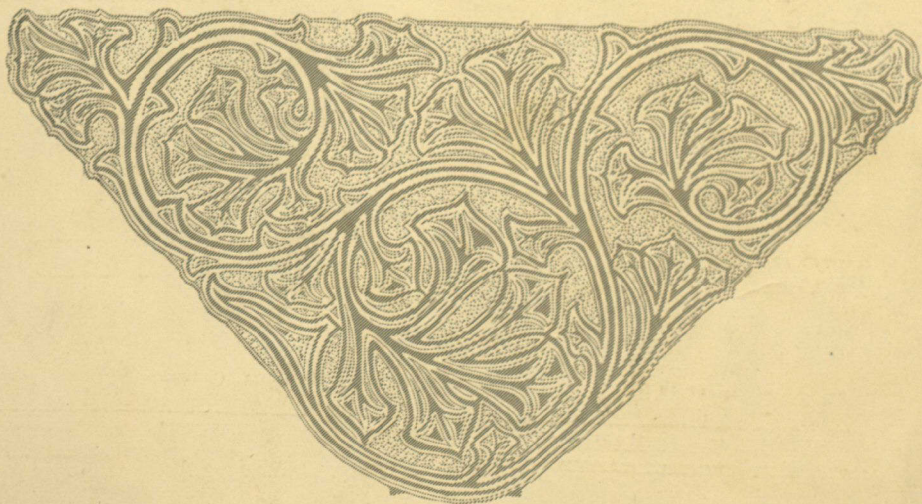
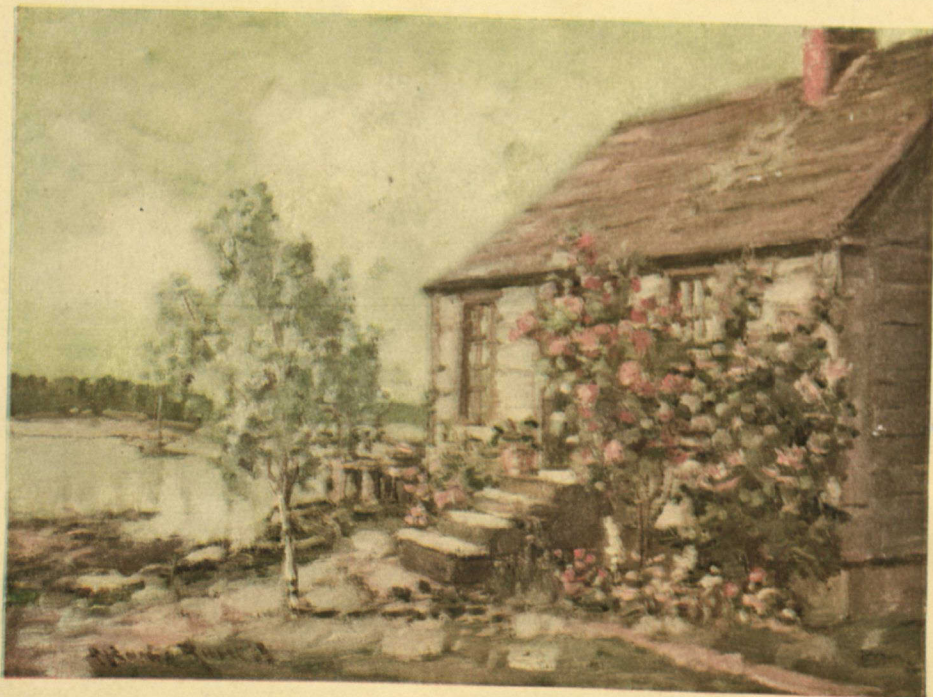


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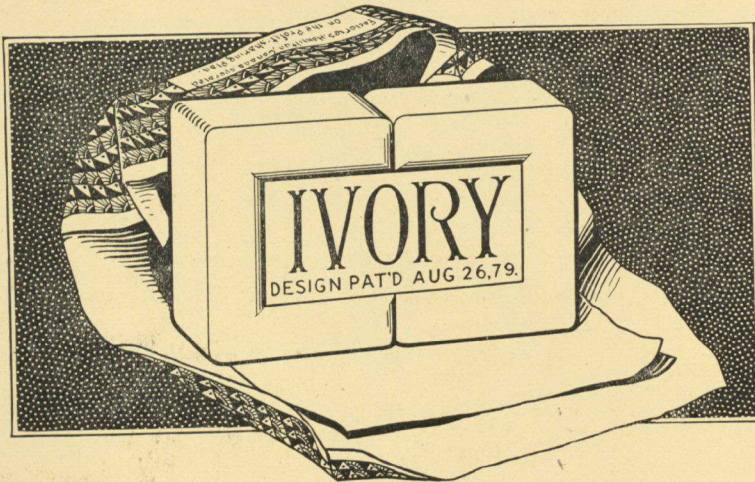
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JUNE, 1917

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIX

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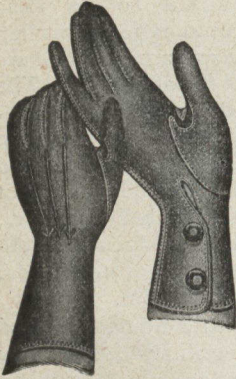
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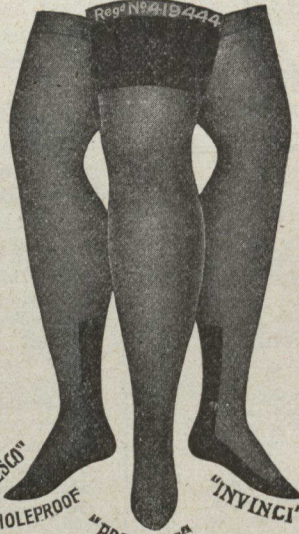
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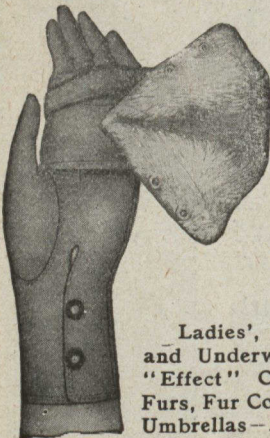
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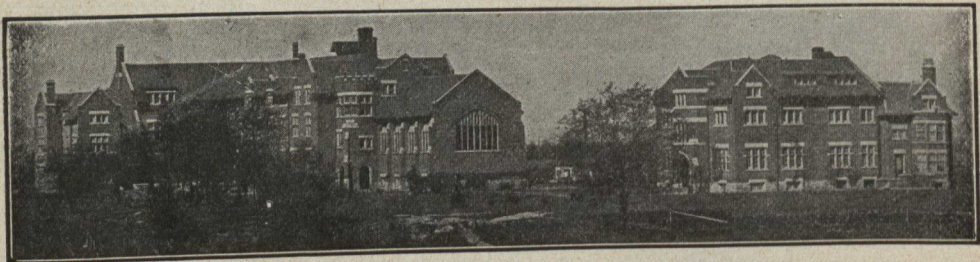
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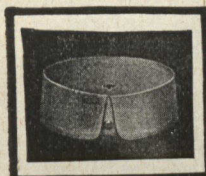
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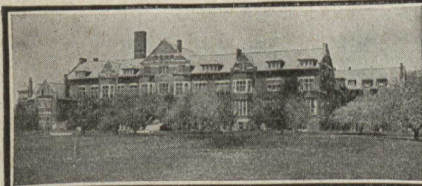
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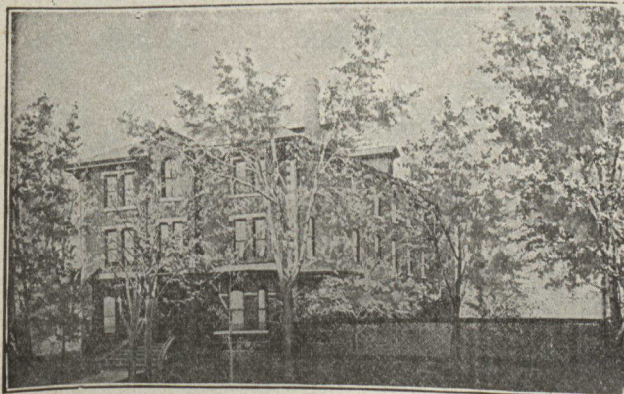
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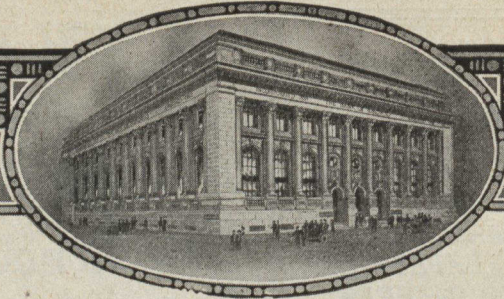
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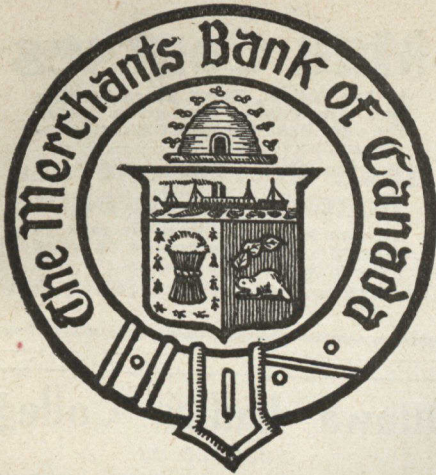
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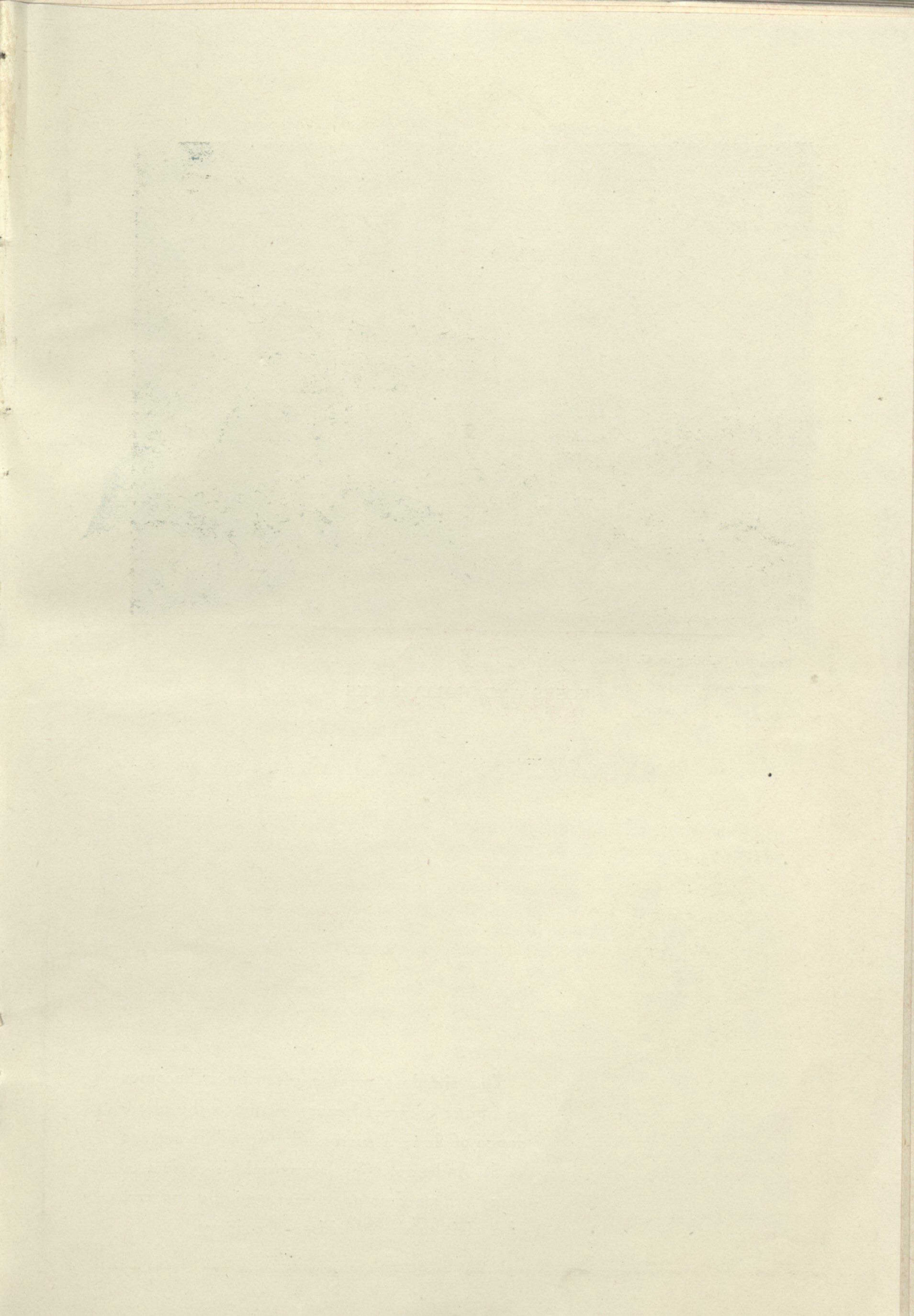
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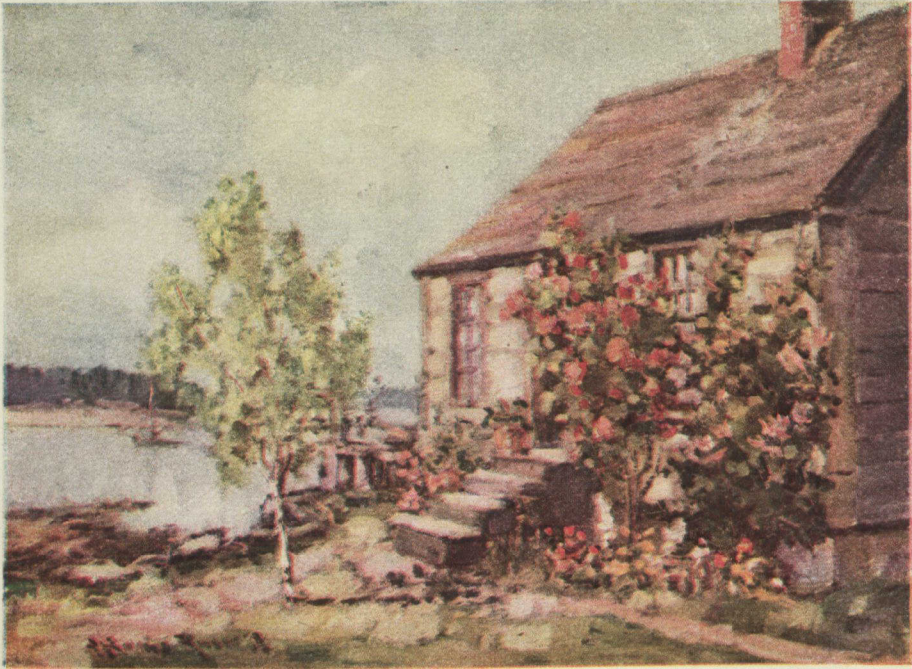
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From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

ROSES AND HOLLYHOCKS

The simplest cottage oftentimes becomes an object of great beauty owing to the abundance of flowers surrounding it. This cottage at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, is typical of many others that add greatly to the interest of a visit to the Maritime Provinces.



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIX

TORONTO, JUNE, 1917

No. 2

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S
PATRIOTIC WOMEN
By Mabel Durham

It is generally conceded that there is no province in the Dominion which has made a more prompt response to the call for an army of 500,000 men than British Columbia, where one in every ten of the entire population is wearing khaki. And, furthermore, it is perhaps not so well known that while the men have been quick to answer the call the women have not been behind them in manifesting a patriotic spirit.

There is a stage in human suffering when there are not longer any degrees of comparison, but if it were possible to compare the weight of anxiety which bears upon the hearts of women who in every part of the British Empire are waiting for news from that

vague, mysterious Front, somewhere in France, or Mesopotamia, or Egypt, it would seem as if the burden of those who are waiting on the other side of the world from where their men are facing death might be a little heavier than that of those who have at least the sense of nearness to comfort them. In the homes of British Columbia the wives and sweethearts and mothers and sisters of nearly 40,000 men are waiting thus, and their patriotic fervour has not been the only motive power in the work they have done, but they have also been driven by the need of a task, concentration on which might help them in some measure to endure this terrible strain of waiting, six thousand miles away, for news which travels so slowly across



THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE
EMPIRE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

In Session at Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor in Victoria

the sea and then across the continent.

Not only in the cities and towns and the populous districts have the women rallied for work, although it was in these centres that the first organized movement took place, but on the lonely ranches of the interior, in the fishing villages of the coast, in the lumber camps in the heart of the great forests and in the remote mining settlements in the mountains the women have gathered in little groups and cheered one another in their efforts.

The first organized movement among the women after the outbreak of the war was made by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, a society which many people of a practical turn of mind had come to regard as rather more ornamental than useful, from the fact that it had been merely marking time during the years since the South African war, which called it into being. Many of its own members had ceased to have a very definite idea of what its mission really was and some of its chapters had wandered far afield from the original line marked out for it and

were engaging in philanthropic, educational or missionary activities.

But when the war beacons blazed with such appalling suddenness it was not long before the public was forced to recognize the value of a great national patriotic organization which, even if not active at the time, had all its machinery ready to be set in motion at a moment's notice. The first call to the women of British Columbia came from the national headquarters of the Order in Toronto, when \$10,000 was asked as their share toward the hospital ship which it was proposed should be presented by the women of Canada to the British Admiralty. So swift was the response of the Pacific coast members that in less than a week after war had been declared they had forwarded more than \$18,000 for this fund through the headquarters of the provincial organization in Victoria.

When this had been accomplished the leaders of the Order lost no time in learning from the officers commanding Canadian troops what articles were most likely to be needed, and at once supply depots and receive-



MRS. BARNARD

Wife of the Honourable F. S. Barnard, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. She is Honorary President of the Provincial Organization of the Daughters of the Empire.



MRS EDWARD S. HASSELL

Provincial Secretary of the Daughters of the Empire in British Columbia



MRS. ALBERT E. GRIFFITHS

Head of the Daughters of the Empire for the City of Victoria

ing stations were opened. Within a week or two hundreds of women in the cities and towns were making shirts and socks. The women of the West were not expert in the use of knitting needles as those of the East have always been; indeed the homely craft was almost unknown on the Pacific slope until the sudden demand created by the war revived it. But the optimism, one might almost say heroism, with which women who had never had a knitting needle in their hands set out to learn to make socks, and succeeded, was one of the many surprises which the war has developed.

Not far behind the women of the towns were those of the farming communities, the work there being at first directed through the agency of the Women's Institutes. In places where there was no existing society ready for organized effort it was not long until patriotic leagues were formed through the medium of which those who were anxious to help might find an outlet

for their zeal, and the spirit spread to still more sparsely populated districts until it reached remote valleys and lonely mountain trails and women all over the Province were finally busy and striving through the activity of their hands to subdue that of their minds.

Even the native Indian women were eager to have a share in the work of making comforts for the troops, and before the second contingent left several cases of garments designed for the British Columbia men were sent to a depot in Victoria through the missionary of one of the villages on Vancouver Island. Since then the women of the reservations on both the Island and the Mainland have sent regular contributions of socks made from wool spun and carded by themselves, into many of which they have woven their tribal names and the totems of their families. As some of these go to overseas hospitals where men of all the allied nations are cared for, one won-



MRS. JULIA W. HENSHAW, F.R.G.S.

A Vice-President of the National Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire



MRS. HENRY CROFT

President of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in British Columbia

ders what significance these curious symbols may have for the Russian or French soldier, or even for the English Tommy, for whom, by chance, these pathetic offerings of the sad remnant of a passing race may be destined.

The first object of the workers was the outfitting of the men of the local regiments, but as more and more women were drawn into the organizations, and as the work became more systematized and the output steadily increased, it was inevitable that their patriotic endeavour should become broader in its scope. The appeal of the Red Cross was not unanswered; when the sufferings of the Belgians touched the sympathies of the civilized world during the early months of the war not only a large sum of money but an enormous quantity of clothing went from the women of the Last West to those of the martyred nation. There have been innumerable "tag

days", when the women of Victoria and Vancouver have stood upon the street corners for long hours collecting contributions for the French Red Cross, the Italian Red Cross, the Jewish sufferers in Poland, the stricken Serbians, and for the many funds which have been launched. In the city of Vancouver alone the women have raised more than \$75,000 for the prisoners of war.

No organization has been second to the Red Cross Society in the extent and magnitude of the work done, and since its formation many new societies have come into existence with the object of promoting special lines of patriotic endeavour. But the Daughters of the Empire have the honour of being first in the field in British Columbia and it was their privilege, which they owed to the perfection of their organization, to inaugurate war work for women, and to make the people realize from the outset that it was not



MRS. C. D. NEROUTSOS

Organizing Secretary of the Daughters of the Empire for the Province of British Columbia



MRS. W. J. BOWSER

A member of the Executive Committee of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

enough to send their men to the front but that their needs must be supplied by those at home.

Very soon after August, 1914, many new chapters of the Order were formed throughout the Province, and the membership was doubled. As the war has progressed, the increase in the number of workers and in their enthusiasm has steadily continued. So energetic have the members been that since the beginning of the war they have raised more than \$150,000, as well as having collected enormous quantities of field comforts and hospital supplies. In one day the branch in Victoria collected 4,500 pairs of socks. The organization in Vancouver sent forward in one special shipment two hundred cases amounting to fifteen tons of hospital supplies, this being the result of a "linen day" collection. From time to time campaigns have been inaugurated in behalf of specific objects such as the sending of

a huge consignment of home-made jam for men in the hospitals as was done last summer, but these have never been allowed to interfere with the routine work which has always gone on without interruption, the regular weekly shipments being made with the same unflinching punctuality.

The headquarters of the provincial organization of the Order are in Victoria, the capital city, and the Honourary President is Mrs. Barnard, wife of the Honourable F. S. Barnard, Lieutenant-Governor. Mrs. Barnard is a native daughter of British Columbia, and before her husband was called to fill its highest office she was not only a leader in social circles in the capital but was always an enthusiastic patron of philanthropic enterprises and those having for their object the advancement of the artistic and intellectual life of the city. Since she has been chatelaine of Government House, a position which has made it



MRS. BELSON

Vice-President of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in British Columbia. She is the wife of Major Belson, now serving in Mesopotamia, and a sister of Sir Percy Lake.



LADY TUPPER

Vice-President of the Provincial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of British Columbia, and Regent of the Municipal Chapter of Vancouver. Recently she was made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

possible for her to give more effective support to undertakings in behalf of public welfare, she has not failed to make the most of her increased opportunities for service.

Government House, which before the war was the scene of much social gaiety, has since been a rallying point for patriotic endeavour, and almost the only festive gatherings which take place there now are those which are planned for the purpose of raising money for the various funds which the war has made necessary. One of the first of these was a great "linen shower" for the Queen's Canadian Hospital at Shorncliffe, when the public was invited to see the donations which were displayed in the big ball-room. Since then this apartment has been the scene of many concerts and other entertainments arranged by the Daughters of the Empire and the drawing-rooms have also on many oc-

casions been given up to their use as work-rooms.

The Honourary Vice-President is Lady McBride, wife of Sir Richard McBride, a former Premier, who is now Commissioner for the Province in London. The President is Mrs. Henry Croft, who is also a native British Columbian, a daughter of the Honourable Robert Dunsmuir, the famous pioneer of Vancouver Island. She is a woman of unusual attainments and of a highly altruistic spirit who has spent much of her life in well-directed efforts in behalf of her native Province and in the promotion of an Imperial sentiment, in recognition of which she was recently made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She has had an able supporter in the Secretary, Mrs. Hassell, another public-spirited woman who since the beginning of the war has devoted herself to patriotic work.



VICTORIA DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

At work in one of the Drawing-rooms at Government House

The executive committee also includes the Vice-Presidents, one of whom is Lady Tupper, wife of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, and daughter-in-law of the late Sir Charles Tupper, both of whom have played a prominent part in the political history of Canada. Lady Tupper, who is also Regent of the Municipal Chapter of the Order in Vancouver, shares with Mrs. Croft the honour of being a Lady of Grace, they being the only women in British Columbia who have received this decoration. The other Vice-President is Mrs. Belson, wife of Major Belson, now serving in Mesopotamia, and a sister of Sir Percy Lake. The Organizing Secretary is

Mrs. Neroutsos, a woman of marked executive ability, and another member of the executive is Mrs. Bowser, wife of a former Premier of the Province. The Municipal Regent in Victoria is Mrs. Albert E. Griffiths.

After nearly three years of work these Pacific coast Daughters of the Empire show no sign of relaxation in their efforts. On the contrary, as fresh drafts of men have gone overseas and the needs have become greater, the supplies have been forthcoming in proportion, and there is no doubt that whatever demand the future may make in sacrifice or labour the women of the Last West may be counted on to do their share in meeting it.

