a trick of memory recalled the dancing, twisting shadow which had seemed to vanish in the curtains. "Jack! wake up!"

I pulled the bedclothes aside to rouse him, and then with staring eyes bent forward to look into his face.

"Jack!" I think I called his name aloud, but I knew he would never answer. He was dead!

Had I not fallen asleep in the armchair that night, I should doubtless have been found next morning even as I found my poor friend, had I not seen and remembered that twisting shadow, the cause of Merritt's death might never have been discovered.

The Grange had its secret, when planned I do not know, but it was a devilish trap. Hidden in a shrubbery at the end of the terrace was a small door, and a narrow stairway led into a tiny chamber immediately behind the bed in the Abbot's room.

We did not discover it this way; we found the mechanism of the bed first. It was a large wooden one with a heavy canopy hung with dark curtains. When my father had bought the Grange he had bought a good deal of the furniture, no doubt this bed amongst it, for it was not in our house in London. Behind the head of it was a powerful spring which, when released, sent down part of the solid woodwork upon the sleeper where it remained heavily forced down until a counter spring sent it noiselessly back to its proper position again. The scroll work was so arranged and shaped that it would almost certainly press with irresistible force upon the sleeper's neck and throat; except by a miracle it must do its murderous work once it was set in motion. We hammered at the wall behind the bed to discover how this was done, and found a small trap large enough for the arms to be thrust through, but we had to break part of the wall away before we could get into the chamber, and so discover the door in the shrubbery. In that little room we found a handkerchief belonging to my aunt.

How she first discovered the secret I have never found out; she had left no record. Everything else she had carefully noted in a diary which we found locked amongst her private papers at the cottage. On the night of my uncle's funeral she tried to murder me, and I must have awoke at the very moment when the infernal contrivance went back to its place. Not until next morning, when she heard me moving, did she know that she had failed. My statement that I had slept in the chair told her why, and my manner showed her that I had no suspicions. Still she did not make another attempt at once. She waited until the night before my wedding, and she had evidently some means of knowing that this time she had not failed, for the record of my death was the last item in her diary. Probably she made the

entry directly she returned home and then, as she stood at the door of the cottage, I came to her. The reason of her terror was no longer a mystery. It was evident that she had poisoned my father's mind against me, indeed she seems to have exercised a complete fascination over him, and the only blame attaching to my uncle was that he was weak, entirely ruled by his wife, and quite ignorant of much that she did. There was no actual statement that she had killed my father, but she made an entry about the signing of the new will with the significant remark that there was no need to delay now. My father's death was mentioned later without

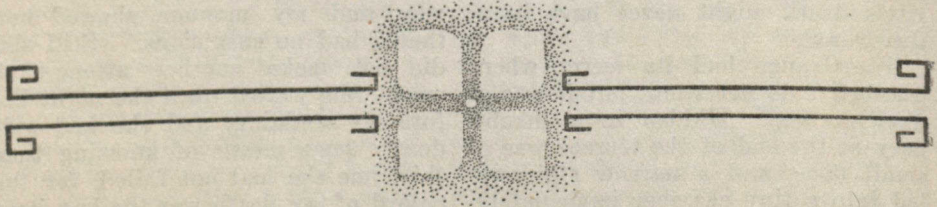
comment, and I have no doubt whatever that she was responsible for his death. Of course she must have been mad, desperately determined to secure the inheritance for her son, but the method was truly terrible.

Before my dear Maud came to the Grange the Abbot's room was dismantled and the bed destroyed. The door is always kept locked. I sometimes show the room to curious visitors who usually exclaim at its fine proportions, and declare that it ought to be used and the tragedy forgotten. In our time, at any rate, it will not be used. When in due course my son becomes master, he must do as he likes.

## WILLOW PIPES

By DUNCAN CAMPBEEL SCOTT

SO in the shadow by the nimble flood  
 He made her whistles of the willow wood,  
 Flutes of one note with mellow slender tone;  
 (A robin piping in the dusk alone).  
 Lively the pleasure was the wand to bruise,  
 And notch the light rod for its lyric use,  
 Until the stem gave up its tender sheath,  
 And showed the white and glistening wood beneath,  
 And when the ground was covered with light chips,  
 Gray leaves and green, and twigs and tender slips,  
 They placed the well-made whistles in a row,  
 And left them for the careless wind to blow.





OLD FRENCH-CANADIAN PIONEER

From the Painting by A. Suzor-Cote. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# SPEEDING THE PLOUGH

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

‘YOU’RE a good lass, and not so bad to look at,’ observed Aunt Maria, ‘—in fact there’s times when I do think you’re a bit too good for this world!’

Elizabeth Bagshaws had gathered sufficient flowers to fill the posset-jug on the parlour table. She smiled pleasantly, and lifted up the posey so that she might inhale the rich fragrance.

‘You’re wanting to say something,’ she said. ‘I’ve known ever since you came a week ago this evening—as you meant to give me a talking-to! Prythee out with it.’

The stout old woman, who sat very comfortable in a wooden armchair that her niece had brought from the house and placed under the sycamore tree, shook her head and pursed her lips. She was comely to the eye—a creature whose very aspect declared content with the world. Her hands were clasped complacently in her lap, over which she had spread a great yellow-and-red handkerchief.

‘Well, I reckon what’s got to be said had best be said,’ she remarked wisely. ‘And as I’m going back to the Woodlands to-morrow, there isn’t much time. I’m not one of those as minces matters. Why don’t you and Joel Haslam set up house together?’

The rich colour rose to Elizabeth’s cheeks. For the moment she looked not a day more than twenty-five.

‘I don’t—I don’t know,’ she stammered. ‘That’s more nor I can answer—’

‘Od’s me, you’re a riddle, that you are,’ cried Aunt Maria. ‘Here’s the chap been coming after you two or three times a week for the last ten year, and yet nayther of you seem any forrarder. Do you mean to have him or not?’

‘I’m sure I can’t say,’ replied poor Elizabeth. ‘To tell you straight, Aunt Maria, he’s ne’er put the question!’

‘And whose fault’s that? Why long before I was your age—and that’s forty year ago—I’d as many lads running after me as I’ve fingers on both hands. ’Twas pick and choose, by Marry, so ’twas! Do you mean to tell me as you won’t give Joel a chance to speak?’

‘Oh, chances—he’s had chances time and time again,’ said the young woman, with the faintest shade of bitterness; ‘but ’tis all one—he’ll ne’er take his chance.’

‘Then if you take my advice, you’ll put a stop to his hanging about,’ said Aunt Maria. ‘Lord bless me, you’re thirty now—and as far as I can remember you’re the only one connected wi’ me who has kept single beyond twenty-two.’ She shook her head more seriously than ever. ‘If you are not careful you’ll be left an old maid. Give Joel the go-by, and get another chap—once you’ve shown him the door they’ll swarm quick enough. ’Tisn’t as if you hadn’t money—’

‘I couldn’t, Aunt,’ said Elizabeth. ‘Him and me’s grown up together; we’re like brother and sister.’

"Twittle-twattle!" exclaimed the dame. "He's no good is Joel, and that's plain."

She chuckled inwardly at the sight of Elizabeth's pretty anger. The young woman's head was thrown back, her eyes sparkled as though she had been seriously affronted.

"He's one of those as won't wed," continued Aunt Maria, "—that is save to his own comfort. Every year putting more and more in the bank, I make no doubt. Spoiling you for other men, too—like a regular dog i' th' manger!"

"He's the best and kindest lad that was ever created!" said Elizabeth hotly. "Look to it how he stuck to the farm and paid off the mortgages as his father raised, so as his mother, poor soul, could rest with a peaceful mind!"

"Ay, but she passed away two or three year ago. He ought to have married you then—"

"He knows his own business best," said Elizabeth. "I've never made any complaint—"

"Happen 'twould have been better if you had," Aunt Maria made answer. "You needn't get ruffled, my dear, 'tis only for your good as I'm speaking."

Elizabeth moved towards the house; the dame, turning her eyes towards the sunken road, saw a corpulent little man waddling along the side-paths of rain-hollowed flags. She recognised the tenant of the next farm—a youngish widower who had inherited the place from a lately deceased cousin. He was dressed more smartly than the ordinary farmer, wearing a fine gray knickerbocker suit, gorgeous plaid stockings, and bright yellow shoes. His face was clean-shaven—a large expanse of red, with small eyes and nose and mouth. As he reached the moss-grown wall of the garden, he stopped short and touched his cap.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, but is Miss Bagshaw in?" he said. "I haven't had the pleasure of be-

ing introduced, but I heard as she's some fine Plymouth Rocks, and be-thought myself I'd like a sitting—one of my hens being broody."

Aunt Maria rose from her chair and made towards the gate. "To be sure, to be sure," she said. "Do you come inside—I'll go and tell my niece as you'd like a word with her. What name shall I say?"

"Mr. Daffy, at your service, ma'am," he replied, rubbing his forehead with the back of a fat smooth hand. "By Jowks, but 'tis vastly warm for May."

She bade him be seated in the chair she had left, and then went indoors to summon Elizabeth, who had just arranged the flowers to her satisfaction.

"There's Mr. Daffy, the new neighbour," she explained. "A good-like chap, there's no gainsaying. Wants a clutch of Rock eggs."

Elizabeth accompanied her to the garden, and the dame performed the introduction in a very stately fashion. The stranger had already made himself curiously at home. His pipe was lighted; Aunt Maria sniffed the fumes with outspoken pleasure.

"Better nor any flowers," she sighed. "Eh, dear, eh, dear! 'tis just the same shag as my poor dear man used for to smoke."

"Glad it pleases you, I'm sure," said Mr. Daffy. "There's nought sweeter in the country air than good shag. Eh, but you've a pretty spot here, Miss Bagshawe; being lifted up above the road, it gives one a fine view."

He proved himself a man of taste and perception; Elizabeth being home-fond, thought the glimpse of the river through great elms, and the water-meadows on the farther bank, with the heather-covered hills in the background, unparalleled in all England. And surely she was competent to judge, since she had travelled two or three times as far as Scarborough on the East Coast and Blackpool on the West. She went indoors, brought



out another chair for Mrs. Dobbs, then drew a jug of sparkling home-brewed for the suitor.

"Just the spot as pleases me," replied Mr. Daffy. "I was brought up to the hotel-keeping—my home was The Green Dragon at Ashbourne. A noisy rattling spot, never at rest from morn to night. It made me rare and glad to think that Cousin Wardlie had left me his property—I was thankful to know as I could rest—"

"You don't look as if you'd had overmuch work to do," said Aunt Maria agreeably. "I'd say you'd been accustomed to take things easy."

"So, so," he made answer. "You see, ma'am, though 'tisin't perhaps the thing for a man to tell about hissen, I've always had money in both pockets. My father he left me a pretty bit—if so be as I wanted, I could keep my horse and carriage with the best. Then I got a fortune with my wife, bless her! Ey, me, 'twas a fearsome blow—her death."

Elizabeth had presented the tankard; he raised it to his lips, nodded first to her and then to her aunt. "Here's to you, miss and ma'am." Then he swallowed the contents at a draught; a pleasant gurgle of satisfaction sounded in his throat.

"But I'm taking up your time," he said, "and I'm sure you won't want a man worriting about."

"You're welcome," Aunt Maria assured him. "Some there are who hold newcomers at a distance—just the same as if they'd got summat poisonous about 'em, but we—none of us—were e'er given that way. And you're here on business, and business is business."

As he conversed with Elizabeth about the setting of Plymouth Rocks' eggs, the good woman sat complacently, delighting in his personal charms.

"A bonny colour, there's no deny-ing it, she said to herself. And as for legs—well, those calves are a

sight to see! My word, but he looks as if he'd gotten money-bags more nor any man could empty—his stockings they're fair extravagant."

Her contemplation was disturbed by the unhasping of the gate, and the approach of a tall and well-knit man of about thirty-five. Unlike the stranger he was somewhat shabbily dressed—a patch was noticeable upon his right knee, and the edge of his blue tinted linen collar was frayed from end to end.

"Why, 'tis Joel Haslam!" cried the old woman. "Happen you've met him, Mr. Daffy—he lives at Silver Flat, t'other end o' the valley!"

Mr. Daffy protested that hitherto the pleasure had not been his, and soon the two men were engaged in a conversation about farming matters. Aunt Maria, after the first few sentences, rose and went to the house, turning to beckon for Elizabeth to follow her.

"If I may take the liberty," said she as they passed through the doorway, "I'll ask 'em both in for a bit o' supper. 'Tis always best to be neighbourly, particular to folks as have just come. No use you saying as you're not provided—there's that great piece o' beef, and the cheese as I brought from home. I'll set to and lay the cloth, whilst you go to the pantry. Mercy on us, wench, what-e'er do you think of Mr. Daffy's stockings? I ne'er in all my life saw ought so grand!"

"I hadn't noticed 'em, Aunt," replied Elizabeth. "What are they like?"

"Do you look through the window, my dear—they're gay as a kingfisher—all green and blue, wi' a dash o' gold. And in great tartant squares—each big as 'n envelope! I'm sure they're a sight to see!"

Elizabeth satisfied her curiosity. "They are fine, that I won't deny," she remarked. "A bit too bright, though, for everyday."

Aunt Maria frowned. "Not so," she said. "I do love fine colours,

and I always did love 'em. Why, I'd give ought to have a pair like 'em myself."

"Well," said Elizabeth, recklessly. "There's no reason why you shouldn't. I'm a good knitter, as you're well aware—I'll make you some."

The dame clasped her hands in delight.

"Eh, 'twould be grand!" she murmured. "Same colours and same—same size—fro' the sight o' 'em his would just about fit me! Take notice o' the pattern, my love—I'll not be content if they're not exactly alike."

They laid the oval gate-legged table quickly: Elizabeth hastened to the vegetable garden for a salad of lettuce, and drew another jug of mild home-brewed. Then she summoned the two men indoors, and all sat together for a hearty meal. Mr. Daffy proved very entertaining, indeed he talked so much of his history at The Green Dragon that Joel—as he declared afterwards—could not "get a word in edgewise." And afterwards all drew round the low fire, whilst the men smoked, and the women sewed, just in as homely fashion as though Mr. Daffy had been a lifelong friend.

He spoke of music, and declared himself proficient as a concertina-player, and Aunt Maria bid her niece bring to light the instrument her deceased father had loved beyond all other. Then for an hour Mr. Daffy, who loved to be the centre of interest, played such tunes as quaint inn-keepers love, and at last, with no warning save a clearing of the throat, lifted up a sweet reedy pipe in "The Anchor's Weighed," and delivered the sentimental old song with such pathos that after the last "Remember Me," Aunt Maria was weeping openly and unabashedly.

"A lovely thing!" she sighed. "My husband used to sing it at Feast times—eh, but it does bring back the past! You don't sing, I reckon"—she turned to Joel—"in

all the years I've known you, I've ne'er heard you chirp a note!"

"Only in church of a Sunday even," he replied. "I'm not much good at warbling, for sure. 'Tis a fault in our family to know scarce one tune from another."

"Sing us something else, do ye, Mr. Daffy," she entreated. "Something about courting, for old as I be, I'm fond of hearing such."

The man was not at all reluctant; for the next hour or two all sat listening to his tender falsetto. Joel grew somewhat uneasy: he frequently coughed and looked at the clock. But Mr. Daffy made himself entirely at home, and seemed determined to stay until the very last moment. When his voice became tired, Aunt Maria suggested a game of whist, and they played "ten-up" until an hour before midnight.

"I reckon we'd best be going," said Joel pointedly after the third rubber. "'Early to bed and early to rise' is a good motto, and I know you're glad to go bedward by ten."

"Bless my soul!" cried Aunt Maria, "there's no hurry. It's many a year since I had such a pleasant time! Well, if you must go—you must. I wish you were going to be a neighbour of mine in the Woodlands, Mr. Daffy, 'stead of being one of my niece's. You're rare good company, and there's no denying it."

"It has been as pleasant to me," said Mr. Daffy. "Made me feel as if I wasn't a lorn widower any more. Ay, ma'am, I have enjoyed myself finely, and I hope as I shall again."

"I'm off home to-morrow," said Aunt Maria, "but I come over now and then to see Elizabeth, and I've no doubt we'll meet soon. Good-night to you both."

Joel strove to attract Elizabeth's attention for a word in private; but the good woman clung to her arm, and began to complain of her rheumatic twinges. For the first time she missed the habit of accompanying him to the gate. In the lane the

men said "good-night." Joel moved on a few yards, then stopped and watched the other pass out of sight in the shadows.

"Egad, this mustn't go on!" he said under his breath. "I must put a stop to him coming for sure!" Then he loitered back, and tapped at the house door, just as the candle-light flickered in the upper window. Realising that they had gone to bed, he went reluctantly homeward, switching the hemlocks by the wayside with a temper remarkable in one of such placid nature.

Meanwhile Elizabeth assisted her aunt to undress, and saw that she rested comfortably in the canopied bedstead. The dame rhapsodised concerning Mr. Daffy's physical charms, protesting that he was the handsomest man she had seen in a "week o' Sundays," and that the charms of his voice would wile the coyest bird from the tree.

"And on the look out for a wife, I dare swear," she concluded. "My word, Elizabeth, 'twould be a mighty fine thing if he chose you."

The thought made Elizabeth shiver. "How you do run on!" she expostulated. "You know as well as can be that Joel and I some day—"

"Ay, someday!" said Aunt Maria. "Well, we shall see, what we shall see. Good-night, wench, be sure and sleep well."

Elizabeth moved to the door; she called her to her bedside again. "You'll knit me them stockings as you've promised," she said. "'Tis a secret between us — and you must promise not to tell anyone as they're for your old aunty."

"Set your mind at ease," said Elizabeth. "I'll take good care nobody knows they're for you. Good-night."

It is certain that Aunt Maria's thoughts gave her an almost painful pleasure; as soon as she was alone she laughed—her head under the blankets — with such violence that her sides ached prodigiously. Excite-

ment hindered her from resting well, and when Elizabeth brought her a morning cup of tea, she protested that she had not slept more than an hour. She made no further allusion to the stockings until she was sitting in the trap that had been sent from her home twelve miles away.

"Now mind you get the colours right," she said. "Eh, but I shall be set ut! 'Twill make me wish I was a little lass again, and able to dance among t'others with kilted skirts!"

That same day Elizabeth journeyed to Calton St. Anne's, purchased the necessary wool, and before evening, she had already done over one-third of the first stocking. The house felt curiously quiet without the garrulous old woman; she found herself wishing more than once that Joel would appear to alleviate her loneliness. A knock at the door made her heart jump; when she raised the latch, she saw the laughing Mr. Daffy standing cap in hand, in the porch.

"Time passed so quick last night that I quite forgot to ask for the sitting of eggs," he said. "I hope as I'm not intruding by calling now."

"Come inside," said Elizabeth. "I'll have the basket ready in a minute. 'Twas my place to have reminded you, but it quite slipped my memory."

Mr. Daffy sat in a corner of the settle, and brought out his pipe; when Elizabeth returned from the little lime-washed pantry he was smoking lustly. But as her aunt was no longer present she felt somewhat embarrassed, and prevented him from feeling entirely at ease by not sitting down for a talk.

"You're busy, happen," he said tentatively, "though for sure you don't look so."

"Woman's work is never done," replied Elizabeth. "So my mother used to say. Here's the eggs—I wish you luck with 'em."

He produced his purse. "And how much am I in your debt, Miss?" he inquired.

"Nought," said she. "As we're neighbours I can't charge—you shall give me a pullet when they're raised."

The man rose unwilling. "I'd best be getting home," he said. "I'm much obliged, that I am—if there's ought I can do for you, you're but to ask."

Elizabeth thanked him and declared that she would bear his offer in mind, then gave him her hand in token that he must depart.

"I was wondering as I come along if you'd give me a few Sweet Williams," he said softly. "You've a good many in the garden. A favourite 'tis with me, being my name-flower."

Much against her will Elizabeth accompanied him to the garden, and gathered a nosegay. Mr. Daffy having no further excuse for staying in her company, retired down the steps to the gate, almost stumbling into the arms of Joel Haslam. The bachelor was red and angry-looking—he gave no heed to the muttered apology, but strode towards Elizabeth, who turned hastily into the house.

"Tell you what, I don't like it," he said hotly. "I'm not going to

have yon chap coming after you in this fashion!"

Elizabeth stood aghast, her trembling hand overturned the wool-basket so that the gaily-coloured balls rolled upon the floor. "I don't know what you mean, Joel," she faltered. "Whatever have I done amiss?"

He caught sight of the stocking transfixed with needles. "'Tis to match those he's gotten!" he groaned. "Oh, 'Lizabeth, I wouldn't have thought it of you!"

The young woman's face brightened; there was something wonderfully fascinating in this hovering betwixt tears and laughter. He caught her roughly in his arms, and strained her to his breast.

"I wed you as soon as banns are over," he said brokenly. "I daren't let you be free any longer."

"Why, Joel! Why, Joel!" she murmured.

"And you chuck yon stocking on the fire back, 'Lizabeth? Don't give him a thought—"

"I shall do nayther," said Elizabeth. "The stockings—the stockings—" then she began to laugh almost hysterically, "they're promised—but never to Mr. Daffy!"



# THE INCORRIGIBLE JAMES

BY WELLS HASTINGS

MRS. OAKLEY TODD thrust her needle impatiently into her work and laid it down for the fifth time within the hour.

"James," she called, "James."

There was no answer, and with a sigh that partook of the nature of an exclamation she left her seat by the window, which looked down so entrancingly upon the busy street, and pushed aside the portières that separated the two rooms. Now the small rasping sound that had first attracted her attention was plainly audible above the muffled outside city noises—a shrill distinct little sound, and Mrs. Todd's rather fine eyes found at a glance its visible cause. Before the fireplace a little, black-haired boy was kneeling in a very ecstasy of intent endeavour, his thin back bent and rigid in laborious preoccupation.

"James," said Mrs. Todd again, "what are you doing?"

The thin oldish face, that seemed mostly eyes, glanced across at her for a moment but she received no answer; only the eyes flickered over her fearfully, then sought again the work at hand, and the rasping noise recommenced. Mrs. Todd, often as she had seen it, had never grown used to this look of still terror, nor had been able to read what it meant. Certainly the boy never acted as if he were afraid. It was always like this. If she called him he did not answer; then when she spoke to him suddenly and sharply, he would glance up round-eyed, look at her for a moment

as if she was a spectre, and turn again to whatever he happened to be doing at the time. And the things he happened to be doing were almost invariably things that Mrs. Todd particularly disliked. It must be admitted that they were things that almost anybody would have particularly disliked.

Now she left her place by the door and swept with pretty majesty across the room to bend graceful shoulders above the huddled, angular little form. With no very gentle hand she jerked the boy to his feet, then:

"James Bradley," she said, "you're a wicked, wicked, wicked little boy. What is the matter with you? How can you do such things?"

James squirmed and dug the point of the nail file, with which he had been at work upon the brass fender, through the loosely woven fabric of his sleeve.

"Give it to me." Mrs. Todd's voice was hard and cold, for the top bar of the fender was cut halfway through.

"Give it to me, I say."

James put the file behind his back and scratched nervously at the mantel-piece.

This was more than Mrs. Todd could bear; the shapely hand resting on the boy's collar tightened convulsively; with the other she struck him a staggering little blow on the ear.

"Oh," said James, "oh, oh!" and squirmed away from her grasp.

She caught him again in a moment, but he still held the file behind him, and for all her superior strength she

was forced to scuffle for it until the pretty face was mottled with exertion and anger, and the piled hair toppled and disarranged. The file at last in her possession, she stood panting and speechless, while the boy fidgeted before her.

From time to time he snuffed a little, but it could not be said that he was crying. He, too, was out of breath. With one foot he made little crosses in the pile of the rug. Once or twice he raised a brown hand to the injured ear, rubbing it tentatively, but his eyes were kept on the floor. Through her anger Mrs. Todd heard at last the placid ticking of the mantel clock. With an effort she brought herself under some control.