UP THE GREAT LAKES

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

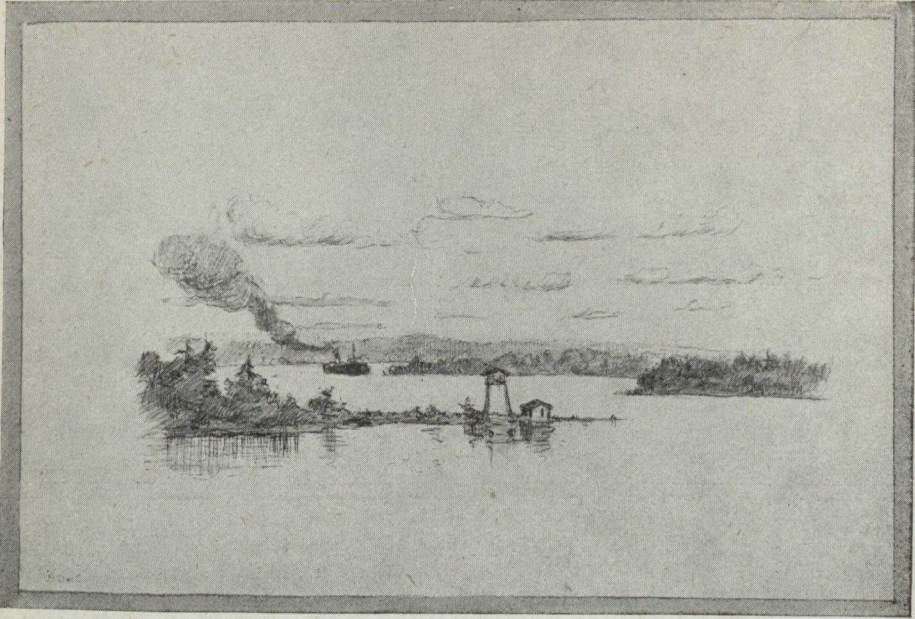
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERTHE DES CLAYES



Of the four Great Lakes, Huron and Superior are pre-eminently the greatest. Superior, the greater of these two, is four hundred miles long, and in maximum width 160 miles. Lake Huron is two hundred and eighty miles long, and its greatest width is 105 miles. Both touch the Province of Ontario on the north side and the States of Michigan and Wisconsin on the south, and they lie almost midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. From time immemorial their giant bosoms have been the natural highway of the red man and, later, of the white, and to-day the tonnage of their shipping which passes through the connecting canals at Sault Ste. Marie is recorded as being greater even than the tonnage of the Suez.

"Up the Lakes" has been for two generations a common expression in Ontario and the neighbouring States of the Republic, and yet how few persons have a proper appreciation of what it means! We take a trip to Atlantic City, to the Adirondacks, to the Maine Coast; a journey to California, to Florida, to Mexico; a voyage to Bermuda, to Jamaica, or perhaps farther abroad. And yet, like the people of St. Paul's Churchyard who ignore the things that others travel hundreds of miles to see, we are prone to neglect the transcending beauties and glories that invest almost our very doorstep.

The trip up the Great Lakes is taken mostly by boat, although there is a pleasant preliminary jaunt by railway to Port McNicoll, a small town on a south-easterly inlet of Georgian Bay. Nicollet, an adventurous French-Canadian, blazed the trail by canoe just fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. But what a difference between his means of travel, between his frail canoe and, for comparison, the *Keewatin*, one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's fleet of steamers that ply between Port McNicoll and For William! Nicollet travelled in a craft scarcely more than twenty feet long. The *Keewatin* and her sister the *Assiniboia* are 350 feet long. Nicollet's canoe might have carried half a dozen men. These modern palaces of the inland waters carry three hundred passengers. Undoubtedly Nicollet slept beneath his overturned craft. On the *Keewatin* it is possible to occupy a brass double bed, with an electric reading-lamp at the head, an electric fan close at hand, and a shower or tub bath in the adjoining portion of the cabin. Even La Salle, who, like Nicollet, was searching for the westward route to China, could not have dreamed that his *Griffon*, which was built in 1679, the first sailboat to navigate those waters, would have seemed beside a vessel of the *Keewatin* type like a miniature fit only to be preserved in a glass case. But the *Griffon*, with



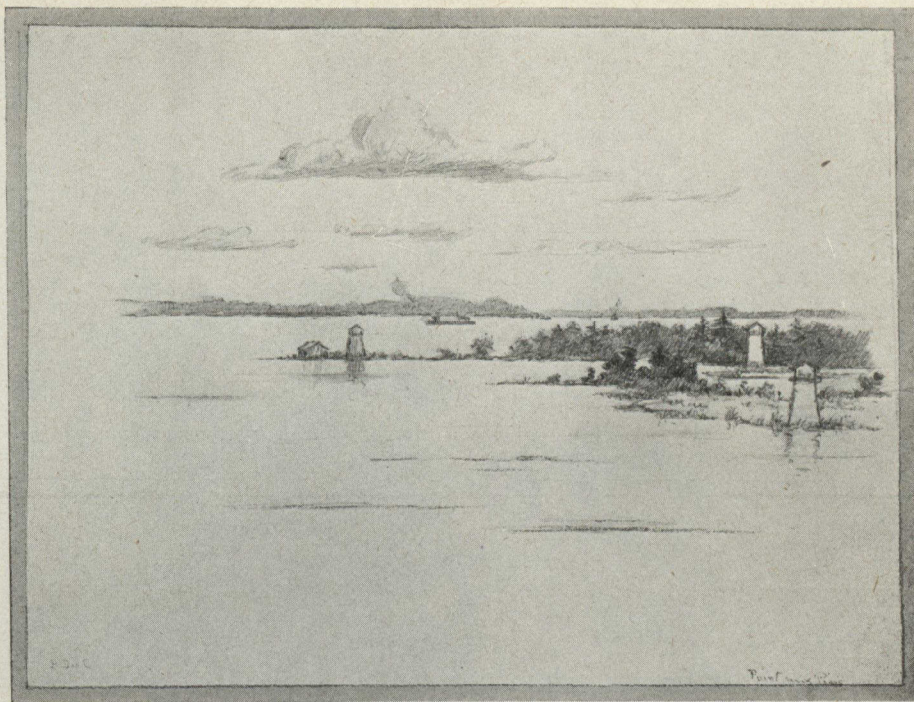
POINTE AUX PINES, ON ST. MARY'S RIVER

what in its day were huge billowing sails, was a vessel of much pretension, and by the Indians it was dreaded one moment and admired the next.

From Port McNicoll, where the railway train stops with only a few yards of green sward between it and the wharf, the steamship moves majestically out into Georgian Bay, a wonderful body of water supposed to contain ten thousand islands. Most of these islands are heavily wooded, and as the vessel takes her course amongst them the passengers watch the shore line in the hope of seeing deer or moose or some other creature of this habitat coming down to drink. Two hundred and eighty miles, most of the distance, however, in the unbroken water of the lake, are sailed before one enters the beautiful and historic St. Mary's River, a natural waterway unsurpassed for picturesqueness and charm.

In Canada, even within the territories that long have been settled, there are several wonderful and delightful navigable rivers. St. Mary's and the

St. Lawrence come first in importance, and no one could tell which of these two is the more interesting. The St. Lawrence, of course, carries great Atlantic liners up to the head of ocean navigation at Montreal, and seeing her magnificent shores in day time one would think that there could be no more beautiful scenery in all Canada. But St. Mary's River loses nothing by comparison. Her distant hills reveal a purple glory like the Laurentians, and her valleys display in summer fields of ripening grain and in autumn wide green spaces from which the crops have been harvested. The colour of the landscape on either side is displayed in great splashes of greens, yellows and purples. It perhaps is less pastoral than the St. Lawrence, certainly less than the St. John, and it is less confusing in detail. Both the St. Lawrence and the St. John give glimpses of prosperous farmsteads, with modern houses and capacious barns. But St. Mary's River, with notable exceptions in the form of summer cottages, sawmills, and beautiful-

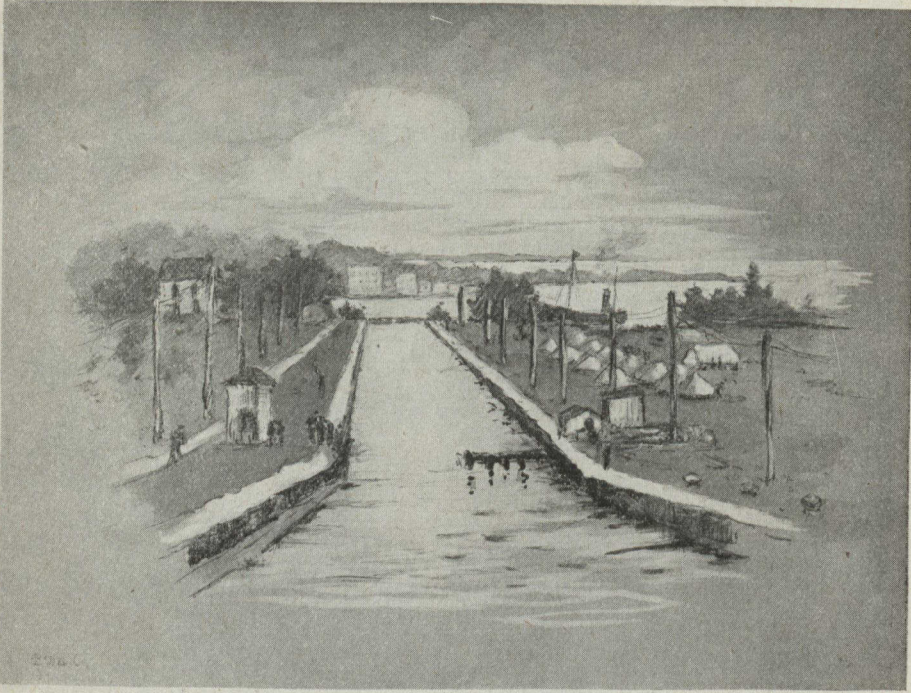


ANOTHER VIEW OF POINTE AUX PINES

ly situated villages, is more primitive, the log cabin, for example, being a sight common on these shores. The heavy green of the spruce is broken on the Canadian side by the slender trunks and white, shining bark of the birch, and on the American side one sees here and there clumps of stately elms.

It is an interesting circumstance that as the steamship passes up the river the passengers are almost constantly in sight of both shores, the Canadian on the one side, the American on the other. They realize, then, that they are travelling along a great international highway, a highway that is shared amicably by two great peoples. And here the thoughts come to one, and the question arises, Is there any difference? Does the face of the land look different on the American side from the Canadian side? One has to confess that it does. But it is not greatly different in its natural aspects.

On the American side, however, more advantage has been taken of the excellent locations for summer cottages, summer hotels and summer resorts. A reason might be found in the fewer Canadian towns and cities to demand the luxury of summer time change of scene and recreation. Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian side, is in this respect, however, a happy exception. A few years ago the American side was larger and busier and more promising, but the Canadian "Soo" has the distinction of being the only instance of a Canadian town getting ahead of its American neighbour. As the vessel approaches this historic upper end of St. Mary's River one notices the picturesque dwellings on the Canadian side and the more imposing structures nearer the centre of the city. Of more interest to the traveller, however, are the great locks that comprise the several canals that lead from the lower water of Huron to the higher



THE CANADIAN LOCK AT SAULT STE. MARIE

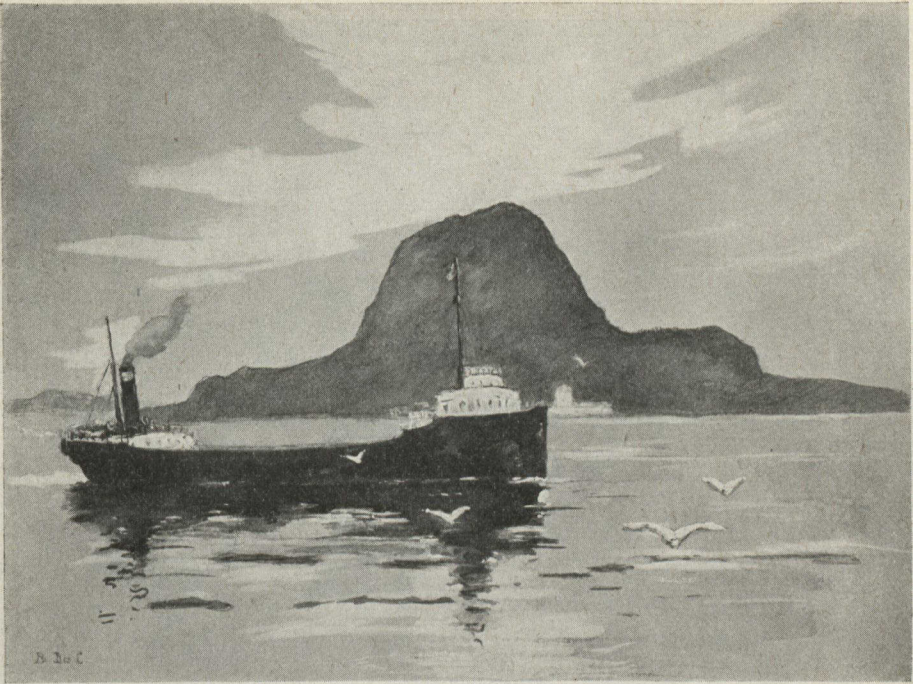
water of Superior, and fortunate indeed is the boat that does not have to wait for its turn to enter.

The safe navigation of this great inland river requires an elaborate system of lighting and directing. Light-houses accentuate every prospect, standing out against the green of the land or the blue of the water like great white monuments. The cost of their maintenance, as well as of other aids to navigation, is shared by the two countries. This cost is constantly and increasingly great, for as the immense tonnage of the cargoes from Duluth and Fort William increases, increasing facilities have to be provided. The latest is a large new canal built by the United States, which will add greatly to the aggregate capacity.

The first canal at Sault Ste. Marie was built by the Nor'west Company in 1797, and was burned during the war of 1812. It had one lock, thirty-eight feet long, eight feet, nine inches wide, and the lift was nine feet. Put

that beside the lock 900 feet long built in Canada and opened in 1895. Put that in turn beside the one, 1,350 feet long, which was built later by the United States, with the fourth and largest of all about to be completed. So that what confronts the visitor by vessel at Sault Ste. Marie is four canals, any one of which he is at liberty to use when his turn comes. Canada here pays no canal toll to the United States, nor does the United States pay any to Canada. A vessel flying the Stars and Stripes at Sault Ste. Marie will enter the Canadian lock without preference if it should happen to be clear. And if it should fly the Union Jack it will enter any one of the three American locks should it prefer to do so.

The amount of tonnage that passes through these locks is enormous. It consists mostly of wheat, oats, flour, iron ore, coal, copper, manufactured iron, and lumber. This huge tonnage accounts for the scores of big black



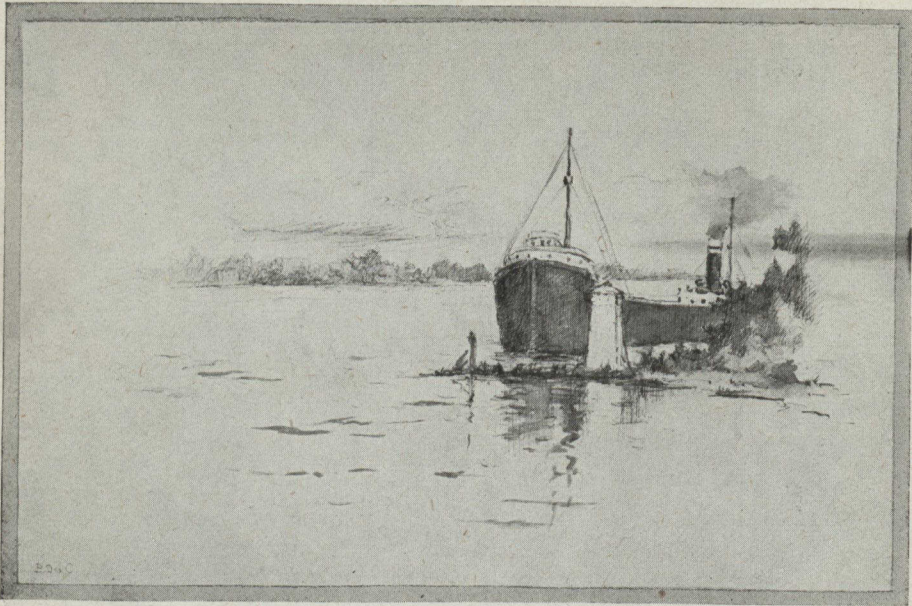
A FREIGHTER PASSING THUNDER CAPE

freighters that salute and pass in a seemingly endless line. Sometimes they go two abreast and their waters ripple in the sunlight by day and the moonlight by night and melt into each other as they recede towards the horizon.

Having passed up through one of the canals at Sault Ste. Marie, the vessel moves out upon the deep blue surface of the greatest of all inland lakes. Superior is noted for its calm surface, its great depth, its low temperature and its glorious sunsets, which are the equal of any seen at sea. It is a fine experience to stand on the promenade deck of a vessel of the type of the *Keewatin* and the *Assiniboia* and watch the sun slowly sink to the horizon. The vessel may be in mid-lake, and if so no land is visible, nothing can be seen on all hands but the sky above and the wonderful, deep blue water below. The beauty and solemnity of the scene can be appreciated properly from the promenade deck, which is a feature of this class of

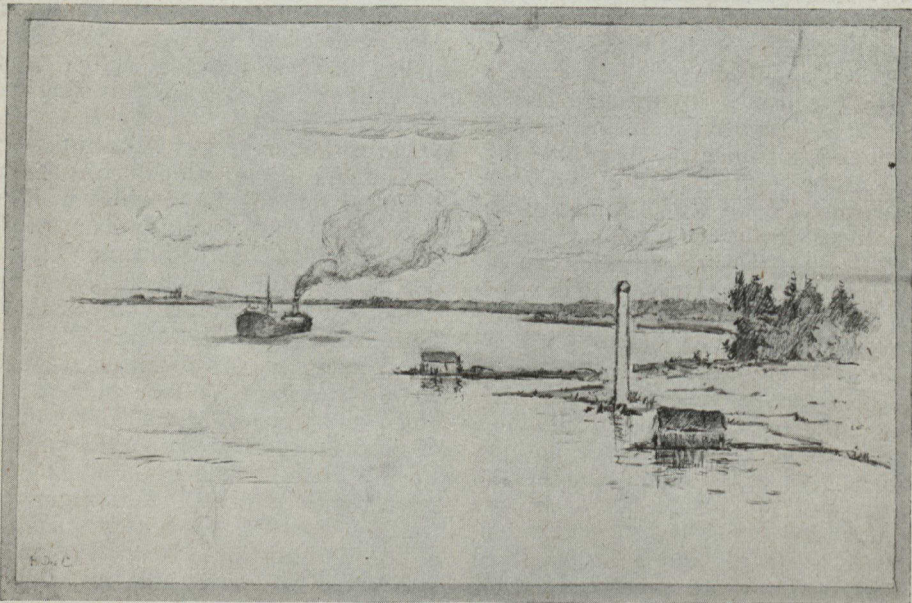
steamship. To walk around it gives one the exercise of walking around a city block. But how different the air, how different the scene! There is nothing overhead to obstruct the view, and as the vessel speeds along one feels the exhilaration of actually riding on the air.

One of the features of Lake Superior is Thunder Cape, which rises to a height of 1,400 feet and which will be associated forever with Indian tradition. Even to-day the Sleeping Giant can be seen laid out on his couch of stone. The Cape is on the outer rim of Thunder Bay, at the head of which are located the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, which combined make one of the largest points of shipment of grain in the world. Fort William, which is the more historic, began as a small trading post of the Nor'west Company at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River. In 1807 it received its present name in honour of William McGillivray, one of the

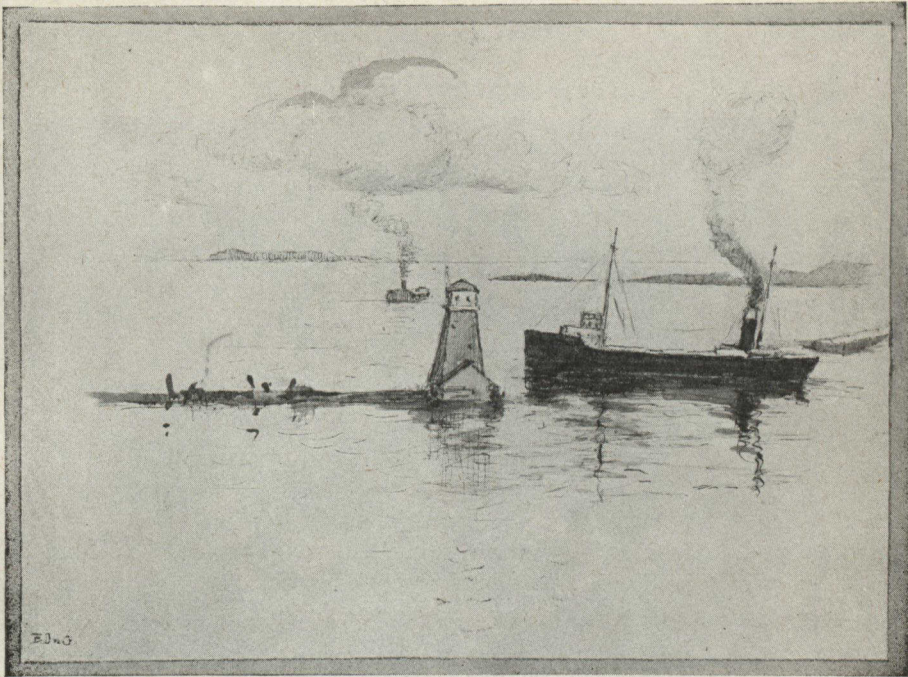


A FREIGHTER ROUNDING A LIGHTHOUSE ON ST. MARY'S RIVER

head men of the company. Almost all the grain produced in that vast grain-producing territory that lies between Winnipeg and the Peace River passes through the huge elevators here at the head of inland lake navigation. There are twenty-five of these elevators—their aggregate capacity is al-



ON ST. MARY'S RIVER, NEAR SAULT STE. MARIE



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT PORT ARTHUR

most 50,000,000 bushels. The grain is carried down the lake in great black freighters, one of which, for instance, is 625 feet long—the longest vessel of the kind in the world. She has carried on one trip almost 400,000 bushels of wheat. Engaged in this business of carrying grain there is a great fleet of these black monsters, and one of the sights to be remarked during a trip up these lakes is the almost continuous line of them passing down to discharge their precious cargoes at some port on the Georgian Bay. The first shipment was made in 1883, when a cargo of 10,000 bushels was loaded by means of push carts. From this small beginning the shipments quickly increased in size and number. In 1887 7,000,000 bushels were transhipped here, and last year, during what is called the “crop” year, the shipments reached the enormous total of 349,000,000 bushels.

It is an interesting experience just

to pass along the waterfront at Port Arthur and Fort William, where the Dominion Government has spent millions of dollars in improving a harbour that has a frontage thirty-two miles long. The huge grain elevators are more dramatic than the pyramids of Egypt, and, with Mount Mackay frowning above, the scene is unusually impressive. Besides the fine passenger steamship of the type described, the freighters of many kinds pass in and out during the season of navigation, which, by means of an ice-crushing service maintained by the Dominion Government, is extended about twenty days, a period at that time of year that is of immense importance.

As a change from the trip abroad, to California, to Atlantic City or the Grand Canyon, let me recommend the Great Lakes. As a change from the heat and staleness of city or town, let me urge it. As an ideal week-end trip it recommends itself.

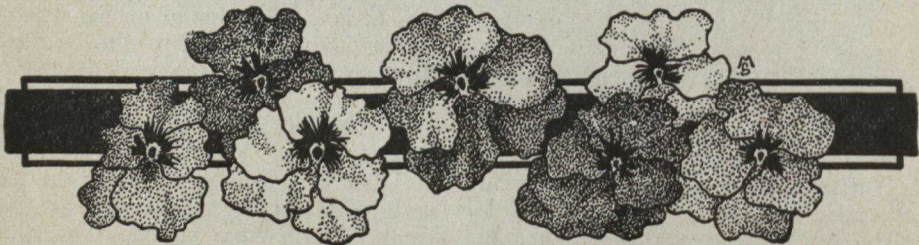
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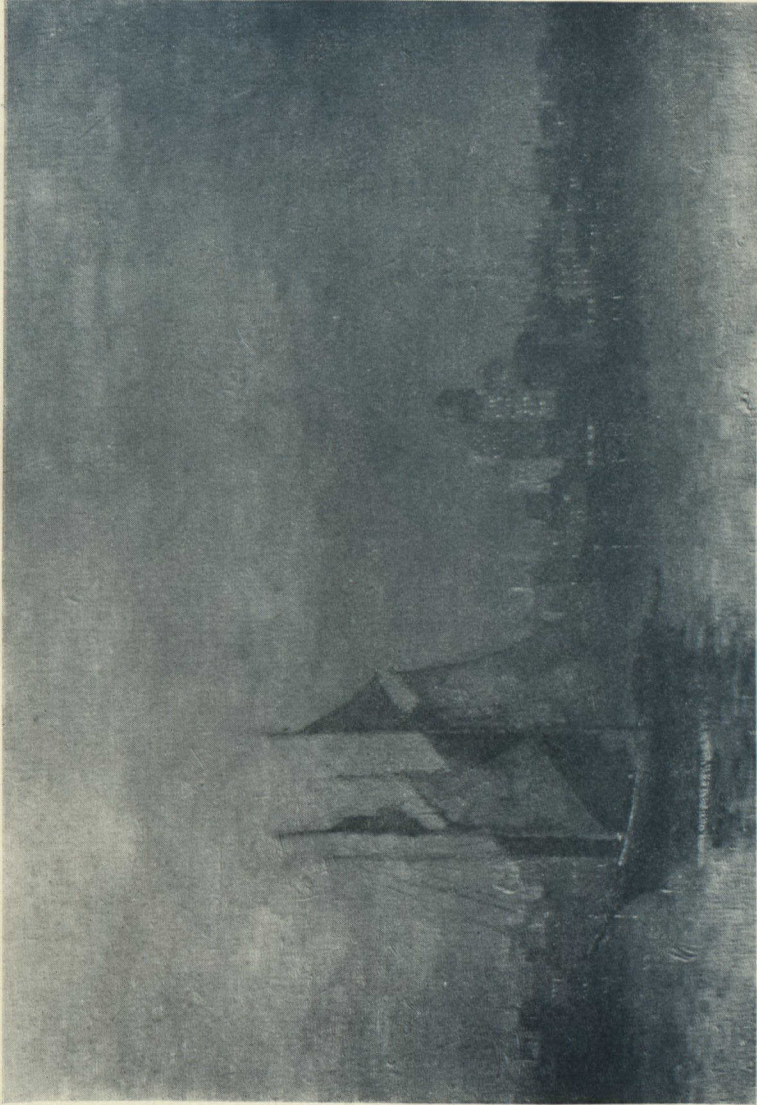
By CHRISTINE CURTIS

YOU went away with the first daffodils,
I well remember how
Their saucy yellow heads
Bobbed in the garden beds,
And how the sunlight frosted all the hills
So pale and glistening, they seemed
Coated with silver, and the birches gleamed,
Each dainty twig and bud
Dipped in the silver flood.

You went away when all the land was sweet,
In those divinest days.
The willows in the lane
Are misty-green again;
The dandelions glow beside the street,
And from the lowlands as we pass,
Floats up the fragrance of the meadow grass;
When maple fringes red
Make perfume overhead.

The skies of Easter canopied the land
With their delicious blue,
One smiling April day
You journeyed far away
Before the chestnut buds were quite unfurled.
You took the bloom from every tree,
You left no spring or summertide to me,
But only dreary hours
And heart-remembered flowers.





LAKE ONTARIO STONEHOOKERS

From the Painting by
Archibald Browne

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

PART II.—THE FARMER AND THE WAR

NO one in England has been more intimately affected by the war than the farmer. No one in England will, in the long run, profit so completely.

"No doubt the State showed a lamentable indifference to the importance of agricultural industry, the very life of the nation. No civilized country spent less on agriculture, or even spent as little on it, directly or indirectly, as we did."

In that frank confession before the House on a memorable day in February, nineteen-seventeen, Lloyd George, faced by a startling shortage of food as the result of the condition he now deplored, supported by the ready assent of a people who had, for the first time in its history, been forced to weigh its allowance, sounded a nation's remorse. Ahead stared the menacing future of a struggle with a ruthless foe that was attacking in England's most vulnerable spot. Behind were generations of neglect of the only industry that could surely save her in her extremity. Ahead lay even the uncertainty of a victory that might have been assured had England not so immutably set her course by a plan whose blindness was now recognized perhaps too late. "Seventy to eighty per cent. of our wheat has been imported," groaned the Premier.

"Our food stocks are low, alarmingly low—lower than they have ever been within recollection." And a nation, paying the penalty of its own folly, grimly bent its tardy efforts to reforming the system, to remodeling its ideas of national industry and national life.

Hitherto the English farmer, in a country where man is classified largely by the work he does, moved on the lowest plane. He fulfilled no vital function of national existence. He lived on suffrance. His only recognized function was to render profitable some insignificant part of the huge tracts owned by wealthy landlords, and to keep them in shape for the latter's amusements. He was little more than a servant of the landlord from whom he rented his land—for he seldom owned it. Generation after generation his family grovelled and dug, hopelessly, almost stupidly, ground down by the system that deprived him of every incentive of ambition. His sons who were worth while left him and sailed for the Colonies, where a man might be a man and still be a farmer, where the limits of the scale, social and financial, depended only on a man's capacity.

There is another "farmer" in England, the landlord owner who never handled a hoe or stirred a spadeful of earth or harnessed a horse. His voice swells in the House of Commons, on

the public platform, in rural organizations. The other day a London newspaper displayed a letter from a "Farmer" protesting against the cry for more cultivation when labourers were unavailable owing to the demands of the Army. On his 800 acre farm, he lamented, he had but sixteen hands, and the land was idle for want of workers. But the letter was sent from one of the most exclusive and expensive clubs in London. There are thousands like him in England—men who call themselves farmers but never farm, who bewail the dearth of help but scorn to remove their own coats. That is not the farmer of whom I am going to speak.

The English farm was but a corner of a large sporting estate. Where tens of acres were tilled hundreds were left wild for the deer, the fox, the pheasant, the rabbit to multiply for the sport of the landlord. Or parks and paddocks in the best locations represented the owner's keenest concern. Deer browsed off the fields, and foxes and pheasants grew fat on the farmers' work that the lord of the manor might find his sport at his door. And the sufferer from their depredations dare not shoot them. The huntsmen galloped across his fields in pursuit of the fleeing fox; they left open his gates and controlled the heights of his fences to the capacities of their horses. And the farmer had no redress. Even after two and a half years of war, when game had multiplied through lack of hunters until the farmers' best efforts threatened to be nullified, it was only against keen opposition in the House that they were given the right to shoot the game that was assisting the enemy to cut down the nation's subsistence. A conservative country fought to the last ditch any change that favoured the farmer against the idle landlord even when the latter's food was at stake with the former's.

England was a nation of sportsmen, of financiers, of shopkeepers. What need of the farmer? Were there

not unending fleets of merchant ships to fetch the food the islands needed? Was there not the Navy to protect them against the world's attacks in their passage? Folly, England declared, to break up the fields that formed the amusement of the wealthy. England would always be mistress of the seas. The rest of the world might be the world's granary.

The result was inevitable. Smaller and smaller grew the farms, tighter and tighter the areas of tilled fields. The farmer did not develop for there was not the room. He made no experiments; he was not supposed to. Experiment was not for his class. He stuck to the beaten track of his grandfather, without a vision of better things. And his sons, disgusted, revolutionary, left him. Gradually land that had raised its average of thirty bushels of wheat passed into the interminable pasture that covers England. Five millions of acres ceased to cater to the needs of the people. For seventy miles round London there is no farming. Down in Kent there are broken acres set out with hop poles, but scarcely anywhere within that area, especially to the south and east and west, do growing fields of grain gladden the eye. No prairie was ever more unproductive. Golf links everywhere, rolling sweeps of meadow land adorned with a few sheep and cattle, rising heights of glorious parks — a dream of gentle, beautiful landscape, but useless, utterly useless to a country surrounded by water.

That was England up to 1917. Now the scene is changing. "The plough is our hope," admitted Lloyd George, with that candid note of apology that promises bright things for the future. "The war at any rate has taught us one lesson—that the preservation of our essential industries is as important a part of the national defence as the maintenance of the Army and Navy." And in that sentence rang hope to the dulled farmer, the emancipation of an industry that had been choked almost to extinction. The

Island Kingdom had awakened to the fact that no nation can repudiate the essentials of life and thrive, even under its ordinary contingencies.

Yet even to-day there are Free Trade enthusiasts—so far publicly expressing themselves only in the House of Lords—who contend that had the farmer been protected, had he been encouraged, England would not have possessed its 12,500,000 tons of shipping when the war broke out. No one has troubled to reply. The outcome of the next three months will answer—it is answering now.

The war had been in progress almost two years when Mr. Asquith, then Premier, rose in the House and assured it that there was no need for worry. The submarine peril had been overcome; England might continue to import its food stuffs with perfect confidence in its future. There might be shortages here and there in certain luxuries, but the granaries of the world were at the nation's door. It pleased England, the conservative, that it need not change. But a very few months later, while still there was no submarine ruthlessness, the Premier had risen to alter his tone. Wheat was climbing to unprecedented heights. The condition of the market was proving that, even should the country not starve, there was little profit in leaving itself in the hands of foreigners, whether the seas were free or not. But it was left to the Premier demanded by a people who had begun seriously to doubt to face the real crisis of England's policy.

Of course every industry and occupation in England considers that it has been especially selected to bear the brunt of the war. But labour and food production, the two great sources of victory, quite as vital as the Army and the Navy, can bear only a certain amount without the entire nation paying the penalty. Both responded to the early call of the recruiting officers with a zeal that spoke well for their loyalty. The farming communities were unevenly affected, as were the

towns. In certain districts the patriotism was of such an intense nature that farmers were shorn of their assistance almost to the point of stopping production. The Derby scheme took many more. One hundred and eight thousand farm-hands enlisted voluntarily.

In the early stages there was no thought of selection. England must have an Army, wherever it was obtained. Kitchener had to raise a million men almost by the stroke of the wand. Nothing else mattered but that France should have the instant support of its most powerful but most unprepared ally. Even when the pressing urgency of men grew less insistent there was no fear of the depletion of the farms. Where some sections had enlisted en masse others had not felt the call; the farmers thought that somewhere in England was labour enough. Their patriotism was more sensitive than their purses. All England was too sure of itself, too confident that history would be repeated without seriously disturbing the country's plan of life.

But when conscription ruthlessly took the fit, the loose labour market was thinned out and the farmer had nowhere to turn to make up his deficiency. So he did the thing that had for many years come so easy to him—turned his growing grain fields into grass lands. One of the difficulties was the English system of labour. Farms and private houses, factories and stores, are in ordinary times manned by an army of help that has learned to confine itself to its specified duties. A house that in Canada would be content with two servants, in England employs five. A farm that would be worked in Canada by two men, in England is shorthanded without seven or eight—probably with more intensive farming. It is an extravagance of labour from which there is much suffering now. And so many farms were devoted to fancy crops that required additional hands. Nevertheless the condition had to be taken as

it was, and while it is changing rapidly under necessity, there is loss of energy in the process.

The work of the Tribunals appointed to decide on exemptions from the Army did little to improve matters. Some ignored every plea of the farmer and took his assistant. Others refused to make the farmer organize his work that fewer helpers might do it. Thus there were farm-hands to spare in places, and land that could not be worked in others. It depended upon the direction of one's vision whether one condemned the Tribunals as careless of the Army or of the nation's food. In general it was natural that the military representatives who appeared before these official bodies should insist on the farmer as most suited by his outdoor, severe work for the harsh life of the trenches.

In the fall of 1916 the country could no longer ignore the shortage of certain food stuffs. Hitherto it had deceived itself by imagining that the rising prices came entirely from profiteering and market manipulation. To the last moment the Asquith Government had delayed official interference. Now a Food Controller was proposed, his duties being vaguely named to include production and distribution. In August, two months before, a Committee had been appointed in response to public fears to inquire into the whole food question and to propose what remedies seemed advisable. Incidentally, it made its report seven months later, after the new Government had been forced to anticipate it, without its assistance, by several weeks. And the Food Controller idea was left untouched for two months to the consideration of the people. It was a habit of the Asquith Government.

In December, when the people changed leaders, nothing practical had been done. The Food Controller had not been named. A score of proposals had gone no further. Week after week the newspapers were left to urge their own particular hobbies, to resist that

which did not meet their fancy. And day by day conditions were growing more desperate. When Lloyd George took the reins one of his first appointments was the Food Controller, his duties limited to food distribution and food consumption; and other officials followed for the great problem of production. No one man could handle all ends of the food question.

Almost before the new Premier had settled down to individual problems came the submarine menace to importations, and instantly everything else had to be dropped for the greater anxiety. Without delay he realized that in the farmer was the only hope. There might be discovered means of destroying the submarine; there might not. And the latter contingency had to be considered first. An appeal was made to the farmer to break every available acre, and power was given the authorities to commandeer for tillage idle land. Allotments were laid out all over England for the townspeople to work after hours. A large order for tractor ploughs was wired to America.

But the farmers had become disgusted with the lack of consideration shown them thus far. Their response was: "How can we break land without the help to do it"? And when most of the tractor ploughs were sunk on the way over it became more than a condition that could be met by appeal.

The Ministry of National Service, a special production of Lloyd George's brain in anticipation of such problems, went to work. It concentrated on furnishing the farmer with the help he needed. It invited every man who could handle a plough to give up his present work and spend the next six weeks on the land while yet the season's crops might be planted. It began to train women for work they had never anticipated in their wildest dreams.

The Army was combed. Eleven thousand farm-hands were lent from the units training in England.

Twenty-seven thousand were taken from the trenches and returned to the land, subject to twenty-four hours' recall. Camp commandants were ordered to let out their draft horses to the farmers at a dollar a day. Five thousand German prisoners were put at work. Of the 60,000 farm-hands whose Tribunal exemptions were up only 30,000 were asked for, and before they could respond their number was reduced to 10,610.

The Government spent two million dollars on farm machinery. In the shortage of tractor ploughs every one was commandeered and men sought to keep them at work in three shifts day and night.

The Cabinet took a peremptory hand in the disagreements between the War Office and the Board of Agriculture. "In this particular case," it said diplomatically, "we regard the production of food as more important even than sending men to the Army." That was the last word. And to back up its decision it formulated conditions to control the relationship of farmer and helper, of farmer and the public.

In establishing terms that would induce the utmost extension of land cultivation the Government was faced by two problems—the "plough-fright" of the farmer, and the reluctance of the labourer. To a Canadian it may seem strange that concessions should be necessary to prevail upon the farmer to break all the land he could work, but peculiar English conditions had made it seem more profitable for him to let his land go to grass. Back in the early eighties and nineties he had felt the keen suffering of land poverty, when the inadequacy of prices for grain made his work a loss. And now the unknown future was further blackened by an uncertainty of labour to enable him to profit from the capacity of the land put under cultivation. Unless he could be assured reasonable returns from his labour for a certain course of years, he would not be likely to invite a repetition of his insolvency of thirty years ago. Next, the protec-

tion of the farmer would be of little avail if conditions were made insufficiently attractive to draw the labour to him in steady supply.

Therefore the Government attempted in one stroke to overcome both obstacles. It established minimum prices for six years for wheat and oats, and minimum wages for the worker. Wheat, at the time this announcement was made, had reached \$2.25 a bushel, and working roughly from this basis and considering the cost of production, the minimum price for 1917 was set at \$1.78 per bushel, ranging down to \$1.34 during the last three years of the period. Oats were to bring not less than 65 cents this year and 45 for the last years affected.

It must be remembered that the prices were *minimum* only. That is, there was nothing to prevent the farmer accepting whatever the market would give him above the scale. As I write wheat is quoted at \$2.75 in England, and should the submarines continue, even as at the present, the price will advance much higher before the year is finished. At first glance it might seem an unwarranted protection, an unjustified drain on the country during its struggle for reconstruction and a world's markets in the early period of peace. But there is no more theoretical right to the Government to force the farmer to raise wheat than a tool maker to make shells. The latter has been forced, or practically forced, but common equity demanded that the country take the risk. And the nation must have wheat whatever the cost.

The matter of wages was equally important. No one in England with ambition went into farming before the war unless that was what he had been brought up to. The wages were only a few cents a day, and the life was miserable, as befitted the social scale to which the industry had been driven. A cowman had become the symbol of stupidity—because no one with thought would accept the pittance of reward for his labours. Un-

der the rising prices of war times the farm-hand could not purchase the necessities of existence on the old rates, and wages had to rise. The scarcity of help was another factor that forced the farmer to pay more. But when the Government saw the necessity of turning labour to the land by the hundreds of thousands it realized that something adequate in the way of wage must be assured. Accordingly the minimum wage for even the novice was set at \$6.25 a week, which is not high when it is considered that the farm-hand keeps himself. That it is not too high is proved by the lack of protest from the farmers. In fact some are offering two dollars a week more, and even higher. The farmer's outlook on life has broadened with the new conditions and with the prospect that opens up to him in the future. The war has remade him.

One of the surprises of the war is the facility with which women learned the disagreeable, arduous tasks of the farm. And the farmers, after fighting female labour on principle as contrary to common sense and destined to deprive them of the men they preferred, are ready to declare their conversion. Six months ago 140,000 women were performing men's work on the farm, and the number has doubled since. Training farms have been set aside for them now, with free keep and training. After that they are placed on farms under female supervision, and paid \$4.50 a week, without keep, uniforms found. That there is insufficient margin seems evident from the attempted justification of the Department that munition hostels have proved that their keep need cost no more than \$3.75 a week. Of course the woman may take as much as she can induce her employer to pay, and with experience she has demonstrated her ability to earn the equal of the English man. Formerly women were not paid enough on the farm to keep them, in many cases, so that their volunteering was a sacrifice even of money. Under the new condition

thousands of girls are leaving the kitchen and the factory to till the soil.

The introduction of Sunday labour is another feature of the war affecting the farmer. While England has never — at least of late years — observed the Sabbath as strictly as Canada, Sunday labour was not recognized as either necessary or desirable. The immediate necessity of spending every moment on the land could not, however, be denied during the early months of this year. All over London allotment workers were busiest on their only free day, and even an official appeal advocated uninterrupted ploughing. And several Bishops gave it their sanction. The farmer's week has become, therefore, a full seven days of work.

The exciting market conditions that have marked the progress of the war and its effect on the supply of food stuffs have brought the English farmer into personal touch as never before with the reason and justification of price levels. It has revealed to him his inexperience in marketing and the profit accruing from a more intimate knowledge of the conditions that affect prices. That inexperience has left him thus far the prey sometimes of the middleman's smartness, sometimes of his own greed. From the first he has insisted through his organizations that he be left to reap the utmost benefit from the relationship between supply and demand, ignoring the fact that much of the fluctuation of price has been due to the manipulations of the supply house from whom all incentive to bring about higher prices would be removed if the farmer were to pocket the extra profit. Undoubtedly the farmer's demand is justified, with certain restrictions, but it would be the public who would profit, not the farmer. Should the farmer, however, have been left to take full advantage of public panic and pre-arranged manipulation, the conditions of living in England would have been intolerable; for he alone has the final control of the supplies.

The joint efforts of the three hands through which the farmer's productions reached the public threatened such dire things, however, that the Government was forced to establish prices. The most interesting commodity thus affected was potatoes. There was a world shortage, and it must, or should, have been known that the deficiency would centre in England, since the past season's crop had been largely ruined. England was supplying more than her share to the armies, and importation was difficult and unprofitable. Yet no attempt had been made to curtail waste or limit consumption. Thousands of tons a week were even being shipped from the country to adjacent neutrals. The extent of stocks was made public suddenly, a trick of the wholesalers and of little profit to the farmer at the moment. In two days the price leaped from two cents a pound to six. Threat of Government action sent it back again equally swiftly. But the fact was not to be ignored that England was going to be short of its favourite food. The farmer began to see his opportunity, and for weeks he was receiving as high as three and a half cents a pound. Then the Government took a firm stand. At first it was considered sufficient to limit the retail price, but the retailer and wholesaler tried to force the farmer down to such a ridiculous price as a consequence that he refused to accept it. And so the entire gamut of selling was covered by the Government order. The farmer was to receive \$45 a ton from the wholesaler, the wholesaler \$52.50 from the retailer, who received in turn \$70 from the consumer. The initial attempt to make the farmer accept \$40 was reviewed in a couple of days and the price raised a pound. But as there was nothing to prevent the farmer selling direct to the retailer, or even to the consumer, thousands of tons reached the table at the legal price with more profit to the farmer.

To meet the inadequacy of supplies appeals were sent all over the country

that the wealthy should eat substitutes and leave potatoes to the poor. Hotels began to have potatoless days, and by April 1st, when the legal price was to increase, several clubs were serving no potatoes whatever. Whether this decrease in demand will make the farmer regret having held back his stocks until the higher price was obtainable is not evident at the time of writing.

Wheat, of course, travelled steadily upwards to heights unknown since the Crimean War. And the farmer reaped the profit. Milk advanced to twelve cents a quart, the farmer following its rise more closely than his other productions, until at that price it could not be handled by the dairies. And again the Government interfered. But the result of the interference was to drive the farmers from keeping dairy herds; and now a higher price is announced for next winter's supply in order to encourage the farmer to continue his herds.

One contingency of the war painful to the farmer and working with seeming injustice was the commandeering of supplies for the Army. At first this was done with little regard to market prices, and always at a lower level than was obtained by the farmer in the open market. The ignoring of prevailing prices was stopped, but commandeering at something below market scale, even though it necessarily selects certain farms and passes others by, is an attendant of war. What sympathy might have been given by the public was killed by the orgy of profiteering that struck the farmers in the cases of potatoes and milk—although precisely the same principle is considered good business in all other branches of business.

Lament as he may, the English farmer's position has not been an unenviable one. What makes his trials more poignant to him is the inability to utilize to their fullest extent the opportunities that lie at his hand. For every idle acre now is lost money. He may not be netting the tremendous profits of the ship-owner, but neither

is he taking the risk. And he escapes both income and excess profits taxes. Indeed, he alone of the profiteers of the war is exempt from any enforced return to the country. Compared with his brothers in France he is extremely favoured. Across the channel the farmer is not exempt from military service, the work on the land being performed by women and children. The English farmer is forced to accept substitutes who do not substitute, but every bushel he produces nets him twice what it did before, and the Government has protected him against the risks of future years. No other industry has suffered so little, but no other industry was on such an unwarrantedly low level.

His new standing in England will affect more than himself. The Dominions will not profit so freely from his migration, for his opportunities will be greater and there will be mil-

lions more cultivated acres in England to justify his remaining at home. His standard of living will be raised, and his position in society will add a new dignity and self-confidence. It seems certain that the rights of landlords to idle acres will be drastically limited, and the farmer will be enabled to rise from the semi-serfdom of the renter to the independence of the owner of land on which his every effort will count to his own profit.

It can be said that the new English farmer of the future is the direct result of Mr. Asquith's procrastination in taking steps necessary to ensure reasonable production within the shores of England. Had protective measures been taken earlier the public would never have learned how dependent it was upon that which had been so long considered an unessential of English supremacy — the farmer and the farm.

Next month Mr. Amy will write about the working man and the war.

WHEN PEACE HAS COME

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

WHEN Peace has come, and I return from France,
 I know the places that I'll long to see:
 Those hunch-backed hills so full of old romance,
 Where first frail Beauty's visions dawned for me,
 And April comes, swift, dancing like a girl,
 With golden tresses flowing in the breeze,
 And where swart, autumn leaves disport and whirl,
 In maudlin dances beneath the naked trees.

And I shall see the cottage on the hill,
 With all the loveliness of summer days,
 Whose memories to me are haunted still
 By love's sweet voice, the witchery of her ways.
 And I shall climb the path and ope the gate,
 When peace has come, if peace comes not too late.

BILLY & THE BUGGY

By G. E. C. Sumner.



Of course, it's up to a fellow to treat his wife half decent," remarked the man in overalls, as he set out to monopolize the conversation. "But he needs to be careful not to overdo it and let her get full control, because if he does so she is pretty near bound to lead him into one sweet time. Up to now I have been the model husband, and the ladies round our neighbourhood have pointed me out to their husbands as being the real goods; but hereafter it's going to be the domineering brute for mine, and so I'm telling you. Listen while I tell you what the wife let me in for:

"Baby was just four weeks old and Mabel was beginning to feel pretty good and strong again when, as we were sitting together in the evening, she said:

"Of course, we will have to get one of those high English baby carriages for Billy."

"This kind of took me by surprise, as I hadn't figured on it, and I says:

"What's the matter with one of them ordinary ones that you can fold up and take on the car with you?"

"Oh, they won't do at all. I want something I can put him in and wheel him out in the garden to sleep, and if we want to go on the car you can easily carry him. Besides, Mrs. Fraser has one, and what isn't too good for her Grace isn't too good for my Billy."

"Well, that cinched it. I wasn't going to have that freckle-faced Fra-

ser put anything over me. Just because he's a clerk and doesn't have to get his hands dirty he thinks he can look down on us and I know I can buy him up any old time even if I am only a cement finisher by trade. So I says:

"All right, you're on. When ought we to get it?"

"Well, to-morrow's Saturday, and I was thinking we could go down town and get one in the afternoon."

"Well, I was going to pay something off the doctor's bill, but he will have to wait, that's all."

"Saturday afternoon, therefore, saw Mabel and me and Billy go off down town together on the street car."

"There was an old lady on the car who was awful struck with Billy and Mabel had to go and spill a whole lot of stuff to her about me not being able to stay in the house during her confinement I was that upset, and how I had walked seven miles to her Aunt Louise's, arriving there at four in the morning. And how, on her coming down in her dressing-gown, I had not been able to say a word but had burst into tears and walked home again and how her aunt had thought the worst had happened."

"I was trying to make her stop all the time, but you can't stop Mabel once she gets going. It makes me sick. I know my feelings got away from me on that occasion, but I can't see what she has to go and tell everyone about it for."

"The first store we went in there

was a buggy we both fancied, and it certainly was a beaut, but it was twenty-five dollars. So we went around two other stores and gave their stock the once-over, but they never had anything like that one we saw in the first store, and we finally decided it would be worth the price just so as we could make the Frasers green with envy and all that.

"I cannot send it for you before Monday, madam," says the salesman.

"Oh," says Mabel, "but I must have it for to-morrow as I want to take baby into the park to listen to the band concert. We shall have to take it with us."

"She went off to buy a Teddy bear blanket and coverlet. In the meantime I was having a son-of-a-gun of a time holding Billy, with all these fresh salesgirls coming up and poking their fingers at him and murmuring, 'Isn't he cute?'"

"Believe me, I was mighty glad when we got outside with Billy in his new buggy. I knew my face was the colour of a tomato.

"Suddenly an awful thought struck me with a dull thud.

"Say," I says, "you can't wheel that all the way home; you ain't strong enough.

"Well, who says I was going to, smarty? I am going home in a car with Billy."

"Say, for the love of Pete, you don't expect me to wheel that through the streets by myself?" I gasped, my awful suspicions confirmed.

"Indeed, and why not? I am going to buy a few groceries, and we can put them in the buggy, and then you can wheel it home while I go on the car. You can go by the back streets if you don't like being seen, although what you have to be ashamed of I don't know."

"Before I could say a word she had wheeled the buggy into a grocery store. I followed her with an awful empty sort of feeling in my stomach.

"Say, listen, Mabel," I began with determination—

"I want a sack of sugar and a pound of forty cent coffee, and I will take a jar of that raspberry preserve, please," says Mabel turning her back on me and talking to the gink behind the counter. 'And I will take them with me.'

"But, Mabel, honest, I can't—"

"Here, hold Billy while I put these in the buggy," and Mabel dumped Billy into my arms, and at that moment a fat-headed old lady had to go and get herself in between me and Mabel while she gushed all over Billy.

"Oh, what a little darling," she says, writhing and squirming in front of me like a collie dog so as I couldn't get by. 'Is it your first, and is it a boy or a girl, and how old is it?' and about a dozen more questions all accompanied by the most awful rhapsodies.

"I was just about to burst into speech when Mabel rushed up again.

"Here you are," says she. 'I've put the groceries under the blanket so they can't be seen. Give me the Baby. So long, dearie, there's my car,' and before I could draw my breath she was out of the store and on a car. I made a rush after her, but my luck was dead out, as I collided violently with pretty near every one in the store, and when I did get out all hope was gone. As I returned to the buggy, I noticed every one grinning, and, come to think of it, I dare say I did look a bit of a fool.

"So I seized the buggy and made for outside the store, and when I got there I saw some fellows I knew coming, so I made a bolt for round the corner. The cross street was up hill and there was a strong wind coming down it, too, so that as soon as I turned the corner my hat blew off.