"What made you do it?" she asked. "How can you be so bad?"

No answer.

"James, you must answer me. Don't you know you're a wicked boy to do such things?"

No answer.

"You're a sulky, wicked boy," said Mrs. Todd. "You're to go to your room, and stay there. I hope your uncle will see fit to whip you when he comes back."

James sighed and walked slowly toward the door, stopping on the way to kick the leg off a chair. On the doorsill he paused.

"May I play with my cars?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd sank hopelessly into a chair.

"Haven't you got any sense of shame—or right—or wrong?" she asked.

James did not answer, but stood twisting and pulling his lower lip with finger and thumb. Mrs. Todd had turned her back on the door.

After she had thought him gone for two or three minutes and had begun to watch with absent interest the hanging out of an intimate "wash" in the cramped yard next door: "May I play with my cars?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd started nervously.

"James, I told you to go to your room."

"But may I play with my cars?"

"Yes, yes, yes, play with anything you like, only obey me and leave me alone."

The little boy sighed and she heard him trudging evenly up the stairs.

For a long time Mrs. Todd sat still in weary reflection. Since his father's death, two years before, she had had many of these hours. Her sense of duty, if it was vague, was at least as strong as it was cloudy. And it was this very powerful, indefinite sense that had brought the perplexing care of little James Bradley into the Todd household. As a matter of fact, there had been no need that they should take him at all; for at his father's death, Janey Carson, his father's sister, had actually begged for him, and Sam Carson himself had been much more keen on taking him than had Oakley. And yet it seemed to her at the time, that she, more fitly than anyone else, should assume the care of her sister's child. As she pointed out to Oakley, Sam and Janey had their hands more than full already with their two little girls (who had always seemed to Mrs. Todd very much of an age) and a house so overrun with dogs and various other miscellaneous pets that it always made her uncomfortable to visit there.

Now, as many times before, she found her sense of duty rather a barren comfort. There could be no doubt about it; little James was a disappointment. There was even a disquieting mental whisper that perhaps after all she was not carrying out her duty well. Of course she had seen that the boy was well dressed, and his food what the doctor approved of. She had said his prayers with him and tried to teach him his letters. At the end of two years she found that she knew no more about the boy than she had at the beginning. She had known him to be his father's constant companion, and

had naturally expected him to be affectionate and demonstrative, qualities that she considered as admirable in a child as their open display to be vulgar in a person of maturer years, and yet, except for a natural little burst of tears on his first arrival, the boy had never shown much emotion of any kind. She recalled those tears now almost wistfully.

He had come, she remembered, a pathetic little boy of four, dressed in the outlandish mourning his father's devoted servants had chosen for him; and she had stretched out her arms to him, and, after a moment he had run to her, to bury his head against her breast and burst into a little storm of weeping, the first, the housekeeper said, since his poor, dear father's death. She herself was newly clothed in the garments of sorrow, and because she was not used to children and good clothes had always filled a large part of her rather empty life, she had shifted him ever so slightly that she might interpose her handkerchief between the new dress and the ruin of his tears. But at the handkerchief his tears had dried on the instant and he squirmed uncomfortably from her lap.

She had evidently overrated the child's capacity for emotion. Her sister, she knew, had adored him, and she was quite certain had never even been concerned about the boy's evident lack of intelligence. She wondered now if all parents were equally and instinctively blinded to the open faults of their children. For the boy was not only sullen and mischievous but actually dull. Other children of his age learned their letters readily enough, some could already read; but James professed an absolute and persistent ignorance of even the first three letters of the alphabet.

Nor could Oakley, who managed his office successfully and well, make any more of the boy than she could. Indeed, he had even laughed at her at first, until he himself had taken a

hand. Now he not only admitted failure but openly declared him mentally and morally deficient.

Perhaps this view of Oakley's was a little hard, and his own failure may have contributed somewhat to his harshness, but Mrs. Todd in spite of herself almost agreed with him. The filed fender before her was only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual gracelessness the Todd household had suffered under ever since the boy had come. He was like some malicious little hermit mouse who choose for the most part an unobtrusive solitude that was more apt than not to culminate in some small act of mischief, utterly upsetting the household serenity. Soon after his coming, she remembered, she had returned from an afternoon of shopping to find her room decked in disorderly brilliant festoons of already withering flowers, where bright carnations and roses predominated, and which told her at a glance that her dearly cherished boxes in the tiny conservatory off the dining-room had been stripped ruthlessly bare. She remembered this the more plainly as it was the first time her indignation had got beyond her self-control, and James had received silently the first of a series of well-deserved but unprofitable punishments.

Even then she had only struck him because her temper had got beyond her, for she did not believe in corporal punishment, and save on such occasions as this, when the enormity of the offence had induced a swift retribution, she had taken the saner method of sending the child to his room to ponder in solitude on the wrong he had done. She wondered if he ever did ponder on these wrongs, if so imperfect a sense of right and wrong had any reflective or repentant quality. And as she wondered she heard the front door opened and closed, and Oakley came down the hall and into the room. She looked up at him and sighed wearily.

"Why, what's the matter, Hilda?" Mr. Todd asked. "Has the boy been at it again?"

He was a handsome man, well-knit and correct, and she was fond of him and his sympathy.

"Look at that, Oakley," she answered, pointing at the outraged fender and the sift of brass filings on the hearthstone. "I don't know what on earth we are ever to do with the boy."

Oakley looked and swore softly under his breath.

"Lord, Hilda," he said, "do?" The boy deserves a beating and he is going to get one. It's all very well for you to send him off to reflect, as I suppose you've done now, but a child that does that sort of thing doesn't reflect at all. The old-fashioned remedy is the only one that will make him feel and remember."

"But don't you think it will seem inconsistent of us? I have carefully explained to him so often why he was not whipped, that every time we whip him I wonder if we are not doing wrong."

"No, we're doing wrong to let this kind of thing keep on. What on earth we took him for is more than I'll ever be able to explain to myself. In another year we can send him away to school. Before then, I expect, he will burn down the house about our ears. Do you suppose it would be too late to lend him to the Carsons for a little while? They seemed anxious enough for him at first, and you're getting all tired out with the child. I think it's only fair that they should stand part of the burden, and he has as much claim on them as he has on us."

"I don't know what we're ever going to do with him, Oakley, and I do wish that we had let Sam and Janey take him in the first place. But if we should go to them now, wouldn't it look as if we had no steadfastness of purpose?"

"Steadfastness of purpose be hanged! I am not going to see you

in nervous prostration just for a little thing like that. Good gracious! What's that? I told you so."

The wild screams of a frightened servant sounded from the floor above. Oakley Todd dashed out of the room to take the stairs at a rush, leaving his wife standing with one hand pressed against her heart.

For a moment or two there were omnious runnings to and fro and the rumbling shift of furniture. Then, a somewhat disheveled Mr. Todd returned, dragging by the collar a resisting, black-smutched little boy.

"Just as I said," panted Mr. Todd, "he'll have the house burned down about our ears. No, don't be frightened, a pitcher of water put it out. But the curtains are ruined and the carpet soaked. The boy's a perfect little devil."

James rubbed the back of a blackened hand across his mouth. He looked puzzled, but this time was plainly frightened.

"I was lighting a fire in my locomotive," he said, as if half in explanation and half in apology.

"That settles it," said Mr. Todd savagely. "If Carson is fool enough to take him, he shall have him. The country's the place for a child anyhow."

When Mrs. Todd wrote Janey Carson that night, however, she thought it only fair to give the Carsons some hint of the true reason of their request and a fair warning of the problem they would undertake should they now, at this late date, consent to receive their incorrigible nephew.

"He is cold, mischievous and sulky," she wrote, "and I am afraid would have a bad influence on your two, sweet little girls; but our resources and our patience are both at an end, and unless you care to try the experiment, we shall have to send him away as soon as possible to some school where they know how to manage such boys."

"Sammy," said Mrs. Carson, when



she had read through to the end, "they're beaten. They're at the end of their rope six months sooner than you said they would be, and we can have him. They shan't get him again, shall they, Sammy?"

Carson, long, thin and humorous, unfolded himself from the armchair at the head of the table, and coming around, bent over his wife's shoulder to kiss her.

"You bet they shan't, Janey," he said. "I'll stipulate that we're to keep him, if we take him at all. What do they say about him? Why Janey, girl, what on earth are you crying about?"

Mrs. Carson turned blue eyes that struggled between laughter and tears to her husband's face.

"Oh, just the whole thing," she said, slipping her hand into his. "Just those good, proper, dutiful idiots, and that poor forlorn little scrap. Hilda must have suffered torments. You know duty and fairness are hobbies of hers and she writes me that 'James,' as she calls him, in addition to many other things is 'cold, malicious and sulky.'"

"Well, I guess he is," said Sam Carson.

"Sam!"

"Certainly, I mean what I say. Isn't it about time you were off to school, kiddies?"

The little Misses Carson blushed and put down their suspended spoons. When they had said good-bye twice around, and the Carsons were left alone, Carson drew his chair close up beside his wife's.

"I mean exactly what I say, Janey," he said, "and if we are going to take the boy we must make up our minds to it. We undoubtedly shall find him all of those unpleasant things, and it will upset things and spoil the kiddies' manners, but if you are game to try it, I am."

"But 'cold,' Sam!"

"Well, I know, but I really think he will be cold. You will have to soak him in the solution of yours, Janey,

and then we can peel him for fair."

"Peel him?" Mrs. Carson asked suspiciously. "What solution?"

Sam Carson's humorous mouth twitched. "Oh the same you soaked another crank in," he said.

"Don't tease me," she said. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Love," Mr. Carson whispered, and pushed back his chair. "I believe I'll go up and get him this afternoon, if you say so."

"You'd better telephone them," said Mrs. Carson, "and then bring him here as late as you can. I want some chance to get his room ready. The children's room is so nice that his will seem pretty bare to him at first, I am afraid."

"He probably won't notice it one way or the other," said Mr. Carson.

"Yes, he will, Sam. You know as well as I do that's part of the whole thing. If he is ever going to be proud either of himself or of us, we must give him something to be proud of. Of course, I don't know, never having had a son before. But from what I've seen of other people's boys, I should say a boy took as much satisfaction in a room of his own as girls do in theirs; although of course in a different way."

So that all that day Mrs. Carson moved, shifted and arranged, pausing to view her efforts from time to time, and trying the very difficult feat of imagining herself a little boy of six. But when she came downstairs from tucking her new problem into bed, she smiled in happy triumph at her husband.

"Well, how did you get on?" Sam asked. "You will admit he's not demonstrative."

"No, poor little soul, he isn't," said Mrs. Carson, "but I got at him well enough. I think we rather puzzle him, Sam, and that he will be good enough for two or three days while he wonders about us. I never saw such a child. All his emotions seem to have been replaced by a sort

of passive resistance. I actually had to put his arms around my neck myself when I kissed him good-night. He doesn't know what an honest hug is. But you wait and see, Sam, I am going to teach him."

For two or three days things went smoothly enough. Jimmy, as he had been rechristened, crept about awe-struck in a strange new world. The little suburban town seemed to him the wildest open country — and the people careless happy-go-lucky beings. He said little to anyone and his small cousins, prepared and eager to welcome him as a brother, were surprised and disappointed at his silent rejection of the affection they frankly offered.

"Jimmy isn't used to little girls," their mother explained to them, "and you must pretend not to notice if he isn't nice to you."

But as the strangeness wore away, the old imp of silent mischief returned to Jimmy. Little things disappeared from their familiar places, small trifles were found broken, and here and there a door or panel bore the devastating hieroglyphics of restless accustomed little hands.

"I guess it's your turn now, Sam," said Mrs. Carson.

She told him the tale of growing outrage.

"All right," said Sam complacently, "send him along."

"You won't hurt him, will you, Sam?" said Mrs. Carson.

Carson grinned expansively. "Not unless he needs it," he said.

Mrs. Carson brought Jimmy into the room with her arm about his shoulder. At the doorway she stooped, kissed him and left him to his fate. The old trouble was in Jimmy's eyes and the old look of still uncomprehended terror on his face. With his hands behind him, he picked and twisted at the portière.

"Well, Jimmy," said Carson.

Jimmy's eyes sought the floor, but he did not answer.

"I want to talk to you, Jimmy.

Suppose you come over here near me."

Jimmy did not look up, but dragged laggard feet across the floor. When he reached Carson's side, Carson leaned over and swung him onto his lap with a strength that startled and pleased him—he naïvely and secretly supposed that Carson acquired it in tilling the soil.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said. "I want you to listen to me very carefully, will you?"

In the surprise at his new situation, Jimmy nodded.

"Well, this is it, Jimmy boy. You've come here to stay for always. Do you remember your father, Jimmy?"

There was a little pause, then the close-cropped head nodded eagerly.

"Well, it's like that," said Carson.

"I haven't any little boy, you know, and so you're to live here with us and be our little boy, and I'm going to be your father, as soon as I learn how, and you are going to have a mother too; and we are going to love you for always and always. Do you understand?"

As Carson talked the boy's brows drew down in a deep frown. With the question he positively scowled, then his face cleared, and sighing deeply, he nodded again, almost smiling at the success of his mental effort.

"Good," said Carson. "Now, I want to talk about that scratch in the door. I know you made that one, because I saw you do it. You aren't going to do that kind of thing any more, Jimmy. It isn't very much fun, anyway, and it's foolish to go around scratching your own house. You see, if you are going to be our boy and this is our house, then it's your house too. You must be just as careful of it as you can. You mustn't take little things, either, Jimmy. If you want a thing, you ought to ask for it. I wouldn't go up in your room and take one of your new chairs unless I asked you. And when you break something, come and

tell about it. Nothing is going to happen to you for something you didn't mean to do. But you come and tell about it right out and see how much better you'll feel around your middle."

Jimmy nodded again, and the ghost of a smile flickered at the corners of his mouth.

"All right," said Carson. "You look up mother now, and tell her that's all fixed."

This talk with Jimmy was supplemented by finding him something to do.

"He can learn the school things when he gets over his mental paralysis," said Carson. "In the meantime, we'll get him ready."

So Jimmy was introduced to the delights of gardening. Carson was himself a gardener of sorts and his heart warmed at the boy's first evident enthusiasm. For Jimmy, once gardening was explained to him, once his little, lonely, cramped mind in some way glimpsed a fragment of the majestic panorama of delving, seed-time and harvest, lavished his restless activity of mind and body upon the six-foot corner that had been staked out as his own. And with the garden he was endlessly patient; although plants were mistaken for weeds, or died of too much inspection, with his garden Jimmy never lost heart.

"It seems as if he grew with it, Sam," Mrs. Carson said, and Carson thought her quite right. For although the mischief continued, it grew less and less, and day by day Jimmy learned better what Mrs. Carson was pleased to call his "lessons in demonstrativeness." This does not mean that he successfully kept out of all trouble. Little by little the Carsons discovered that Jimmy was a liar.

"It's the one thing I won't stand," Carson said, "and we'll make it plain to him as soon as we can get hold of one thing we're sure of."

The opportunity was not long in

coming, and it came in such a way that Carson was able to "kill two birds with one stone," as he explained it afterwards to Janey, when they were comforting each other about what they had done, and refreshing themselves with mutual assurances that they had lived up to their convictions. Carson had acted swiftly and promptly, but when he had finished found himself unexpectedly sick and in need of his wife's reassurance.

"I am sure that there will be welts on him, Janey," he said. "It was perfectly disgusting."

"Never mind," Janey repeated for the twentieth time. "Any sensitive child would rather have it than be sent into Coventry. You had to do it, you know, Sam, but now you may never have to do it again. You have always said, you know, that a whipping should be a thorough job, something to be always remembered."

"I shall always remember it, at any rate," Sam answered ruefully. "I got the poor kid in my room, Janey, and gave him plenty of chance to tell me the truth. At first he wouldn't say a thing, then he lied out of it amazingly. If you and I both hadn't seen him take the thing from Dora's bureau, I should have thought he was really innocent."

"Then what did you do, Sam?"

"Well, I took the knife out of his pocket and showed it to him. I had already told him I would let him off if he told me the truth. Then I explained that he was to get two licks for stealing, because it's sneaking and ungentlemanly, and three licks for lying, because that was worse. I told him I was going to hurt him a lot and that I hoped he would be man enough to try at least not to cry about it. And by some marvel he didn't, Janey; only a tear or two sneaked out. That was doing pretty well, for I hit him about as hard as I could, and a bamboo cane is no joke. I am afraid I blubbed as much as he did myself."

Carson blew his nose savagely and

swore under his breath. "I am going to look the kid up now," he said, "and help him dig up that last corner of his garden. The poor, little soul needs some help." And all the rest of that afternoon he and Jimmy grubbed side by side together, conversing in intimate monosyllables.

And as the summer advanced, it commenced to look as if Carson really had killed two birds with one stone; for Jimmy's petty thievings came abruptly to an end, and as far as anyone knew, he had overcome his more deep-rooted habit of lying. His look of stupid terror had gone, too, banished by care and outdoor work and the thralling interest of two great and growing passions, only one of which, however, the Carsons realised. This was the interest he took in his garden in general and in a freakishly tremendous watermelon in particular.

It was really an enormous melon. Carson himself bragged about it on the train, and to Jimmy's dreams it appeared as big as the promises of a seed catalogue. Janey, too, took a vivid interest in it, and found it a sort of Rosetta stone by which she read the obscure writings of Jimmy's heart. They all agreed that the melon would be ripe about the time of Jimmy's birthday, and that then there should be a feast and the neighbours and their children asked in—the elders to admire, the children to banquet in Jimmy's honour, at a table where the birthday cake should be only incidental, and the wonderful melon the *pièce de resistance*, Jimmy always went out to see it the first thing in the morning and bade it tender farewells at night.

It was in the garden that Carson found him one evening on his return from the city. To his surprise there were two other boys with him, bigger boys, whose rough voices and oath-spangled speech told Carson, even before he came near enough to make out the trouble, that they were what Jimmy and boys of his ac-

quaintance called "muckers." He heard Jimmy's voice rising in shrill protest, and started toward them on a run, but changed his mind and hid behind the sparse hedge of lilac bushes which partly hid the garden from the house. He stopped with the deliberate intention of eavesdropping, for it seemed to him an excellent opportunity to observe the conduct of Jimmy.

One of the boys had a watermelon already in his arms, not the sovereign and incomparable melon, but a smaller, ordinary one of Carson's own. They were not standing in Jimmy's part of the garden.

"You can't have it, I tell you," Jimmy was saying. "It is one of father's melons."

"Who's going to stop me?" the boy asked roughly. "Not you," and he described Jimmy's slightness and physical ineffectiveness profanely. The other boy shoved Jimmy back with a laugh.

"You're—you're thieves," Jimmy panted. "It doesn't belong to you. It belongs to us."

Carson glowed at the "us."

The boys laughed again scornfully. The old look of pallid terror and obstinacy had begun to show in Jimmy's face. Carson told himself argumentatively that this was not cowardice; it was perfectly natural to be frightened at such odds.

"Hey!" Jimmy called out, when the boys had gone only a few steps.

"Well?" the one who held the melon snarled.

Jimmy's face was working with a great internal strife. "It's poisoned," he blurted.

The boys turned and came back to him. "Poisoned? Wotcher mean?"

Jimmy shifted his eyes to the ground, as was his habit of old; but now that he had taken the plunge, he was glibness itself.

"Yes," he went on, "my father got tired of having his melons stolen, and so he poisoned a lot of them, and that's one of them."

"Well, show us one that ain't," the boys said, half convinced.

"I—I don't know them apart," said Jimmy.

The boy cast the melon from him, where it thudded without breaking in the soft earth. Jimmy skipped between it and the foe. For a moment the boys lingered, undecided whether to believe him or not, but dark shadow of possible death was too much for them, and at last they turned away. Carson from his place of concealment heard Jimmy's sharp sob, and saw something in Jimmy's face which almost frightened him.

"Hey!" Jimmy called again, and again the boys stopped, "I—I lied," blurted Jimmy. "They're not poisoned at all, but you can't have them. Won't you please go away and not touch them?"

Their answer was to pick up a melon apiece. Jimmy was sobbing openly now. "If you put them down," he blurted, "I'll give you *my* melon, a much, much bigger melon, truly, the biggest melon you ever saw, the biggest melon in the world."

Carson had heard enough. With a shout he sprang out from behind the hedge, and swept down upon them, vengeance incarnate. It was the work of a minute to dispose of them, to crash their heads together,

and kick them from his boundaries. He caught Jimmy up in his arms as if he had been a baby. "Good boy," he said, "good boy," and Jimmy looked up at him surprised at the queer roughness in his voice.

"Sam," said Mrs. Carson that evening, when she came down from tucking the children into bed, "I had a telephone from Hilda this afternoon."

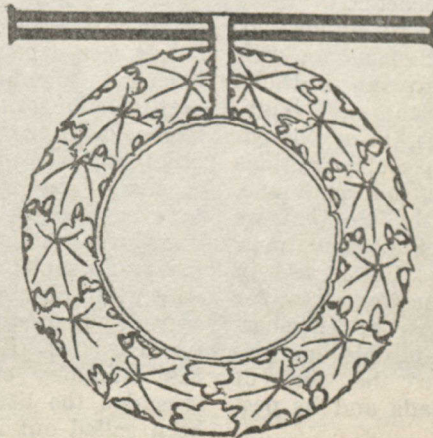
"Anything particular?" Sam asked absently.

"I can't understand Hilda, Sam. She said her conscience had been troubling her and she was worried because she had put such a great burden upon us, that it wasn't fair we should have the entire worry of that little incorrigible."

"Huh," said Carson, "what did she propose to do?"

"She wants to share the expense with us of sending him away to school."

"She does, does she?" said Sam angrily. "Well, you tell her that when Jimmy is old enough and wants to go, we'll send him ourselves, but just at present Jimmy is enjoying himself being part of a real family." He laughed and reached for the hand that rested on his shoulder. "If she doesn't believe it," he said, "she can ask Jimmy."