"Like a silly fathead, I let go the buggy to go and chase my lid, and the buggy coasted back across the pavement of the main street into the road.

"Here was a chance for some grandstand play, and there was a fellow standing right on the spot all ready to pull it off.

"Dashing madly in amongst the traffic, he seized the buggy and with a hurculean effort (as they say in the dime novels) he swung it out of harm's way and brought it safely back to the pavement amidst the admiration of all.

"'Say,' he says to me, as I came up, having got my hat back, 'you've no business to be allowed out in charge of this baby. The poor child was nearly killed. What-d'yer-mean letting go the buggy?'

"'Oh, talk sense,' I says, 'whoever says there was a child in the buggy?'

"'What-d'yer-mean, no child?' says he, turning back the coverlet and revealing the sack of sugar. 'Well! for the love of Mike, if he ain't taking a sack of sugar out for a airing and all fussed up in blankets and frillies. What-d'yer-know about that!'

"Everybody looked at me, and I could see the pity steal into their faces. I seized the buggy once more and made another dash up the side street.

"This time I was more successful and began to feel easier. I figured I could keep to the back streets and get home without causing any riots. I was already in a residential street when something else happened.

"There is more to pushing one of those blamed perambulators than one would ever think, as they are the most wobbly things you ever come across. It is necessary to keep your weight down on the handles and not just push them along the same as you would naturally do, because your elbows being below the level of the handles you have a tendency to push upwards, and if you meet with an obstruction over will go the whole shooting match.

"This is just what happened to me. I was going along like a house on fire when I came to an unexpected curb. Down went the front wheels and up went the back and out shot the whole contents into the road. I was just going to pick up the mess when the most blood curdling scream I ever

heard came from the verandah of the house opposite where I was and shattered my nerves into a thousand fragments.

"I looked up and saw a woman with the awfulest kind of a look on her face. She was pointing to where the sack of sugar lay covered with the blankets and the raspberry preserves leaking out from underneath.

"'Look! Look! she screamed, 'You have killed the child. May heaven forgive you.'

"Before I could say a word she had fainted dead away.

"I rushed up on the verandah and started to drag her into the house when a man appeared from the back.

"'What the Sam Hill s'matter?' he says, coming on the run when he sees me holding on to his wife.

"'Why, the lady has fainted,' I replied. 'Must have been the heat or something.'

"'Holy smoke!' says he, 'bring her in here,' and we took her in the front room and laid her on the couch.

"'Wait while I telephone a doctor,' he cried, and dashed into the hall where the telephone was.

"But I didn't want to wait, as I didn't know what she might say when she came round. So I skipped out of the window, and gathering up all but the preserves I slid away. Maybe when they found the preserves they tumbled on to the fact that no hideous disaster had taken place; but in any case I didn't feel like stopping to explain, as I had a hunch they would be nasty about it.

"When I was safely away from them I stopped to wipe the sweat off me and to try and get my nerves back in shape to face the task still in front of me.

"As I stood there, I noticed a girl coming towards me, and I wished the old buggy was away to the deuce and gone as I made sure I looked an awful nunny standing there all in a sweat. She looked to be a corking fine girl, the way she was striding along, and she certainly had the clothes, be-

lieve me, with one of those wide-brimmed hats all on one side and a short skirt with high laced boots.

"I don't think it is fair the way women have been going around lately. They look so good you can't refuse them anything. One of them tagged me the other day, and she got everything I had in my pocket, and I would have given her my shirt too if she had wanted it.

"Anyway, I have never found looking at these swell dressers at all hard on the eyes, and this one was sure some peach.

"To my astonishment she hollered out when she came up to me: 'Why, hello, Dicky, I haven't seen you for ages. What are you doing here with that buggy, anyway?'

"It was Myra Mackenzie, who I hadn't seen since some time before I got married, when her family had moved over to a better part of the town. She was a stenographer and pulled down a big salary. She was one of those girls who are bound to get on and although we were pretty good chums at one time I knew I had not a chance there.

"However, she wasn't a bit stuck on herself, and we just stood there and both talked at once like people will who haven't seen one another for a long time.

"Presently she says, 'But you have not told me what you are doing with that buggy and the way you have that stuff piled in there.'

"So I told her the whole horrid story, and she said it was a shame and no wonder I looked all in.

"'Tell you what,' she says, 'I will walk back home with you and wheel the buggy, and then you won't have any more bother.'

"I pretty near embraced her, I was so tickled. Fancy her offering to wheel the buggy, all togged up the way she was. Just like her, too. She always was a good sport, and good times had not spoilt her one little bit.

"She arranged the sugar once more and covered it up all nicely again, and

we set forth. Just then we came to a corner drug store and I was feeling pretty good, so I said:

"'What's the matter with going in and having some ice cream?'

"She didn't mind if she did, so we left the buggy outside and went in and sat down at one of the little round tables. I was feeling as happy as a clam with the tide coming in, when who should blow in but Mrs. Fraser, and you can bet she was all eyes, ears and spikes. However, I didn't care a darn about her, I was feeling far too good.

"We each had a sundae, and afterwards an ice cream soda, and we weren't in any hurry either.

"We had a lovely walk home, talking over old times, and it was getting quite late when we got to the house. I could see Mrs. Fraser talking to the wife in the parlour.

"I asked Myra to come in and shake hands with the wife, but she said she wouldn't, so I just pushed the buggy in the garden and walked with her as far as the street car.

"On my way back I wondered if Mrs. Fraser had spilled the beans about me and Myra in the drug store, and I was pretty near sure she had. She's a mean cat at the best of times, and what the wife sees in her I don't know.

"I made up my mind not to stand any guff from either of them, as I was mighty sore with the wife for what she had let me in for, and I had no use for Mrs. Fraser, anyway.

"I wheeled the buggy into the kitchen and then strolled into the parlour, lighting a cigarette like the soldiers in Enrope do, before they go into action.

"'Good evening, Mrs. Fraser,' I says.

"She sprang up and gave a freezing stare, and then turning to Mabel, said, 'Well, my dear, I will leave him to you,' and with that she flounced out.

"I was just in time to open the front door for her, and as she went down the steps I shouted out,

“Don't forget the bottom step, Mrs. Fraser.”

“What's the matter with it?” she exclaims, pulling up short.

“Why, it's the last on the way down,” I says, as I closed the door.

“I then goes back in the sitting-room, and before the wife could open her mouth I let go and showed her some of the masterful side of my nature, which she didn't suspect I had and which made her fair gasp with astonishment. I guess she expected I should slink in and look the repentant sinner.

“I know what's on your mind,” I says, ‘but let me tell you right now that if I want to buy ice cream for a lady who has helped me out of a dickens of a mess I am going to do it in spite of Mrs. Fraser or fifty like her.’

“You don't consider my feelings,” the wife managed to squeeze in, while I got a lungful of air for a fresh start.

“No, I don't—not now,” I answered, ‘after what you pulled this afternoon. You showed you considered my feelings an awful lot, didn't you. You

knew all along we should have to wheel that contraption home and just had it framed up for me. Well, if you don't care about upsetting me I don't care about upsetting you.’ And before she could get in an answer, I had picked up my hat and gone out for the rest of the evening.

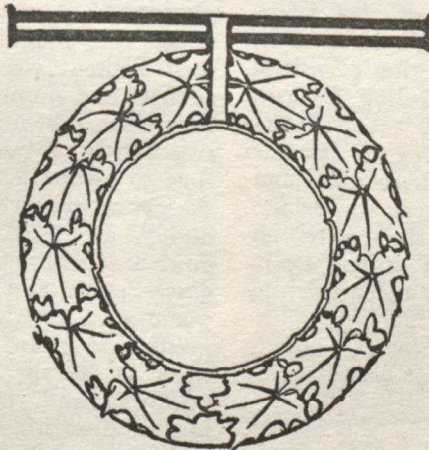
“I had some coffee and sinkers at a restaurant, and then went and took in a show. But I didn't enjoy it much, as I couldn't help worrying a bit about Mabel.

“When I got home, to my astonishment, she was all smiles and had got herself all fixed up extra special. And she had gone to work and made me Welsh rabbit, which is my favourite dish.

“You will take me and Billy out to the band concert to-morrow, won't you, dear?” she says, sitting herself on my lap.

“Sure I will,” says I, giving her a kiss.

“Maybe I won't have to pull much of that domineering brute stuff, after all.”



A NEW NATION. —

By The Right Reverend J. E. C. Weldon, D. D.

AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS"



THE effect of war on the British people in general is a large theme. It touches the life of the nation on many sides, and in many forms and degrees. But there can be little doubt that it deserves and commands consideration, in view of the time which shall come after the war.

The war has produced, and is producing, a new sense of national unity. Little more than two years ago the nation was divided, if not distracted, by the rivalry of various sects, parties, interests, and ambitions. There was a bitter antagonism of politicians, both without and within Parliament. There was an aggravation of misunderstanding and ill-feeling between the rich and the poor, between the employers and the employees, between labour and capital. There was imminent danger of civil war in Ireland. But in the crucible of the war the nation has felt itself to be one again. It is ready to hear the noble warning of its own great poet:

".....We are a people yet,
Though all men else their nobler dreams
forget,
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the
Soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom
sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne"
Men have learned in the trenches

lessons which they would not, or could not, have learnt elsewhere. There, the youth of high rank and lordly wealth, with every opportunity of ease and pleasure and luxury spreading before him, has flung his life away, as though it were a common thing, for the Nation and the Empire. It has been stated that as many as a hundred heirs to titles have fallen on the battle-fields of Europe and Asia. But there, too, the private soldier, who but the other day was the man in the street, with nothing, as it seemed, of light and lustre, of distinction and elevation in his story, has, although no glamour of notoriety dawned upon his vision, yet fought and suffered and died without complaint, but with a sublime and simple heroism. It is not long since I heard a well-known representative of the Labour party picture to an audience of working men the young aristocrat, "the toff," "the dude," as he called him, sauntering down Bond Street in London with his gloves, spats, and cane, as though the world were all his own, and he never needed or meant to do a stroke of work in it; the speaker called him "Algy"; and, having so described him, he drew himself up, paused for a moment, and then, in ringing tones exclaimed, "Where is Algy now?" "He is in the trenches," was the answer which he gave to his own question, and the working men burst into round

upon round of applause. It is impossible that men who have been so intimately allied in war by the solemnities of life and death should not, after the war, show one another a deeper respect and a kindlier courtesy. They will think less, far less, of social distinction; they will think more, far more, of the common heritage which they have saved, though as by fire. They will come home prepared to cooperate, with a devotion unknown before, for the safety and dignity of the State.

It is inevitable that a certain elevation, both public and private, should issue from the war. The men, who have been patriots in war, will not cease to be patriots in peace. They will be impatient of the ungenerous selfishness which has bidden them, in time of peace, to strive, and to strive only, or chiefly, for their own interests. The motto of their lives will be no more, "What can I get from the State?" but "What can I give to the State?" They will not, indeed, always remember it, or always act up to it. But it will come home to them, as a solemn thought that every great permanent benediction upon earth is unattainable by self-pleasing and self-seeking; the price of it is, and must ever be, self-sacrifice. It will be the office of the Church (and I use the word Church in its broadest sense) to guard the new spirit of self-sacrifice; to see that it does not wane and at last die in the process of the years; to see that it tends to the accomplishment of some definite and noble purpose; for as the soul of man ascends to a loftier height, like some mountain climber in Switzerland, he loses sight by slow degrees of the inequalities and imperfections of the valley which lies beneath him; and all the houses and cottages of the little village from which he set out merge into one whole. So in the Church of Christ, too, the elevation which the war brings will gradually obscure the sense of differences of worship; and Christians will draw near to the realization of their Divine

Master's prayer that "they may be one".

But it is not the position of men alone that will be affected by the war. For in it the women of England have played an able part. They have undertaken duties from which they had been exempted before, and, having undertaken them, they have performed them well. They have toiled long hours uncomplainingly upon the manufacture of munitions. They have, except where the curse of drink has claimed them for its victims, maintained their homes and their families, honestly and devotedly, in the hope of their husbands' return. They have gladly and proudly surrendered their husbands and brothers and kinsmen to service at the front; and when the news has come that those whom they loved will never return, they have braced themselves to the long and hard battle of life, with broken hearts it may be, but with wills unbroken and unbreakable. It is certain that women, by their silent and splendid service, have done far more than they could ever have done by wanton agitation to win for themselves the political franchise. But whether that franchise be, or be not, the result of the war, women will enter, with the general assent of the community, upon many new lines of occupation when the war is over, and the State, it may be hoped, will be relieved from the threatening evil of an ever-growing dissatisfied class in its midst.

The war, too, will create or accentuate, the imperial sentiment in all classes of the English people. Many thousands of citizens, who have never set foot out of England before, will have seen what the British Empire means, in such countries as Egypt and India. They, and others like them, will have fought, side by side, with the gallant soldiers of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, of South Africa, nay, of India. They will not have failed to ask themselves how the Empire, of which these are the component parts was created, and how it

can be maintained. It may be that they will not wholly apprehend the secret of Empire. But they cannot be blind to the enduring and ennobling power of those high principles upon which the Empire rests, as it has ever rested—justice, freedom, progress and the respect of the strong for the rights and privileges of the weak. If they come to feel—and who of them will not feel?—that the British Empire is the noblest and grandest secular institution upon the earth, then they may well vow that, as far as in them lies, they will aspire to live not unworthy of their imperial mission.

“Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain, those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons”.

But the patriotic and imperial sentiment of English hearts will, in the future, be the very opposite of the German spirit, which, under the title of Kultur, has threatened to sweep away the pillars of civilization and Christianity. For if Germans like Treitschke and Bernhardt look upon the State, and indeed upon the German State alone, as the highest object of interest and worship, and hold that no act which is done at the bidding of the State can be an inhuman or immoral act, that is a doctrine, and events have shown it to be a doctrine, false and base. For as the family is subordinate to the State, and the city to the State, so the State fails, and must ever fail of its true worth and glory, unless it recognizes that beyond and above its own interests lies the

duty which it owes to civilization, to humanity, and to God.

The war has raised, and will raise, deep religious questionings in many hearts. In the presence of so lurid a tragedy over all the world it is difficult to apprehend that God may be all-holy and all-loving, and yet, if He gives man liberty, must let him do evil as well as good; or that the war is the outcome, not of Christian teaching, not even of perverted and distorted Christian teaching, but of such teaching as is avowedly opposed to the mind of Jesus Christ. Yet amid sorrows and sufferings man turns, as he has even turned, to the strength and solace of religion. There are sailors and soldiers who knew not God before but have found Him in the lonely, storm-tossed waters or in the blood-stained trenches. In the daily and hourly presence of death they have felt that the soul alone is all-important, and that it would not profit a man to gain the whole world and to lose his own soul. They have felt, too, that life is not everything; that it is but the vestibule of the life eternal.

The Red Cross has been the one redeeming feature of the war. It has been the promise and the token of a power which transcends the war. So, when the war is over, and the boys come home again, it may prove by the blessing of God, that the new society, which has been born amid the travail-pangs of suffering, will yet be a better, holier society, nearer to Christ and His Cross, than any which the world has even known.





From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE YSER—ON THE WAY TO CALAIS

GOING UP THE RIVER

By Fredericka Valentine

THE River is not for us alone; we didn't expect it, and we don't want it so. When we got here (and we were early) already the fishermen had arrived. Indeed, they had an aspect of having been here all the day, and the day before, and the day before that.

We have not come to fish, but if we must answer to the charge of reasoning, our motives for coming are as individual as ourselves. One purpose we have in common; we are determined to go on. One thing we know: we have not come to fish.

Yet it is a good river for fish. We know this, although we have not seen any, for otherwise why would so many people come with fishing-poles and attentively cast lines, and watch floats for hours? We understand that their patience is necessary, and we have sympathy with them. They, on the contrary, do not understand us, sitting for hours with a drawing-board and looking chiefly at trees and dry land. We shall not, you see, get any fish.

What shall we get? The birdman and the botanist seem to know what they have come for. The artist finds reasons, going along, and draws them. As to me, I have come just to see what they are doing.

There is a conspiracy of silence in behalf of the fishermen. We realize that silence is a condition of success in their chosen occupation, and we defer to it. Canoes go up the river, graceful canoes, gliding under double-bladed paddles, wielded by aristocratic young women. They also are silent. Under the influence of custom, our talk also stops.

And then, with all other sounds stilled, we hear the wild birds. The birdman, who has drawn pictures of them all and named them for books, wants me at this point to put in their names. He, he says, will tell me, and then, as nobody will be the wiser, I shall get credit for being very learned. I scorn his subterfuge. You may look up his birds in his books. As to me, I may tell you I do know a good many . . . quite enough as it is to interfere with my enjoyment. (There is a pleasure in being ignorant of something.) I see, however, I have lost grace with the bird man.

There is one thing I should like to know, though I do not dare tell him: what an achievement it would be to be able to name every one of the fragrant whiffs that the south wind blows to us! That appears to me to be a study worthy pursuit, for some are so impalpable, so fleeting, so full of challenge, that to learn them all in one short June day would vie in interest

with Sanskrit roots and other difficult amusements.

"Paths," says the young person, "are lovely things." They have an interest for her, which, on analyzing, we find is due to their symbolism. She never knows just what the end will be. In that they are like the long roads that go to the ends of the earth. But paths are shorter and more intimate; their end is usually a garden and a glass of water. Paths always go along with rivers, following every curve and bay, going up and down with the hillocks, companionable paths without which the river would seem lonely, and too much given over to—fishes.

More silent canoes go up and down on the sparkling water. A fisherman solaces his patience with a pipe. The silence continues; and we wonder why the singing birds have so much time for this amusement. I suggest to the bird man that they would spend their time to greater advantage in learning our names. I see that my well-meant suggestion has only added injury to the insult done the birdman's philosophy.

Wisely, we draw this path before we walk over it. We submit that this shows a contemplative and philosophical attitude towards paths in general and, maybe, life in particular. If we had not stopped to look at it, we should have walked over it without thinking, and so have missed the pleasure of knowing the stones and grass as we went.

If we are to be realistic—very, very truthful—we must admit that our river is an artificial river, at least to such a degree that presently we come to a tea-room, and as we, alas, are perhaps civilized and artificial, too, the tea-room increases our appreciation of the river, and we sit at our ease and look back along the river, and across at the motor road, and find all things good.

We notice that the canoeists stop for tea, too; and as we observe them more closely, we see that they cannot

go any farther, for the river above this point stops to argue with shelving ledges of rock, and to talk with rushes and the shingle. Apparently, going up the river, a canoe is not as great an advantage as it appeared at first.

This pleasant spot is like to prove our Capua, but for the bird man, who, turning artist and architect, lures us on by insisting that farther up the river is a bit like Italy. I might tell you just where it is, but that would be like naming the birds.

It is our Valley of Content. Comfortable and beautiful houses show over the high, steep sides of the ravine. The fishermen here have fisherwomen, and they talk and move about. Perhaps they do not catch as many fish as the more intent fishermen down stream, but, then, they certainly do not catch any fewer. A child's voice comes across the water, and for harmony to the human sounds, is the steady swishing of running water and the songs of the birds.

It is not all as easy as I have written it—going up the river. But why write of the difficult parts, because after a time they fade away, and we shall not remember them. Besides, if we had not come all the way, we should not have seen the nymphs of the river.

They are real, they are fantastically alive, exquisite and beautiful. They dance on the bank, they swim in the river. We think they are advancing to meet us but as we come, apparently, within their sight, they vanish. We do not know, now, whether they are beings or spirits. After a time, some of us cannot be quite sure whether we really saw them or not. I feel positively that they were real and that if we had stayed and waited patiently, we might have talked with them. And the artist thinks as I do. . . .

The bird man objects that this is not a true account of our going up the river, and that as that is what I am for, I have proved a failure. I see, he still wants me to list the birds; more especially as I promised the botanist to put in a leguminous plant he

found which isn't common. The birdman would rather have the birds in than us, I think. All of us left out, and the birds put in, and that would be for him a true account. So, the botanist about his flowers; so, the young person about the botanist. As to the artist, he would have only the pictures. No! If we could have had them, he would have only the nymphs of the

river. As to me, I hold I have written exactly of Our Going Up the River just as we went. I have put in the fishermen, the canoes, the botanist, the birdman, and even the young person.

I have not omitted the flowers, the birds, the trees, or even the fish. Above all, I have put in the nymphs. And so, is it not truer than just the birds alone? Or the fishes alone?

LAMENT

Spring, 1917

By WINIFRED COTTER

WE thought the Spring at least was ours,
 And when the violets came again
 Our hearts would dance and flame again,
 Triumphant with the flowers.

We thought that with the lilac-spire
 Some tender blade would spring anew
 In dusty ways and bring anew
 The old sweet lost desire.

We thought whatever winter took
 With seed of April sod would wake
 Our wistful youth, and God would make
 Laughter in tree and brook.

But all in vain: the roses laid
 This year no meaning bare to us,
 Their faces once so fair to us
 No sudden glory made.

For we are housed too long with grief
 To virtue find in bud or leaf.
 In vain the fields renew themselves,
 The bending blades renew themselves—
 Their gift, how slight, how brief!

COMMENTS ON CANADIAN POETRY

By Alfred Gordon

"It was contended by an Oxford professor of poetry, Mr. W. J. Courthope, that the lines of Marlowe,

'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?'

are of a different substance from the substance of prose; and it is certain that Marlowe 'could only have ventured on the sublime audacity that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movement of rhythm and metre.' To this it may be answered that any writer of elevated prose, Milton or Ruskin, could have said in prose precisely what Marlowe said in verse, and could have made fine prose of it: the imagination, the idea, a kind of form, would have been there; only one thing would have been lacking, the very finest kind of form, the form of verse. It would have been poetical substance, not poetry; the rhythm transforms it into poetry, and nothing but the rhythm." . . . "In its origin, prose is in no sense an art, and it never has and never will become an art, strictly speaking, as verse is, or painting, or music. . . ."
—Arthur Symons, "The Romantic Movement in English Literature."

"Poetry is first of all an art and in art there must be a complete marriage or interpenetration of substance and form. The writer like Walt Whitman who seems to contain so much material for poetry is not less disqualified from the name of poet than a writer like Pope who has the most exquisite control over an unpoetical kind of form, which exactly fits an unpoetical kind of substance."
—Arthur Symons, "Studies in Prose and Verse."

"Many readers of Mr. Davies's poem must have said, rightly, but, critically speaking, with imperfect accuracy, 'Now that expresses what I have always felt.' They should have said, 'That enables me to feel what I always could have felt.' For they have never truly felt it." . . . "Recognizing (1) that a work of art has a political, comparable to its moral, influence, (2) that it always embodies knowledge, (3) that it is nothing if it does not wake in us the achievement of the beautiful, we wish to deny none of these facts, but to prevent any one of them being taken over as the foundation of a criterion of art. We wish to set over them a criterion of art that shall include them all. Above technique, above opinion, above information, we set life, of the special kind that is here described, whose conscious vitality is to unconscious vitality what living is to existence."—Arthur Ransome, "Portraits and Speculations."

"Ecstasy . . . substitute, if you like, rapture, beauty, adoration, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown. All and each will convey what I mean; for some particular case one term may be more appropriate than another, but in every case there will be that withdrawal from the common life and the common consciousness which justifies my choice of the word 'ecstasy' as the best symbol of my meaning. I claim, then, that here we have the touchstone which will infallibly separate the higher from the lower in literature, which will range the innumerable multitude of books in two great divisions, which can be applied with equal justice to a Greek drama, an eighteenth-century novelist, and a modern poet, to an epic in twelve books, and to a lyric in twelve lines."—Arthur Machen, "Hieroglyphics."



FIRST let me comment on the title of this Essay.* Inevitable though it may be for an anthology, "Canadian Poetry" suggests to me what Dr. Logan has aptly styled "the vaudeville school" and Robert Service. "Poetry in Canada" suggests poetry, and Bliss Carman and Miss Pickthall. The thing itself must come before its qualification. If there is an Oxford Book of English Verse, we must blame it on the Tower of Babel. The greatest poems in it have nothing to do with England. The Americans tried to produce an "American" literature, and have, as a result, at least as regards poetry, produced hardly even a literature. *Speaking, as they did, the English language*, they carried the Declaration of Independence too far, and they forgot that though genius is a root out of a dry ground, and though poetry is in essence an eternal thing, it is also a living thing with a family tree. I don't say they did this consciously, but owing to political irritation their sense of nationality was exaggerated, and unconsciously they looked at a mine of tradition from the outside instead of working it from within.

As I read review after review of Canadian work, emphasizing the "national" note instead of attempting to rate the performance by some critical standard or other, I feel that we stand in similar peril through a too liberal interpretation of the principle of Canadian Autonomy.

Having this in mind, I have, in contrast, placed at the head of this article three quotations. These I wish the reader to regard as in place of an introductory essay, and as roughly defining the grounds of the following appreciations. It will be noticed that they are all from living critics, and this is because, while for the most part they take the classic position of Lessing, Coleridge, and Hazlitt, they

touch more pertinently on two burning questions of the present day, the position, in poetry, of form and morality.

I shall run very briefly over the earlier poets, more expressing likes and dislikes than attempting real criticism. Charles Mair has been called the father of Canadian poetry, and probably deserves that title more than anyone else, but his work, while it will always have great historical interest, does not appeal as strongly to the readers of our generation as it did to those of thirty years ago. "Tecumseh" seems to me lacking in the inevitability and atmosphere of first-class tragedy, though the language is often rich and dignified.

Isabella Valancy Crawford has a very pretty fancy, but I don't think the fancy often becomes imagination. The well-known lyric, "Oh, Love builds on the azure sea," and the lesser known one, "O light canoe, where dost thou glide," are exceptions. These are sheer delights. Burns and Heine never did better.

Archibald Lampman seems to me very overrated. In the great mass of his work I find hardly any of that *tang*, that zest, which is the hall-mark of lyric work. Never is there a line, more accurately a *climax*, like

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

or

"The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

or

"Fled is that music, do I sleep or wake?"

It is true that there is a residuum which would probably stand the severest criticism, and that he would profit if someone were to publish a selection of his work; but this residuum is lost in a mass of purely descriptive and didactic verse, finely wrought, but not poetry. I shall have a word or so more to say of him later.