# NEIL McNEIL :

## ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

BY M. L. HART

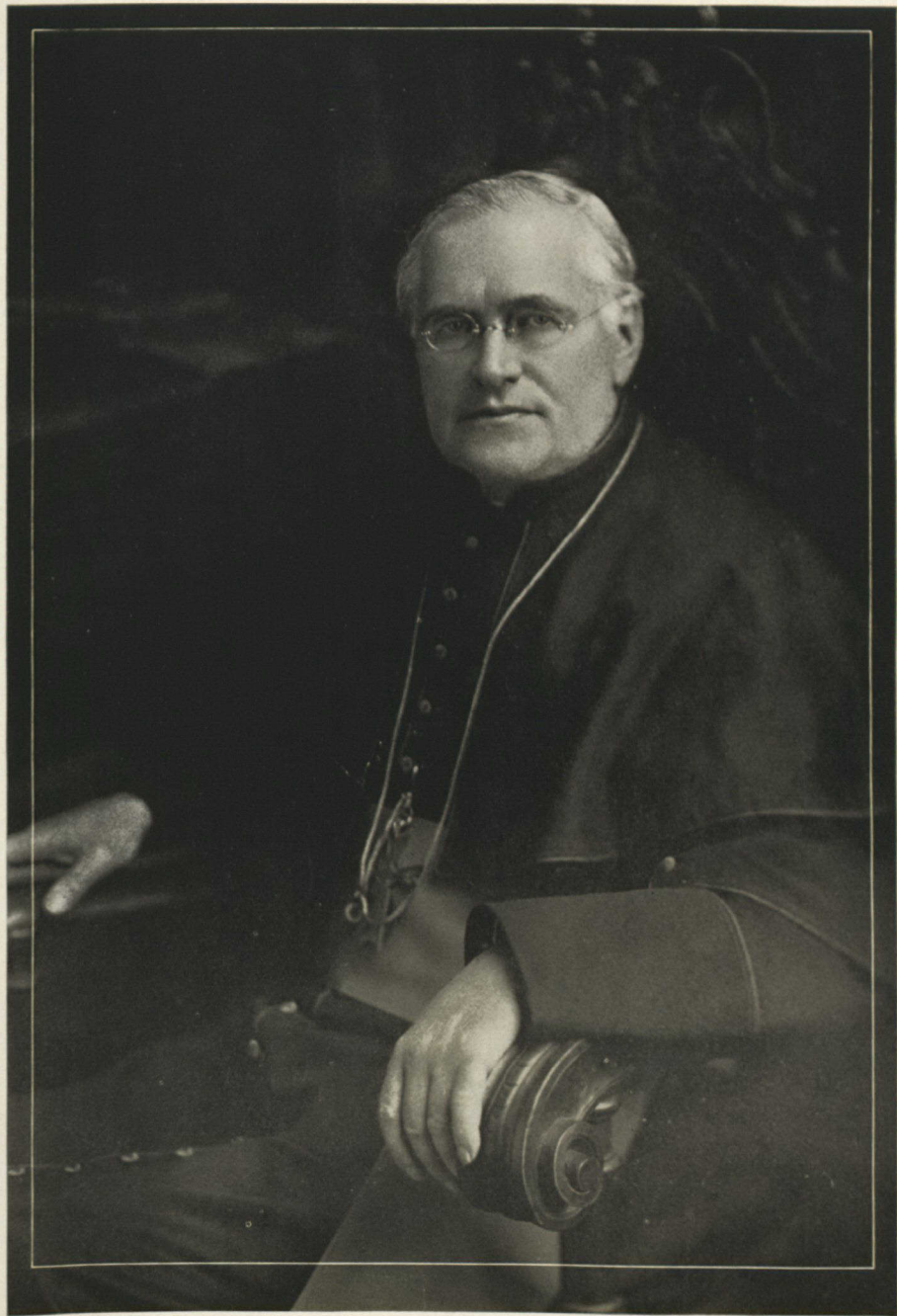
NEIL McNEIL! There is, at least to those of Celtic blood, something euphonious and compelling about this simple reiteration—Neil McNeil. It reminds one of that other dauntless Celt who when offered an earldom by Elizabeth gave out the proud reply: "Earl me no earl; I am the O'Neil!"

A scholar of undoubted eminence, a mathematician who can solve abstruse astronomical problems, a linguist with a knowledge of many tongues, French, Latin, Italian, Greek, Gaelic and English, acquainted with scholastic life in France and Italy, with missionary life in far-away Newfoundland, and Episcopal experience in both the west and east of Canada, Archbishop McNeil remains, nevertheless, a prelate of the most unassuming character.

As may be inferred by anyone interested in the study of names, this new head of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Toronto is of Highland Scottish descent, even though another of the great Celtic nations has a claim, and that no small one, his mother being Irish. So that we have in charge of this important jurisdiction a Celt of the Celts, and in the same person a true Canadian, for Neil McNeil was born at Hillsborough, Nova Scotia, and his energies have been devoted to the work of what is best for Canada and its people.

The position of an ecclesiastic of

high standing in the Catholic Church is one that lends itself to an atmosphere of grandeur that often impresses even to the point of the spectacular. On occasions of church ceremony it has been declared by a critic that a bishop arrayed in full canonicals is more impressive even than a king in his robes of state. Sometimes, however, impressiveness is given by forces more subtle than habiliment most rare and costly—simplicity, directness, earnestness, sincerity, naturalness in word and action, an utter lack of ostentation. These are qualities that make themselves felt by all who come within their influence and they are all attributes of Archbishop McNeil in an exceptional degree. At his official installation in St. Michael's Cathedral, on the Sunday preceding Christmas, when the large church was taxed to its utmost capacity with those anxious for a first look at the new Shepherd, the unassuming bearing of the man who in the procession of ecclesiastics wore the mitre and carried the crozier of the Archdiocese was felt by everyone present, and at that moment was established between pastor and people a feeling of kinship which all circumstances since have served but to strengthen. The opening words of His Grace, when after the ceremony of enthronement, he ascended the little pulpit which had been rolled out into the middle aisle to give all the best opportunity pos-



HIS GRACE THE MOST REVEREND NEIL McNEIL, D.D.

Archbishop of Toronto

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



sible of hearing his address, were felt by everyone to come right from the heart, and as such they went right to the hearts of those to whom he spoke. He told of his great surprise when one morning in far-off Vancouver he found among his ordinary mail a letter from Rome. This in itself was not especially out of the ordinary, but the surprise came when the contents informed him he had been appointed to the Archbishopric of Toronto.

At first the news was not welcome. Had he consulted his own pleasure he would have refused. So absorbed had he become in the Diocese of Vancouver, so interested in its affairs, that to leave it would never be of his seeking, but in obedience to the power to whom it had been given to "bind and to loose" he accepted the commission which loosened him from the far West and would carry him across the continent to bind him to another diocese.

On the same occasion, too, the broad and democratic spirit of the new prelate revealed itself, when he urged that a wider outlook than parish, city, or even province, should prevail, that all parts of the Dominion should learn to know and to understand one another, and he added his conviction that before the close of another century Canada would stand among the great nations of the world. He urged his people to live so that posterity might be able to credit them with a laudable share in the evolution of the greater Canada.

On the occasions when His Grace has since made opportunity to visit our institutions or mingle with the people, the friendliness of feeling between him and all classes and creeds has been everywhere increased. At these times there has been nothing in dress save the touch of purple rising

above the coat collar to distinguish him from others of clerical rank. Even the hand that wears the jewelled circlet of office is for the most part carried behind the back, seemingly to avoid the formality of "kissing the ring" which many unaccustomed to the little ceremony find trying.

When Archbishop McNeil speaks, his words are few and they are never wasted. His one leading desire seems to be for an outlook over the Dominion as a whole, to lead people, young and old, away from provincialism and the narrow outlook of "ourselves and ourselves alone."

His broad sympathies are a result, no doubt, of his varied career. After studying at St. Francis Xavier College, at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, he pursued his courses in theology at the College of the Propaganda, Rome, and at the University of Marseilles, France. Returning to Nova Scotia, he became rector at St. Francis Xavier, editor of *The Aurora*, and later, of *The Casket*. Afterwards he became Bishop of Nilopolis, then Bishop of St. George's, Newfoundland, and in 1910 Archbishop of Vancouver.

So interested has he become in the people and things of his new diocese that his figure is already familiar to a great number. Men of all classes and creeds have given him welcome. The press has greeted him with cordial words. Representatives of different religious and municipal bodies were at his installation and his reception at the beginning of the year. The Gaelic Society, in a beautifully-worded address, greeted him in the tongue of the McNeils, bidding him *Caed mile faitithe*. In a word, Archbishop McNeil is at home in Toronto, and he is held in high esteem by all classes among whom his lot is now cast.



"The mystery and wonder of a Spring evening descended upon the Woods"

## SPRING IN THE BEECH WOODS

BY DUNCAN ARMBRUST

AFTER many days of severe frost there came a night when there was a sound of musketry in the woods. Trees were cracking continuously and from the pond came a great boom, which went ripping up the creek, past the elms and into the heart of the Beech Woods, sending a thousand echoes out upon the still night. Winter was making her last stand.

Through the days that followed, a black curtain of haze hung low on the horizon to the north. The air was soft and caressing, full of rumours of the south, flowers and sunshine and the vast migrations of feathered folk that had already begun.

Over the ice in the creek a broad, clear sheet of water came sweeping out past the elms and flooded the

pond. It did not rest there, but journeyed on through the fields and meadows, under bridges and old rail fences down to the Chippewa.

Close on the heels of the great thaw the March Wind came and swept the woods with vociferous thunderings. It sang and shouted and tossed the giant tops at will, threshing the supple limbs about in its boisterous play. It flew down the avenues in majestic strides, hurtling last year's leaves from place to place. Like a thousand charging steeds they raced through the woods, past the gray boles of the beeches, to rest for a moment in some hollow until the caprice of another eddying gust sent them charging back again. At night the wind died down. The roar of battle ceased for a time. The 'coon



“ Upon the smooth bark nature had painted with a subdued and wonderfully soft brush ”

descended from his home in the elm by the creek and hunted the pools for food. From time to time he sent forth his thrilling message of love upon the still night and started his nocturnal wanderings in search of a mate. In the gray of the dawn he climbed back to a hollow in some tree wherever his search had led him.

Up from the earth the pungent od-

hut and from hut to apartment. It is the ancient germ of restlessness which rouses us, even as it did the nomad, eons and eons ago.

A voice from the pond awoke and was joined by another and another. As the nights became warmer a perfect oratorio of praise ascended along the creek and far back to the dark pools of the woods. This is



"A clear sheet of water runs past the Elms"

ours of dead leaves and moss arise, filling the air with the very essence of spring. This is the indomitable call of the out-of-doors. It is not the light of the morning, nor the lengthening of days nor the call of the first robin which awakens the spring unrest, but the magic breeze that floats in at the open window, laden with memories of a glorious green earth. This is the potent incense which awakens the ancestral vagabondage of man and drives him out to seek the healing of the sky and fields and woods. This is the primal instinct following us down through the ages, from cave to tepee, from tepee to

sweet music to the growing boy, and is a signal to remove boots and stockings and tickle those longing toes of his in the new grass. It is a true harbinger of summer warmth. At this time the Beech Woods begin to take on new life. In the centre, where the old snake fence winds its way among the trees, the gray and black squirrels began to frisk about and renew acquaintance with their kind. They played tag among the upper branches and sped along the smooth limbs, leaping the open spaces between and sailing gracefully through the air with broad outstretched tails, alighting on the very fing-

er-tip of a swaying branch. When they reached a rough-barked maple they changed their game to hide-and-seek and went circling round and round the trunk in reckless chase. Like children let loose from school they froliced in the sunshine and the newborn freedom of spring. However, they seldom strayed far from their home trees. Besides the dang-

the shrill cry of the jay or the merry voice of the chick-a-dee. But now the drummer came to call the scattered army of the feathered tribes together. From the top of a hollowed stub there sounded on the morning air the long roll of the yellow-shafted woodpecker, heralding the arrival of spring and alternately making the woods resound with *weecher*,



"Sometimes the neighbour's dog came to the woods"

er from the neighbour's dog, who sometimes interrupted their foraging expeditions on the forest floor, they had a natural enemy who was a constant menace to their life and happiness. The reds sometimes made life a trial and often drove them home, where they remained to scold in harsh defiance. The gray squirrel, with his slow movements and his peaceful nature, is no match for the peppery red, who is a fierce fighter and always a bad neighbour to his gray and black kindred.

The winter birds seldom strayed from their pine thicket to the north, and only occasionally was the silence of the Beech Woods enlivened with

*weecher!* A note true to the woods.

A robin carolled from the topmost branch of the old beech by the road and a song-sparrow, on his favourite stake in the fence below, answered with his one splendid tune. Of the robin's song there was no beginning and no end; no subtle prelude, no grand climax; but a continuous flow of pulsating melody. The sparrow below sang an old old song, suggestive of the dawn in its first clear notes, then growing in fervour and ending in a mad, ecstatic whirl. Oft repeated, it was assuring, assuring to all renewing life that spring had really come. The bluebirds examined last year's home in the birch and

held an animated conversation at first. Then one disappeared and returned through the little door and seemed satisfied that all was well. Theirs is the sweeter song, because of its low, soft tones, and one must be close and listen carefully to catch the fine grace and beauty of the notes.

echoes of the turmoil and strife of battle. The English sparrows—those rogues of the bird world — do not sing but fight or dance their way to the heart of a mate with a dizzy reel or a stately cotillion as the case requires.

Down by the creek the “pussy willow” catkins hung loaded with yel-



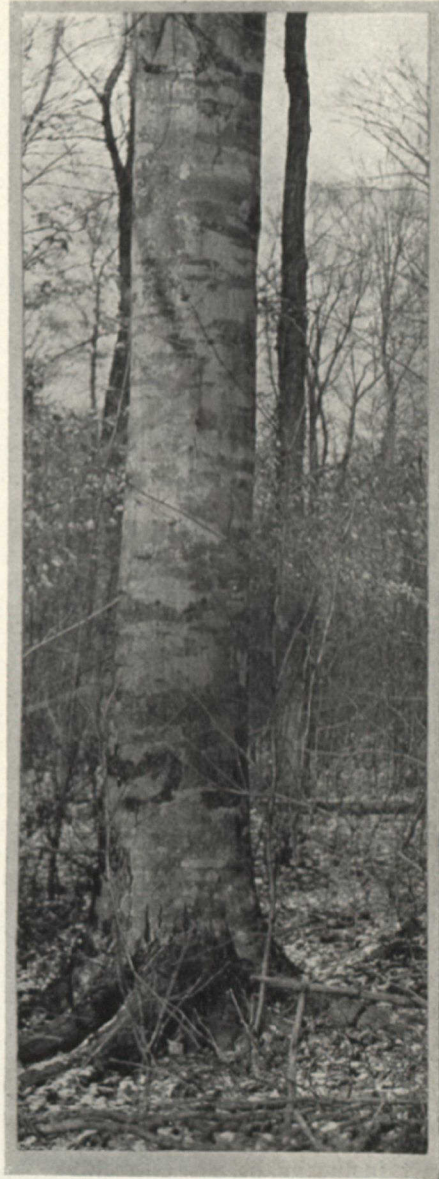
“Far back in the deep pools of the woods

Every day added numbers to the army of choristers, each hour new voices were heard to swell the grand festival of song. The meadow larks returned to the meadow at the east of the woods and gave an added touch of life to the creeping greenness of the fields. The family of crows who, all through early spring, had been disturbers of the peaceful woods, now became silent and wary as they began the business of home-making. Echoes from the farmyard of the Neighbour reached the woods;

low pollen. Buds swelled in the warm sunshine, and the earliest flowering tree—the June berry—showed its white stars at the border of the woods. Long before this the hepaticas had pushed their dainty flowers above the soil and run riot among the roots of the beeches. The yellow adder’s-tongue, with its beautiful spotted leaves, grew abundantly along the eastern clearing and nodded in banks of yellow loveliness. The first hint of renewing life—that purplish haze of the far spring woods



“ Stroked with a giant brush nearly to its top ”



“ The Incomparable Beauty of Beech Bark ”

—was lost in a braver colour, and now blood and sap mounted gloriously together.

When the beeches began to unfold their russet-jacketed buds it was here the Neighbour came with his dog, to walk among the trees and share in the great new hope of the

squirrels and the birds and the violets of the woods. After the first flush of reviving life had passed, there came a pageant of golden green that brightened the gray of the Beech Woods and gave a setting of rarest beauty to the gray blue boles of the trees.

Who has watched the birth of the beech leaves? One day we see the unfolding of the frail young things in pairs, with a downy covering of silver-green; in the night there comes a shower, and, behold! next day the leaves are open—exquisite delicate forms of transparent green.

Few trees there are that approach the incomparable beauty of the beech bark. The buttonwood, with its marvellous browns and creamy white and green, is perhaps the only serious rival. From the pale gray of the young whip beech to the sombre green of the patriarchal tree there is an unending variety of colours. Upon the smooth bark nature has painted with a subdued yet wonderfully subtle touch. There is nothing extravagant or loud about the colouring, but something infinitely restful and harmonious. No two are exactly alike in form or markings, no single tree is destitute of some individual touch. Here we see a giant rearing its head far above its fellows, straight and clean of limb, stroked with a mammoth brush nearly to its top. Now we meet a sturdy cousin, strong of build, wide of girth, with limbs far spreading, low to the ground. Again we see the graceful rounded form of one painted in a dozen tints of delicate colour, with here a touch of blue and there a touch of purple, now a shade of green and even a suggestion of unobtrusive yellow, all rare and pleasing. Mosses and lichen cling to the older trees, often supplying the distinctive touch that beautifies some otherwise plain guardian of the wood. Down in the soft loam the beech trees sink their roots like giant fingers clutching the earth. The elemental forces may wreck their tops but seldom does it loose that splendid grip.

The neighbour came to the woods one May day when all nature was busy performing her wonders. A chipmunk who had his home under the stump by the gap waited in silence until he came within three paces

then disappeared in his hole with a chattering squeak to re-appear almost instantly on the opposite side. A little way beyond a yellow warbler perched in the branches above, startled him with a rollicking song. This was at the full tide of the mating season of the birds, the season of promise, of love, hope and home-making. The neighbour sat down beside the solitary chestnut which stands near the path, to watch and learn the many secrets of the woods. A saucy red squirrel discovered his presence and then and there began a dissertation on the virtues of mankind in general and this one specimen in particular. As he grew louder in his protests he became bolder and approached by little runs with hind parts flat and raised on his fore paws. His eyes sparkled with mischievous fun, his tail quirking and jerking in accompaniment to his spasmodic utterances. He scolded and chattered and scoffed, then suddenly turned with a squeal of derision and ran up the tree where he remained to scold from safer distance.

Farther along the path the dogwood was a bower of white, and its strong perfume filled the air, blending with that of the flowers beneath and the apple blossoms which came floating to the woods from the orchard near by. The mandrake with its umbrella-like tops crowded the open side of a little knoll, and the sarsaparilla grew thickly about. A brave jack-in-the-pulpit stood facing a company of trilliums, some white, some red, and all attentive, while a cluster of violets near by, listened with rare humility. Somewhere unseen, perhaps Pan was playing the music of this woodland service—who knows?

As the sun descended and the shadows became long, the tragedy and comedy of the day ceased. The mystery and wonder of a spring evening descended upon the woods. A rabbit with big sleepy eyes hopped out in the path to sit with one forepaw raised and ears thrown back. It



seemed to come from nowhere, so silently it moved and as silently disappeared among the leaves. A predatory skunk, with his awkward gait and his slow deliberate movements, stopped at the edge of the clearing and sniffed the air. He sat and looked in the direction of the neighbour's house; but his was not the strange surmisings of civilised ways in which other forest creatures indulged, for he had visited too many farm-yards and knew the taste of young fowl. The little owl sat in the doorway of his home in the hollow tree, awaiting the darkness, when he would go forth like a gray shadow to the open fields.

The woods seemed to sleep, the whole world sought rest after a day of happy activity, and little disturbed the great quiet except a sleepy bird note now and then and the boom of the bittern down by the pond.

Spring had come to the Beech Woods, and the trees and the earth had responded gloriously to the call. The neighbour had felt the magic of it also and had become young once more. The poet who lived up the road knew it well when she wrote:

If one might live ten years among the leaves,

Ten—only ten—of all a life's long day,  
Who would not choose a childhood 'neath  
the eaves

Low sloping to some slender footpath  
way?

To learn to speak while young birds learned  
to sing,

To learn to run e'en as they learned to  
fly;

With unworn heart against the breast of  
spring,

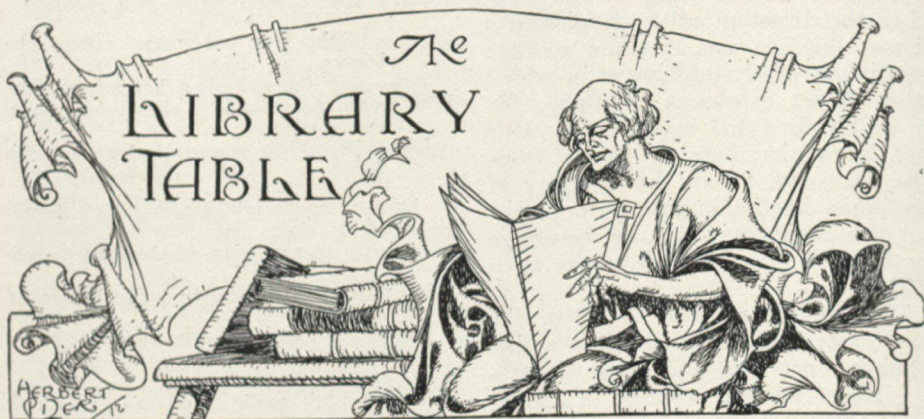
To watch the moments smile as they  
went by.

Enroofed with apple buds afar to roam,  
Or clover-cradled on the murmurous sod;  
To drowse within the blessed fields of  
home,

So near the earth—so very near to God.



"Journeyed on under the old rail fence"



### THE BLUE WOLF.

BY W. LACEY AMY. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

IT is safe to say at the outset that "The Blue Wolf" will be popular, for it has plenty of action and colour, and contains many novel and dramatic situations. The story in brief is that of a young Torontonian who goes to Alberta to take a three months' holiday at the ranch of an old college chum, one of a group of five who have had a lasting bond of friendship. Two of the five have already visited at the same ranch, and both have met with fatal accidents. It so happens that the rancher's household contains, at the time of the arrival of the Torontonian, the rancher himself, his wife, his sister (Margaret) and one other of the five chums. The mistress of the household (Aggie by familiar name) was well known to the other members of the "quintuplets" in the East, and it appears that her husband has developed a deadly jealousy, so deadly indeed that it has driven him in the past to cause the death of the two

chums who have visited at the ranch. Now his purpose seems to be to bring about the death of the other two. Margaret was a former sweetheart of the last of the chums to arrive on the scene. This last is familiarly known as "Count." When they meet again at the ranch their old love for each other is revived, although the Count suspects that the girl is in love with a corporal of the North West Mounted Police. "The Blue Wolf" is a name given to a mysterious creature that emits terrific howls at night, and terrifies the whole neighbourhood in a certain section of the Cypress Hills. These howls, and several other terribly supernatural noises, cause much discomfort in the ranch household, and there is over all a suppressed air of mystery. The development of a feeling of impending fate is one of the best parts of the book, and that part, together with the character of the Count, are the chief features of the story. The character of the Count is indeed a novel venture, and Mr. Amy has succeeded in depicting a snob who goes to the West, and, notwithstanding his inherent

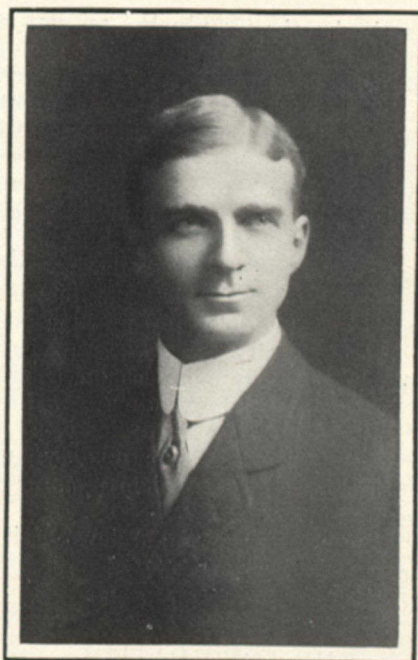
tendency towards snobbery, displays at times some evidences of manliness, and he might with exceptional opportunities become a hero. His natural cowardice, however, is always apparent, and the author manages to keep this character's weaknesses well to the front, notwithstanding evidences now and then of a wish to be tolerant. It forms a good instance of the rounding-out that the West can give to the Easterner who needs it. The leader of a sect called "The Dreamers," and the corporal are principal characters of the story, and the leader's appearances and disappearances at unexpected times add much to the mystery. There are many tense, even melodramatic, incidents, and one wonders that in the Canadian West to-day there could be discovered a *locale* that almost rivals Rider Haggard. One cannot help regretting that it does not present a pleasanter picture of life, a picture indeed more in keeping with what is usually encountered there; but the author's purpose, no doubt, was to write a story that would hold the reader's attention, and in that he has succeeded. Mr. Amy writes of the West from considerable first-hand knowledge. He lived for a time at Medicine Hat, and had opportunity to witness the operations and life of the ranchers in that part of the Dominion. Already he is well known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine* as a writer of descriptive articles, light sketches and short fiction. "The Blue Wolf" is his first novel.