George Frederick Cameron has a

* Suggested by J. W. Garvin's anthology, "Canadian Poets"

fine sonnet, "Wisdom," but for the most part the substance of his work is prose, and Lampman's selection shows the prosaic tendencies of both poets.

Wilfrid Campbell's "The Mother" is very fine.

Duncan Campbell Scott's, "Night Burial in the Forest," too, is very fine. However did he write "The Beggar and the Angel"? But it is not fair to dismiss him so briefly. He has great variety and interest in his metres, only I fear too often that they are more ingenious than the outcome of emotional necessity.

I must deal very gingerly with living, established poets! Here is Frederick George Scott, devout and conventional. Once or twice he throws off the traces. "Samson," except that the metre seems a little tony for such a theme, strikes fire; and "The Burden of Time" is august in language and has a memorable last stanza.

S. Frances Harrison's use of the villanelle is quite remarkable. Forms such as this and the triolet are naturally an occasion of cleverness rather than of poetry, yet Mrs. Harrison has done in several of these (even if the refrains do not vary in their shades of meaning quite as the form demands) what Robert Bridges did once in his "When First We Met".

Charles G. D. Roberts I regard more as a highly accomplished craftsman than a poet born to the purple.

My meed of unstinted praise, as regards the poets who have made their names, goes to Bliss Carman. Why is he not more appreciated? Is it because he is essentially pagan; that he has no sense of the great misgiving; that he has beauty, but no balm; that he has no evangel of conquest or deliverance, but only a choric song? What a delight is "Make me over, Mother April." How much finer is his "Overlord" than the many well-intentioned, indeed well-wrought, but didactic and essentially prosaic (I mean in substance) verses that have met me in this survey! Here the thought is never naked. It is veiled, as a poet's

thought most often is, in images; or through the beauty of form he gives the words a meaning *more than their face value*.

W. H. Drummond is, of course, a master in his genre, and things like "Little Lac Grenier" show him a poet as well.

Turning to the newer or lesser known writers, I first come across Miss Wetherald's "Mother and Child":

I saw a mother holding
Her play-worn baby son,
Her pliant arms enfolding
The drooping little one.

Her lips were made of sweetness,
And sweet the eyes above;
With infantile completeness
He yielded to her love.

And I who saw the heaving
Of breast to dimpling cheek,
Have felt, within, the weaving
Of thoughts I cannot speak;

Have felt myself the nestling
All strengthless, love-enisled;
Have felt myself the mother
Abroad above her child.

This meets almost all the criteria. But why, oh why, "drooping" and "infantile"? "Drooping" strikes a maudlin note, and "infantile" is so associated with phrases such as "infantile" or "puerile" folly, or with "medicine," that it is impossible in distinctive language. But for these two words the poem has the same simple but essential qualities as "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," though not having the same magic. I admit it might take two days to find the right words (I've tried and found myself picking on "nestling," already used) but it would be worth it.

"The Wind of Death" has just the same flaws:

"The wind of death that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy."

and

"How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath."

Why not, "enshrouds both friend and enemy," and "that blows as lightly as

a breath"? In the first case it is much stronger, and in both cases, particularly the first, we get rid of a jarring internal rhyme.

Miss Huestis, Mrs. Mackay and Miss Merrill are three accomplished craftswomen who all seem to have been won by a sweet name from verse to poetry. It is not easy to choose between "Aldaran," "Out of Babylon" and "In Arcadie," respectively. I think "Aldaran" the finest, but it is too long to quote, and I choose "In Arcadie" perhaps just because it is not so flawless.

The sea is green, the sea is gray,
The tide winds blow, and shallows chime;
Where earth is rife with bloom of May;
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' clime.
Love fares to-day by land and sea,
On the horizon's utmost hill
The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcadie.

Love fares to-day, and deftly builds
To melodies of wind and leaves;
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
And song of star and woodbird weaves,
And flowers, and pearl and purple eves.
With roofs of ever-changing skies
And fretted walls with time begun,
Its portals open to the sun,
On dream-held hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
But God's white seal on every leaf;
No sapphire gleaming on my brow,
Deep in my heart a dear belief;
No gray unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green and fair,
Where veeries sing in secret bowers
And lindens blow and little flowers,
And bluebirds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
Above a shadow-painted room
Built of many a bough and bloom—
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
The music of slow falling streams,
A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
And thou beside me in the dusk.

The second stanza is not clear, and the third not too clear. Where are the subjects, verbs, and objects of lines three, four and five of the second? "There are no proud," and "No proud . . . but God's" . . . "No sap-

phire . . . but deep." These elipses just spoil the third. The last twelve lines are lovely—and the last line is what lifts it from verse, very good verse, to poetry.

The genius of Miss Blackburn, and Mrs. Livesay, is very different. The formative influences discernible here are distinctly modern. Miss Blackburn in particular is in revolt against established forms. Here is "The Cypress Tree":

Out of the clod of earth
That holds me to this melancholy place,
As ancient servitors
Held flambeaux for their lords
In draughty corridors,
I leap into the sky.

I am a torch with an inherent blaze,
No winter bears me or my verdure down;
The whirling snow and ice
Fall on me to their peril, not to mine:
The swift and sudden wind
Deflects but cannot quench
My everlasting fire,
My fire that mounts out of the cerecloth of
the dead
And draws its essence from mortality,
Transmuting dissolution and despair
Into aspiring form—
A shape that is a symbol—
A pose prophetic!
I am the Cypress-Tree men plant on graves,
And on their graves—I flame!

This is exceptionally well done, but it is not so *free* as it looks. The first section has rhymes, "servitors," "corridors," "I," "sky." The second is blank verse. In "The Chant of the Woman" we get lines as fine as these:

I, too, am projected of Poets, offspring of
the Singers:
I have lain in the womb of the World and
incarnate its wonder—
I have played with the Child of the ages and
captured its glee—
I have been kissed with the kisses of
Kings—
Great Lovers have whispered their lore for
my learning.

and as hobbling as these:

"Then and now and always, wide away and
the length of a span.
I gather that I must gather, by impulse,
election:
In me only is attraction,

It alone could attract me,
So am I myself, and no other,
Myself—a mystery! a mouthpiece!"

Surely we can escape "established" forms, *without becoming formless?*

With Katherine Hale we return to traditional form. Here, in "Gray Knitting", "In the Trenches", and "I used to Wear a Gown of Green", there is genuine feeling, simply expressed — nothing positively breathless, true; but sincere and fresh. In "The Answer," however, she escapes the limits which seem to beset her sex.

Unaltered aisles that wait and wait forever,
O woods that gleam and stir in liquid gold,

*What of your little lover who departed
Before the year grew old?*

The leaves are very perfect in the forest,
This is the perfect hour of summer's wane,
And but last year we watched the blue
October

Between the parted boughs, as now, Lorane.

We asked of Life the old, eternal questions;
We asked of God: "Art Thou not here;
and why?

Why never come with heralds of the morning
Across this blaze of sky?

"Why build Thyself these great and perfect places;
Why build and never come to walk therein?"

And only rippling sunshine was the answer,
Or little pattering footsteps of the rain.

But still we sought Him, in the blue-white winter,

Or in the rosy spring or shadowy fall;
And faithful winds went forth with us to meet him,
And all the Heaven was one vibrating call.

We sought Him, and our own love seemed the answer;

We called Him, and the forest smiled us back.

Then we forgot and only looked for laughter
Along the wild-wood track.

Yet sometimes, when the moon sang down her cadence

Through all the forest roof so old and high,

We trembled from the sense of all we knew not—

The awful incompleteness of the sky.

And all the years we two went forth together

We never heard that third step on the sod.
I was alone—alone before I felt it,
And turned, and looked on God.

And God said: "I am loneliness and sorrow,

And I am questioning hope, and I am strife;

I am the joy that surges through my forest,
And I am death in life.

"I am the singing bird, the leaf, the shadow,

I am the circle of the endless earth;

Out of the infinite of all creation

I am the silence where the soul finds birth."

And so, unaltered aisles that wait forever
And woods that gleam and stir in liquid gold,

*You have made answer for the little lover
Who passed ere you grew old.*

The only flaw is that "Lorane." It is, I take it, the name of the little lover. Now, if the title were "The Answer—To Lorane" one would read straight through without feeling, "Hullo! our poet hard up for a rhyme"? It is, however, a lovely poem. The first two lines are miracles of music. "The awful incompleteness of the sky" is one of those rare lines compact of absolute imagination, not a mere "purple patch," and with all the beauty and the imagination in detail, the total effect is never lost sight of. There is nothing to add. Nothing could be taken away.

I can only notice Mrs. Osborne's "The Song of Israfil" in which she wins from a rather affected melancholy to a diviner sorrow, and quote (because it is shorter) Miss Holland's "Cradle Song" before I close my notice of the women poets with Miss Pickthall.

CRADLE SONG

Little brown feet, that have grown so weary
Plodding on through the heat of day,
Mother will hold you, mother will fold you
Safe to her breast; little feet, rest;
Now is the time to cease from play.

Little brown hands, that through day's long hours

Never rested, be still at last;
 Mother will rest you; come, then, and nest
 you
 Here by her side, nestle and hide;
 Creep to her heart and hold it fast.

Little brown head, on my shoulder lying,
 Night is falling and day is dead;
 Mother will sing you songs that shall bring
 you
 Childhood's soft sleep, quiet and deep;
 Sweet be your dreams, O dear brown
 head!

Miss Pickthall has not only written lovely poems, but, like Bliss Carman, she is a poet. There was an important review of her work, written some time ago, in *a* Canadian magazine, which I have ever since wanted to have a fling at. It took her to task for writing on Eastern themes with a Western mind ("O Silver Rose") and imitating the home-sick Celt ("Wanderlied")—insincerity, ending grudgingly, "When all is done, there is much notable poetry here". I flatter myself I could prove far more conclusively (*most* of the guesses at "formative influences" were wrong) that Miss Pickthall is, like nearly all genuine poets, very "clever," very "literary". I should just quote "The House's Setting," and "On Amaryllis—A Tortoise"; both absolutely dependent on their Old-English spelling for their effect. The greatest poets are not free from literary influences. In fact they show them as a rule more markedly than lesser ones for the simple reason that poetry is their passion, and it is impossible for them not to show in their earlier work the results of their reading, in separate strains which later become blended in their own personality.

If it is ever my fortune to review Miss Pickthall's work *in extenso*, I shall *first* say that "The Drift of Pinions" has, out of forty-three poems, twenty-one unsurpassed by any other lyric work in the language. These reveal a passion for all shy, tender and wistful things which is unique not only in its flawless expression, both as regards music and imagery, but also in itself. *Afterwards* I may say that

she is a little literary, and her range is a little limited. Her second volume, "The Lamp of Poor Souls," only adds one or two poems to the twenty-one.

E. W. Thomson is hardly unknown. The "Many-mansioned House" was distinctive and well-noticed. But for one person that knows anything of his work a thousand will know Service's. "Thunderchild's Lament" and "The Mandan Priest" are strong, clear, pseudo-lyric, strictly narrative, verse. Their setting is Canadian. They are tense and dramatic throughout and have a sense of climax wholly admirable, and yet they fail of popular appreciation. Why? No doubt they would gain greater favour if they were written in anapæstic metre, or if their sentiment were allowed to become sentimentality. As it is they are too severe, both in thought and form, to win the man in the street. I was not sure at first whether these poems were not as poignant as Miss Pickthall's "A Mother in Egypt". The subjects are related, though the wide difference in treatment makes it seem almost impossible. One could hardly find a more striking demonstration that, after all, only lyric poetry is absolute poetry.

The selections do not give Albert D. Watson justice. They show all his faults, those which usually beset the poet who has not fused his "criticism of life" with his "art-form". The philosophy of a poet should bear the same relation to his work as the roots of a tree to the tree itself. Albert D. Watson has not turned his abstractions into concretions. His selections are didactic and abound with stock-phrases. A better service would have been rendered him by giving Part I. of "Love and the Universe" entire. In this he is more *carried away* by his philosophy. In poetry, philosophy must take wings.

Now Alan Sullivan, too, has solid stuff, a unifying principle behind his work; but one *feels* it rather than *sees* it. His "Came Those Who Saw and Loved Her" challenges Swinburne's

"The Garden of Proserpine". In this it is rather unfortunate. Where the form is *everything* it must not be imitated, but Sullivan's poem has a spiritual loveliness Swinburne never knew.

Robert Norwood is perhaps being more looked to than any other Canadian in the present revival. I cannot agree with the praise of his sonnets. I feel that far too often they are merely "flowery" in their language, that their rhymes are forced, and their rhythms shattered by abrupt pauses, awkward elisions and inversions. His dramatic gift is far more praiseworthy, as Mr. Garvin himself notes. "Dives in Torment" shows him halfway to finding himself. I will show what I mean:

"Out to the desert which brims like a bowl,
Brimms like a bowl of Falernian wine."

Now it seems to me that it was only his love of opulent words, of the words for themselves, that led to that "Falernian wine". I can't imagine a desert brimming with anything but sand. In "The Witch of Endor" he arrives, but even here pruning is necessary. Loruhamah is made to say to Doeg, "Defile me not with touch of you, you toad," and one is tempted to reply, "Oh, you kid!" This drama has been ranked with Stephen Phillips's work. It is no compliment. Stephen Phillips is far more rhetorician than poet. It is possible, as Yeats and Synge have shown, to pack every line with poetry and yet be as direct and straightforward as in prose. The close of Act II. shows a great gift.

Last I come to Theodore Goodrich Roberts. Four of the five poems selected are quite enough to prove the presence of a poet. There is that gnomic form, that infallible instinct for the right word in the right place, which is born only of the intense vision which will not be balked by the exigencies of rhyme, that *atmosphere* which makes one exclaim on reading, even at random, "Ah, here's the real thing!" "The Lost Shipmate" has

ended one of my dreams—to do in verse what Conrad did in prose, in "Youth":

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—

Youth, in his ignorant faith and his bright array.

The tides go out; the tides come flooding in;
Still the old years die and the new begin;

But youth?—

Somewhere we lost each other, last year or yesterday.

Somewhere he failed me. Down at the harbour-side

I waited for him a-little, where the anchored argosies ride.

I thought he came—the steady "trade" blew free—

I thought he came—'twas but the shadow of me?

And Youth?—

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

Perhaps I shall find him. It may be he waits for me,

Sipping those wines we knew, beside some tropic sea;

The tides still serve, and I am out and away
To search the spicy harbours of yesterday

For Youth,

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

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—

Youth, in his ignorant heart and his bright array.

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

Was it on Spanish Hill, where the roses blow?

Ah, Youth!

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

Somewhere I failed him. Somewhere I let him depart—

Youth, who would only sleep for the morn's fresh start.

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

And Youth and I rejoiced in their wastrel din.

Ah, Youth!

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

In general conclusion, I feel that the present revival of poetry affords more promise than the movement of the eighties. With the exception of Isabella Valancy Crawford, I feel that the earlier poets wrote as if they had

models in front of them. Their smooth, even descriptions of nature, are scholarly and classic in repose. Their subjects are seen from the outside. They never identify themselves with nature. Archibald Lampman's "Among the Millet" (the *one* poem) is one of his few genuine lyrics. All the rest are attempts on the part of poetry to usurp the function of painting. His sonnets are no more sonnets than Wordsworth's "Duddon Sonnets".

In the present revival the poets are expressing themselves. They are not looking *at* things, they are possessed *by* things. At the same time comparing Miss Wetherald's "Mother and Child" with the first of Miss Pickthall's "Three Island Songs," one can see the immense importance of the literary touch. The former is really greater poetry, it has the greater half; but the latter affords greater satisfaction, because Miss Pickthall has refined, but *not* to a vanishing point, her own original gift by floating in and absorbing a great tradition. And that brings me back to where I started.

One word more, and that is as to criticism in Canada. This is in a bad state. On the one hand we have ignorant praise of everything Canadian. On the other we have the snobbishness of the little critic who feels bound to criticize. The true province of criticism is to explain and interpret, to be sweetly reasonable. I shall not hesitate to speak of a personal matter in this respect. One of the only two slightly unfavourable reviews I had was from such a critic, and I think he should be made an example of. This is the review (from the *Montreal Star*):

"Most of the poems in this book are of the patriotic order and but few of these are of the highest merit. It is when we turn to his sonnets, some inspired by the war, that we find Mr. Gordon at his best. Number six of the 'Sic Itur ad Astra' series is well worth serious consideration, as are several others. On the other hand, there are one or two poems, notably 'Delilah,' the excision of which would have materially enhanced the writer's standing.

"One has every hope for Mr. Gordon's

future in the world of verse. He has the poet's strong reaction to emotion; what he lacks so far is a technique in which to express himself adequately. That will come with time and much hard work. In the meantime, that section of the reading public which does not despair of the future of the art of poetry in Canada will welcome his verse as it appears."

Notice how he faces both ways in case I should "arrive," just like Miss Pickthall's critic.

Now it is a mathematical fact that only one quarter (to a line!) of my poetry has to do with the war. Further, of that quarter, only a fraction is of the patriotic order. If my "Easter Ode" has anything to do with patriotism, may I *never write another poem!* I tell him in my preface *why* I print "Delilah". I write 'Dedication' to show that the book is *in itself* a criticism. It is lost on him. Technique is only a matter of hard work, but how I paraphrased Clutton-Brock's "France" without a perfect technique I don't know. Oh, yes! I'll brag about it! If he had said what my *other* critic said, "His powers of expression are still somewhat in advance of his vigour and originality of thought," I should preserve a fitting silence. But this "critic" shows that he does not even know the meaning of technique; and where ignorance and conceit are so demonstrable, the fact that I am the victim shall not prevent me from treating him as I should like to have treated Miss Pickthall's very superior critic. The final condescension, with its lofty pity for Canadian poetry, is the last straw.

And here is the sort of appreciation one does not appreciate (the italics are mine) from "Pendennis'" precious column, *Daily Mail*, Montreal.

"The name of the *patriotic bard* is Alfred Gordon and *he lives and breathes among us*; he is a Montrealer, and if I am any judge of poetry no fellow-citizen need *blush* because of his verse. His Pegasus *hits* the ground *once in a while* and needs the spur to elevate it *oftenwhiles*, but it is a dignified steed, and *usually* its flight is serene, and unflinching as it wings its way through the amber atmosphere of high sentiment and all-enfolding truth."

It is of vital importance that more of our newspapers should recognise literature by paying critics of the calibre employed on some of the great London papers.

I trust those who have followed me will feel this: That I have not cared about my "critical reputation" (I haven't one anyway; and in the nar-

rower sense I don't want one, though I hope to be associated more and more with Canadian letters); that I have only tried to speak the truth as it seemed to me; to take the best and be as generous as I could without praising idly; and that, as a result, Canadian poetry does not suffer in the least, but on the contrary.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES

By C. W. LANE

FOR me the empires waxed and waned,
 And Homer sang of ancient wars;
 For me Columbus sought the West,
 And Galileo read the stars.

For me the hereos fought and fell;
 'T was for my sake that Shakespeare wrote:
 And they that broke the pride of Spain,
 For me unknowingly they smote.

For glory not, and not for fame
 Did Cromwell strike at tyranny;;
 King Charles was shortened by a head
 For my sake, and 't was, too, for me

That Revolution's torch was lit
 And kings and nobles knew the knife—
 When France was to a shambles turned,
 I was the object of their strife.

And when this storm of war is stilled,
 And men the victor fain would see,
 'T is I alone shall be proclaimed—
 Yea, I alone! I—Liberty!

THE SIGN-STONE at the Y

By Rae Lunn.

JACK DULUTH came to Chickakoo Pass about the same time I did, and before a year had passed over his handsome head he was the possessor of the finest cabin in the place, as well as Mary Blackwater, according to the law of the north, and a bouncing boy—the image of his dead grandfather, Dashing Brook.

Mary's eyes were like over-ripe blackberries, lips as tempting as a dish of fresh strawberries, a skin as milky-white as her doll-even teeth, thus giving her a striking cast with her heavy, shiny, black hair. Her expression was that of a Madonna until she knit her Irish eyebrows.

Boots, as they nick-named the youngster, was at the pull-up-to-a-chair stage when Jack made his stake. He was as successful a prospector as he had been a lover.

One night a couple of weeks later Jack happened in at my dug-out. After smoking in silence for some time, he blurted forth:

"Mac, I'm about to pull out. I've had my fill of the wilds."

I wasn't surprised at Jack's words, for no fellow of his prospects or previous life could become attached to the northern wilds during the first couple of years.

"You're lucky," I growled, wondering when *my* turn would come. "Taking Ma—your family of course?"

We smoked in silence for a few moments.

"No," Jack rapped. "How can you expect me to be received into *my* family with a si—with a woman like Mary, and—and—. Well, you know the brat is a dead give-away. Besides, Mary wouldn't hear of being parted from the little devil."

I did some tall thinking, but kept silent.

Jack coughed: "I'm leaving Mary and the kid well provided for—enough to keep her the rest of her life and to give the youngster an education, should he want it".

"How about the next?"

Jack flinched slightly. "That's neither here nor there. Besides, Mary's got enough for three."

"It's your funeral, Jack," I said, and shoved him my tobacco can. He filled his pipe, struck a match, letting it drop as it burned his fingers, and slowly struck another.

"I suppose you think I'm a brute, Mac, but I've thought this all over pretty well. Besides, you know the kind of girl like Mary will soon forget and will be going on the same with some other fellow before the end of another year. She knew that there wasn't any marriage ceremony when she coupled up with me, though that old priest tried like thunder to haul me into one."

Jack was Mary's "first and only," and I knew a little of girls like her.

"But Mac," Jack broke the silence,

"there's nothing else to be done. You can't expect me to bury myself up here with enough gold to keep Wall Street going for a week, could you? Besides, I know that with twenty bucks dropping into her lap every month—Puh-hh-h! What will Mary ever think or care whether I'm here or in Egypt?"

"Perhaps you're right," I yawned, not wishing to be drawn into an argument. "Does she know about your going?"

Jack shook his head. "You're the only one."

"A secret then?"

Jack nodded.

"Say, Mac," Jack hesitated after another silence, "you don't mind helping me—doing me a favour? You're going to Skagway for a load of supplies the day after to-morrow, aren't you? Well, I got wind of it and told Mary that I'd take my car and go along with you for company. See?"

"She never tumbled an inch and wants to go with me by the 'Y' trail, as she has some people at the Skagway Reservation that she wants to visit."

"The 'Y' trail?" I frowned.

"Yes," Jack apologized. "I know it's a little rough, but—er—you don't mind, do you? It's shorter than the regular trail." (Jack had a way of smoothing out difficult points.) "I just don't like going alone, somehow, and since Mary's so anxious to go, I thought it was a good way to—You won't mind so much, will you, Mac?"

"No," I jerked out, though I hated being shook to pieces over a road like a nutmeg grater when there was a good one with only a few miles difference in distance.

This trail divided at the "Y," one branch going to Skagway, the other to Juneau. The Juneau branch crossed the Cree, a creek-like river, as dangerous as death, whose bridge had been swept out five years before during the "big freshet" and hadn't been replaced. Thus a large part of the

trail's traffic was lost, getting it into punk condition, and, of course, out of use for Juneau as well.

"All roads lead to Rome, anyway," I passed it off.

"Lead to Rome! God, Mac, I feel as though I could yell my head off. I'm so damn glad to get out of this graveyard silence. Lordy! Yiyiyiyiyiyiyi—whooff-whoof-ff-f!" and Jack caught me by the shoulders and did a mad-cap waltz around my ten by twelve dug-out.

"Mac, I often thought I was devilishly happy—cussedly so, but I never knew what it was to be *real* happy. Happy? Why, man, I'm drunk with it!" and he gave me a whack between my shoulders that about took my breath away.

On the morning of our departure when I stopped at Jack's cabin, Mary hailed me with as much enthusiastic delight as Jack was restraining.

"Mary, any one would think you were going to I-don't-know-where, seventh heaven or some such place," Jack laughed as Mary hopped around him like a little wren, helping him with his collar and tie, brushing his suit, blacking his shoes and a dozen-and-one different loving touches to the packing of his grip.

I felt like throttling Jack when I pictured the heart-break I knew would come when he failed to return.

"See?" Mary gurgled and she lifted a corner of the napkin that covered a basket from which mouth-watering odours issued. "Glad you came, friend Mac?" and she perched her small head on one side and eyed first Jack, then Boots and lastly me.

"You bet," I heartily agreed. "It's me for where the yum-yum cooks go."

It was past high noon before we came within sight of the "Y".

"Here's where we stop, so the boss says," Jack chuckled, with a smack of his lips, "and for one I'm not sorry."

"More truth than fiction to that," I rejoined as I took Boots and followed Mary into the woods, where she spread her feast by some spruces.

I had never dreamed that a girl of Mary's breeding could be so entertaining. She told stories, sang and played on her harp until she nearly drove me mad with longing for one like her. Jack, however, took Mary's accomplishments as a matter-of-fact occurrence.

Suddenly Jack paused in his pipe dreaming, yanked out his watch and cried: "Heavens, Mac! Dou you realize that it's nearly five?"

"Now that you've told me I do," I replied, glancing at the sun already setting.

"Where's Mary?"

"She went off about five minutes ago with Boots," and I waved toward the road. "Let's gather up the dishes and by that time she'll likely be ready to start."

Jack glanced at the granite ware dishes. "The dishes," he sneered. "Yes, Mary'll want them, I suppose. Golly, Mac, when I see and eat again off dishes that are dishes—Lordy!" and he gave a luxurious stretch.

"They'll never hold grub that tastes as good as this, though," I threw back as I tucked the breast of a grouse into my mouth and washed it down with some of Mary's whossum wine.

When we reached Jack's car, Mary was sitting on its step, her head leaning against the body of the car and her breath coming in short pants.

"Sick?" Jack asked.

"I fell—stumbled—Boots overbalanced me," Mary explained between pants and she staggered to her feet and began to pull the car curtains from beneath the car seat.

"We don't need those, Mary," Jack scoffed. "Why, it's as warm as June."

"For you—yes. But, what about Boots?" Mary flashed, and she continued her work, giving Jack a look that silenced him.

Jack whispered to me: "Something's wrong," and he shot me a suspicious glance.

"I'm on the square. As I told you

this wasn't my funeral," I flung back. "But I can see that a cog's loose somewhere. She may have hurt herself when she fell."

"Maybe," Jack shrugged as he pursed his lips and rolled a cigarette.

"You hold Boots, Jack, and I'll drive," Mary ordered curtly. "He hurts my leg where——"

"I thought something was wrong. I'm sorry," Jack murmured with a caress as he dropped a kiss on Mary's cheek.

"We start first, Mac," Mary called, with a flash of her old gaiety, and she set the car in motion.

"Wait!" I yelled. "That's not the Skagway trail, that's the Juneau trail. You——"

"No, Mac. This is the Skagway trail. Look," and she pointed to the giant sign-stone, which comprised a splinter of granite with "To Skagway" carved on one side of it and "To Juneau" on the other.

I got out of my car, struck a match and looked.

"Yes, you're right," I replied. "It's marked Skagway alright, but I always thought this was the Juneau trail," and I glanced at the fast-darkening sky to verify my bearings. I grabbed hold of the sign-stone and it protested as much as the sign on it that I was wrong.

"Slightly twisted as to directions, I guess," Jack said. "Yes, Mary's right."

By the time I had climbed into my car Jack was disappearing over the brow of a hill.

"She'll reach the Reservation mighty quick from the clip she's taking," I mused. "Worried most likely about Boots," and I followed at a more leisurely rate.

Suddenly I brought my car to a stop. Terrified cries from Jack and a heinous yell from Mary re-echoed on the silence, and all was still.

Like a flash Mary's bubbling spirit, her sudden disappearance, change of manner toward Jack, the putting up of the curtains and her taking the

wheel herself all dawned upon me.

In the morning neither Jack's car nor its occupants were to be seen. As I went up to the "Y" I paused at the sign-stone and at its base I saw where

it had been moved. "*Turned it around!* How did she?" I pondered, aghast at the seeming improbableness of the feat when it refused to yield to my main strength.

THE LOST PATH

By CLAYTON DUFF

THE path was worn by faithful feet
On summer days gone by,
Going and coming, morn and eve,
Beneath the summer sky.

It left the lawn where apple boughs
Cast wide their welcome shade,
And through the sunny grasses tall
Its deep-worn canyon made.

Then from the level homeland height
It plunged in swift descent
To where the croon of falling streams
With sterner notes was blent.

Where all day long the river sang
In dreams of sweet repose,
While on its banks from shaft and wheel
The pulse of toil uprose.

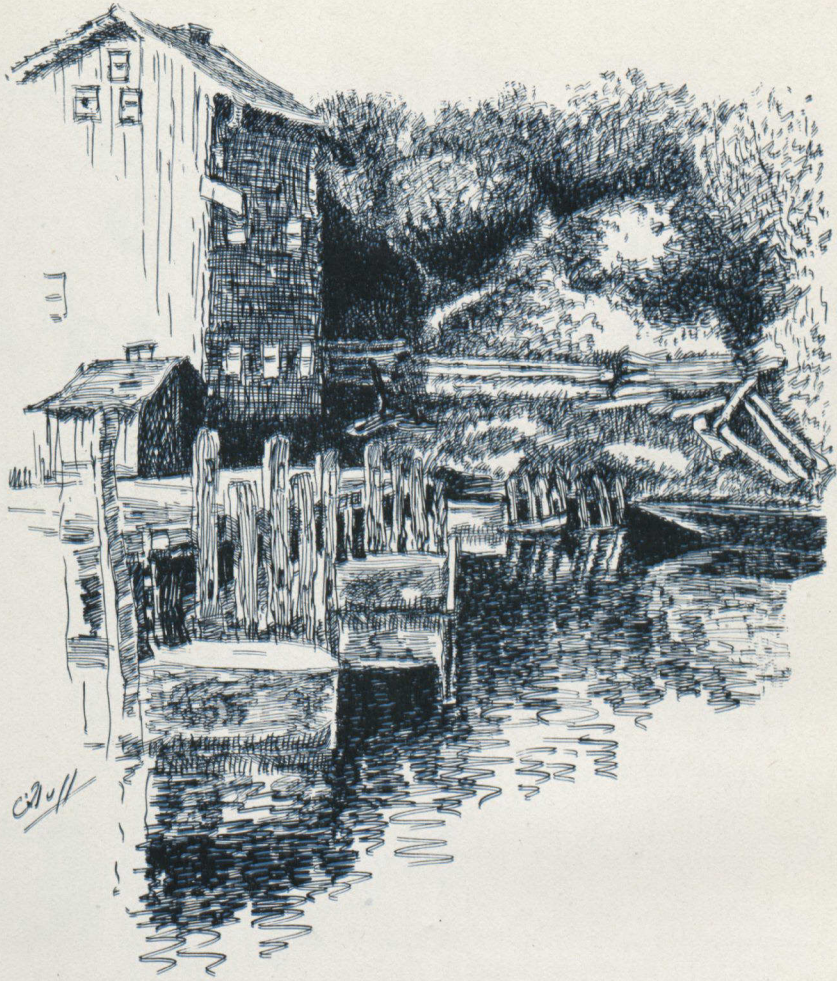
Until at eve the weary feet
Came home their fragrant way,
By lilac spires and apple bloom
Or scent of new-mown hay.

So many summers to and fro
The path those feet had led,
One could not think it should so soon
Forget its master's tread.

Then came a day when morning's call
That true heart heard no more;
Came one sad spring the swift step sped
No longer from the door.

And now already through the grass
That path is scarce discerned.
Nature with cold oblivion
Its record mute has spurned.

The grasses crowd along the trail
To blot it from the view,
Above its hidden course the flowers
Their heartless pomps renew.



Drawing by Clayton Duff

But though to earthly pilgrimage
Those faithful feet are still,
I think I see them climbing yet
On some Elysian hill,

Where with celestial strength renewed
To nobler tasks they fare,
And pathways worn by duty's tread
Immortal impress bear.

CANADA'S YEARLY PRODUCTION

By William Lewis Edmonds.

Farm products (field crops, live stock, dairy, dairy, fruits, etc.)	\$1,313,000,000
Manufactured goods	1,500,000,000
Minerals	177,357,454
Forest products	172,880,000
Fisheries	35,860,708
Furs and skins	2,000,000
Grand total	\$3,201,098,162



RODUCTION is at all times an important national matter. It is a particularly important matter to Canada at present. Population,

just and efficient government, and congenial climatic conditions are all essential factors in nation-building. But no country can achieve national greatness unless it is able to produce from its natural resources a large store of material wealth.

It is possible for a nation, like an individual, to live for a time on borrowed capital. But it can be only for a time. To make steady and permanent progress there must be co-ordination of production.

A nation in the making is necessarily a borrower of money. There could not be adequate development of its natural resources if it were not. That is sound business practice for a nation

as well as for an individual manufacturer. Production would otherwise be seriously retarded.

In the final analysis, however, that which determines a nation's greatness is the measure of its ability to turn into wealth its latent natural resources. If that which it produces is adequate to meet its obligations and create a surplus besides, it is on the high road to prosperity. If not, its condition is parlous.

That Canada possesses the potentialities of national greatness there can now be not the slightest doubt. Even that part of the Dominion lying west of the Great Lakes, which half a century ago people of short vision and dull imagination thought to be little better than a wilderness, is now recognized by all as one of our greatest potential sources of wealth.

We may not be able to calculate to a nicety the actual potential value of

our resources and the limit of their productiveness. A manufacturer may be able, by the aid of experts, to closely estimate the productive possibilities of his factory and the capacity of his market. But it is beyond the ken of man to do that with the natural resources of a country like Canada. Their vastness and variety is too great.

There are certain natural resources whose extent and possible productive value can be approximately estimated. There are others in regard to which even an approximate estimate cannot be made. We know with some degree of certainty the extent of the country's land area capable of cultivation, the percentage that is under cultivation, and the annual value of its products. We also have some conception of the vastness of the forest resources of the Dominion and the value of their products year by year. But who can even approximately estimate the potential value of either the mineral or the fishery resources of Canada! Man certainly cannot. We know from experience that their value is very great and approximately the annual value of that which they produce. But there our knowledge practically ceases.

Once every ten years the Census Bureau tells us the extent and variety of our manufacturing industries and the annual aggregate value of the output of their finished products. But it makes no attempt, simply because it cannot, to arrive at the ultimate potential productive power of the factories of the Dominion.

But although the future is as a closed book, as far as it reveals to us the ultimate productive possibilities of Canada, yet, judging from that which has already been accomplished, we are quite persuaded that before many years have elapsed the fields, the forests, the factories, the mines, and the fisheries will be producing wealth which in extent will far transcend that of to-day.

According to history it is just three hundred years since the first white man set himself to the task of tilling

the soil of Canada for a living. Five years ago, when the last census was taken, there were 715,000 farms in Canada, embracing about 110,000,000 acres, while the aggregate value of land, buildings, live stock and implements was close to \$4,250,000,000. And yet substantial and all as these figures are, they are relatively small when compared with the agricultural potentialities of the country.

Even in what we consider the fairly well settled Province of Ontario, only about one-fourth to one-third of the available arable land is under cultivation, while in the Dominion as a whole the percentage is only about ten to twelve. According to Government statisticians there are about 441,000,000 acres of possible farm lands awaiting cultivation. And this does not take into account the areas included in the Northwest Territories which are outside the boundaries of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Although the lands included within the farm holdings are relatively but a small fraction of the total available for agricultural purposes, from this small proportion there was produced last year grain, live stock, roots, fruits and vegetables, wool and other commodities possessing in the aggregate a value of approximately one billion three hundred and thirteen million dollars.

From the 35,192,450 acres devoted wholly to the cultivation of field crops there were produced commodities having an aggregate value of \$808,000,000. Wheat alone, with a yield of 220,367,000 bushels, contributed \$289,374,000 to this sum.

When, sixty-seven years ago, Upper Canada, then the only important wheat-growing part of the country, produced 13.33 bushels per capita of population, it was thought to be of sufficient importance to receive special treatment in certain English magazines. But last year the production per capita for the Dominion as a whole was 30.60 bushels, or 17.27 bushels per capita of population greater than in

Upper Canada in 1850. And that notwithstanding the fact that the yield to the acre in 1916 was much below the average of previous years, being but 17 bushels, compared with 29.08 in 1915 and an average of 18.42 for the 1010-14 period. In the United States, however, the yield to the acre was but 12.1 bushels, and the average for the 1910-14 period, 14.9.

When the census of 1910 was taken it was estimated that the live stock on the farms of Canada possessed an aggregate value of \$631,103,420, and that the value of that sold or slaughtered was \$177,635,587. No official figures are available as to the revenue obtained by the farmers from the live stock sold last year. That, in view of the high prices ruling, it was much larger than it was in 1910 there can be no doubt. Allowing for an increase of 10 per cent., we have a total of about \$200,000,000. That, with the \$808,000,000 obtained for the field crops, brings the productive value of the farms of Canada from these two sources to more than a billion dollars.

But the productive value of the farms of Canada is by no means confined to the field crops and the live stock sold. There are the dairy products, for example, to be taken into account. They are a very important source of revenue to many farmers in the Dominion. And they are becoming increasingly important. Four years ago the aggregate value of these products was represented by the respectable sum of \$123,000,000. To-day, however, in view of the extraordinary high prices obtaining, and to the greater attention being given to the development of the industry, the annual value of the output is estimated to have reached the sum of \$200,000,000.

Six years ago, when the last census was taken, the farmers of Canada obtained a revenue of \$31,587,000 from the fruits and vegetables produced. Eggs yielded \$23,270,000; wool, \$1,600,000; maple syrup, \$2,587,000; honey, \$713,250. Then there is the

lumber cut from the farms of Canada to be added. That, according to the last census, was \$35,000,000. No later estimate, as far as we are aware, has been made regarding the value of the fruits and vegetables, maple products or honey produced. But the eggs produced in 1915 are valued at \$30,000,000, and the wool clip of 1916 at \$2,000,000. That both of these commodities, in view of the higher prices obtaining, have a still greater value there can be no doubt.

Taking all sources of revenue into consideration, we shall not be far astray in computing the total value of the farms of Canada for 1916 at about \$3,313,000,000.

There is a familiar Chinese saying to the effect that while agriculture is the root of prosperity, industry and commerce are the branches and leaves. With this Oriental proverb we of the Caucasian race are quite willing to agree. Agriculture is undoubtedly the root of Canadian prosperity. But it is equally certain that without a healthy manufacturing industry the productive value of the Dominion would be very much curtailed.

When the census of 1910 was taken the annual aggregate productive value of the 19,218 manufacturing establishments in the Dominion was \$1,167,975,639. This represented an increase of 142.38 per cent. in ten years and of over 600 per cent. in thirty years.

That the productive value of the factories of Canada is now greater than it was seven years ago there can be no doubt. The years 1911, 1912 and 1913 were periods of extraordinary activity and development in the manufacturing industries of the country, and while 1914 was an off year, 1915 witnessed a revival in trade generally and influx of enormous war orders. During 1916 there was a further and still more marked development in both general trade and war orders. The output of munitions alone is now estimated to be on the basis of about half a billion dollars' worth a

year, while the total value of all factory products now, at a moderate estimate, must be at the rate of one-and-a-half billion dollars annually. This would allow for an increase of 30 per cent. over the output of seven years ago. When we take into consideration the fact that the increase during the decennial period ending 1910 was 142 per cent., an estimated gain of 30 per cent. for the subsequent seven-year period may well be accounted a moderate one. The postal census, taken early last year, notwithstanding the incompleteness of the figures, estimates the value of the output of the Canadian factories in 1915 at \$1,392,516,953. As the factories of the country were not nearly as fully employed during 1915 as they were in 1916, it follows that the estimate of \$1,500,000,000 for the latter year must be well within the mark.

Since the outbreak of the war, impelled in part by necessity and in part by the spirit of enterprise, there has been a marked increase in the variety as well as in the extent of the products manufactured in Canada, many articles and commodities now being turned out by our factories that formerly were imported exclusively. This is particularly marked in steel and steel products; metal products, such as copper and zinc; textiles and their products; industrial chemicals; medicinal preparations, and wood products.

With the great strides that are being made in nearly all parts of Canada in the development of hydro-electric energy, it is quite probable that the productivity of the manufacturing industries of the country will increase at a greater ratio in the future than in the past.

Water-power is cheap power, and that is a desideratum Canada much needs, contributing as it does to the reduction in the cost of production.

Canada, in her potential water-powers, as in her potential agricultural possibilities, has been richly endowed by nature. It is doubtful whe-

ther any country has been more richly endowed. Her position is certainly more favourable in this respect than the United States. The fact that Canada has an estimated water area of 127,755 square miles, compared with 52,630 square miles possessed by the United States, may be taken as substantial evidence of this. One authority estimates the available water-power of the Dominion at 17,000,000 horse-power. While other authorities are inclined to consider this as much in the nature of a guess, there can be no doubt that Canada possesses water powers of enormous extent and of great potential value.

If there is any one of Canada's natural resources in which there has been the maximum of waste it is in her forest resources. Year after year millions of dollars have been lost through forest fires and wasteful lumbering operations. Authorities estimate that we have destroyed by fire practically as much as we have cut for commercial purposes. Our losses through this cause in 1915 were placed at \$10,000,000.

According to Government figures, the total area covered by timber in Canada is over half a billion acres, of which about one-half possesses timber of commercial size. When we consider that the land under timber is much more extensive than it is thought possible for the area under agricultural cultivation ever to be, we begin to get some conception of the potential value of our forest resources.

The latest year for which we have official estimates regarding the value of the output of forest products in Canada is 1915. In that year the value was \$172,880,000, which, owing to the demoralized state of trade in 1914, was the lowest for some years. The Canadian Forestry Association, in a statement published last year, estimates that the forest products of the Dominion put into the pockets of the people of this country something like \$200,000,000 annually.

The production of minerals in Can-

ada for the calendar year 1916 is officially valued at \$177,357,454, by many millions the largest on record, and \$40,248,283 in excess of 1915 and \$79,286,697 in excess of 1906. The principal increases over 1915 were: Copper, 87.13 per cent.; nickel, 41.69 per cent.; lead, 36.52 per cent.; silver, 27.41 per cent.; asbestos, 44.35 per cent.; coal, 21.01 per cent.; gold, 0.97 per cent.

In view of the fact that the refining of copper is now being done in Canada we may safely anticipate a still greater development in the annual productive value of this metal. Important results are also anticipated from the refining of zinc, especially in view of the backing which the industry has from the Federal Government. Two plants are thus far employed, one being in British Columbia, and the other in Quebec. Hitherto all the zinc ore produced in Canada has been exported to the United States and there refined.

But the most important development of all, as far as the mining industry is concerned, will take place when the large nickel plant now being erected at Port Colborne, Ont., begins operations toward the close of the present year; it will have a productive capacity of 15,000,000 pounds a year. Another refining plant is to be established in the Sudbury district. The inauguration of this industry means much for the industrial welfare of the Dominion in general as well as for nickel mining in particular.

There are not wanting signs that the mineral industry of the Dominion is on the eve of a development which will result in a marked increase in its productive value.

In her fisheries Canada's position is unique. No other country has resources approaching her in this respect. With 7,200 miles of coast line on the Pacific, 5,000 on the Atlantic, and an area of 36,500 square miles within its boundary line on the Great Lakes, the Dominion possesses fishing

grounds of practically unlimited extent.

During the fiscal year 1916 the value of the product obtained from these fisheries was \$35,860,708. This was the largest on record, and \$4,596,000 in excess of 1915. At the time of Confederation the annual yield of the fisheries was less by one-half of what it is to-day. And with the more general use of motor-driven boats employed in the industry, there now being 11,097 compared with 4,588 five years ago, we may naturally anticipate further increases in the productive value of our fisheries, even although we have been drawing supplies from them for three centuries.

The only Canadian industry which once ranked high in importance, but now contributes comparatively little to the productive value of the country, is that appertaining to the fur trade. Being the first of our most important industries, it, in the early pioneer days of the country, undoubtedly contributed much to the upbuilding of Canada. But to-day, comparatively speaking, it is a small factor indeed, the furs and skins of wild animals obtained in the country now only possessing an annual value of approximately \$2,000,000. This does not include the fox skins produced on the farms which have come into existence in the Maritime Provinces during the last few years, where many million dollars have been invested in the industry. Up to four years ago the amount so invested was \$15,000,000.

Canada's annual productive value, based on the results of last year, in all branches of industry, is now well past the three-billion-dollar mark. There can be no question on this point. This, divided among the five million people of the productive age of fifteen years and over, which there were in Canada when the last census was taken, would give each the sum of six hundred dollars. Divided among the 1,517,742 families which were at that time in the Dominion, there would be nearly two thousand dollars for each.

But there is still a further interesting feature in connection with the total annual productive value of the Dominion which is worthy of note, and that is its approximation in amount to the aggregate public and private debt of the country.

Up to the outbreak of the war this debt was about three billions of dollars, and represented the borrowings of the Federal and Provincial Governments, the municipalities, the railways, and the various industrial corporations. To-day our aggregate debt is a great deal larger than even that enormous sum, while the annual interest charges, formerly about \$140,000,000, are now estimated to be between \$175,000,000 and \$180,000,000. This is a rather heavy burden to carry. But as long as we are producing in a single year from the various industrial enterprises of the country that which in value approximates closely to the sum total of our indebtedness, the burden can scarcely be said to be one we are unable to bear.

Although the aggregate value of that which the Dominion now produces has well turned the three-billion-dollar mark, yet everyone who has given any thought to the subject must realize that it is still far short of the country's potential power in this respect.

At no time in the history of the Dominion was the necessity of increasing production so great as it is to-day. The strain upon our financial resources, owing to the war, is enormous. But there are not the present necessities alone to be considered. There are those of the future to be considered as well.

In the past when we wanted new capital for the purpose of developing our industrial enterprises or the necessities of our Federal or Provincial Governments or of our municipal corporations, we readily obtained it in London. For the time being that market is closed to us. After the war

it will doubtless be opened to us again. But to the extent it formerly was is decidedly doubtful, for the war is to-day destroying British capital at a much faster rate than it is being created.

The extent to which the war is affecting our relations with the London money market may be gathered from the fact that whereas in 1914 no less than 68 per cent. of our total loans were floated there, last year only 1.55 per cent. came from that source. True, we have obtained financial assistance in New York to an extent hitherto not experienced, that market having last year taken nearly sixty-five per cent. of the securities floated, compared with a little under twenty per cent. in 1914. But we cannot depend upon the New York market to the extent we formerly did the London market for the supplying of our financial necessities.

It is evident therefore that we must rely more and more on our own resources if an adequate supply of capital is to be obtained for the development of our industrial resources and for the necessities of our government and municipal institutions. And this is a desideratum which can only be secured by increasing production, for that is the only substantial basis upon which Canada or any other country can advance. Capital cannot be created by any system of legerdemain. Production is the only source of its supply.

The fact that the Minister of Finance has since September, 1915, been able to successfully float in the home market three loans for the aggregate sum of three hundred million dollars, and that, in addition, we have been able to establish a line of credit for two hundred and fifty millions in behalf of the Imperial Government, enables us to undertake with courage any tasks that may be imposed upon us as a Dominion and to resolutely face the difficulties that may beset us.

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER XIII.

WE must pass over all the incidents of the motor trip that the colonel, Reggy, and I took to the hospital at the pretty town of Cassel, near which the Canadian boys were soon to be quartered, and also the tension with which we received the news that the whole Canadian division was already at the Front. For we had come to that tragic evening of April 22nd, 1915. The Turcos and Canadians, peering over their parapets, were astonished to see a heavy yellowish mist rolling slowly and ominously from the German trenches. In the light breeze of sundown it floated lazily toward them, clinging close to the earth. Although the Turcos thought it a peculiar fog, they did not realize its true significance until it rolled into their trenches and enveloped them in its blinding fumes, stinging their eyes, choking their lungs and making them deathly ill. They could neither see nor breathe, and those who could not get away fell in heaps where they were, gasping for air, blue in the face, dying in the most frightful agony.

Germany, discarding the last tattered remnant of her mantle of honour, had plunged brazenly into a hide-

ous crime—poison-gas had been used for the first time in the history of war!

Coughing, sneezing, vomiting; with every breath cutting like a knife, crying tears of blood, the unfortunate Turcos, who had not already fallen, fled from the accursed spot. The horses, too, choking and startled, whinneying with fear, stampeded with their wagons or gun limbers in a mad endeavour to escape the horror of the poisoned air. A storm of shrapnel, high explosives and machine-gun bullets followed the flying masses and tore them to pieces as they ran.

For four miles the Allied trenches were left unprotected, and a quarter million Germans, who had been awaiting this opportune moment, started to pour through the broad gap on their drive for Calais.

* * *

A brigade of Canadian artillery in Poperinghe received a hurried message that evening to move forward, take up a position on the road near Ypres and wait for further orders. They had but a faint notion of the great trial through which they were to pass.

When they arrived at the point des-

ignated it was almost dark and the noise of the German bombardment was terrific. Presently along the road from Ypres came crowds of fleeing civilians. Feeble old men tottering along, tearful women carrying their babes or dragging other little ones by the hand, invalids in broken down wagons or wheel-barrows, wounded civilians hastily bandaged and supported by their despairing friends hurried by in ever-increasing numbers. Some had little bundles under their arms, some had packs upon their backs—bedding, household goods or clothes, hastily snatched from their shattered homes. With white, terror-stricken faces, wringing their hands, moaning or crying, they ran or staggered by in thousands. Their homes destroyed, their friends scattered or killed, with death behind and starvation before, they ran, and the greedy shells, as if incensed at being robbed of their prey, came screaming after them.

To add to the confusion and horror of the evening, the Turcos, wild-eyed and capless, having thrown away their guns and all encumbrances, came running in stark terror across the fields shouting that the Germans had broken through and would be upon them at any moment. They cried to the artillery to escape while they yet had a chance—that all was lost!

It required more heroism to stand before that onrush of terrorized humanity than to face death a dozen times over. To the Canadian artillery these were the most tragic and trying hours of their lives, but with stolid and grim determination they stood through it, waiting impatiently for the order to move forward.

All through the night the homeless, despairful creatures from St. Julien, Vlamertinge, Ypres and the villages round about streamed by in a heart-rending, bemoaning multitude. Sometimes in agonized fear they broke through the ranks of the soldiers, stumbling onward toward Poperinghe.

The shriek of shells and the thunder of the guns continued hour after hour, while on high the vivid glare of bursting shrapnel cast a weird unearthly glow over the land. Between the blasts of artillery, from time to time on the wings of the wind a sound like the groans of the dying blending in a gruesome murmur added to the horror of the night.

Through it all these men of iron stood by their guns waiting for the word of command. At three a.m. it came. A murmur of thankfulness that at last they were to do something went up, and in a twinkling they were galloping eagerly forward toward their objective.

They chose the most advanced position in the line of guns, close to the Yser, and soon were in their places ready for the fight. Shells fell about them in thousands, but the men happy to be in the thick of the battle turned to their guns with a will and worked like mad.

The dawn broke, but there was no cessation of the fight. The guns became red hot, and screeched complainingly as each shell tore through the swollen muzzle, but still there was no reprieve or rest, and all day long they belched forth smoke and death over the Yser's banks.

* * *

When the Germans commenced to pour through the gap which their treacherous gas had made, they overlooked one important obstacle. On their left were the men who had lived through four months of misery in the rain and mud of Salisbury Plains, each day laying up a bigger score against the Germans for settlement.

With this unhappy memory, it was not likely that the First Canadians were to be ousted from their trenches or killed by gas alone without a struggle for revenge. For some reason only their left wing had received an extreme dose of the gas. Many fell and died, but those who remained stuffed handkerchiefs into their

mouths, covered their noses and held on like grim death for the great attack they knew was coming. They had not long to wait. Most of them had never seen the enemy before, and the sight of thousands of Germans marching forward in dense masses was to Tommy a distinct and unlooked for pleasure. But on they came in a multitude so great that it looked as if no guns on earth could mow them down.