\*

### THE SHADOW

BY ARTHUR STRINGER. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

IT has been observed in these columns before that it is not easy to think of Arthur Stringer's poetry and his fiction as being the product of one mind. While the poetry is lyrical and fanciful and full of colour, the fiction is remarkable for



Mr. W. Lacey Amy, Author of "The Blue Wolf"

rapid action, cold, calculated plot, with a lack of feeling and subtlety. Of course, one does not look for poetry in a detective story, and we feel that in this novel in particular the author has endeavoured to write a book that would attract the average reader. As such it should be a success, and undoubtedly it will sell well. In one respect it rises above ordinary, in the portrayal of the character and attainments of Blake, a detective, who has managed to build up a false reputation, and who falls into a trap set by his associates to bring about his downfall. The New York detective force has failed repeatedly to capture a notorious crook named Binhart, and at length Blake, who has acquired the sobriquet of "Never Fail" Blake, is induced to give Binhart a chase. His associates, wishing to remove him from office, succeed in starting him off on a false trail, with the result that at first he is disconcerted, but only for a few minutes. He thinks

that he has been unlucky, so that he starts out again without any clue, and as chance would have it, he picks up Binhart's real trail. He follows him across the continent, across the Pacific, and, indeed, all around the world, and back to New York. Meantime his office has been taken by another man, and he finds himself in disgrace, with his "old-time" methods held up to ridicule. He deteriorates into a peddler, and as such goes about from city to city, until one day he suddenly pounces on a man in the street and exclaims:

"I got him!"

"Yuh got who?" demands a young patrolman, who has taken a hand in the encounter.

"Binhart!" answers "Never-Fail" Blake, with a sob. "*I've got Binhart!*"

\*

#### THE LONG PATROL

BY H. A. CODY. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS, in brief, is an account of the adventures of Norman Grey, a member of the North-West Mounted Police, who is sent into a remote part of British Columbia to recover a child that has been kidnapped by white desperadoes and taken into the Hishu territory, a section of the country that was visited but rarely by white men, and that was occupied by a tribe of hostile Indians. Grey is quite like the acceptable type of North-West Mounted Policeman, and he is enabled to perform numerous heroic deeds and make many hair-breadth escapes. Besides the Hishus, he has to outwit a gang of lawless ruffians, who strike terror into the breasts even of the Indians by such names as Siwash Bill, Windy Pete, Buckskin Dan, Shifty Nick, and One-Eyed Henry. The strangest part of the adventure is that Grey discovers a former sweetheart among the Hishus, and naturally he succeeds in winning back her affection, but he

manages also to get the child and restore it to the grateful parents.

\*

#### POOR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is about the writings of Mrs. Kathleen Norris a wholesomeness and freshness that is always to be commended. Perhaps these merits are more to be noted in "Mother" than in any other of Mrs. Norris's books, but her optimism and general hopeful outlook on life are well illustrated also in "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." She is particularly successful as the writer of tales that can be read in the family circle, and it will be gratifying, therefore, to many of her admirers to know that a book of her short stories has just been published under the title of "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby." The title is the same as the first story in the book, which well illustrates the author's style and bearing towards life in general. A rich, married couple, living in all the luxury that wealth can give in New York City, find that they are unhappy and discontented with life. Suddenly financial distress comes upon them, and for a time they are separated. The husband takes a position in a small town some miles from New York, where he is finally joined by his wife, and, as a result of the new environment, children come to them, and the ending shows a happy, contented family. The tales throughout the book are notable for their buoyancy and good humour.

\*

#### THE UNBEARABLE BASSINGTON

BY H. H. MUNRO. London: John Lane.

FEW novels nowadays give one so many vivid impressions as this one, which fairly scintillates with

wit and epigram and cynicism. Every dart is light and the point is polished to a nicety. The story deals with a section of London where froth, flippancy, frivolousness, bridge-playing, much talking, much shopping and much killing of time are the chief items of the moment. With these things the author deals with the pen of an expert. He forms his characters with a keen and sure view. Bassington, for instance, is the kind of persons who, if a dish of five eggs had to be shared by himself and another invariably would take three as his portion. Were it not for this selfishness, which permeates everything he does, he would be a great man. But to make up for his lack of greatness the author presents a great book.

\*

#### ONE WOMAN'S LIFE

BY ROBERT HERRICK. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

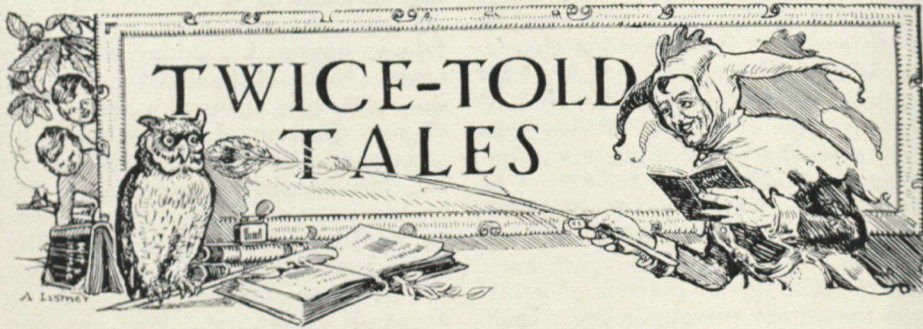
**T**HIS is a serious arraignment of the modern American wife and daughter. It gives a picture of the beautiful, queenly, dissatisfied, socially ambitious woman who ruins her father, ruins her husband, ruins her woman friend, but who after all seems to get many of the good things of life and to end up with a chance of living happily ever after. Milly Ridge is the high-spirited daughter of a man who is at first unsuccessful in business, and who has not much in himself to command attention. He goes to Chicago, and takes Milly with him, and for a time they have to live

in somewhat unalluring circumstances. However, they manage to have some temporary financial success, and are able to move into a fashionable section of the city. There Milly meets a man who promises to establish them on a sound social footing, but during a time of petty annoyance, she throws him over and falls in love with a young, struggling artist. She and the artist marry, and she ruins her husband's art because of her constant demands upon his resources. He is ambitious for his art, but it takes all and more than he can make to satisfy the wife, and he finally tires of it all and dies. Milly is then befriended by a woman of her acquaintance, much to the woman's discomfort. But, ere long, she marries a second time, and the outlook is brighter, particularly for herself. Many admirers of this author's style as a writer and novelist will prefer this book to his entitled "Together," which was rather too unconventional for the prudish mind.

\*

**E**VERYONE who likes to read a good love story with spicy humour interspersed will be glad of "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," by Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Like its illustrious predecessor by the same author, this story develops a number of lovable characters, such as Miss Lady, Mr. Gootch, Phineas Flathers, Donald Chick and Myrtella. The scene is laid in Kentucky, and everyone who makes Miss Lady's acquaintance is sure to fall in love with her.





#### CELESTIAL INGENUITY

"I hope our dear old Dr. Wu Ting-fang is on the right side in these Chinese troubles," said a diplomat at a dinner in Washington.

"Dr. Wu," he continued, "used to tell me many illuminating anecdotes about the Chinese character. I remember one about ingenuity.

"A Chinaman, the anecdote ran, found his wife lying dead in a field one morning; a tiger had killed her.

"The Chinaman went home, procured some arsenic, and, returning to the field, sprinkled it over the corpse.

"The next day the tiger's dead body lay beside the woman's. The Chinaman sold the tiger's skin to a mandarin, and its body to a physician to make fear-cure powders, and with the proceeds he was able to buy a younger wife."—*New York Tribune*.

\*

#### LAST EXTREMITY

Clara—"May I borrow your beaded belt, dear?"

Bess—"Certainly. But why all this formality of asking permission?"

"I can't find it."—*Smart Set*.

#### CRUEL PAPA

"Papa says if I give up my singing lessons he will present me with a pair of diamond earrings."

"You have never worn earrings, have you?"

"No; I should have to have my ears pierced."

"Ah! yes, I see his idea. He wants to pay you back in your own coin."  
—*Western Christian Advocate*.

\*

#### A WILD THROW

Judge M. W. Pinckey at a recent banquet recalled an incident to show that there is some humour associated with such a serious thing as the law. In Dawson City a coloured man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sah," said Sam. "I's gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

\*

#### HE AGREED

She—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absently-mindedly) — "Yes, my lamb!"—*Sketch*.

## THE PUBLICITY BUSINESS

New Congressman—"What can I do for you, sir?"

Salesman (of Statesmen's Anecdote Manufacturing Company)—"I shall be delighted if you'll place an order for a dozen of real, live, snappy, humorous anecdotes as told by yourself, sir."—*Puck*.

\*

## LITTLE LEFT

"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

"No," replied the hostess "Not at all. My daughter was married last week, and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."—*Detroit Free Press*.

\*

## VERY DECEPTIVE

She—"You deceived me when I married you."

He—"I did more than that. I deceived myself"—*Boston Transcript*.

## COUSINS TO SOLOMON

The story is told of a well-known traveller who on one journey was much annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him and made a great parade of his learning. The traveller bore it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely said:

"My friend you and I know all that is to be known."

"How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a complimentary association.

"Why," said the traveller, "you know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."—*London Evening Standard*.

\*

## A CRIME

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theatre manager.

"That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—*Washington Star*.



YOUTH: "Oh, everything bores one nowadays. Worst of it is, when I'm bored I can't help showing it."  
LADY: "Oh, but you should learn to disguise it under a mask of gaiety, like me."

—*Punch*

## CHERISHED MEMENTOES

Senator Clapp, at a dinner in Washington, chuckled over the appearance before his committee of Col. Roosevelt.

"The Colonel," he said, "certainly got back at everybody. He reminded me of the Irishman.

"A friend of mine, travelling in Ireland, stopped for a drink of milk at a white cottage with a thatched roof, and, as he sipped his refreshment, he noted, on a centre table under a glass dome, a brick with a faded red rose upon the top of it.

"Why do you cherish in this way," my friend said to his host, "that common brick and that dead rose?"

"Shure, sir," was the reply, "there's certain memories attachin' to them. Do ye see this big dent in my head? Well, it was made by that brick."

"But the rose?" said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.

"The rose," he explained, "is off the grave of the man that threw the brick."—*New York Tribune*.

\*

## POETS WITH POWER

"Twinkle! twinkle! little star," the poet said, and lo!

Way above the earth so far the stars atwinkling go.

—*Toledo Blade*.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean roll!" another voice was heard.

And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.—*Louisville Herald*.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third one gave command.

And every winter now we hear it blow to beat the band.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State," a poet once did sing;

And ever since the ship of State's been doing that same thing.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.



A contrast in winter fashions.

—*Punch*

## KATHARINE'S KINDNESS

Katharine is two and a half years old. Her father came home one afternoon, after working three days and three nights at high pressure, with almost no sleep. He lay down with the feeling that he did not want to wake up for a week. Half an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a small clear voice, "Father!"

The sleeper stirred, and turned his head on the pillow.

"Father! father!"

He stirred again, and moaned.

"Father! father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katharine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father! father!"

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?"—*Youth's Companion*.

\*

## ANSWERED

The Rector—"Now, Molly, would you rather be beautiful or good?"

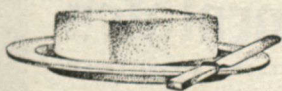
Molly—"I'd rather be beautiful and repent."—*Punch*.



# BOVRIL

Get more before the bottle is empty.

You need it every day. It gives a most appetising flavor to soups and stews and greatly increases their nutritive value.



## "Spreads Like Butter"

Its creamy consistency, its delightful flavor, its high quality and above all, its purity account for the superiority of

## Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Sold by all grocers.  
15c and 25c  
packets.

Manufactured by the  
Ingersoll Packing Co.  
Ingersoll, Ont.



READ the Guarantee of freshness in your next box of *Huyler's*. That Guarantee makes it worth your while to buy *Huyler's* always.

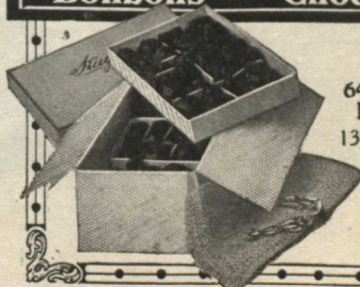
We instruct all *Huyler's* sales agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of *Huyler's* not in perfect condition.

### Write for Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity, quality and freshness are assured in all Huyler products. With it we will send the name of Huyler's agent nearest you.

# Huyler's

## Bonbons Chocolates



*Huyler's*  
64 Irving Pl.  
New York  
130 Yonge St.  
Toronto,  
Canada  
Sales Agents  
Everywhere.

## Chocolats des Aristocrates

½, 1, 2, 3 AND 5 POUND PACKAGES

In a box of Neilson's Chocolats des Aristocrates you will find a distinctive assortment of delicious Chocolates. Each one brings to you a new chocolate delight and reveals the exquisite individuality of Neilson's Chocolates.

The Assortment is complete—you will find Nuts, Creams, Hard Centres, Jellies and Fruits, all coated with the richest and purest chocolate.

# Neilson's Chocolates

"THE CHOCOLATES THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

**Sold by leading Druggists  
and Confectioners  
everywhere**

WILLIAM NEILSON LIMITED  
TORONTO

1113



# Feel As Husky

After a day's work as in  
the morning.

There's no reason for feeling "fagged" or "worn out" after the day's work if body and brain are properly nourished.

Give Nature a chance.

Consider quality of food rather than quantity.

## Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of wheat and barley contains the elements of a perfectly balanced ration for strengthening and sustaining both Body and Brain.

**"There's a Reason"**

Grocers everywhere sell **Grape-Nuts.**



# FAIRY SOAP

☞ You cannot judge the quality of Fairy Soap by its price.

We put into it the best oils and fats obtainable, and the only thing we could add—if we were to sell it at 25 cents—would be high-priced perfumes, which would lend nothing to the quality or efficiency.

☞ Fairy is the only white, floating soap that is made in the oval shape, and this alone makes it far more desirable than the old-fashioned oblong bars.

☞ For the toilet and bath, there's no soap so good as Fairy.

THE  
N. K. FAIRBANK  
COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL

Pure-White  
The oval Cake

For  
Toilet and  
Bath

"Have You a  
Little 'Fairy'  
in Your Home?"



# TRY ME

On Something  
Hard to  
Clean

MANY USES AND FULL  
DIRECTIONS ON LARGE  
SIFTER-CAN 10¢



Indispensable in office, shop and factory. Takes off grime, grease and skin stains which soaps cannot remove. Leaves the hands white and smooth.



**I**f you knew what we know about typewriters, no machine but the Underwood would receive your consideration.

In all probability you have not interested yourself in typewriter mechanisms. You prefer to judge by results. And it is a good way too.

The manager of a large manufactory in a small Western Ontario city said the other day: "I wouldn't buy any typewriter but an Underwood. I don't know much about the different makes, but with the Underwood I know I will get the best service. There are so many Underwoods in this town that I know there must be a big dependable organization behind the machine."

**United Typewriter Co. Ltd.**

All Canadian Cities.

Head Office

Toronto.



## If You Are Particular

Men who are most particular and make a careful choice of their stationery, decide on a paper that bears characteristics of taste, substantiality, and fitness to the importance of their messages.

*Crown Vellum*

is a fine, thick, Baronial note paper and commands the respect of all.

If your stationer cannot supply you, write us for samples and the name of a dealer who can.

**BARBER-ELLIS - LIMITED**  
BRANTFORD      TORONTO      WINNIPEG      VANCOUVER

## The Easy Breakfast

becomes a mighty good one  
when it includes



## Post Toasties and Cream

This ready-to-eat food (direct from the package) provides, without a moment's work or worry, a nourishing dish of sweet, toasted bits of Indian corn.

Food experts of National renown vouch for its purity, and the food itself proves its palatability.

Toasties come in tightly sealed packages which keep them fresh and crisp.

Sold by grocers everywhere.

Ask for

## Post Toasties



# RODGERS' CUTLERY

All cutlery goodness is crystallized in "Rodgers."  
Centuries of cutlery knowledge go to make Rodgers the recognized leader in cutlery manufacture.

**Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited**

*Cutlers to His Majesty*

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

## NEW CENTURY WASHING MACHINE



**The Washer of the  
Present and the Future**

Scientists tell us that some day no person will do hard manual labor—machines will do it all! The first great step has already been accomplished, as far as household work is concerned. The New Century Washer, not only takes all the hard manual labor away from washing, but it washes clothes better than such work has ever been done before. The water tap furnishes the power, the New Century does nearly all the rest.

Washing machines are not new but the New Century is. The other kinds did some of the work, the New Century does almost all the work. The others gave trouble, the New Century saves trouble. The difference is in the patented and exclusive features of the New Century. Ask your dealer about them or send to us for full information.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL, LIMITED  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO**

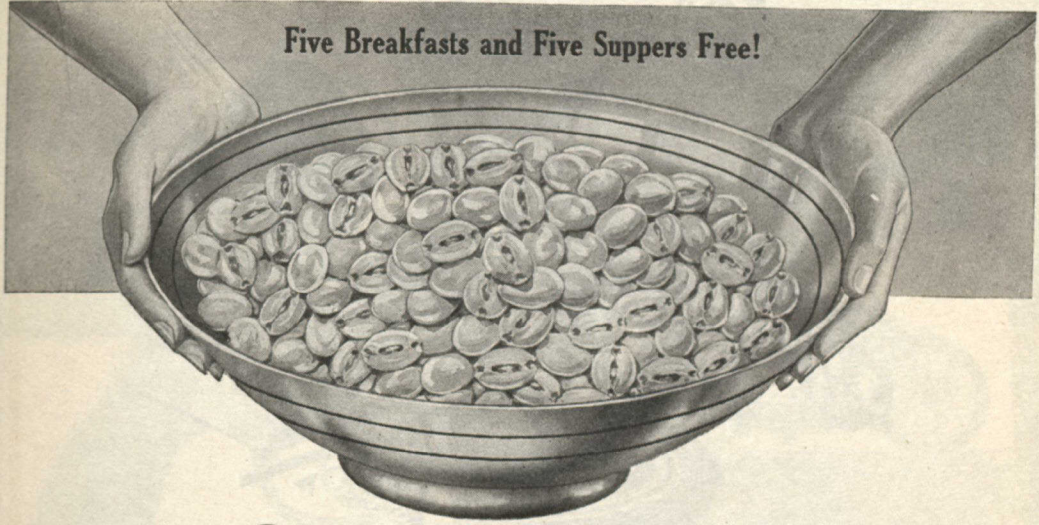


The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**





Five Breakfasts and Five Suppers Free!

# Our Annual Gift

## 10 Dishes Free

Take this coupon to your grocer. Buy from him for 15 cents, a package of Puffed Rice.

Then he will give you for the coupon a package of Puffed Wheat—a full-size 10-cent package. And we will pay him for it.

You will then have both these curious foods. That will mean full twenty servings of the most fascinating foods in existence.

In the morning serve one with cream and sugar. Or mix with any fruit.

These crisp, airy grains—puffed to eight

times normal size—will taste like toasted nuts.

Serve the other at night, floating in bowls of milk. These dainty brown wafers are crisper than crackers. They are four times as porous as bread.

These are Prof. Anderson's ideal foods. Each grain is steam exploded.

Never before was whole-grain foods made even half so digestible.

And never before were cereals made so nut-like and delicious.

Please find them out. Accept this gift. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

## The Quaker Oats Company—Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont., and Saskatoon, Sask.

**Puffed  
Wheat  
10c**

**Puffed  
Rice  
15c**

**Except in  
Extreme  
West**

### SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER

Good in Canada or United States Only.

C-2

*This Certifies* that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name.....

#### To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY  
East of Manitoba—Peterborough, Ont.  
West of Ontario—Saskatoon, Sask.

Address.....

Dated.....1913.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1913.  
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased  
**Ten-Cent Coupon**



The old folks are never lonesome—  
they always have company when there's an

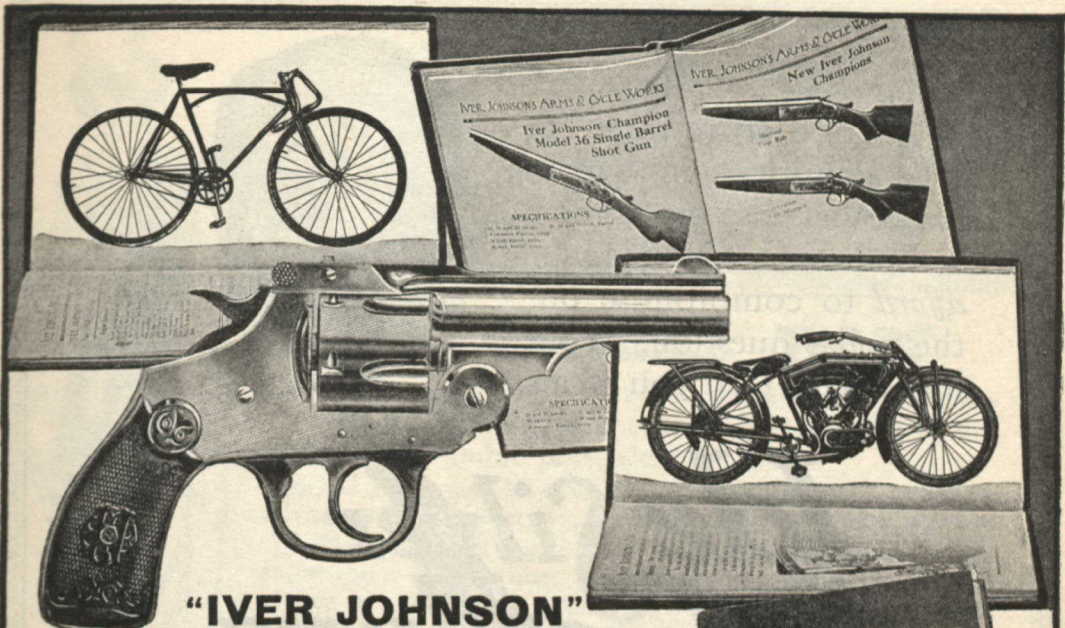
# EDISON PHONOGRAPH

on the table.

For them and the young folks, the scope of the new Blue Amberol Records includes everything, from old time favorites to present day tunes—popular and classical.

The real fun and enjoyment afforded by an Edison Phonograph is unequalled by any other instrument made. A call on your Edison Dealer will convince you.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N.J., U.S.A.



**"IVER JOHNSON"**

**is not merely the name of a man  
—it stands for a mechanical ideal**

This ideal can be expressed simply. The name "Iver Johnson" goes only on mechanisms of absolutely sound design. It goes only on articles made of the very finest grades of steel. And, above all, the name stands for a wonderful quality of machine work and steel tempering. The Iver Johnson Revolver, because of its quality and regardless of its comparatively low price, has become the standard side-arm of the world. A revolver cannot be made that is more accurate or more dependable. And it is the only revolver that is rendered positively safe against accidental discharge by the world-famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety device.



**IVER JOHNSON**

The Iver Johnson Bicycle, even when good bicycles were the rule, was a leader; today it stands alone. It is without fault—the finest type of bicycle that has ever been produced and possibly the best that ever will be produced.

The Iver Johnson Motorcycle must be understood in mechanical detail before you can compare it to others. But it's a machine you ought to know all about before you make a

selection. In the motor alone there are over thirty advanced ideas which have won the approval of engineers.

And now about our book: It contains 70 pages of interesting facts about our revolvers, shotguns, bicycles and motorcycles. Tells how they are made and why they are so good. It is bound in stiff board covers, in conventional library form, and is profusely illustrated. It is free to those who are interested.



**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**

New York, 99 Chambers St.  
San Francisco, Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

MAN'S attire must be faultless in every particular, else he is not well dressed. You *can't afford* to compromise on the collar question. You *won't* have to if you wear

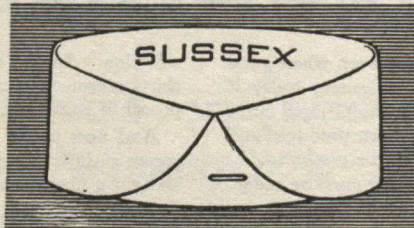


# Ide Silver Collars

$\frac{1}{4}$  sizes — In Canada, 3 for 50c

Their style is matchless. They are beautifully and faultlessly made for fastidious dressers. Their style is as lasting as it is absolute—the Linocord Buttonholes *assure* the correct effect and set of collar every time it is worn, because they are *non-breakable* and *don't tear out*.

See the Sussex—try it today. The Sussex is dashing in style, positively correct, supreme, the latest word in the new fashion approved, full wide front sweep effect.



Send for Style Booklet—FREE

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 531 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

Also Makers of Ide Shirts



# La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

## CORSET

### For evening wear

the La Diva Corsets offer the most perfect foundation for an up-to-date costume, helping the figure without any undue pressure.

1911 The most stylish women in Canada are wearing the La Diva which are sold at prices which make every one a bargain.

There is a La Diva for every figure—If your dealer cannot show you a suitable one, it is worth your while to write us giving his name and stating your height, weight and waist measure. We will recommend you the most suitable corset and where to buy it.

**DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC**  
Makers of the D. & A. Corsets.

## Have you a tendency to catch Cold?

### Wear JAEGER Underwear

People with weak lungs who have tendencies to colds run great risk in changing from woollen underwear to cotton or linen.

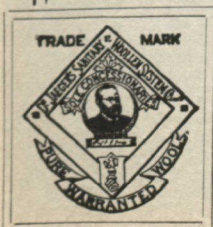
Pure Wool only, no matter how light in weight, should follow winter wear

Jaeger light weight underwear being pure wool is absolutely safe to put on at any time.

It is proof against chills and colds.

All material used is tested and approved by our expert analyst.

In all sizes for men and women.



# Dr. JAEGER

SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **CO. LIMITED**

316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal  
352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, Winnipeg

32 King St. West, Toronto  
784 Yonge St., Near Bloor, Toronto

The  
**Quality**  
 OF THE  
 WARMED AIR  
 FROM THE

**Good Cheer**

CIRCLE WATERPAN  
**WARM AIR FURNACE**

DIFFERS FROM THAT OF ALL OTHER HEATING SYSTEMS

**WHY?**

BECAUSE, LIKE NATURE'S PURE AIR,  
**IT IS PROPERLY HUMIDIFIED.**

— FURNACE CATALOGUE MAILED ON REQUEST —

The James Stewart Manufacturing Company Limited  
 WOODSTOCK, ONT.                      WINNIPEG, MAN.

# GILLETTE



## The Symbol of Clean-cut Modern Manhood

By making shaving so easy, the Gillette Safety Razor has done much to develop the typical man of to-day—that strong, aggressive, successful individual who scorns to disguise his features with a beard or to appear with an unkempt stubble on cheek or chin. Shaving with the Gillette takes but three refreshing minutes. You waste no time honing or stropping—or fuming in the barber's waiting row. Shaving becomes no more a task, but an agreeable incident in the morning toilet.

At your Druggist's, Jeweler's or Hardware Dealer's, buy a Gillette—you'll enjoy it. Standard Sets \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.

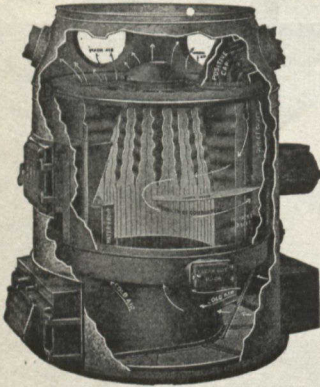
**The Gillette Safety Razor Co.**

of Canada, Limited  
THE NEW GILLETTE  
BLDG., MONTREAL



# Feeds Coal in at the Chimney

For every Shovel of Coal you put in the firebox of a **Kelsey Warm Air Generator**



a half shovel is fed back from the Chimney.

It is automatic. It costs you nothing for this extra coal.

It is accomplished by our patently device known as "**The Zig-zag Heat Tubes.**" This special feature enables the Kelsey to circulate three times as much Fresh Warm Air as any other Furnace with the same grate area.

The Kelsey System of Heating is Healthful, Efficient and Economical. "We guarantee results."

**44,000 sold.**

*Send us a post card asking for Booklet.*

**The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Limited.**

**Winnipeg, Man.**

**Brockville, Ont.**

## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.**

**Dept. D.**

**MILTON, ONTARIO.**

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

**Toronto Office**

**Janes Building.**



# We'll Pay

for your worn-out hose, if those hose are "Holeproof," by replacing worn pairs free if any pairs wear out in six months. Send for six pairs and try them. With every six pairs you get six guarantee coupons.

## More Than a Million People

in the States and Canada now buy their hosiery this way—a million regular customers. For every pair they wear out within six months of the day they buy them, we pay them back with a new pair free. But we don't have to replace many pairs. In all of our thirteen years of "Holeproof," 95 per cent of the output has outlasted the guarantee. That means

**24,700,000 Pairs**

Think what a wonderful record.

Send for six pairs of our Cashmere "Holeproof" and see how they'll wear for you. They are made from the finest yarn in existence, for which we pay the top market price. They are warm and soft, without being heavy. You can wear them six months or longer without ever having to darn them. Think of the work that saves. Think of the convenience.

We are making this year 9,000,000 pairs to meet the demand for "Holeproof." Don't you want some of them?

## **We Spend \$60,000**

just to inspect "Holeproof." Our inspectors' salaries cost that every year. But every pair is twice closely examined before it is sent out. That means perfect hosiery—no disappointment when the six pairs are received. It means, in all probability, that the hose will last longer than six months. We cannot afford to let poor hose go out, for we have a great reputation at stake.



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1906  
E. S. Smith

These statements refer to our entire business, in United States and Canada.

**"Wear Holeproof Hose and Find the Mend"**

## Order on the Coupon

or write us a letter. There are two grades of Cashmere "Holeproof" for men: Medium \$2 for six pairs, Fine \$3 for six pairs. Six pairs for women cost \$3. Every six pairs are guaranteed six months. Colors for men are black, tan, and navy blue—for women, black and tan. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, \$1.

Fill in what you want on the coupon, post card or letter and mail it today. See what a wonderful saving in comfort and money you can make with Holeproof Hose. We have sold hose this way for the past 13 years. We guarantee satisfaction as well as wear.

**Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.**

187 Bond Street, London, Canada

**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(406)

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.**

187 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for which

send me one box of Holeproof Hose for \_\_\_\_\_  
(state whether for men, women or children).

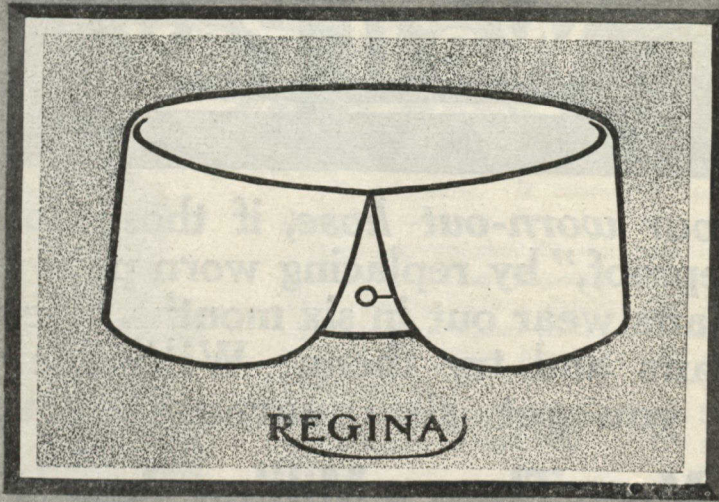
Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Province \_\_\_\_\_



# Foore Collars

$\frac{1}{4}$  sizes, They Fit, 2 for 25¢

The REGINA is at once fashionable, comfortable and increasingly popular. You'll like it for summer wear.

WATROUS---Same style, slightly higher.

CLIFFORD---Same style in Pique.

# Do You Know ?

That for a good all round serviceable suit of clothes there is nothing to equal a Blue Serge or Cheviot, and when you are getting one, get the best—

## VICKERMAN'S

BLUE SERGES  
and CHEVIOTS

### Are The Best Manufactured.

### They Never Fade



The makers name along the Selvage every 3 yards.

Let us know if your own tailor does not handle them. We can tell you who does.

## Nisbet & Auld, Limited

Toronto.

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.



*"Makes Woodwork Shine."*

## MATCHLESS LIQUID GLOSS

For dusting, cleaning and polishing furniture, automobile and carriage bodies, and all finished surfaces.

Dusts, polishes, and disinfects in one.

A fast growing favorite with house-keepers everywhere.

MATCHLESS LIQUID GLOSS is put up in half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon and 5-gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels.

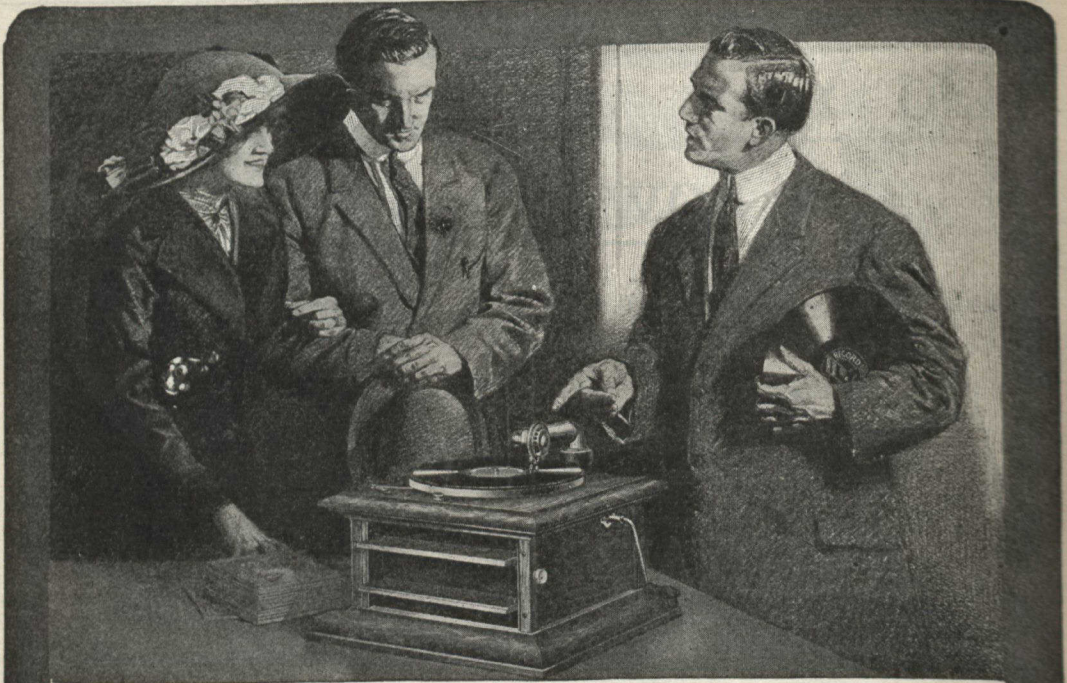
---

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited

Toronto  
Montreal

Winnipeg

St. John  
Halifax



## *Hearing is Believing*

That is the final supreme test of the Columbia Grafonola—as of any other musical instrument. **Tone** is the ultimate demand.

And it is **tone** that has given Columbia instruments of music the place they hold. It is their **tone**—unmatchable in its natural purity and absolute fidelity—that justifies their description as incomparable instruments of music.

We do not want you to be content with reading this advertisement—or even with looking at the instrument. The instrument illustrated above is the Columbia “Eclipse”—costing just \$26. Hear the “Eclipse.” All you need to do is to telephone the nearest Columbia dealer and ask him to send it to your home, with an assortment of records on approval, without obligation to yourself. It plays Columbia double-disc records—and any other disc records: all the voices of all the world’s great singers who have ever made records, *without one exception*, are at your command. (Other Columbias from \$20.00 to \$250.00.)

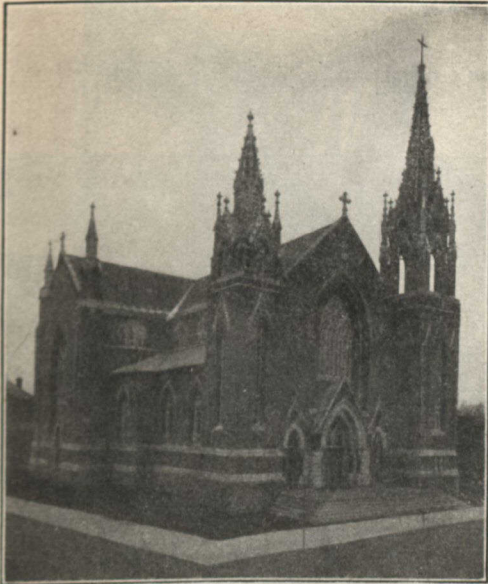


# COLUMBIA



Graphophone Company, **McKinnon Building, Toronto, Ont.**

Creators of the talking-machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of talking machines in the world. Dealers wanted. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.



St. Agnes Church, Megantic, P.Q.

## Durable — Fireproof — Handsome

It is very doubtful if any other roofing will give perfect protection for as long as will

### *ASBESTOSLATE* Cement Shingles

for, made of Portland Cement and Asbestos, these shingles are practically indestructible.

No other roofing can better guard your building against fire, for Asbestoslate Cement Shingles are, in their very nature, absolutely fireproof.

Scarcely any other roofing is so handsome as Asbestoslate Cement Shingles, in their soft, permanent shades of Indian Red, Newport Grey and Blue Black, and in plain and various fancy shapes.

No other roofing combines these three important qualities in such high degree.

Write for booklet C. M. telling all about Asbestoslate Cement Shingles.

## Asbestos Manufacturing Company, Limited

Address: Eastern Townships Bank Bldg.,  
Montreal.

Factory: Lachine, Que.  
(near Montreal.)

# CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

## PLAIN SAUCE, CHILI SAUCE, TOMATO SAUCE

An appetising, nourishing, and satisfying meal provided for the housewife with the minimum of preparation and the maximum of comfort.

Is it not worth while to know that you can obtain the most carefully selected beans cooked thoroughly and whole by a process which is unsurpassed, and which retains the full mealy flavour of the beans, blended with the most delicate sauces, giving you no trouble beyond heating for a few moments?

**That is what Clark gives you**

ORDER CLARKS' FROM YOUR GROCER

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



*From a Kodak Negative (reduced).*

*Take a*

**KODAK**

*with you*

Let pictures, made from your own point of view, keep the story of your personal impressions.

*Catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO



ASK FOR  
**"LOGWOOD"**  
 3 for 50  
 A Comfortable Collar and Correct  
 Style



**\$200 A MONTH  
 BE YOUR OWN BOSS**

If you are making less than \$50.00 a week you should write us to-day. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan. You can work when you please, where you please, and always have money and the means of making barrels more of it.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to start out from your home on a combined business and pleasure trip, stay at the best hotels and live like a Lord and clean up \$10.00 every day. Work at amusement places, crowded street corners, manufacturing institutions anywhere and everywhere, ten minutes walk from home or on the other side of the Globe. Just set the machine up any place you happen to select, and clean up \$10.00 above operating expenses each and every day.

**PAPER POST CARDS DIRECT**

My proposition is the **WONDERFUL NEW COMBINATION CAMERA**, with which you can take and instantaneously develop eleven entirely different styles of pictures including buttons, four styles and sizes of paper postcards and six styles of tintype pictures. Every plate is developed without the use of films or negatives, and is ready to deliver to your customer in less than a minute after making the exposure. This **REMARKABLE INVENTION** takes 100 pictures an hour. Everybody wants pictures, and every sale you make advertises your business and makes more sales for you.

**NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED**

Simple instructions accompany each outfit and you can begin to make money in fifteen minutes after the camera reaches you. A trifling investment will get this **WONDERFUL OUTFIT** for you and put you in a position to make \$2,500 a year. If you want to be independent, and absolutely your own boss write me to-day and I will send you by return mail full free information regarding this **WONDERFUL PROPOSITION**, including letters offering positive proofs from every part of the world. Don't delay, answer this announcement to-day.

L. Lascelle, Mgr., 627 W. 43rd St., Dept. 876, New York, U.S.A.

*The reliable inexpensive  
 cleaning device —*

**BISSELL'S  
 "Cyclo" BALL-BEARING  
 Carpet Sweeper**

Other cleaning devices come and go, but the Bissell Sweeper withstands all competition, always emerging with increased prestige and a broader measure of public favor. The reasons for this are very plain and simple. The Bissell Sweeper occupies a distinct field of usefulness that no other cleaning device covers, meeting a daily necessity of every home that cannot be practically compassed by expensive cleaning machines that are cumbersome to use; and beyond this, the "Bissell" gathers up miscellaneous litter that other devices cannot pick up—all of which is recognized by housewives generally. The dirt and dust problem has to be met every day in the year, not periodically; and the Bissell Sweeper is the only cleaning device which, on account of its lightness and efficiency, is practicable to use daily.

The very latest **BALL-BEARING BISSELL** costs but \$3.00 to \$4.75, and will last from five to fifteen years, according to care given it.

For sale by all the best trade. Write for free booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

**Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.**  
 Dept. 23 Grand Rapids, Mich.  
 Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont.

(Largest Exclusive Carpet  
 Sweeper Manufacturers  
 in the World).  
 (29)

**MY FREE BOOK  
 "The 'Whys' of Exercise"**

Do you exercise to get well or to keep well?

My free book—

**"THE 'WHYS' OF EXERCISE,"**  
 will tell you how to do both.

To build successfully, you must have a sound foundation. Perfect manhood, which means a fine, well-developed physique—a broad chest, a strong neck, powerful shoulders, firm body muscles, limbs of steel—increased endurance and unflinching nerve, depends on a normal and harmonious working of your vital organs. A healthy vigorous body is the only lodging house for a keen, active brain. With health comes sureness. With sureness comes success. Learn to exercise in the right way, if you hope to achieve matchless internal and external development. My booklet "The 'Whys' of Exercise," based on sane, sound scientific principles will tell you how. Send for it. It is yours for the asking.

Enclose four cents to cover postage.

**PROF. H. W. TITUS**

"The strongest man in the world of his weight."

251 Titus Building  
 156 East Twenty-third Street  
 NEW YORK CITY



**Fish Bite** Like hungry wolves any time of the year if you use **Magic-Fish-Lure**. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.  
**J. F. Gregory, Dept. 81, St. Louis, Mo**



**FLOOR FINISH**

**Makes Floors Like This**

**W**E want to know—and we want *you* to know—all about *your* floors. We want to show you, as we daily show so many others, how inexpensive and how easy it is to end *permanently* all your floor troubles.

Elastica is the only floor varnish which will give you positive, satisfactory results. It is trade-marked like this—



**FLOOR FINISH**

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label.  
All others are imitations.

**The One Perfect Floor Varnish**

Whether your floors be old or new, of soft wood or hard wood, painted or unpainted, stained or unstained, Elastica will preserve them with an elastic, bright, durable, waterproof finish. Elastica can be used just as well over linoleum or oilcloth. *Send for descriptive booklet. Ask your dealer*

**INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED**

**TORONTO - WINNIPEG**

Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works  
New York, Chicago, London, Berlin,  
Brussels, Melbourne

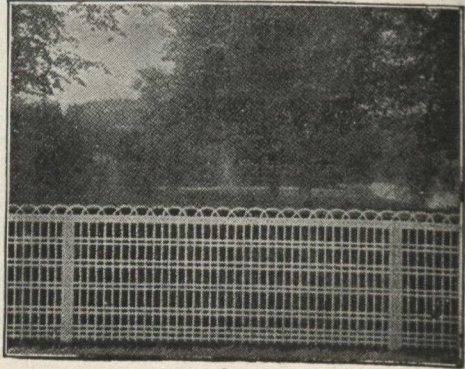
Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality. **L14**

**“ IDEAL ”**

**LAWN FENCES and GATES**

Neat, ornamental, and easy to erect; they vastly improve the appearance of any property. Specially suitable for Churches, Schools, Parks, Cemeteries and Lawns. These fences give maximum protection at minimum cost. Write for catalogue 144.

**The McGregor-Banwell Fence Co., Ltd.**  
WALKERVILLE - - - ONTARIO



**SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES**

A remedy which has no equal for

**DIABETES**

No Diabetic should fail to give this perfectly harmless and efficacious remedy a trial. It never fails to effect wonderful results. It has the unrestricted approval of prominent physicians. Price **\$2.00** per bottle.

**SANOL**

is a Reliable Cure for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Bladder Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price **\$1.50**.

**SANOL'S BLOOD SALT**  
(Sal Sanguinis)

This salt is an excellent and absolutely harmless remedy for any disturbances of digestion such as Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, etc., and as an aid to digestion in wasting and nervous diseases.

The preparations of the originator have been awarded First Prize Medal at the Hygiene Didactical Exposition by the University of Lemberg. Price **50c.** per bottle.

LITERATURE ON REQUEST.

**The Sanol Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd.**  
975 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.



# Get Acquainted

with the time-saving  
effectiveness of the

## Office Specialty System Desk



**Y**OU wouldn't want to work with any other desk if you saw this one.

☐ The System Desk has every facility for doing quick and accurate work. All Records which are in most frequent use, can be kept at your finger tips for instant reference—a Vertical File on your left for correspondence and other papers, and a card drawer on your right for card records—as well as three other drawers for miscellaneous matters.

☐ The merits of the System Desk are worthy of your investigation. See it at our showrooms, or ask us for special literature giving full information and prices.

Head Office:

97 Wellington St., West  
TORONTO

Complete Filing  
Equipment Stores:

Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa,  
Toronto (Head Office); Win-  
nipeg, Calgary, Edmonton,  
Vancouver.

Factories; Newmarket, Ont.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS  
**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED  
AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
CANADA

# PEASE ECONOMY FURNACES

## The Proof of the Furnace is in the Heating.

They were both young, very much in love with each other and were to be married shortly.

At present they were considering the plans of their new home.

Well dear, said the man, "what kind of a furnace shall we have?" Said the girl, "Oh, it doesn't matter much, I suppose, one is as good as another."

"But they are not," said the man. "Look at Jack and Mary. They have been nearly frozen all winter—on the other hand, Bill and Mildred have a PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE, and their house is as warm as toast all winter and his coal bill is about one-half of Jack's."

The man continued "Bill showed me a number of exclusive, money-saving heat-extracting features embodied in the PEASE FURNACES, such as a large combustion chamber that burns all gases and allows no wasted coal, an air blast device over the fire pot that actually burns air, with a vertical shaker that does away with the back-breaking stoop when shaking—and a lot of other devices that enable the PEASE to extract the last bit of heat out of the coal."

"Well dear," said the girl, "it looks as though we ought to get a PEASE FURNACE."

So they did and the PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE "Pays for itself by the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet.

## PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY,

LIMITED  
TORONTO

Branches—Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver  
Factories—Brampton, Ontario

722



I always use  
**WINDSOR**  
Table Salt.

## When Baking

are you as careful about the salt you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder?

Poor salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour.

In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

# WINDSOR TABLE SALT

# CEETEE

## UNDERWEAR

### NATURE'S COVERING

Every animal is provided by nature with an outdoor covering of some sort of wool, in varying degrees of fineness.

This covering is provided as a protection against the weather—both cold and heat.

It is known as hair, fur or wool—according to its quality, wool being the finest and the softest.

Now as human beings belong to the animal kingdom, it is only logical to assume that nature's best animal covering is best for human beings.