In spite of the sight of these great numbers, it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers could restrain their men from rushing out at the enemy with the bayonet. Tommy argued: "Between Salisbury Plains and *Wipers* we've been stuck in the mud for six months, never so much as seeing the nose of a German, and now here they come, just asking to be killed and you won't let us get out at them!" The mere fact of being outnumbered twenty times over didn't seem sufficient excuse to disappointed Tommy for remaining under cover.

Myriads of self-satisfied Germans came marching past, as though the world were theirs. They were due for a rude awakening. They had not progressed far when the extreme violence of the Canadian counter attack caused them to pause in irresolute wonder. Who were these bold, desperate men who dared remain in the trenches when half an army had passed? No army in its senses would remain with unprotected flank. There must be tremendous reinforcements at their back—so reasoned the Germans—To stay with one wing "in the air" seemed too much madness even for the "untrained" Canadians.

But one thing was clear to the Teuton mind; whoever they were, they were a decided menace to their advance and must be annihilated or forced back at all costs before the German army could progress. But what a lot of annihilating they seemed to take!

General Turner's brigade had swung across the enemy's flank and poured such a withering fire into the

Germans that they were sore pressed, with all their horde, to hold their own. Men and guns were fighting back to back, grimly, determinedly, unflinchingly and with invincible valour.

The enemy artillery now had command of the main road to Ypres, and of many of the lesser roads, and were keeping up a hellish fire on all to prevent reinforcements or supplies from reaching the Canadians.

All that night our plucky men fought them off, driving them back through the woods and retaking four captured guns. All the next day, thousands without food or water, fought side by side with unconquerable spirit. In impossible positions, raked by enemy shell fire, without chance to eat or sleep, they held on and tore at the Germans like angry wolves, fighting with such unheard-of ferocity that their opponents were absolutely staggered.

If a seemingly hopeless message came from Headquarters to a battalion, "Can you hold on a few hours longer?" back would come the answer piping hot, "We can!"

Again and again the doubting question came to the trenches, "Can you still hold on?" And again and again returned the same enheartening reply, "We can and *will* hold on!"

Then an unheard-of thing occurred—a breach of discipline by a Commanding Officer. The message from Headquarters, couched in generous words, read: "You have done all that human power can do. Your position is untenable. You must retreat!"

A flush of disdainful anger swept over the officer's face as he read this message, and he replied in three words: "Retreat be damned!"

The Canadians had not learned the meaning of the word "retreat". It had been left out of their martial vocabulary—someone was responsible for this omission. The Germans tried to teach them its meaning with gas, with bayonet and with shell; but thick-headed Tommy and his officers

always misunderstood it for "hold" or "advance". It took four days of starvation and four sleepless, awful nights to make the most intelligent amongst them understand the word, and even then it was a scant concession to the Germans.

Little bands of men, the remnants of dauntless battalions, holding isolated, advanced posts, were commanded to fall back in order to straighten out the line. But the brave fellows who had so gallantly defended their posts, were loathe to give them up. Unnerved, weak and exhausted, they still wanted to remain, and when their officers insisted on their leaving, some actually sat down in the trenches and wept bitter tears of humiliation and chagrin.

During these four fateful days British and French reinforcements had been rushed up to fill the gap, and further German progress was impossible. Harassed from the flank, beaten back from the front, decimated and discouraged, the Germans had suffered a disastrous and momentous defeat—for to them Calais, their greatest hope, was irretrievably lost.

* * *

In the seventeen consecutive days and nights of the artillery battle there was never a full minute's break in the bombardment from either side.

On the fourth day, during the lull in the infantry fighting, the door of the field ambulance was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man. He staggered in. His eyes were blood-shot. His clothes were torn and covered with mud, his chin had not been shaved for days and his appearance betokened utter weariness and exhaustion.

Jack Wellecombe met him at the door and, in spite of his unkempt and wild appearance, recognized him at once as the commanding officer of a Canadian battalion.

"Good morning, sir," he said in his usual cheery manner.

The colonel looked toward him with

glazed, unseeing eyes and without a sign of recognition.

"I want four coffins," he muttered, ignoring Jack's greeting.

"You want what, sir?" Jack exclaimed, with a puzzled look.

"Four coffins," he repeated with mechanical firmness and in a tone of command, "and I want them at once!"

"Come in, sir, and sit down," Jack urged. "You're unnerved from this wild fight and lack of sleep. You need a rest—not a coffin."

"I know what I want," he repeated with calm insistence, "and it's four coffins—to bury four of my officers."

Jack thought his reason had gone as a result of the terrific strain, but decided to humour him.

"Come over to my billet with me and get a shave, a wash and a good glass of grog, and then when you're feeling better we'll go out together and get what you want, and I'll go back to the lines with you."

The colonel passed his hand across his forehead as though he were trying without success to recollect something, and then without a word suffered Jack to take his arm and lead him away. When they arrived at the billet Jack gave him a stiff glass of brandy and asked him to lie down while the water was being heated for his bath. Before it was ready he had fallen sound asleep and Jack did not disturb him for a couple of hours, when he was aroused with difficulty. He seemed depressed and talked little; he was like a man walking in his sleep and still in the throes of a gruesome nightmare.

As they started off up the street of the village Jack remarked: "You don't really want those coffins for which you asked me this morning, do you?"

The colonel looked uncomprehendingly at him, as if he had been suddenly roused from a deep sleep. He did not answer the question, but asked in return:

"Is there a florist's near here?"

"Well, not exactly a 'florist's,'" Jack replied, "but there is a place at the far end of the street where we might get some flowers."

"Let us go there!"

He spoke no further word until they arrived at the little house which Jack pointed out as a likely place. They entered the room and after some slight delay madame produced a vase filled with deep red roses. The colonel selected four of the largest, paid the woman and without a word walked out with the roses in his hand.

"Get me a motor car," he said to Jack, "we have several miles to go."

The mechanical transport supplied them with a small car and they started on their strange mission. They pulled up a few miles back of the firing line and tramped silently across the fields, the colonel still clutching the roses, until they came to a spot where a number of Tommies were standing by four open graves which they had just dug. Beside the graves rested four shapeless bundles covered with blankets.

"Do you know the burial service?" the colonel asked Jack suddenly.

"I'm afraid I don't remember it well enough to repeat it."

"It doesn't matter much," he went on, "I can say it myself."

The men got ready with their ropes to lower the packages, one by one, into their respective resting-places. It was all that was left of four gallant officers of a gallant battalion. The colonel repeated the service from memory.

But before the earth closed over them he stood at the foot of each grave, silent as the grave itself, and dropping a rose tenderly upon each stood at attention, his right hand at the "salute". As the earth fell dully upon the blankets he turned away with tears in his eyes and said simply:

"Poor brave chaps! I loved them all. God keep them. They did their duty!"

* * *

It was ten o'clock at night as Reggy

and I, crossing the tracks at the *Gare Maritime* in Boulogne, saw a battalion which had just disembarked from the cross-channel boat drawn up on the quay, ready to entrain for the front.

We walked toward them in a spirit of idle curiosity—for the sight was one to which we were well accustomed—when, under the dim light of a partly shaded street lamp, we noticed that they were from home. We approached a little group of officers who were chatting animatedly together, and among them found several whom we knew.

"What's the truth about this big show the Canadians are in at the front?" one cried. There are all sorts of rumours in England. Some say eight hundred casualties; some say eight thousand."

"I'm afraid eight thousand is nearer the mark," I replied hesitatingly, fearing to discourage them.

"Eight thousand!" he echoed; and then an eager cry went up from the little group:

"By Jove! Hope they'll hurry us on to the front!"

And I was afraid of discouraging them! How little I understood my own countrymen.

"All aboard!" came the cry a moment later, and the enthusiastic Tommies joyfully clambered into the waiting coaches. As the train clank-clanked along the street and left us standing alone there in the darkness, back to our ears came the familiar but ribald strain of

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"

No matter in what strange words it may find vent, the care-free spirit of song is the spirit of the British army.

"You can't discourage men like that," said Reggy with a smile half amusement and half unconscious pride.

And each occupied with his own thoughts, we turned and walked silently down the quay.

Parthou's Jolly

BY MAX PEMBERTON

BILLY TUPPER took to flying as a duck to water. He was at the game shortly after the Wrights astonished the world at Pau and when he fell into the Channel and did not win the big newspaper prize, he was quite sure about his destiny.

Now he is a great personage who flies the new planes from the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain—and all the flappers gaze on him with tender awe. He is the hero of a hundred conquests, and of one adventure which might very well have cost him his liberty. So let us now talk about famous men.

It was just about a month ago, Billy was out for a long flight upon a machine I must not name; and in the course of that flight he found himself over an island which is also part of England, and incidentally above a famous convict prison, where the prisoners are supposed to be so exclusive in their tastes that nobody under the rank of Viscount has any chance of popularity among them. Billy knew nothing of this, for he was a thousand feet up in the air, and the unhappy convicts below were but so many flies upon a great green carpet. Moreover, his petrol pipe was troublesome, he was really beginning to wonder whether he would take lunch in this world or the next.

They are amazing creatures, these aviators, and the rest of us must continue to regard them with an admira-

iton we cannot express in words. Some of us are frightened out of our wits if we are asked to stand upon a ladder fifty feet high, and look down upon the giddy throng below. Your flyer, on the other hand, clings to a flimsy kite at an altitude of five thousand feet and never turns a hair when the old girl begins to wobble. Prodigious, as the great Dominie used to say.

Billy Tupper was one of these. He used very bad language upon occasions, but he never stopped to think what would happen to him if the "old girl" gave it up, and he went hurtling like a stone to the ground some thousands of feet below. Upon this particular day he had a scare beyond ordinary, for it really did seem as though the engine had had enough of it, and convinced that he really might lunch in Paradise, he made a mighty quick descent, and landed, as he put it, absolutely on the clock.

Now the scene of this descent was a wide field upon the edge of the downland. In this field were working some half-dozen highly distinguished gentlemen whom the King (God bless him) had stamped with a very broad arrow to show how fond he was of them. A very lusty fellow with a watchful eye and a rubicund joul superintended the labours of these aristocrats, who appeared to be engaged in the childlike occupation of making hay while the sun shone. Naturally, the advent of Billy and his machine was a tremendous event in a society not given to excitements; and no sooner

was the lad down than the convicts swarmed about him and began to ply him with a hundred questions. He answered them all with his accustomed cheerfulness, and was about to distribute a packet of "gaspers" among them when a shrill whistle from the warder recalled them to their duties, and they slunk off sadly as lads who have heard a school bell ringing.

Billy was very sorry for these good fellows, and he did not offer his cigarettes to the warder. That fellow seemed chiefly interested in beer, his first remark concerned a jorum which Flight-Lieutenant Tupper had stowed away in the observer's seat of his monoplane.

"Thirsty work yours," said the man. Billy agreed that it was. In truth he was not thinking of the beer at all, but of the eyes of one of the unhappy prisoners, fixed upon him so wistfully that he would never forget their gaze however long he might live. They were the eyes of a handsome man in the prime of life, but they spoke with rare eloquence. Such an one, said Billy, was trying to look out to the world he had left. He saw figures there, but chiefly the face of a woman he loved. Billy was quite sure of it. The man lived through a mad moment, and the eyes said "save me" as plain as anything ever was said in all this world.

"Thirsty work," the warder repeated. Billy agreed that it was. A new and wonderful idea had come into his madcap noddle, and it excited him strangely.

"Like a drop of beer?" he asked. Now, what could the fellow say?

"You don't travel dry," says he. Billy answered "not much". He added also that the warden's employment might upon rare occasions impel him towards strong drink. The insinuation was not deemed with indignation.

"Oh," says the fellow, "there's not much doing here, that's sure."

"Don't give you much trouble?"

"Bless you. They're a lot of lambs, they are. Gentlemen all, same as you

and me. They've got the milk of human kindness in 'em, every one, they have."

"Ah," says Billy—and he took the cork out of the Black Jack. The warder was hidden from observation for many minutes after that. He sighed when he was restored to a world which had lost him.

"Scotch ale," he remarked. Billy agreed. "Got an accent on, hasn't it," says he. The warder was not sure but he had another drink just to put the matter to the proof. "Yes," he said at length, "it would be Scotch." Then he asked a question about the plane. "Had an accident or anything?"

"Petrol pipes, like you and me, get a bit thirsty," said Billy, "be all right presently. I'll eat a sandwich, and then see."

He ate the sandwich and the warder ate two. The convict with the sad eyes worked upon a row of the hay while they ate, and every time he came up to the place where Billy sat he looked at him in that haunting way. "For God's sake give me a chance," the poor fellow seemed to say. Billy wished that he could, for like most of his kind, he did not care a dump about anybody's past while his country was fighting for her life. It was quite hopeless for all that.

"Well," he remarked to the warder presently, "guess I'll be moving. Give me a hand on the old girl's waist, will you. I'll start the engine up while you sit back there and help me out with the juice. Keep your finger on that float there, and we shan't be long. You've never started a hairyplane before, I suppose? Well, it's never too late to learn anyway—get up now and see what you can do."

The warder obeyed clumsily. He was very much interested, and this was a welcome interlude. After all, the excitements of guarding convicts who behaved like sheep were few.

"Her won't explode, will her?" he asked. Billy was emphatic in his assurances that she would not.

"I'll just get up beside you a minute and see if it's all right," said he. "Pitch these overalls out—they're in your way. That's right, old lad. Now hold on steady and see what happens. Up she goes—how do you like it, Bluebeard—"

"Damn you," cried the warder, "put me on the ground at once."

"Oh," says Billy cheerfully, "that's all right"—and rising high in the air, he showed the astonished official the whole cliffs of old England and the blue sea which sparkled upon the sands at their feet.

* * *

In an hour they were back again.

Bluebeard was speechless by this time. He had run through the gamut of the politer blasphemies and come down to words which no decent man should utter.

"You'll get five years for this," he said to Billy when he was on terra firma again. Billy didn't care a red cent.

"Right ho," cried he. "Address Berlin, care of the d—d old Kaiser. Don't you forget it — and if you're sending gifts, mine are Virginian—"

Bluebeard shook his fists at him, and ran away to count his flock. That was a sum in arithmetic for whose solution, Billy did not wait. He was five hundred feet in the air before his red-faced friend had got half way across the meadow, and when he heard the shrill sound of the whistle come floating up on the still air, he laughed like a child. A moment after he was half serious.

"I wonder if the poor devil did it?" he asked himself. It really was an exciting thought. He had thrown his overalls overboard, he remembered that he hadn't seen them when they landed. Now there was this whistling and then the sound of a gunshot. A cannon boomed from the prison near by, and a bell was tolled dismally. Billy thrilled with the joy of it. "Poor devil," he exclaimed again—"and—and I wonder if they'll catch him."

He was speeding away in the direction of Salisbury Plain by this time, and below him was the great tangle of the New Forest. An hour's steady driving brought him to the camp, when he got his plane into the hangar and then cleaned himself. Not a word of his adventure passed to any man, and he had half forgotten it when he opened his daily paper next morning and read of the escape of a convict from the prison at Pentmore. It was all true then. The fellow had got clean away. Billy hardly knew whether to be glad or frightened. What had he done? And would it prevent his killing Germans? He was all in a cold sweat at the thought.

The convict, so the paper said, was heir to a baronetcy, and had been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for forging a relative's signature. There had been some doubt as to whether the prisoner had or had not acted innocently, and many people thought he ought not to be in prison at all. He had been engaged to Lucy Fairfield, Lord Boromore's daughter, at the time of his trial, and his was, without question, the saddest case of the year. Now he had escaped, and the police of three counties were looking for him.

"And I wish they may get him," thought Billy, and added an "I don't think," which came from his very heart.

For all that, he went about that day and for some days that followed, in the mood of a man who isn't over anxious to look at a policeman. Reinstuctured in the law, he was not quite sure that something dreadful might not happen to him for what he had done. There were visions of men who came with chains, and judges in red robes, and a parson who carried a black cap in his pocket. Billy had to take very long whiskies and sodas to lay the ghosts, and when he had tried this medicine in the evening of the fifth day, what was his embarrassment to see the convict himself walk boldly into his hut, and hold out his

hand with the air of one who has no words to tell his story.

"Hallo," cried Billy, but his voice had a note of colour quite foreign to it—"so it's you, old chap."

The convict sat down upon the edge of Billy's bed, and wiped his forehead with a fine cambric handkerchief. He wore good clothes and boots and had been shaved. His manner was that of a man who fears nothing, and is not ashamed of what he has done.

"I'm Sidney Parthon," he said, "expect you guessed it. Well, I've seen her, and here I am."

His eyes shone at the thought—his mind was away to another and more wonderful scene. He had seen the woman he loved, and he had learned that she loved him still. Billy was not so dense that he did not understand that.

"Say," he remarked, "she's a good sort, that girl—what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going back to prison," Parthon rejoined—"on my way now. You did me a splendid turn, and I don't want to get you into any trouble. I shall give myself up, and that will be the end of it. Now that I have seen her, it will be easier. Man, she was wonderful. I found her in the old rock gardens at twilight. She did not speak—she just held out her arms to me, and there it was. She never doubted my innocence, why should she? I can go back now to the place that will be a hell no longer. Don't you understand what you have done for me?"

Perhaps Billy hardly did. His own flirtations were of the slap and tickle order. A pretty girl was something to be kissed on sight—if she were willing, and he was no bigot in his love affairs. So this pretty romance left him unaffected. Much more important was it to keep Parthon out of jail for good.

"See here," he said, "what's the use of a fine chap like you in prison? Why not fight, old boy. Go and kill Huns. They won't talk about prison

when you come back. Help us to do the d—d old Kaiser in, and she'll be proud of you. Gawd's truth, she will. Don't you see it might mean much to you—"

Parthon shook his head sadly.

"They are on my heels now," he pleaded. "I missed them by inches at Salisbury. The whole plain will be alive with them in an hour's time. I mustn't be found with you, on any account. You mustn't trouble your head about me—"

Billy laughed.

"I don't care the top of a petrol can about them," says he. "Look here, you stop jawing copybook, and come back to common sense. To begin with, your clothes are no good. I've got a suit of yellow canvas in the bag there that is much more in your line. Get into 'em and ask no questions. To-night I fly to France, and who knows who might go with me. Quick about it, old man, and get your hands greasy. There's work to be done up at the shed, and you're the expert from London that's helping me to do it. Don't you see it's the chance of your life—"

Sidney Parthon obeyed him as a man in a dream. Dim perceptions had come to him. He could rewin his honour in France. Lucy would be justified in her faith. Better dead than such as he was. If only it could be.

"No, no," he said, "the police will be already in the camp. I shall get you into trouble. I must't do it—"

Billy answered by literally pushing him into the oilskins, and then giving him an immense whisky and soda.

"We'll go and see the boss and have a talk to him," says he, "don't say another word, old man—I can stand a lot of trouble when the push comes. Just you keep your end up and look wise. Know anything about motors, by the way? Can you play the part if I put you in it?"

"I have driven cars," said Parthon, "since the year 1896. I was one of the first in this country to go for it—you may count on that."

He was all eagerness now, his eyes aflame with a great hope, and wild thoughts in his head. The past might be wiped out on the bloody fields of France. He would return with honour or never return at all. Billy thought so, too, but even he felt rather queer when they got down to the hangar, and passed as they went a couple of men, who looked suspiciously like policemen.

"Hold on, and say nothing," he whispered to his new friend, "look as though you belonged to the place—" and he hurried him to the shed where the great plane was housed. Then his thoughts worked like lightning. He knew that the moments were precious.

"In you go into the car," he cried.—"tuck in your twopenny while I make your bed. That's it, my lad—we'll cheat 'em yet"—and he had the man covered with a tarpaulin and all made snug before you could have counted ten.

Billy enjoyed quite a pleasant little talk with the policemen later on. They stood within a stone's throw of their prey, but their wits were not equal to so splendid an occasion. Most emphatically Billy assured them that what had happened at Pentmore was the purest accident for which he had not ceased to grieve night and day. The "old blighter of a warder" had hung on to the machine just when he ought to have let go—"and I dare not come down with the engine like that—"

They made elaborate notes and questioned him closely about the prisoner who had escaped. Did he know him? Was there any truth in the suggestion that it was a put up job? Billy looked as indignant as though they had accused him of trying to murder his own grandmother.

"Know him? Take me for a blinking archduke. Why, I never heard of the cove's name until I saw it in the newspaper. How should I know him? You're pulling my leg, that's what you are doing—of course I don't know him. As well ask me if I'm in the

habit of dining with the Bishop of Bognor. Not much, old man—you take it straight."

The detective did not appear to relish the familiarity—but he made a note of it and promised to return in the morning.

"You will have to satisfy the police," he said, and Billy protested that the proceeding would be a joy to him.

"Right oh," he exclaimed. "I'll go to Buckingham Palace if you like," and really he looked as though he meant every word of it. Parthon, however, listening beneath the tarpaulin, shivered with an indefinable dread of the men and the prison, such as he had never known before. Good God, how sweet this liberty and hope of honour had become. For him, heaven lay in the trenches where men died.

The police went off ruefully at last, and Billy followed them to see his "boss". What transpired at that historic interview will never be known. We do not seek to pry into an encounter so momentous—but it was odd that Billy emerged from the hut with exceedingly bright eyes and a cigarette at which he puffed with unusual satisfaction.

"Going to France at dawn, boys," he cried—"wish me luck."

And at dawn he went with a passenger in the observer's seat behind him. The police were then beating the wilder thickets of Salisbury Plain.

"God bless you, old fellow," cried Billy, looking down upon them—and then to Parthon—"Buck up, old sport, and good-bye Blighty."

* * *

A certain Military Cross awarded for great gallantry in an aerial battle above Picardy goes, we see, to a certain William Smith, who is described as quite a recent recruit to the air service. How many know his true name or his sad story?

But a woman in Blighty knows it, and is proud and awaits patiently the day of his deliverance.

ALEXANDER ROSS

By Dr. George Bryce

SKETCH OF AN OLD-TIME WESTERNER

AS Canadians speak of Joseph Howe, William Lyon Mackenzie, John Beverley Robinson, or Sir Henry Joly, old-timers of Red River Settlement refer to Alexander Ross. His house, known as "Colony Gardens," dates back to 1825. It was situated where what to-day is a miniature breathing spot, named Victoria Park, in the heart of Winnipeg, overlooking Red River. Ross was a stalwart Highlander who came from his native country to Lower Canada in 1804 at the age of twenty-two. First he became a village dominie, and then went by the time of the war of 1812 to Upper Canada. He accumulated "one hundred dollars in cash and a bush farm of 300 acres".

The contest for the fur trade became intense in Rupert's Land and on the Pacific Coast in the first two decades of the Nineteenth Century. It even reached bloodshed. The dispute between Great Britain and the United States as to the division of the Pacific Coast was keen. John Jacob Astor, a former German fur trader, removed from Montreal to New York, and in buccaneering style undertook to vindicate the American claim by building a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River which enters the Pacific Ocean at what was disputed territory. Astor's strategic scheme was

to build a chain of forts up the Missouri River and across the Rocky Mountains, but he would complete his plan by sending a ship-party around Cape Horn and occupy the mouth of the Columbia River. His depot was called after his own name, "Astoria". By giving great promises and high wages this intruder seduced from their allegiance several of the Canadian Nor'Western traders of high standing. To this group Ross attached himself in 1810. The Astorian leaders gathered a band of expert French Canadian voyageurs from Montreal. Good pay and the love of adventure won the day. Astor's ship—the *Tonquin*, reached its destination, but shortly after arrival went up the coast where it was attacked by the Indians and was blown up by the crew.

Ross entered the service of the opponent company—the Nor'West Company of Montreal—and was again under his own flag in a disputed territory. In a section of the Rocky Mountains he became a trader and officer in his new Company. From Ross's own writings and from fur trade journals, which have been recovered from London, a fairly good account of his life and adventures has been obtained. Original letters of the trader have also been obtained by the writer. From these documents it is known that in 1814 he entered the Nor' West Company of Montreal. A year before this

date he had been placed in charge of the Okanagan District. As told in his letters, here he fell in love with a handsome maiden in the Okanagan country and married her. In a letter of the year 1822 he boasts of his three "bairnies," Alexander, Peggy, and Isabella.

But the mountain journeys and exposure were severe. In 1821 Ross speaks of the mountain hardships. His under-traders deserted him, the quarrels of rival traders annoyed him and his recovered journals of 1821 show this very plainly.

Extracts from Ross's Journals say:

Had about ten men—French Canadians called "Engagés". They had 12 guns, 33 traps, 50 horses and three lodges. Following them was a party of associates or "freemen". This Company filled 20 lodges—and was 20 in number. They had 123 traps, 50 guns and 10 horses. It was a motley crew.

* * *

Feb. 16, 1824.—4 elk and 25 small deer brought to camp. Louis killed 9 with 10 shots.

Feb. 24.—Traders secure beaver from the Piegan Indians.

March 20.—Stormy-Cry in the evening! Enemies! Enemies!

March 22.—35 beaver taken; 6 feet left in traps; 25 traps missing.

June 21.—Decamped, found a fresh scalp, 65 beaver to-day.

Dec. 26.—Sunday. No work to-day. Ordered men to dress and keep the day.

March 25.—At Spokane House.—Spokane Falls—West. Kettle Falls—North. Coeur d'Alene—South. Pend d'Oreille—East.

But Ross found difficulties of a greater kind. He was worried after the Union in 1821 of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'West Company by the thought that as Governor Simpson had belonged to the H.B.C. a Nor'Wester would not be *persona grata* to the new Governor. From a letter of Governor Simpson, which fell into the hands of the writer, this estimate seems to have been correct, as Simpson says that Ross "would make a better school master than trader". It was thus quite natural that, with the permission of the Governor, Ross, leaving his wife and children in Okan-

agan made his journey of some two thousand miles to meet the Great Mogul of the Fur Trade, Governor Simpson, on his annual visit of those days, coming all the way from Montreal to either Fort Garry or Norway House. Ross has left an account of his interview with the Governor, whom he found very polite. Ross made the request that "he might be allowed to come to Red River, where he could have the means of giving his children a Christian education, the best portion," he said, "that I could give them. Grant me a spot of land on the Red River that I can call my own and I shall be thankful." The Governor, we are told, consented and ordered the chief accountant of the Company to draw a deed for 100 acres free of all expense. "This," says Ross, "was done and he signed and handed it to me, and we parted." Ross did not return to the Columbia, but he was not forgotten there.

It was the good fortune of the writer, three years ago, to visit Nez Perce, the old fort at the junction of the Walla Walla and Columbia rivers. In this picturesque gap there are two massive stone pillars about twenty-five feet high. They are natural wonders. Locally they are now called "The Twins". Other people have called them "The Sisters", but it is worthy of note that when Governor George Simpson made in 1828 his first journey to the Pacific Coast, he definitely named one of them after a Governor of Red River, "Mackenzie Pillar", and the other, "Ross Pillar". Near this gap the writer three years ago, with a local authority, visited the ruins of Nez Perce Fort, which Ross helped to build, where he lived for six years, and from this point some of his letters were addressed in 1822. He was not forgotten!

From the height of the Rocky Mountains Ross wrote to his friends in Scotland in 1825, saying: "I have come thus far on my way from the great Pacific Ocean and am now steering my course for the Atlantic. The



ALEXANDER ROSS

As he appeared when Sheriff of Assiniboia

Rocky Mountains, or Backbone of America, are truly a great sight". "We have to cross them in the customary manner on snowshoes. My destination is Red River, a colony settled in Hudson Bay by the late Lord Selkirk."

We have already described Ross's interview with Governor Simpson. The site secured, he sent word to his wife in Okanagan and she, with the truest heroism, came east to settle down at "Colony Gardens". Here in after years, the writer knew her well.

The "Colony Gardens", as the fur traders called Ross's site, turned out to be twelve chains wide, and in the end two miles long, running back from Red River.

The City of Winnipeg surveyor stated to the writer that the original

twelve chains (of frontage) which Ross received covered 184.6 acres. This is to-day partially laid out in streets, and near Red River is densely settled, and closely covered with buildings. The late city surveyor, J. W. Harris, supplies the following facts: "The assessed value of this gift to Alexander Ross, *i.e.*, the land, taking no account of the buildings, is to-day valued at \$7,034,590. The adjoining block which belonged to William Ross, the old trader's son (also extending two miles back and having on it the Winnipeg City Hall), covered 90.6 acres of which the estimated value (without buildings) is \$4,228,700. Leading streets on this great property commemorate the names of the Ross family. Among them are the family names: Alexander, James,

Charlotte, Ellen, Frances, Gertie, Harriet, Isabel, Kate, Lydia, and one was formerly called Jemima. We learn that in the year following the gift of this Ross homestead, it bore the name "Colony Gardens" from its being near Fort Douglas, the headquarters of the Selkirk colony.

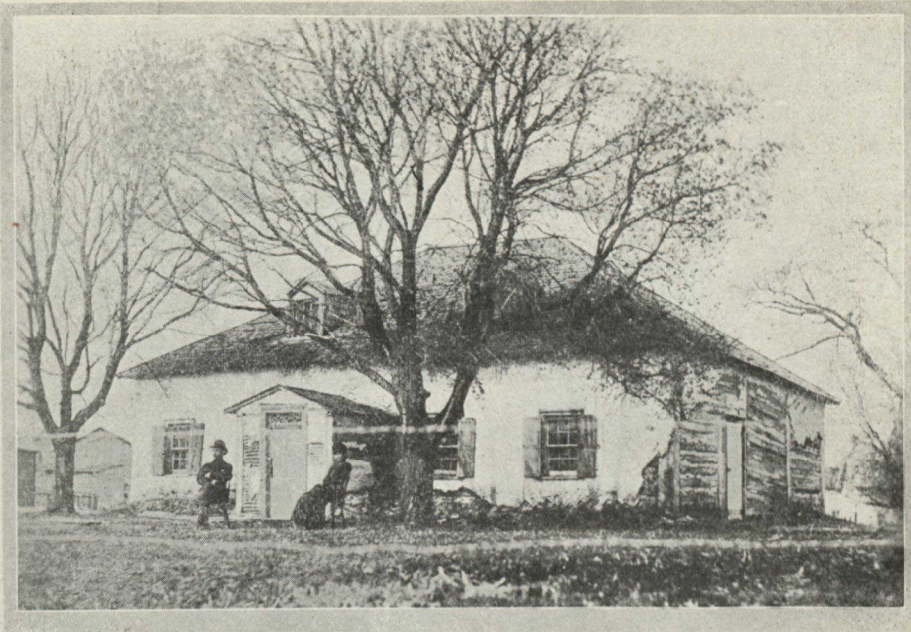
Many a stranger and traveller was entertained in this hospitable home. As soon as possible after the gift of land was received the faithful wife took her children and with the characteristic courage of western travel made the journey of 1,800 miles to her new home.

After she had brought up her large family the writer knew her as she received him fifty-four years after her great "trip," in Colony Gardens. She was an earnest Christian woman, a regular church-goer, while her health lasted, and the only thing that annoyed her in her last years was that the new city of Winnipeg was growing too close around Colony Gardens. She declared she could not breathe freely with these "Canakins" (as she called Canadians) pressing in about her. She lived till she was upwards of eighty years of age. In her last years as the writer talked with her, she would introduce words of her western patois in place of the English words in conversation. She died at "Colony Gardens". The writer did not know all of her children, but knew well James Ross, a graduate of the University of Toronto and who was for years night editor of *The Globe*, and who during the Riel interregnum acted as Chief Justice of the Court of Assiniboia at Fort Garry. Another son, Alexander, a former student of Upper Canada College, Toronto, was known to the writer after his arrival in 1871. Ross's son William, who died before the arrival of the writer in Winnipeg, was universally acknowledged to have been a well-educated and singularly able man. Among the daughters of the family known to the writer was Henrietta, the wife of the late Rev. Dr. Black, the pioneer of Presbyteri-

anism in Rupert's Land, who came to the Selkirk Colony from Canada in 1851, and is remembered as a man of great influence. The children of Dr. Black are numerous and have held up well the traditions of an honourable descent. Another daughter of Alexander Ross was the wife of the pioneer assistant and adviser of James Nisbet, the first Presbyterian Missionary to the Indians on the Saskatchewan. Her husband's name was George Flett, who in virtue of his native origin claimed the right to fix the Mission site and began the present city of Prince Albert, on the Saskatchewan River.

In 1914 there was published by the Archives Department at Ottawa, under the editorship of Professor B. J. Oliver, of the University of Saskatchewan, a voluminous report of 688 pages entitled "The Canadian Northwest, its Early Development and Legislative Records". This important Government publication from the Archives is given under the head of "Pioneer Legislation". Its most valuable contents are the minutes of the "Council of Red River Settlement," whose period began in 1835 and continued till 1870. At the time of the first meeting of Council, presided over by George (afterward Sir George) Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land, Alexander Ross had lived at "Colony Gardens" for ten years and he was asked to attend the meeting and with others give his advice. The Colony had reached a population of 5,000 souls. Among other things the First Council decided:

1. To raise a tax by duty on imports of 7½%.
2. To erect a Court House and a Jail.
3. To appoint a Receiver of Customs.
4. To establish a Board of Public Works.
5. To divide the Colony into four Judicial districts.
6. To raise a Volunteer Corps to preserve order.



"COLONY GARDENS," WINNIPEG

At one the home of Alexander Ross

In the minutes are these words: "Alexander Ross was appointed Commander of the Volunteer Force".

In March 2nd, 1836, Ross was appointed a Councillor of the District of Assiniboia. This Chief Council he attended with unvarying regularity till October, 1850. As the Records are read, Alexander Ross is seen to be the mainspring of the whole machinery of the Council of the Assiniboia District for a decade and a half.

In 1839 Alexander Ross, Esq., was appointed by the Council to be Sheriff of Assiniboia, Cuthbert Grant, Esq. being coadjutor for the French districts. The appointment of Sheriff was regarded as one of great importance and the appellation of "Sheriff" was his well known title till his retirement in 1852. It is to be seen to-day on his gravestone in Kildonan Cemetery. His son William became his successor in the Shrievalty.

It is a matter of some interest to state that in June, 1841, the Muni-

pal "District of Assiniboia" was defined to be the territory "extending in all directions fifty miles from the Forks of the Red River and the Assiniboine, provided, however, that the settlement where it is expressly mentioned shall not extend in breadth more than four miles from the nearest point of either river or in length more than four miles from the highest or lowest permanent dwelling".

At this time Alexander Ross, Esq., was appointed Captain of Police at the salary of twenty pounds a year. He became Magistrate for the District of Assiniboia. With Dr. Bunn he was appointed Commissioner and Court Examiner.

As the old sheriff weakened, at his own request his son William was appointed assistant sheriff in 1851. William Ross became postmaster of the colony. Thus about the age of more than three score the old sheriff and public servant dropped out of service.

A man such as Alexander Ross,

from his character, high position in the community and local Government, which was established in his time, could not have failed to be a forceful influence in the Red River Colony. He had many points of connection with Assiniboia. In his native country he had received a good education; he was a great reader. It is said that he received *The London Times* by the monthly mail to Fort Garry. We are told that he read week by week the corresponding news of the preceding year. He was interested in the Red River Library which an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company had established. As a retired trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, their common outlook led them to see many matters with the same eyes. The same tendency brought him in close religious touch with the Selkirk settlers, to whom Lord Selkirk had promised a spiritual leader of their own faith. Alexander Ross thus came to be religious leader of his countrymen. The Church of England had sent out a clergyman to Red River settlement in 1821. For thirty years he served the Selkirk settlers religiously. However, a constant agitation had been proceeding among the Kildonan settlers for a clergyman of their own faith. Their efforts were at length successful and in 1851 Rev. John Black came as their leader from Toronto. Alexander Ross was the most prominent advocate of this new movement. The Kildonan people erected their stone church after the model of their Scottish traditions, receiving a small sum from the Hudson's Bay Company. Seven weeks after Mr. Black's arrival, six elders were elected and Alexander Ross was the leader. Alexander Ross lived five years after the arrival of the new spiritual guide for whom he had so strenuously laboured.

Alexander Ross published his first work "Oregon or Columbia River," in 1849, in London, the preface being dated in 1846. It was delayed, no doubt, because it was written at Fort Garry in Rupert's Land. There is

one striking and rather unfortunate feature in this, as in the other works published by Ross, that being written some twenty or thirty years after the events occurred, and with the likelihood that his journals had passed out of his hands and been sent to the Hudson's Bay House in London, they have the air of being written more from memory than from actual dated material.

The writing passion, however, took possession of Ross again in publication of the two-volume work entitled "Fur Traders of the Far West". This book gives a large amount of information. Its preface is dated in 1854, while it is published in London in 1855. In this work there is an account given of his leaving the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and of his settling down on Red River.

Perhaps his most useful and important work is "The Red River Settlement". The preface is dated 1852, in 1856. This book has been of much service to the historian. It, no doubt, has some defects, for Ross could say, referring to the record of proceedings, as Virgil makes his hero state, "Of which things I have been a great part". A prominent resident in Winnipeg, and one who occupied a high place in Red River and Manitoba history afterwards, always maintained that in many respects Ross was prejudiced.

An upright, religious and adaptable Highlander, with shrewd, rather persistent temper, with keen eye to personal advantage, there was no one who influenced the better life of Red River Settlement from 1825 to 1852 than did Alexander Ross of "Colony Gardens" in the Selkirk colony. To-day there are some nineteen descendants of Sheriff Alexander Ross who are fighting the battles of the Empire.

The old Ross residence and its immediate surroundings were acquired by the City of Winnipeg, but the dwelling, of which we give a view, is gone and Victoria Park remains on the spot where it stood.



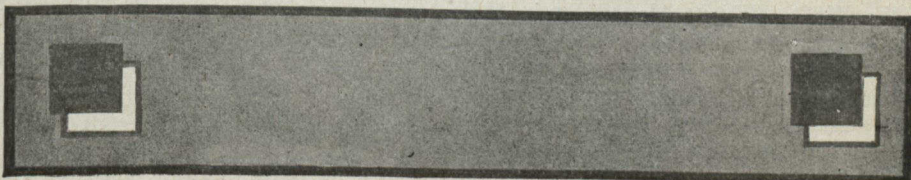
FLIGHT LIEUT. GEORGE R. S. FLEMING
KILLED IN ACTION



FLIGHT LIEUT. STANLEY JAMES PEPLER
KILLED IN ACTION

Two Fallen Airmen

THESE two aviators, both young men of Toronto, both graduates from the School of Practical Science of that city, and both flight lieutenants at the Front, were killed recently in action somewhere over the German lines. Lieutenant Fleming was one of the first Canadian aviators. Before going overseas he wrote for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article entitled "Training Men to Fly", which was published in January, 1916. He was killed on April 19th, 1917, two years after enlisting. "Duke" Pepler was killed on March 12th, 1917, but at first he was reported to be only missing. He had engaged a German airman, but another got behind him and shot him down. Both these aviators have been praised for their skill and bravery.





MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS
First President of the Dominion Women's
Christian Temperance Union

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

IV.—MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS



It used to seem to me that I was just the snow-plow preceding the train to clear the track". In this homely, vigorous sentence the "pioneer of the White Ribbon Movement in Canada" characterized her own position in the army of temperance workers. Unintentionally the description suggests well-directed power, and thus coincides remarkably with the impression made by Mrs. Youmans on her friend Miss Frances E. Willard.

She was "much every way", says

Miss Willard, in her introduction to Mrs. Youmans's autobiographical sketch, "Campaign Echoes", which was published in 1893, and is the authority for most of the facts in this article. "Whether we consider her ample avoirdupois or the remarkable breadth of her views, the warmth of her heart or the weight of her arguments, the strength of her convictions or the many-sided brilliancy of her wit, the vigour of her common sense or the wide extent of her influence, Mrs. Youmans is a woman altogether remarkable."

The opening chapters of her story carry us back to the days of early settlement in old Ontario, when life was at once so picturesque, so strenuous and so productive of resourcefulness and individuality.

Mrs. Youmans's father, John Creighton, was an Irishman from Dublin, who in boyhood had attracted the notice of a woman of wealth, Lady Letitia Berry, and had been taken into her house to act as valet to her own boys, with the advantage of receiving lessons from her sons' tutor.

He arrived in Canada with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket, but, being blessed with "a strong arm, a clear head and an indomitable will", was not to be kept down by poverty. In summer he "hired out" with a farmer; in winter he taught a settlement school. He had brought with him a few books. He borrowed others when and where he could, and, when even tallow candles were a luxury out of his reach, he used to read by the light of blazing pine-knots.

After a time he took up a fifty-acre farm, built a tiny log-cabin and lived in bachelor solitude with a dog and cat as housemates and a yoke of oxen as out-door companions.

Clearly he needed a helpmate, and when a friend told him that, eighty miles away in Prince Edward County, "was just the woman wanted", he acted on the hint. Contriving to have some business in the peninsula, he obtained a letter to Miss Annie Bishop, or to the invalid mother whom she supported, and set off to walk the whole distance. Making some further inquiry before presenting himself as an aspirant for the lady's hand, he learned that the diligent and thrifty young woman, who, despite her English name, was by descent half Dutch, half French, had got together a good supply of household furniture, as well as two cows and forty sheep!

The affair was settled quickly and happily. The young couple were married by a magistrate, as both were Methodists, and at that time no dis-

senting minister was permitted to perform the marriage ceremony. The helpless mother was then tucked into a bed in a covered wagon, and, accompanied by some kindly neighbours, the newly-wedded pair set out on the long and tedious journey to the bridegroom's bush farm in Northumberland County.

There the young wife soon changed the bachelor's dreary cabin into a dwelling as bright and cosy as log-house could be. The well-scrubbed floor and pine table; the pale-blue chest of drawers with brass knobs; the beds amply supplied with feather ticks and pillows; the great fire-place, with steaming kettles hanging from the lug-pole, a fowl dangling on a wire to roast before the blaze, and bread baking in a pair of huge bake-kettles down amongst the embers—Mrs. Youmans pictures them all, as no doubt her mother had described them to her, for she was only three years old, when the family moved to a farm of 200 acres, with a larger house upon it, near Cobourg, and she says that her earliest recollections were of the "giant beech and maple trees that came thundering down" when this farm was being cleared.

Of the Creighton's six children, the eldest died in infancy, then came Letitia (named after the benefactress of her father's youth), three younger brothers and a little sister, who died in her tenth year.

Letitia went when four years of age to a typical settlement school, where the children sat on benches made of slabs, swept the floor with a broom of cedar boughs and watched the "noon-mark" on the floor for the hour of dismissal.

It was before the era of lady-teachers, and the observant little girl was taught successively by men, whose different characteristics were recalled vividly in her old age. One combined with teaching the business of hotel-keeping. Another, described as a "Roman Catholic in sentiment", opened a Sunday school, where he

taught the English Church catechism, and on one occasion marched all his flock several tedious miles to Cobourg to be examined by Parson (afterwards Bishop) Bethune.

A third of her school-masters, the son of a wealthy lumberman, in search of experience of life, deserves particular mention because it was he who gave to the future crusader for temperance the standard of total abstinence. In 1837 this teacher invited the boys of his school to sign the pledge. Greatly impressed by his appeal, Letitia signed also, for, though only ten years old, she had already seen something of the crimes and tragedies due to reckless indulgence in strong drink. In those days whiskey was deplorably plentiful and cheap. It was manufactured in numerous primitive stills throughout the settlements out of anything from pumpkins to damaged grain or frozen potatoes.

After learning all she could at these country schools, Letitia, still craving for knowledge, was set to work at home, baking, washing and helping when necessary in the hay-field. Better education seemed too much to hope for, when her father, after visiting the new "Ladies' Seminary" at Cobourg, promised that "If you and I live, Letitia, you shall be among the number at the next examination".

With such a hope to cheer her, the summer's work went by merrily, and in the autumn the girl became a pupil in the school of which Professor Van Norman was principal. She made such good use of her opportunities that in the following summer she was able to undertake the teaching of a country school, but winter saw her back at the Seminary. This time to save expense she shared a room in the town with another girl, and the pair were kept warm with fuel from their home farms and lived on provisions brought to them, often ready cooked, by their families. In 1845 Professor Van Norman opened the Burlington Ladies' Academy at Hamilton and Letitia went with him to finish her course and

become one of his teachers. Later she took a position in the Ladies' Academy at Picton, and became principal of the school in the spring of 1850.

In the autumn of that same year, she married Arthur Youmans, a miller and farmer, living four miles from Picton. By this marriage the young woman of twenty-three became the stepmother of eight children, of whom the youngest was very small and the eldest almost as old as herself. Her neighbours appear to have had grave doubts as to her housekeeping capabilities, but were convinced that book-learning did not necessarily drive out practicality, when Mrs. Youmans succeeded in making not only soft soap but hard, and won a prize against all comers from her own township for the excellence of her butter and cheese. For eighteen years she lived on the farm; then her husband, who had embarrassed himself before his second marriage by endorsing notes for other people, sold both farm and mill and settled in Picton.

Mrs. Youmans was an enthusiastic Sunday school worker. At one time she taught boys and girls together in a class that numbered ninety; and this had the effect of deepening her early interest in the temperance question. She soon discovered that many of the families of her scholars were suffering from the intemperance of parents or relatives, and that at least one of the members of her class was already on the high road to ruin from intoxication.

She invited her scholars "to sign the pledge", and organized a Band of Hope in Picton, beginning with twenty youngsters, whom she made leaders to gather in others. In 1874 she visited Chatauqua and there heard the story of that remarkable temperance movement in the States, the Woman's Crusade, which in a few months effected the closing of over 17,000 dramshops. She was present at the formation of the Women's National Temperance Association of the United States. Her husband, who was as

earnest in the cause of temperance as she was herself, asked "Can you take in Canada?" and was answered in the affirmative, but Mrs. Youmans thought it best to gain the support of other women before going forward.

A few months later, Canada's first Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized at Owen Sound. The second was formed by Mrs. Youmans at Picton, but she found the women very timorous about taking office. However, the new society soon showed that it was very much alive, by a strenuous endeavour to prevent the granting of shop licenses in Picton. Failing in this, the Union turned its energies, with success, into an effort to bring the county a second time under the provisions of the Dunkin Act. A majority had previously declared for this temperance measure, but their opponents had triumphed over them through a technicality.

Mrs. Youmans was a middle-aged woman, when she began her career as a public speaker by addressing the Picton town council. She spoke so forcefully, though at first somewhat averse to the idea of making formal speeches, that her services soon came into great demand. It was at Cobourg, where many people remembered her as a girl, that she made her first regular address from a platform. She suffered miserably from "stage-fright" when she had to stand up before the thirteen hundred people, packed into the hall, but her husband, who unknown to her, was in the crowd, was delighted with the distinctness of her utterance and the effectiveness of her arguments.

Soon after this she went to Cincinnati to attend the first convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States. She had gone thither to learn but was invited to speak at an evening mass meeting; and Miss Willard, then secretary of the American organization, tells how "her powerful voice rang out for the first time over the historic battle-field of this new and mighty war. Her

American sisters were electrified. What a magazine of power was here . . . From that time on the name of Mrs. Youmans has been beloved and honoured in 'the States', as it had already been 'in her ain countrie', and at nearly all the great summer meetings she was wont to be an invited guest".

Mrs. Youmans turned much to the Bible for her arguments against indulgence in strong drink; but she was always ready to seize on a local story or incident to drive home her point. In her work she was just as ready to spend herself for small places and little children as for great meetings and influential folk. Often she used to ask that a mass meeting of children should be called; and it is told that in canvassing the counties of Durham and Northumberland in the interest of the Dunkin Act, she spoke in no less than fifty places, reaching probably some 15,000 people in all. With her appeal to the voter to support temperance legislation, she almost invariably combined an appeal to the individual to range himself with the total abstainers.

Despite her intensity of conviction, she tried to be both "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove". She talked little of "prohibition", preferring to use the phrase, "home protection". She said equally little of "women's rights", though when (after she became a widow in 1882) the Ontario Legislature gave widows and spinsters the right to vote at municipal elections, she said, "My duty was quite plain—to vote myself and to urge my sisters to do the same". She did more. On the morning, when women were first permitted to vote in the municipalities, she was the first woman in Picton to penetrate through the smoky antechamber of the polling booth to cast her vote. It was no very terrible adventure after all. In fact she was treated with such marked respect, that she comments, "that morning I was evidently of more consequence than ever I had been before".

In 1883 the Dominion W. C. T. U. was organized with Mrs. Youmans as its first president. In 1888, her strenuous labours of eighteen years in the great cause of temperance came suddenly to a close. Stricken with that most painful disease, inflammatory rheumatism, Mrs. Youmans lived for eight years longer — long enough to see many an advance in the struggle in which she had enlisted “for life or during the war”. But only now is the country beginning to reap the harvest from the patient and persistent sowing of this “Canadian Great-heart” and her fellow-workers.

The subject of the next sketch of this series will be of Mrs. Kathleen Coleman, and is entitled “Kit: the Journalist”.

ANNETTE

By EDNY AILEEN BEAUPORT

THROUGH the orchard, dewy-wet,
 Singing, smiling, came Annette!
 And the blossoms, virgin white,
 Shed on her their petals light,
 Kissing eyes and laughing lips,
 Falling on her finger tips!
 On her hair,
 Shining there!
 While a thrush
 From the brush
 Sang, Annette, Annette, Annette!
 Thus it was in June we met.
 Oh, those little dancing feet,
 And the smile divinely sweet!
 Oh, those glorious, shy eyes,
 Innocent, and yet so wise!
 Fleeting fears,
 April tears,
 Kissed away
 As they lay
 Shining on her cheek of rose.
 Oh, her dear, deep repose
 When she fell fast asleep
 On my heart (Quiet keep,
 Little birds, for awhile,
 Till my kiss brings her smile!)
 Oh, the morn's dewy-wet
 And the May days with Annette!

THE LIBRARY TABLE

REVERIES OVER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

By W. B. YEATS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



YEATS fills his readers with a vague and delightful disquiet. Two lines of his which he once wrote out for me hang upon my study wall. They are:

“The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind.”

There is something in the lines to which it is difficult to give definition. They are like an invocation importuning the shadowy unseen, calling down we scarce know what of wonder or despair. On a wintry twilight of February, 1914, as we sped in the train from Toronto to St. Catharines, Yeats said, “I believe in the Great Memory”. As he said it he was looking out of the car window at the floating dimness. One did not need to have read his books and to know exactly what he meant to have strong feeling evoked by his words; one was conscious as he talked of the enwrapping realms of “other” reality that are always about us. His phrases were drenched with emotion and beauty as birds’ wings with sea spray. Emotion and beauty and a strong ecstasy over the unseen and the immaterial were the environment of his words.

So it is with this book of his, “Reveries over Childhood and Youth”. I have read it with a strange excite-

ment constantly filling me. The references to Sligo and its folk, to Ross’s Point and the sailors and sea captains, to Knockarea and the Isle of Innisfree to watch which in the dawn the lad who was already a poet lay out all night in the wood of the mainland; the story of the cousin wakened at midnight calling to the kitchen for his sea boots and gloomily sailing the yacht out of harbour in order to let a young fellow who was thought mad listen to the sea birds waking that he might have truth of description in a drama called “The Shadowy Waters”—these references and tales have all moved me so that I have wanted to sit in a room alone and listen to the wind or walk on a deserted road through the woods.

The book is a reverie. One incident shades off and passes into another, with no shock of changing circumstances. The same sentence will dream over many different matters. To read the book from beginning to end is like passing down a quiet river in the dawn with things gradually drawing clearer, showing no greater beauty but only different beauties. The reverie is dear to Yeats, even when he is not writing a biography of his half-forgotten childhood and youth. Those who heard his lecture in Toronto in 1914 on “The Theatre and Beauty” will perhaps remember that he stopped abruptly, passed his hand over his forehead, and turned to the reading of his poems. He said afterwards that he had missed out part of his lecture, he was sure, because in Montreal it had taken him an hour and a half to give the same lecture and in

Toronto only an hour. Then he said that he lectured "simply out of