All medical men are agreed that wool is the most sanitary material to wear next the skin. In other words, the best "health insurance."

The finest wool known is that grown on the Australian Merino sheep.

Most woollen underwear is made from all grades of wool from the coarsest to the finest.

### "CEETEE" Pure Wool Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

is manufactured from the finest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form.

It is all made with selvedge edges, therefore cannot come unraveled, and every join is knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

People who wear CEETEE Underwear wear it because they know it to be the best.

It is made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

Worn by the Best People.  
Sold by the Best Dealers.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd.,  
Manufacturers  
GALT, ONTARIO

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's high-class ribbed Underwear for ladies and children. Turnbull's "M" Bands for infants and CEETEE Shaker Knit Sweater Coats

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP  
ON EVERY GARMENT



## A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste

A leader amongst leaders.  
After being in use for  
NEARLY A CENTURY

## Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving; because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!



NECESSITY demands the New Telephone Book Rest.  
Sells at Sight. Agents wanted in every town.  
The Open Book Rest Company of Canada, Limited  
Hamilton, Canada.

SINGING taught by mail with wonderful results.  
Write for free particulars and testimonials  
from our graduates. Established 11 years.  
Illinois Conservatory, Studio 23, 96 Broadway, N.Y.

# Shirriff's True Vanilla

Imagine how much  
more delicious cakes taste  
when flavored with real vanilla  
extract. You can make certain  
of using real extract of finest  
Vanilla beans by buying  
Shirriff's True Vanilla.

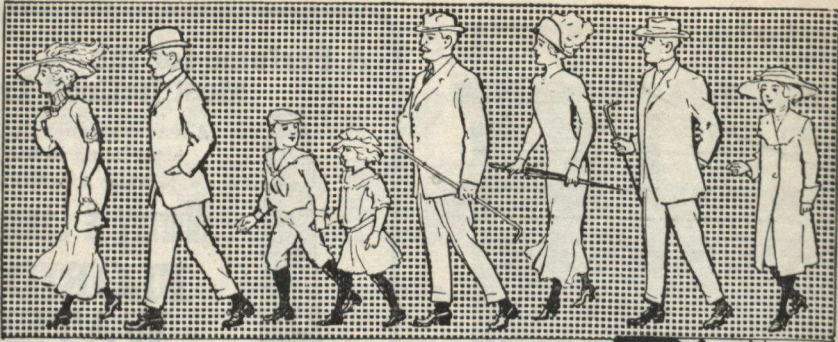
24

## WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE

### TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels  
Fine—Acts Quickly.  
Try it for Red, Weak,  
Watery Eyes and  
Granulated Eyelids.

Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salvo in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



## Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next Hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been *knit* into them—not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat they fit—how shape-retaining their method of manufacture—how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be—once you cease casual buying and demand only



# Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned  
Seamless

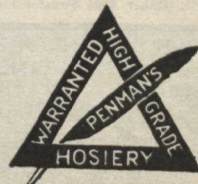
## Hosiery

Made by

### Penmans Limited

Paris, - Canada

Underwear, Sweaters, Hosiery





**CUBES**

For Soups and Gravies Oxo Cubes are splendid—so quick—so convenient—so good. None of the bother and delay of stewing meat. Simply drop some Cubes into a saucepan of stock, and serve.

● 151  
4 cubes—10c. 10 cubes—25c.



**Superfluous Hair Remover**

**Free!** Banish that mannish appearance! "SEE-HAIR-GO," an Indian instantly! Even toughest, most wiry hair imaginable. Unlike any other preparation. Germicidal; antiseptic; won't injure or irritate tenderest skin. Results guaranteed. Delicately perfumed; pleasant to use. Free trial bottle (plain wrapper) to prove its merit. SEND 2c POSTAGE.

Mary Louise Wright, Dept. K6, 5659 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**PARIS—Grand Hotel Bergere and Maison Blanche**

32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.



**CHALLENGE COLLAR**

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

**THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.**  
59 FRAZER AVENUE TORONTO



**RESERVOIR PEN**

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifolding and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.

A. D. HASTINGS, Dept. 5, 393 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.



**Rémoh Gems**

Look and Wear Like Diamonds

**A Marvelous Synthetic Gem Not Imitation**

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Will cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

**Sent On Approval Anywhere In U. S.**  
—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Address

**Remoh Jewelry Co.,**  
645 Washington Ave., St. Louis

**Why Suffer With Bunions?**

Why bear the pain of enlarged toe joints when it is so easy to cure them permanently with

**DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT**

Slip one between your toes and get instant relief. Watch day by day how it straightens the crooked toe and removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint. Notice how comfortable it feels. It's light and sanitary. Does not interfere with walking. Guaranteed or money back, 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at shoe and drug stores, or mailed direct. Get real foot comfort this very day. Dr. Scholl's advice free on all foot ailments. Write for "Foot Book."

**THE B. SCHOLL MFG. CO.,**  
214 King Street E., Toronto, Can.




**COLLECTIONS** BAD DEBTS COLLECTED everywhere. No collection, no charge. American. Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B. C.

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

**NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers**

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

**NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124**



# The Centre of Interest For Breakfast

Ready to Serve

Palatable--  
Nutritious


10¢




Package

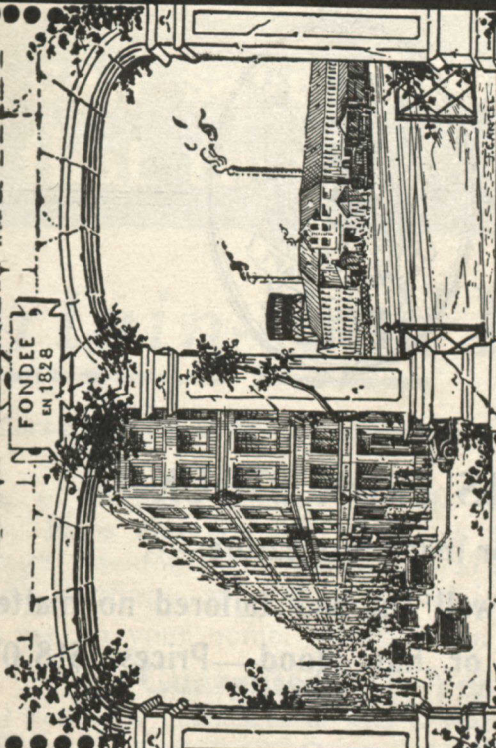
87

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



# GUERLAIN





## SECRET DE BONNE FEMME

### CREAM FOR THE FACE.

The distinctive qualities of this product are the following:—  
This cream may be washed off with water, leaving no greasy trace whatever, which result cannot be obtained with any other cream.  
Can be mixed with water, and used every morning instead of soap. It cleans beautifully, and after using it for a few weeks the complexion will be changed and absolutely improved.  
New Premises in 1913—68, Avenue des Champs, Élysees, PARIS.



# GILSON

“Goes like Sixty”

# MARINE ENGINE

(1913 Model)

Sizes 2, 4, 7, 10, 18, 25 and 40 H. P. Single and Multiple Cylinder

An Engine of Quality—for certain, satisfactory service, with new and exclusive improvements

It has the smooth, clean cut lines—the breedy appearance—the class and quality of the thoroughbred—Ginger, reserve power and staying qualities as well. Most easily started. It has the broadest guarantee—Satisfaction. Write for catalogue. Agents wanted.

GILSON MFG. CO. Ltd. - - 94 York Street, Guelph, Canada

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISH

Gives a Quick, Brilliant Polish That Lasts

No Turpentine

Easier to Use Better for the Shoes



## SUITS FROM STOCK—

or made to measure—

All equally well cut and tailored no matter how cheap or how good—Prices \$18.00 to \$35.00.

Fashion-Craft is Fashion-Craft

Uniform quality work on all garments made, namely the best—

Difference in price is caused by the difference in materials used—

We invite your criticism feeling sure that we can convince you of our power to please—

Shops of

*"Fashion-Craft"*

in every important  
Town and City in Canada



You can save \$200 to \$300  
on that roof, if you use—

# Certain-tee Roofing

in Rolls and  
Shingles

(Quality Cert-ified—Durability Guaran-teed)

The use of Ready Roofing on all kinds of buildings is growing by leaps and bounds. Just as the man with a six-room cottage has found he can save \$75 to \$125 by using Certain-tee Roofing, so will you find it the most economical roofing to use on your home, bungalow or barn.

## Guaranteed 15 Years

Certain-tee Roofing is guaranteed to wear 15 years—the shingles come in red green and slate-gray. Look for the Certain-tee Label of Quality,—you will find it on every roll and crate of shingles. Ask your local dealer for prices—he can save you money.



**General Roofing**  
The World's largest  
manufacturer of  
Roofings and Build-  
ing Papers.

**Valuable Book Free** You will find many valuable suggestions in our new book, "**Modern Building Ideas and Plans**"—it tells you what to do and what not to do—it suggests economies and conveniences that will save you money.

A book of this kind would ordinarily sell for \$1—but as it shows the use of our Certain-tee Roofing on all kinds of model homes and farm buildings, we offer it to you for 25 cents.

We prefer to have you go to your lumber, hardware or building material dealer, who will gladly get you a copy **free**. If you write us, enclose 25c to cover cost, postage and mailing.



## General Roofing Mfg. Co.

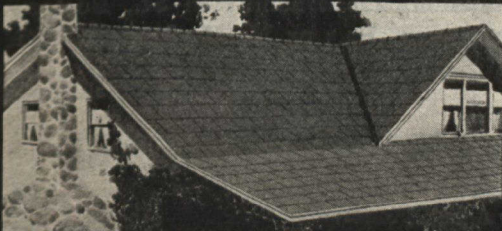
E. St. Louis, Ill.  
Memphis.

York, Pa.  
Winnipeg, Canada

Marseilles, Ill.

Minneapolis  
London, England

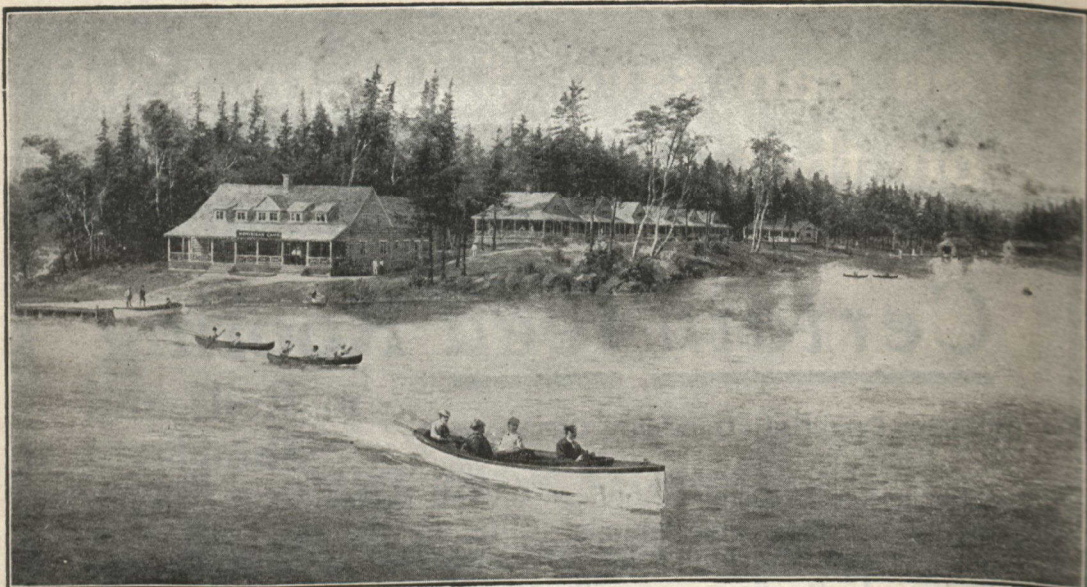
San Francisco  
Hamburg, Germany



Certain-tee Shingles for  
Bungalows and Residences



Certain-tee Roofing in Rolls  
for Farm Homes and Buildings



Camp Nominigan—Smoke Lake—Algonquin Park

## Algonquin National Park

The Ideal Summer Resort for Camper, Fisherman, Canoeist

200 miles north of Toronto

175 miles west of Ottawa

Altitude 2,000 feet above sea level

Good hotel accommodation

### The New Camp-Hotel "Camp Nominigan"

being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the hearts of the wilds, comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths, hot and cold water, always available.

Handsomely illustrated folder free on application to J. D. McDonald, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; F. P. Dwyer, 290 Broadway, New York, N.Y.; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.; E. H. Boynton, 256 Washington St., Boston, Mass.; A. B. Chown, 507 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.; or H. M. Morgan, 285 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. E. DAVIS

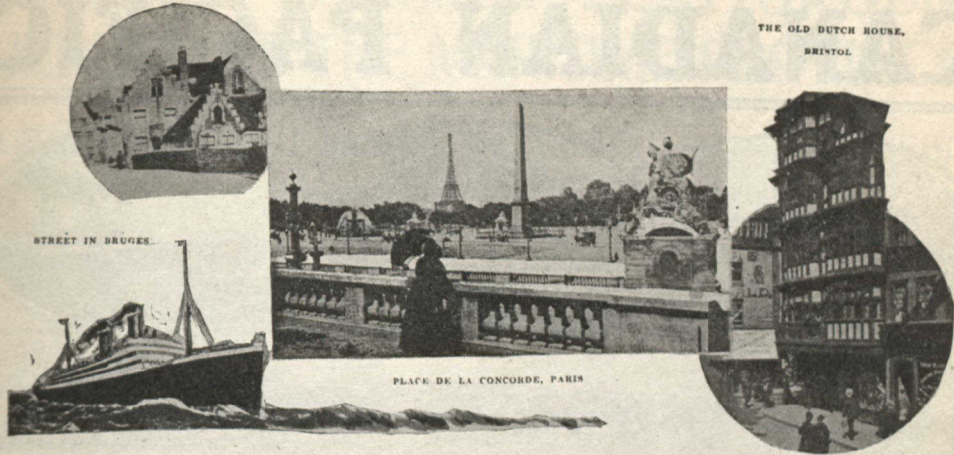
Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal

G. T. BELL

Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal

H. G. ELLIOTT

General Passenger Agent, Montreal



# CANADIAN NORTHERN "ATLANTIC ROYALS"

ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE  
MONTREAL TO BRISTOL

**H**ERE is an opportunity to see some of the most famous places of the Old World at a modest outlay. A health-bringing trip and a liberal education combined. You take the "Royal Edward" at Montreal on July the ninth for Bristol. Special arrangements have been made for the balance of the tour which includes a visit to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, the Isle of Marken, Bruges and historic city of Ghent.

## Special—Rovers' Travel Club Tour

This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great Exposition with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this Exhibition is "A Thousand and One Attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

Familiar as you are with Paris and London, the program which has been arranged will include many points of interest you probably have not seen before. This will also hold true of Bruges, Amsterdam, Brussels and the other cities on the list. A day and a night in Bristol may be profitably spent by the traveler because some of the most intensely interesting and historic scenes in all England, may be visited there or nearby.

By all means ask or send for the illustrated booklet which contains the complete itinerary and gives the cost in detail. In it is described in chatty and informal style the various places to be visited with pictured account of their most



interesting features. Simply write your name and address on the coupon, and you will receive booklet by return mail.

Please send me your Rovers' Travel Club Booklet.

Apply to the nearest Steamship Agent or to any of these General Agencies of the Company: Toronto, Ont., 52 King Street East; Montreal, Que., 226-30 St. James Street; Winnipeg, Man., 254 Union Station; Halifax, N.S., 123 Hollis Street.

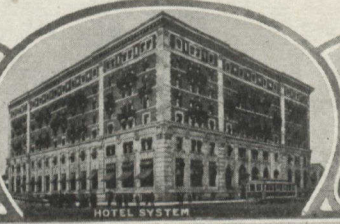
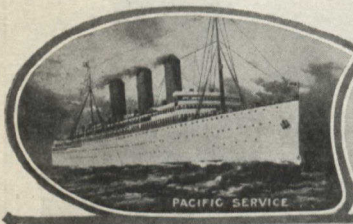
Name.....

Address.....

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

C. M.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC



## AROUND THE WORLD

VIA

## “EMPRESS OF ASIA”

(NEW C. P. R. PACIFIC STEAMSHIP.)

THE “EMPRESS OF ASIA” will sail from Liverpool  
June 14, following is provisional time table.

Leave Liverpool (“R.M.S. Empress of Asia”).....	Saturday,	June	14
Arrive Maderia.....	Wednesday,	“	18
Leave “.....	Thursday,	“	19
Arrive Cape Town.....	Wednesday,	July	2
Leave “.....	Friday,	“	4
Arrive Durban (Port Natal).....	Sunday,	“	6
Leave “.....	Tuesday,	“	8
Arrive Colombo.....	Saturday,	“	19
Leave “.....	Monday,	“	21
Arrive Singapore.....	Friday,	“	25
Leave “.....	Saturday,	“	26
Arrive Hong Kong.....	Wednesday,	“	30
Leave “.....	Wednesday,	August	13
Leave Shanghai (Woosung).....	Saturday,	“	16
Leave Nagasaki.....	Monday,	“	18
Leave Kobe.....	Tuesday,	“	19
Leave Yokohama.....	Thursday,	“	21
Arrive Vancouver.....	Saturday,	“	30

## RATE FOR ENTIRE CRUISE, \$639.10

Exclusive of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of “Empress of Asia,” and stop over at Hong Kong.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write  
**M. G. MURPHY,** D. P. A., C. P. Ry., Toronto.

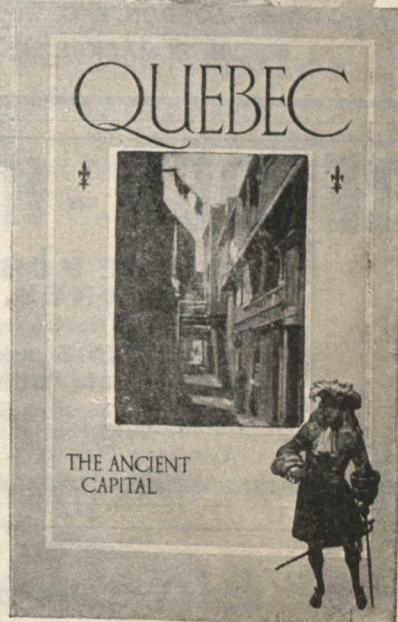
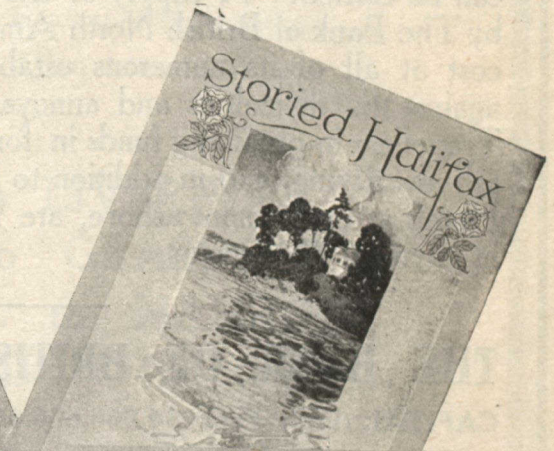
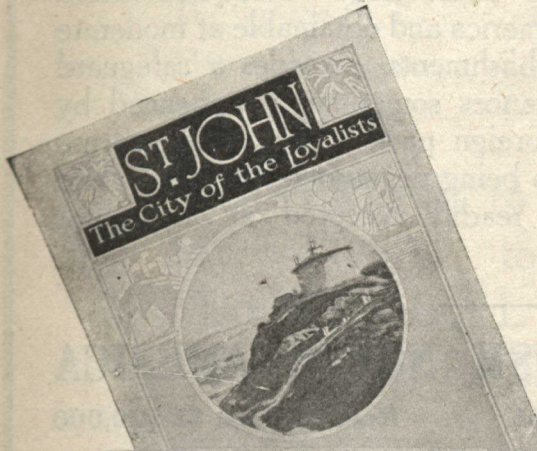
# CANADA'S SUMMER PLAY-GROUND QUEBEC AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES

SEA-BATHING

BOATING

YACHTING

FISHING



For Free Copies of above Booklets Issued by

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS**  
**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY**

Write :

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

MONCTON, N.B.

## The Pleasure of Travelling

depends largely upon the facility with which the necessary funds can be carried. A supply of the **Travellers' Cheques** issued by The Bank of British North America and obtainable at moderate cost at all of its numerous establishments, provides a safeguard against the difficulties and annoyances sometimes experienced by Travellers in obtaining funds in foreign parts. The Cheques are self-identifying, and in addition to being negotiated by Banks and Hotels at every point ashore, are readily accepted on Steamships in payment of Accounts.

### THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

CAPITAL (Fully Paid) \$4,866,666.66 ∴ Reserve Fund \$2,920,000

Head Office:—LONDON, ENG. ∴ Head Office in Canada:—MONTREAL

H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager, Montreal

## DRESDEN - HOTEL BELLEVUE

**UNIQUE POSITION, WORLD  
RENOWNED, VERY SELECT**

All modern and Sanitary Comfort

**APARTMENTS and SINGLE BEDROOMS  
with private baths and toilet attached**

The favorite home of English and American Society

Tariff booklet can be obtained from

CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRAVEL DEPT., TORONTO

**AUTO GARAGE**

**R. RONNEFELD,  
Gen. Manager**

DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT

**ANTWERP** 30 minutes from **BRUSSELS**

And make your Headquarters the

**NEW HOTEL ST. ANTOINE**

- - Entirely Renovated in 1910; - -  
Fifty more Private Bathrooms added

*Beautifully Illustrated* **GUIDE to ANTWERP**

Mailed Free on application to

Canadian Magazine Travel Dept.

**TORONTO, Ont.**

# The "River Way" to Europe!

During the St. Lawrence Season of Navigation,  
May to November, the Allan Line maintains  
Weekly Services:— .. .. .

**MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL**  
**MONTREAL to GLASGOW**  
**MONTREAL to HAVRE,**  
**FRANCE AND LONDON**

**Turbine Express Steamers, Liverpool Service**  
**Largest Steamers from Montreal to**  
**Glasgow and Havre**  
**Sailings Also From Boston to Glasgow**

Send for descriptive Literature, Sailings, Etc.,  
also "Midsummer Tour; 44 days, \$295.00."  
Agents in all Cities and Principal Towns of  
United States and Canada. .. .. .

## The Allan Line Steamship Co'y, Ltd.

**H. & A. ALLAN, General Agents**

**90 State St., Boston, Mass.      2 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada**

**ALLAN & COMPANY, 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

**THE ALLAN LINE**  
**77 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.**  
**320 Homer Street, Vancouver, B. C.**

**W. R. ALLAN,**  
**General Western Agent**  
**364 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.**

Where to Stay on the  
other Side!

# HOTEL RUSSELL and the HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL LONDON

Refined Moderate Comfortable  
Private Bathrooms and  
Lavatories Complete



Write today for  
**ILLUSTRATED TARIFF BOOKLET**  
descriptive of these delightful  
Hotels, and of the leading  
Hotels in

**Bexhill, Dover, Folkestone,  
Harrogate, Whitby**

Town and Country Bureau  
**389 Fifth Avenue  
NEW YORK**



## Furness Railway

The Gateway to the  
English Lake District.

20 Rail, Coach and Steam  
Yacht Tours through  
Lake-Land in operation  
every week-day, June to  
September.

Tourists' Weekly Tickets available for an un-  
limited number of journeys for seven days, to  
enable holders to explore the beauties of the  
district.

**UNEQUALLED TRAVELLING FACILITIES ALL THE YEAR ROUND**

For full particulars apply to Mr. A. A. Haynes, Superin-  
tendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness, or at any of the  
offices of Messers Thomas Cook & Son.

**ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager,**  
Barrow-in-Furness, March, 1913.

# PARIS (FRANCE)

## Hotel Continental

5 rue de Castiglione  
and on Rivoli Street  
facing the Tuileries  
Gardens. Modern  
Comfort. Elevators.  
Baths—Hot and Cold  
Water in every room.



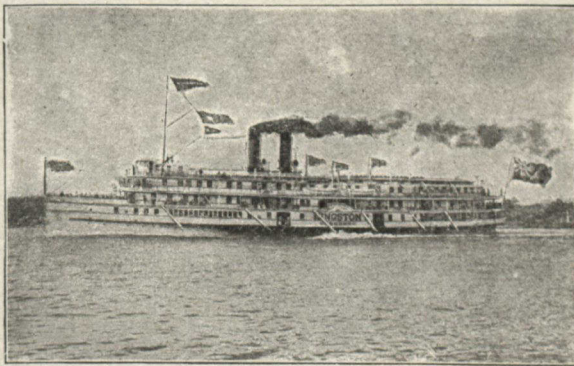
# RICHELIEU AND ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

---

Plan your **VACATION TRIP** now

SUGGESTIONS Where To Go:

1000 Islands, Rapids, Montreal,  
Historical Quebec or Wonderful Saguenay River.



Short trips to Olcott, Niagara Falls, Buffalo.

---

Delightful Summer Hotels

Manoir Richelieu - Murray Bay, P. Q.

Hotel Tadousac - Tadousac, P. Q.

open early in June.

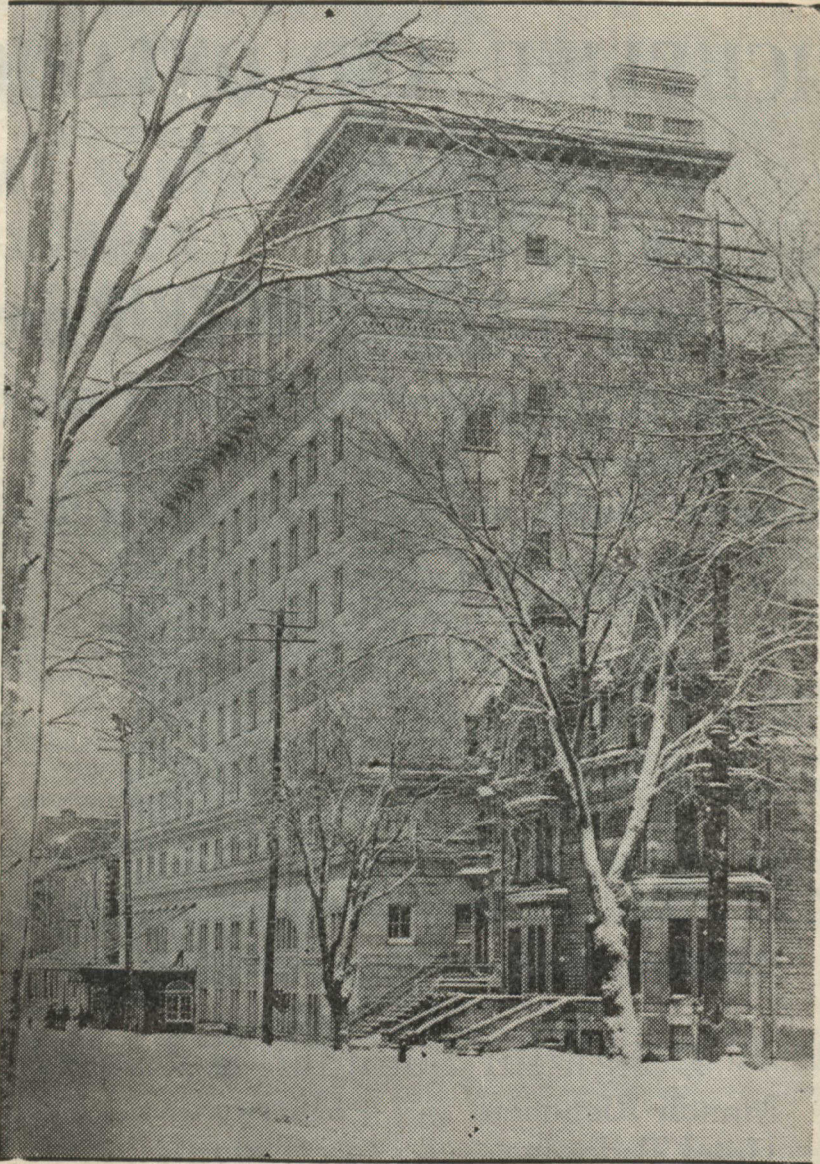
---

For Rates, Folders, Etc., apply to

JOHN PIERCE, A. G. P. A.,  
Montreal.

HUGH D. PATERSON, G. A. P. D.,  
Toronto.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Passenger Traffic Manager,  
Montreal, P. Q.



THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, MONTREAL  
at Sherbrooke and Drummond Streets.

The most comfortable and most modernly equipped Hotel in Canada.

**European Plan Only. Baths in Every Room.**

**Rates from \$4.00 and upwards.**

The service and cuisine are of the same high order which has made the Ritz-Carlton Hotels famous all over the world.

For Rates and Reservations address, THE MANAGER, RITZ-CARLTON, MONTREAL

**HAMBURG-AMERICAN**  
 Largest S.S. Co  
 OVER 400 SHIPS  
 in the World  
 1,306,819 TONS



DELIGHTFUL SUMMER  
 CRUISES TO THE

# Land of the Midnight Sun

by the large Cruising Steamers  
*Victoria Luise, Furst Bismarck*  
 and *Meteor*. Leaving Ham-  
 burg during the months of June,  
 July and August. Visiting Ice-  
 land, Spitzbergen, North Cape,  
 Norway, Scotland, Orkney and  
 Faroe Islands.

DURATION 13 to 25 DAYS  
 COST \$56.25 AND UP

## Jamaica AND THE

## Panama Canal

Cuba, Hayti, Colombia, Costa  
 Rica, Nicaragua

Weekly sailing by the new fast twin-  
 screw steamers *Emil L. Boas* and *Carl*  
*Shurz*, and the well-known "PRINZ"  
 and other steamers of our

### ATLAS SERVICE

Cuba and Jamaica, 11 to 18 days, \$ 85.50  
 Panama Canal, 18 to 25 days, \$140.00  
 25-Day Cruises, \$135.00 to \$140.00

## Cruise Around the World AND

## Through the Panama Canal

By Twin-screw S. S. "*Cleveland*,"  
 leaving New York January 27th, 1915

135 days—\$900.00 and up

Register your engagements now  
 Good rooms will soon be taken

Write for beautifully illustrated books,  
 stating cruise

### Hamburg-American Line

41-45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Boston, Philadelphia,  
 Pittsburgh, Chicago,  
 San Francisco,  
 St. Louis.

Copyright

1912

# INDEPENDENT AROUND THE WORLD TRIPS \$600. UP

TICKETS GOOD  
 TWO YEARS

**M**OST educational trip of the age. Start  
 any time, any place, either direction.  
 The price is the same. Europe,  
 Mediterranean, Egypt, India, Ceylon, China,  
 Japan, Java, Philippines, Hawaii, etc.  
 TRAVELERS' CHECKS GOOD ALL OVER THE WORLD

Write for "Around the World" Booklet M  
 OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, 5 Broadway, New York  
 ALLOWAY & CHAFFIN, Winston  
 H. CLAUSSENIUS & CO., Chicago  
 CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK, St. Louis  
 ROBERT CAPELLI, San Francisco

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**

## CANADA and the CONTINENT OF EUROPE

### IMPROVED SERVICE

Daily via Harwich-Hook of Holland  
 Turbine Steamers

Every Week-Day via Harwich-Antwerp  
 Twin Screw Steamers

Apply personally to office of this paper for Book  
 of Tariffs. Details and illustrated pamphlets from  
 the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Agent,  
 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

FAMOUS AT HOME AND ABROAD

# Holland House

Fifth Avenue and 30<sup>th</sup> Street  
 New York City

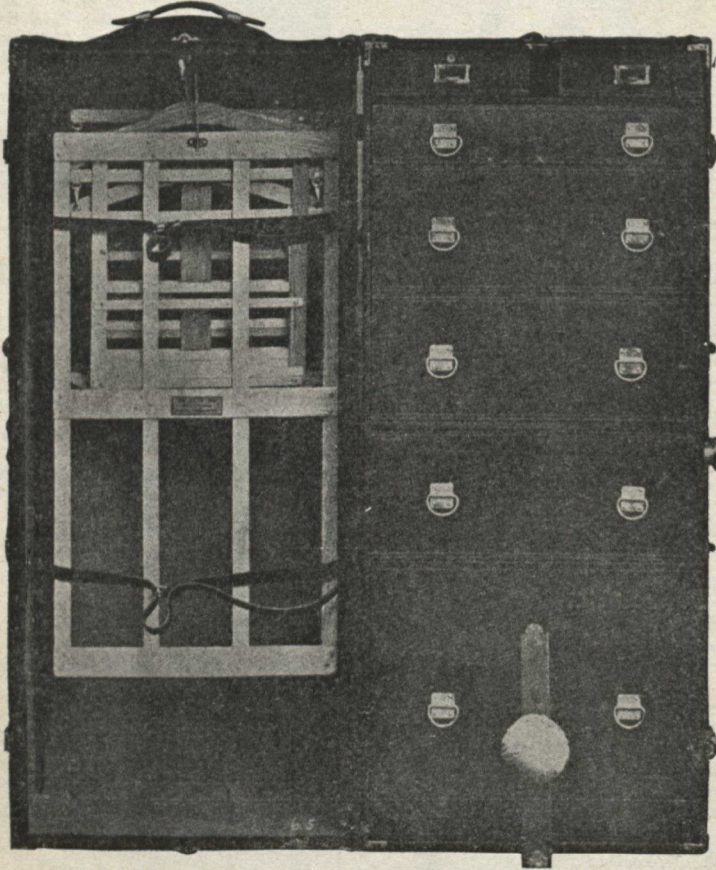


Favorably known for the Excellence of its  
 Cuisine and the Character of its Patronage.

Enlarged Rooms. 200 New Baths.  
 Every Modern Appointment

J. OTTO STACK

## "JULIAN SALE" For Fine Leather Goods



### Wardrobe Trunks

The most complete Wardrobe Trunks on the market today are the "Julian Sale" make—best appointed—most conveniently fitted—made for ladies—made in men's  $\frac{3}{4}$  size, and "Steamer" Wardrobe trunk size—canvas covered—black enamelled duck—and 3-ply veneer with hard fibre coverings—fitted with costume and suit hangers, and with one side fitted with drawers for smaller articles of wearing apparel—dust proof and water proof. These trunks weigh 10 to 15 lbs. less than similar trunks of other makers.


**\$28.00 to \$115.00**

Write for Complete New Catalogue No. 30.

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.**  
105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



Tell your Friends before you sail

TO WRITE YOU AT THE 

# WALDORF HOTEL LONDON and STAY THERE

Booklets free from  
Canadian Magazine, Toronto

## See Switzerland



### How to See Switzerland

For 10c. postage our Information Bureau in New York will send you "Parcel C, 7," a collection of illustrated booklets, maps, etc., containing some very useful information. Enables you to easily plan a delightful holiday in this Wonderful Land of Lakes and Alps.

Send 10c. for "Parcel C, 7."

Official Information Bureau of  
Switzerland

241, Fifth Avenue, New York

# EUROPE

Escorted Tours to all parts of Europe, comprising Tours de Luxe and Long and Short Vacation Tours; also a special series at popular prices.

Special Midnight Sun and Russia Tours.  
Summer Tour to the Orient.

## ROUND THE WORLD

Tours de Luxe leave Westbound September 11, October 4, Eastbound October 18, November 8, January 8.

### INCLUSIVE INDEPENDENT TOURS

for individuals, families, and private parties arranged for travel in Europe, America, and Round the World.

Send for Program desired

Our complete chain of 155 Offices in all parts of the world furnishes unequalled facilities for travelers.

## THOS. COOK & SON

MONTREAL—530 St. Catherine Street, West  
TORONTO—Traders Bank Bldg., 65 Yonge St.  
NEW YORK (4 offices) BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA,  
CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

Cook's Traveler's Cheques Are Good All Over the World



### Prevented—Stopped

**M**OTHERSILL'S after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Transatlantic lines.

Four years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50 cent box is sufficient for twenty-four hours. \$1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 402 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride St., London, Eng., Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

## DON'T BE SICK

TRY

## "OXYDONOR"

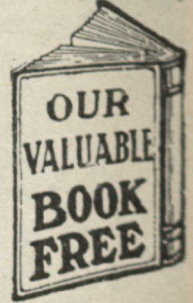
**I**f our representations as to what OXYDONOR is and what it has done; if its use overcomes disease and sickness of every character; if it will prevent sickness and disease; if these claims are founded on facts, then surely you ought to make a personal investigation of OXYDONOR for your own health's sake.

OXYDONOR has been in use for more than twenty years; it has been generally advertised all these years; it has stood the test of time and of the most intense investigations; it has the voluntary endorsements of many thousands of grateful men and women. How can you longer doubt its dependable healing powers.

Write us if you value your health and that of your family and friends. Send 4 cents in stamps to-day, for our wonderful free book.

The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the discoverer and inventor—Dr. H. Sanche. Patented by the Canadian Government.

**Dr. H. Sanche & Co., Dept. No. 11,  
364 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL, Can.**



## "Don't Blame the Stenographer"



**S**HE can't make bright, business-like letters unless you supply good typewriter ribbons.

And you can't get clean, easy-to-read carbon copies from poor carbon paper.

**PEERLESS BRAND** will settle both these points for you. Peerless Ribbons make the type stand out on your letters clear and free from spots and blurs. Peerless Carbon Papers make copies that look like originals. They will not smudge.

Order Peerless Ribbons for your machines. Try out a box of Peerless Carbon Papers. They will give the sort of letters and carbon copies you want.

# PEERLESS

BRAND

CARBON  
PAPERS

TYPEWRITER  
RIBBONS

53 There are Peerless Dealers everywhere. If you cannot locate one, write us for samples.

**PEERLESS CARBON & RIBBON MFG. CO., LTD.  
176-178 Richmond Street West - - - TORONTO**

of New Holland, because the first  
Holland. Portuguese navigators  
sought to map out their discoveries  
of a Dutch captain in 1606, in the  
around Australia still bear the  
from Batavia, named Tasman,  
to the father of the girl he loved,  
never himself.

in which Endeavour Strait was  
of Sydney now stands, where  
place that he named the region  
Cadian mines, for criminals, and  
and being made at Port Jackson  
composed the following lines

"'Tis good!"

of Wales, he named that region  
elements from the coast island  
of the east coast over the Blue  
on for fifty years. The five  
Wales, Queensland, Western  
to form a grand Federation  
in 1901. Melbourne and



## Get This Free Wagon For The Children

**T**HE wide fame of the Berry Wagon is perhaps one of the best evidences of the almost universal demand for Berry Brothers' Varnishes.

W. W. Denslow, the famous artist who drew the "Wizard of Oz" pictures, has beautifully illustrated in color for the children, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon." A copy will be sent free on request. One of the illustrations is reproduced herewith in black and white.

For fifty-five years Berry Brothers have been making high-grade varnishes and varnish products. And because the high standard of manufacture has always been maintained, the business has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world. Our storage tanks alone have a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons. Whether for the home, the mercantile building or the public edifice, there is a Berry Brothers varnish that long experience has demonstrated to be just right—beautiful, durable and permanent.

# BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES

We have a series of interesting booklets on varnish problems. Write and tell us yours, and we'll send you appropriate literature, free.

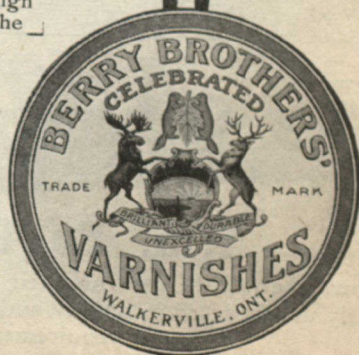
**BERRY BROTHERS**

Established 1858.

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

You can't go wrong if it's Berry Brothers.

You may go wrong if it isn't.



# To Have Healthy Hair

you must  
care for it. If  
dandruff is pre-  
sent, first eliminate  
it by using Na-Dru-Co  
Dandruff Eradicator for three  
or four weeks, then tone up the  
scalp with

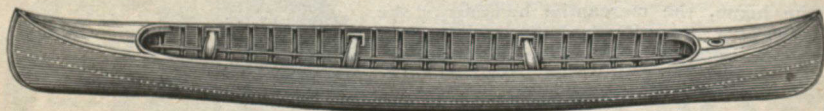
## NA-DRU-CO Hair Tonic and Dressing

This valuable preparation is absolutely free from coloring matter, or from any chemical that can affect the color of the hair in any way. Its daily use is a pleasure that is as beneficial as it is refreshing.

Na-Dru-Co Hair Tonic and Dressing and Na-Dru-Co Dandruff Eradicator are put up in 50c. and \$1.00 bottles. Ask your Druggist for them.

National Drug and  
Chemical Co.,  
of Canada,  
Limited

203



## Wm. English "CANOES"

Are known the world over for their Strength, Beauty and Durability. They are absolutely unsurpassed in quality and are reasonable in price. We have a model for every requirement. Write for Catalogue.

**Wm. English Canoe Co., 184-186 Charlotte Street, Peterborough, Ont.  
Established 1861.**





# All Such Corns

Can be Ended in Two Days

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster.  
Right from that moment the corn becomes comfortable.

Then the B & B wax begins to loosen the corn, and in 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

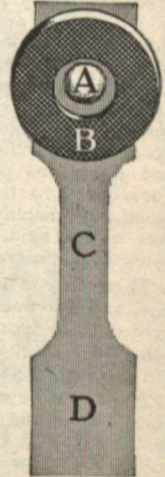
The chemist who invented Blue-jay studied corns for years. And his method is now employed on a million corns a month.

No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. The way is gentle and results are sure.

Don't pare corns. Don't apply liquids. Don't use ancient methods in these scientific days.

You can end the corn forever in this simple, modern way. Try it on one corn.

**A** in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
**B** stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.  
**C** wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
**D** is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.



## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(298)

**IRRESISTIBLE**

**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

## A Common sense Message of Cheer

### To People With Bad Complexions

All too many people try to cure pimples, skin blotches, and bad complexions without stopping to think what really is the cause of their affliction. In the majority of cases the reason lies in the fact that their systems do not get properly rid of the waste that accumulates in the human body. This waste accumulates and clogs in the lower intestines and generates poisonous matter, which is absorbed into the system, permeates the blood, and displays itself not only on the surface of the skin, but in various ways that cause illness more or less serious.

There is one common sense way to cure this, and it is not by the aid of drugs. Drugs give only temporary relief, and have to be constantly taken in increasing doses, and in the end makes us slaves to the drug habit.

The scientific way, approved by physicians everywhere, and used by hundreds of people, is the internal bath, the simple treatment calling only for pure water. Does this not appeal to your common sense? If you are a sufferer from any of these tortures, profit by the experience of Wm. DeVoy, 703 Seventh avenue, Lethbridge, Alberta, who tells his experience as follows:

"After using your J. B. L. Cascade I feel it my duty as a thankful patient to express my enthusiasm for the great blessing it has been to me. You cannot feel my emotions as I write this letter in praise of your great work; words fail to express my thankfulness for first learning of your Cascade. Previous to using it I could not go a day without a drug of some sort. Since using it I have not, on my word of honor, swallowed five cents' worth of drugs. I spent over \$300 in the two years previous to hearing of the J. B. L. Would that all the young men and women I see in this town with their faces covered with horrid, unsightly pimples use it. They would soon get rid of them as I did."

You owe it to yourself to learn more about this simple and remarkable treatment. Write to-day, a personal letter if you wish to Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 531-4, 280 College Street, Toronto, and he will send you full particulars, together with his free book.

"Why Man of To-Day is Only 50% Efficient"

# HARTSHORN

SHADE  
ROLLERS

Original and unequaled.  
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"  
requires no tacks. Inventor's  
signature on genuine

*Stewart Hartshorn*

K K

Kalamazoo Point Number Eight

## The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder has great durability



note  
the un-  
usual  
strain

WE claim that the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is not only the simplest, lightest and most convenient binder on the market, but that it is also the strongest, most durable and most economical. ∴ ∴

Flexible leather thongs are used in place of metal posts, and the sheets are held by clamping bars along the full length of the sheet. ∴ ∴

The wearing parts are not rigid but flexible, thus relieving the strain and giving to the binder unusual durability and wearing strength. ∴ ∴

"Kalamazoo" binders are made in any size and every binder bears our personal guarantee. ∴ ∴ ∴

Descriptive booklet "C.M." on request.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter  
Limited  
Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers  
King & Spadina  
Toronto



**SEAL BRAND**

The  
Magnet  
that  
Attracts  
All  
Lovers of  
Good  
Coffee

ESTABLISHED 1864

NE CEDE MALIS.

TRADE MARK

**SEAL BRAND**

**CHASE & SANBORN,  
· MONTREAL ·**



**ORIENTAL  
CREAM**

A skin like the softness of velvet, clear and pearly white, is the perfection of beauty. The regular use of

**GOURAUD'S  
Oriental  
Cream**

will render a complexion that will be the envy of every one.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of it having been in actual use for nearly **three quarters of a century.**

It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, pimples, freckles and other blemishes of the complexion.

**50c. and \$1.50 per Bottle**

At Druggists and Department Stores, or direct on receipt of price.

**Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves**

They are a dainty little booklet of perfumed powder leaves, always ready for an emergency. 10c. by mail will bring them.

**FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.,  
NEW YORK.**

# Try One of Our Dry Varieties

- Martini—Regular
- Martini—Dry (*medium*)
- Martini—Brut (*very dry*)
- Manhattan—Regular
- Manhattan—Dry

# Club Cocktails

At  
All Dealers

**G. F. Heublein & Bro.**  
Sole Prop's.

HARTFORD      NEW YORK      LONDON



## The Ross Rifle



"LOOK OVER THE ROSS"

Your next Rifle should be a  
"ROSS" .280—(High Velocity)

The unequalled power and consequently low trajectory of this .280 "Ross" model, its great strength and safety, its ability to withstand at the breech the greatest of pressures, its wonderful accuracy, its power to anchor any game it fairly hits, all these qualities are conceded. **Increased manufacturing facilities devoted to this special model, will enable this "Ross" model to be retailed in Canada after May 1st at - \$55.00.**

No sportsman will grudge this price for the very best rifle in the world.

### THE "ROSS" .280 SPORTING CARTRIDGE

with copper tube expanding bullet (patented) can now be bought from dealers throughout Canada at \$7.50 per hundred. The accuracy, range and stopping power of this cartridge have excited the attention of hunters of large game throughout the world. This is the cartridge which gives the best results and should always be used with the "Ross" .280. If your dealer cannot show you the "Ross" .280 and the "Ross" Sporting Cartridge, write direct for illustrated catalogue and name of nearest dealer.

**Ross Rifle Co. - - Quebec, Canada.**





## FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

**F. W. FEARMAN  
CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON**



# KNOX GELATINE

*Insures your getting Quality,  
Quantity and Sure Results*

Try this Economical

### KNOX FRUIT SHERBET

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
(scant measure) 1 orange 1 lemon  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar 3 cups rich milk

Grate the outside of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out the juice and add to this the sugar. Soak the gelatine in part of a cup of milk for 5 minutes and dissolve by standing in pan of hot water. Stir into the rest of the milk. When it begins to freeze add fruit juice and sugar, and fruit of any kind, if desired. This makes a large allowance for five persons.

### Knox Recipe Book FREE

A book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent free for grocer's name.

*Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.*

**CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY**

499 Knox Avenue  
Johnstown, N. Y.

Branch Factory:  
Montreal, Canada



Either package makes  
2 full quarts of Jelly.



# UPTON'S





## THE "UPTON" FLAVOUR

in Jams and Jellies is the most delicious that can be obtained, because these Goods are made from only the purest of Fruits under the most hygienic conditions—The natural flavor of fresh fruits

Try an order of UPTON'S  
on your next Grocery List

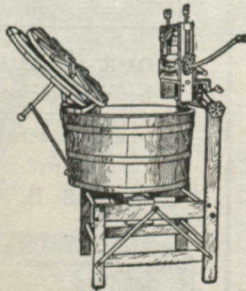
**THE T. UPTON COMPANY LIMITED**

HAMILTON      ONTARIO



## Your Clothes Will Wear Longer

LOOK at your wash-board, madam. It's a hard-looking object, with its rows of metal corrugations. And those hard metal corrugations have no mercy on the clothes. One minute's rub against them takes nearly as much wear out of a fabric as a week's use. Why, madam, you lose enough money now, on your clothes through wash-board wear, to soon pay for a



## Connor Ball Bearing Washer

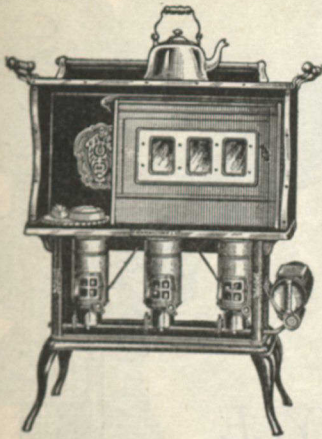
This wonderful washer cleans clothes without rubbing. Cleans them better, too. They wear longer. You save money. Write for booklet fully describing this most modern of washers. It's free.

**J. H. CONNOR & SON, Limited**  
OTTAWA, CANADA

## REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



# THE BEST OIL COOK- STOVE MADE

## **New Perfection** WICK BLUE FLAME **Oil Cook-stove**

Burns Oil--the cheapest, cleanest fuel.  
No Ashes. No Smell. No Delay.  
No Waste.

Bakes, broils, roasts and toasts really  
to "perfection."

Ask your dealer to show you a New  
Perfection, with cabinet top, drop shelves,  
broiler, toaster, and other accessories.  
Indicator shows just how much oil is  
in font.

For Best Results use  
**ROYALITE Oil**

## The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

TORONTO  
MONTREAL

WINNIPEG

ST. JOHN  
HALIFAX








**PURITY OF STYLE**  
*Standard Silver Plate*  
 embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

*Quality—The best that can be produced.*  
*Original Designs—Worked out by prominent artists.*

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

**THE SUCCESS**  
*of*  
**STANDARD SILVER PLATE**

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

**Wisdom Says :** "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for 'Standard' Silver Plate."

*SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.*

Manufactured and guaranteed by  
**Standard Silver Co., Limited**  
 Toronto





*"Correct Styles for Men"*

For authentic style, painstaking workmanship and richness of finish the **von Gal Hat** is unsurpassed. All that best dressed men demand is embodied in its making. Men who know value, who insist on quality plus wear, accept the **von Gal Hat** as *the* standard.

Ask your dealer for a **von Gal made**, whether soft or stiff, and you'll find the fit comfortable, quality right and the shape just suited to your personality. Guaranteed to be entirely satisfactory by both dealer and maker.

At leading dealers'.  
Prices \$3, \$4 and \$5.

Canadian Factory:  
Niagara Falls  
Ontario

*E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.*

BRANCH OF  
**Hawes, von Gal**  
INCORPORATED  
New York, U. S. A.

Write for Spring and  
Summer Style Book B.

American Factory:  
Danbury, Conn.

Straw Hat Factory:  
Baltimore, Md.

## A Razor is only as Good as its Steel

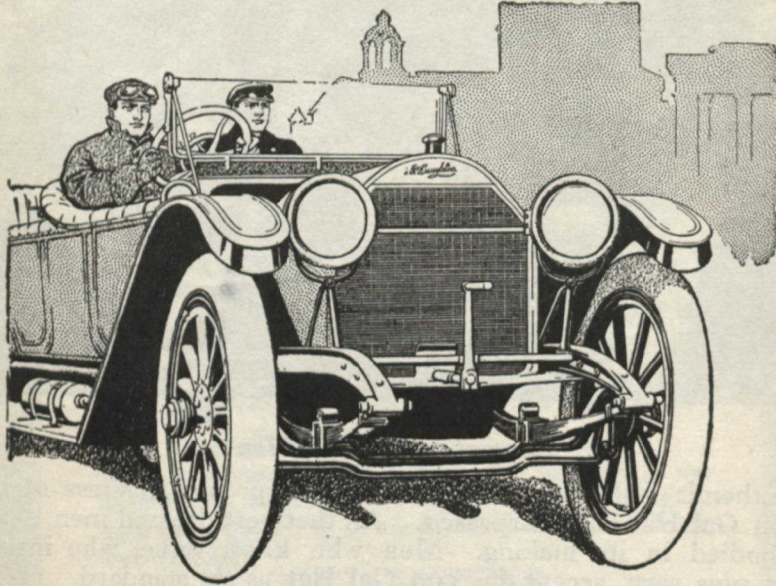
When you buy a razor with a Barrel Trade Mark you get razor perfection and the Barrel Mark is its guarantee—made of the finest tempered steel to keep your temper.

Sold where quality is demanded.

**GREEFF-BREDT & Co.,**  
**TORONTO**  
Canadian Agents



# McLaughlin



## McLaughlin Service Covers the Country.

**V**ITALLY important in buying a car is service—a feature sought by many but obtained by few. Consider then that which goes with every McLaughlin car. Through its depots located all over the country, over \$100,000 worth of parts are carried for the purpose of giving quick, adequate and economical service to the McLaughlin motorist. You may never need this service, it is true. All the same its mighty comforting to know that it is ready when and where you want it.

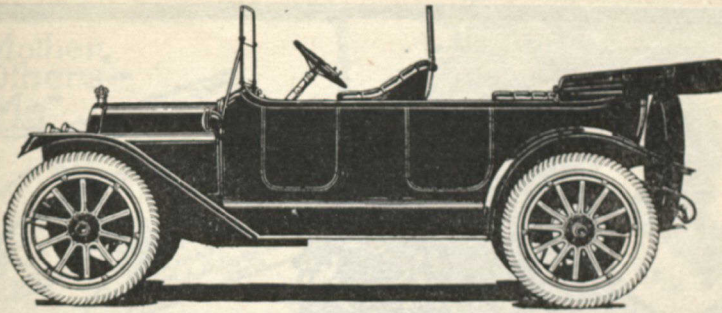
No other company in Canada has any thing like the same amount invested for this purpose. This is what we mean by McLaughlin service. It is all embracing, speedy, convenient. It covers the country.

*Send for literature descriptive of our 1913 models.*

**McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA**  
 Eastern Branch Houses: St. John, Belleville, Toronto, Hamilton, London.  
 Western Branch Houses: Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Vancouver.

## PRICES:

Russell-Knight  
"28"  
Touring Model  
\$3250  
Roadster  
Model \$3200



## PRICES:

Russell-Knight  
Seven  
Passenger  
\$3500  
F.O.B.  
West Toronto

## Mr. C. Y. Knight personally directed the development of the engine in the Russell-Knight "28"

For this reason alone the engine represents the most perfect type of Knight motor that has yet been built. The significance of this to the prospective owner lies in the fact that for some years, at least, Russell practice will be standard practice in perfecting the high-grade cars that incorporate the Knight Engine. It is fitting moreover, that such a wonderful engine should have been incorporated in the best Canadian car. For this great engineering triumph received its first recognition from the world's leading automobile manufacturers.

In this, our 1913 car, we know that we are offering to the prospective buyer a car that, for efficiency and comfort, is without peer in the Dominion, or for that matter, anywhere else. Among the features that ensure perfect comfort are—

Russell-Knight Engine.  
Russell Electric Starter.  
Left Drive and Centre Control.  
Combined Electric Dynamo and Motor for Starting Engine, Lighting Lamps and charging Battery.  
Electric Head Lamps, Side Lamps, Tail Lamps.  
Combined Speedometer and Clock, with Electric Light attached.  
Heating System for the Tonneau.  
Nonskid Tires, 36 x 4½".

Power Tire Pump.  
Demountable Rims, with one spare rim.  
Folding Glass Windshield for the Front Seat.  
Folding Glass Windshield for the Rear Seat.  
Extension Top with Side Curtains.  
Top Envelope,  
Foot Rest,  
Robe Rail,  
Tire Holders (double)  
Electric Horn, under the bonnet.

A Descriptive Catalogue will be mailed, or a demonstration arranged upon request

Russell Motor Car Co'y  
Limited  
Head Office and Factory  
West Toronto



Branches at Toronto, Hamilton,  
Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary,  
Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.



BY APPOINTMENT

# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR  
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,  
SALAD AND CHEESE



THE ORIGINAL  
AND GENUINE  
WORCESTERSHIRE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.



*Taylor's*  
**INFANTS-  
DELIGHT  
TOILET SOAP**

has for thirty years been Canada's favorite, and has steadily gained in popularity and sales. Its rich creamy lather---its delicate perfume --- its softening, healing effect on the skin ---these are some of the reasons. TRY it yourself and you'll find still more reasons for continuing to use it.

Your dealer can supply you with this and the many other Taylor-made Toilet Articles.

*John Taylor & Co., Ltd., Toronto*  
Oldest and Largest Perfumers  
and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada.



**Silver for the  
Country Home**

It is now the sensible practice of many city residents to store their sterling in safety vaults during their absence from town and use

**1847**

**ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

in their country homes. For quality, style, finish and wear there is no silver plate equal to this well-known brand.

Our new pattern, Old Colony, illustrated here, is ideal for Colonial and Old English dining rooms, and will appeal to all lovers of simplicity in silverware.

You can make no mistake in buying **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the severest kind of wear.

Guaranteed by the largest makers in the world. For sale by leading dealers. Visit the store of your local dealer and see for yourself the beauty of this famous silverware. Write for illustrated catalogue "T-14," showing many of the newest patterns.

Meriden Britannia Company  
HAMILTON, CAN.  
Meriden, Conn. New York  
Chicago San Francisco

OLD  
COLONY  
PATTERN





**O'K**

*for positive food value  
for aid to digestion  
for everyone at home*

**THE LIGHT BEER  
IN THE  
LIGHT BOTTLE**

Doctors could not prescribe a better tonic than this mild, health-giving food stimulant. Brewed from pure barley-malt, choicest hops and filtered water. Pure, sparkling, delicious—it perfectly meets the needs of a nourishing, stimulating food tonic.

283M

**"THE BEER THAT IS ALWAYS O.K."**

The housekeeper who would make wash-day easier,  
can do so by using

# EDDY'S WARES

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to retain heat longer and never rust. Being made in one seamless piece cannot splinter, and so the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

**EDDY'S WASHBOARDS**  
wash-day loses half its terrors. :: :: :: :: ::



# ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

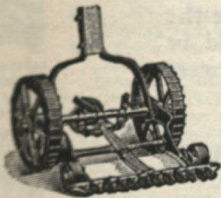
gets the credit for the health,  
of this family of eleven.

MAGOR SON & CO. Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

## Read what this Mother says :

"I am the mother of eleven children, and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,  
12 Mount Ash Road,  
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,  
London, England.



## What is Killing Your Lawn?

Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the

grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. *WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.*

**Clipper Lawn Mower Company**  
Dixon - - - - - Illinois

Washburne's Pat. "O.K." Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home. Made of Brass and nickel-plated Steel, three sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100 each. Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free. **YEARLY SALE NOW 100 MILLION.** THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

### WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address Dept. 278.

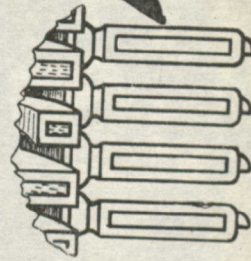
**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**  
806 Kent Building Toronto, Ontario

**The Prophylactic** Tooth Brush  
Used every day—note how your smile improves

Only one  
Boiler has  
them

*Individual Clean-out Doors*

This means  
Coal  
Economy



Opening the front door of a stove, furnace or boiler always causes some loss of heat through the inrush of cold air chilling the interior parts and carrying the heat from the fire in a whirlwind up the chimney.

The same loss of heat results when the clean-out doors of a hot water boiler are opened to scrape out the soot and dust that accumulates between the boiler sections.

That is why the "Sovereign" has a separate clean-out door for each section. In cleaning, only one door at a time is opened for the admission of cold air against the boiler section. Therefore the loss of heat is only one quarter what it would be if, as in other boilers, the clean-out doors were made in one piece and all opened together.

Other exclusive features of the "Sovereign."

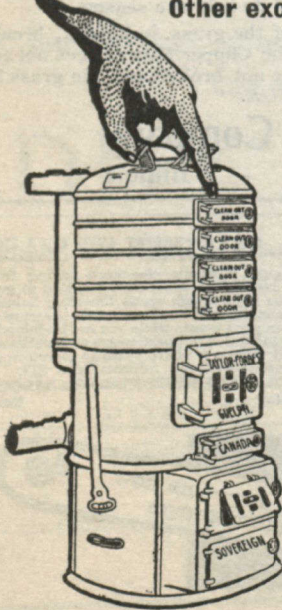
- Made for hard or soft coal.
- Large bell-mouthed flared flues.
- Larger first section.
- Improved rocking gate.
- Deep firepot with corrugated sloping walls.
- Corrugated water jacket surface.

## "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler

Made by

**Taylor - Forbes** Company,  
Limited  
Head Office and Works:  
GUELPH, ONT.

"Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators are installed by Heating Engineers and Plumbers throughout Canada.





# The Woodbury Book

on the care of the skin and hair

This book contains just the information you need to make your skin just what you want it to be—information gathered from years of experience in the treatment of thousands of cases of skin and scalp troubles.



## Read this table of contents

- The Skin**—Scientific facts about the skin that will be a revelation to you—the five functions of the skin.
- Soap**—What you can expect of a soap—five ways of using soap to improve your skin.
- The Tools You Need**—Descriptions, prices and correct method of using bath and face brushes, face cloths, hair brushes, etc., etc.
- The Face and Its Blemishes**—What causes three-fourths of the bad complexions—oily skin and shiny noses—conspicuous nose pores and how to reduce them—correct treatments for the most common blemishes.
- The Hair**—The importance of the scalp—how often to wash your hair—dandruff, what causes it and how to get rid of it—a sensible, clear explanation of baldness.
- Spring and Summer**—How to prepare the skin for troubles that come with spring—to protect the skin in summer—the havoc of sun-burn and the modern method of treating it—freckles, a new way to make them disappear—hives and their cause.
- Fall**—How to prepare the skin for winter winds—how to whiten the skin—the true value of massage, with concise directions for the best movements.
- The Bath**—How to get the greatest benefit from bathing—the effect of the daily bath on the complexion—10 different kinds of baths and what may be expected from each.
- The Baby and the Young Child**—How to preserve the exquisite skin of the child—the importance of starting right—the crime against the child of five—what to do for prickly heat and rashes.
- Hints**—Some “don'ts” about the skin—treatments for sallow complexions—sluggish skins—neck and throat—cautions for the brunette—a special talk to blondes.
- A Personal Talk**—The effect of fatigue on the skin—how to use sleep intelligently—a helpful program for each day.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap

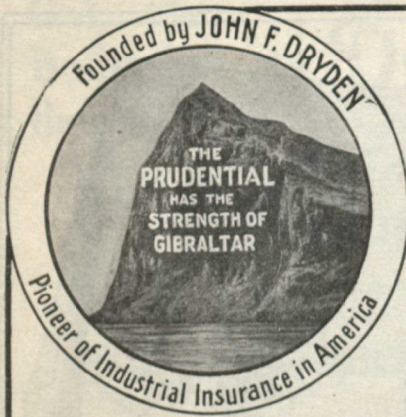
For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada



## Accept this offer today

Second edition of this valuable book now ready handsomely printed and illustrated. We offer it direct to you, postpaid, for only 50c a copy. With it we will send samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder without extra charge.

For 4c we send a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap only. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 109-D, Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.



# Wonderful Increase in 1912

*In Strength, Stability, Safety  
and Public Usefulness*

Assets, over	-	-	-	-	291 Million Dollars
Liabilities	{ Including Policy Reserve, 228 Million Dollars; and amount set aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, 31½ Million Dollars; of which there is payable in 1913, over 4 Million Dollars }	-	-	-	nearly 267 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over		-	-	-	24 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1912, over	-	-	-	-	31 Million Dollars

**Total Paid Policyholders Since Organization,  
Plus amount held at interest to their credit, over  
FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS**

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1912, over	-	-	-	480 Million Dollars
Increase in Insurance in Force, over	-	-	-	192 Million Dollars

**More than 11 Million Policies in Force Insuring over  
2 BILLION, 211 MILLION DOLLARS**

Over \$73,000,000 invested in Real Estate Bonds and Mortgages.

**Amount of Voluntary Concessions paid to Policy-  
holders to date, nearly 17½ Million Dollars.**

Premiums were Reduced in 1912 on New Ordinary Policies, and on new \$500. and \$750. Inter-  
mediate Policies.

126,000 Death Claims and Endowments paid in 1912.

Lowest Expense Rate in the Company's History.

# The Prudential

**Insurance Company of America**

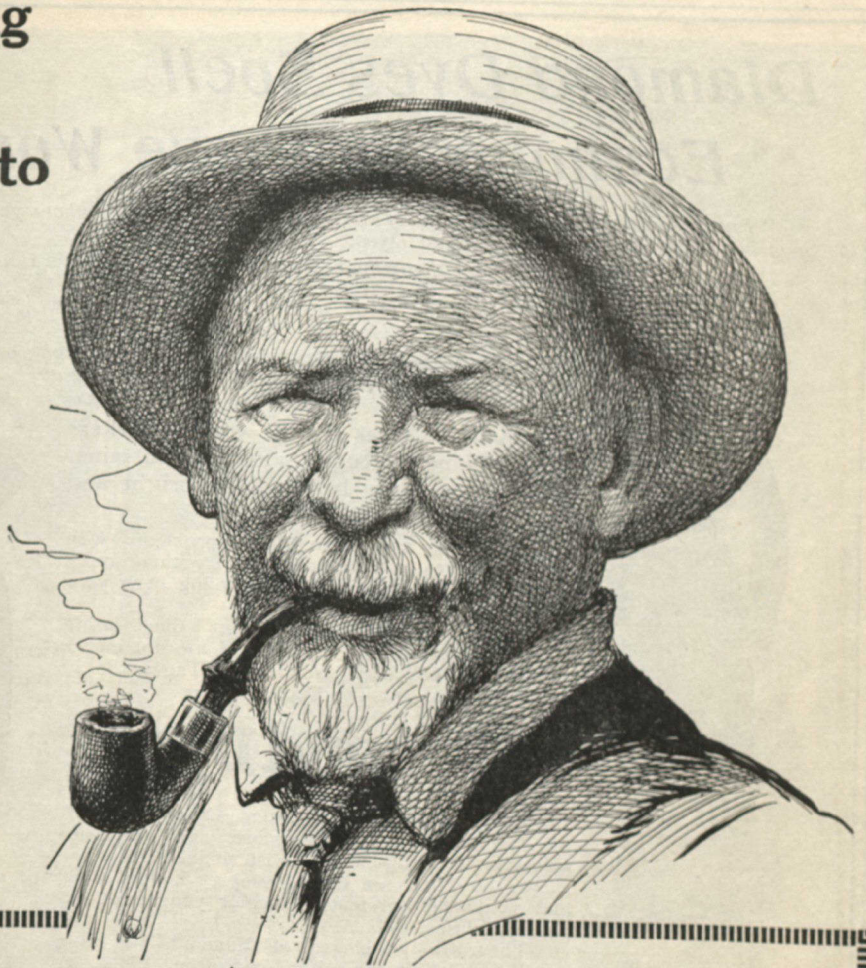
INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

**Suggested:** (Whether you are insured or not) write for particulars of Prudential Monthly Income Policy, which guarantees an income for 20 years or life. Write today. Dept. 23.

Getting  
right  
down to  
brass  
tacks!



# PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

P.A. in the tidy  
2 oz.  
red tin



Copyright by R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co., Winston-  
Salem, N. C., 1912.

**Says "Hunch":**

"You buy P. A. around the corner, up in Alaska, down in Georgia—or anywhere else you might journey. You'll find it the king-pin of 'em all everywhere, because men know it's the joy smoke! Try it in one of those 'Bent Ungers' Doc is smoking up top there."

You hit up a jimmy pipe jammed brimful of P. A. and get a run for your money! Talk about pipe smoking! There never was anything like P. A.—so fresh and fragrant, so good!

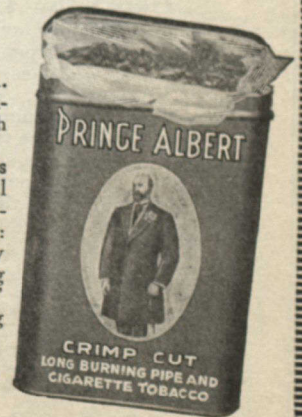
There's joy stored up for you in every grain of this bully tobacco—whether you light the old jimmy or roll a cigarette—every puff makes it more and more the tobacco that tickles your palate most! *Your brand?* Listen:

P. A. can't bite, because the patented process by which it is made cuts out the sting. Hence, it's one long joy pull—from first fire-up down to the sweet "heel."

Get the idea while the spirit of Spring is bubbling in your system!

*Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2 oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.



# Diamond Dyes Spell Economy for these Women

"I am sending you photographs of my sister and myself, to show you what we have been able to do with Diamond Dyes.

"The gown that I have on I made over from material we had in a tan broadcloth Russian Blouse that we never liked. We dyed this black. My sister's suit we made according to a—pattern, from a grey Homespun suit which we dyed navy blue.

"I think you can see from these photographs of my sister and myself how much Diamond Dyes mean to us."

Mrs. J. R. Raymond



Made over from tan  
Broadcloth dyed black

Diamond Dyes are the wonder-workers of the home. Rugs, portières, curtains, feathers, etc., can be made as bright and fresh as new.

You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not try them on a sample first nor practice before dyeing even your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. Don't say, "Oh, I am not clever enough to work such wonders." Thousands of twelve-year-old girls use Diamond Dyes.

## Diamond Dyes

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes today. It will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor your most expensive fabrics.

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in **Blue** envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**.

**Wool** and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

### Do not be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

**REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods**.

**AND REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk**.

*Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.*

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, QUE.



Made from over grey Home-  
spun dyed navy blue



Always buy  
**Libby's**  
 The brand  
 you can  
 trust

The Libby Triangle Signifies  
 Quality - Flavor  
 Convenience



**It's Safe  
and Easy**

To shake the shackles that coffee has placed upon you when

**Instant  
Postum**

is made the daily beverage.

It is regular Postum, percolated at the factory and reduced to a soluble powder. A level teaspoonful in cup with hot water makes a delicious beverage **instantly**.

Suppose you try ten days of freedom.

*"There's a Reason"*

The Advantages of Drinking

**BAKER'S  
C O C C O A**



Registered  
Trade-Mark

*The Cocoa of  
High Quality*

lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

**Walter Baker & Co. Limited**

Established 1780

Montreal, Can.

Dorchester, Mass.



The very soul of the flowers is caught and held captive in this exquisite perfume of . . .

*Taylor's*

—the first perfumers of Canada, and the creators of distinctive perfumes that rival the choicest of the old world.

**PANDORA**  
PERFUME

is a fascinating fragrance—alluring, subtle and thoroughly feminine. The Perfume, par excellence, for dainty women.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD. - TORONTO**

**MENNEN'S**

**"FOR MINE"**



**Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder**

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

**GERHARD MENNEN CO.**

Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark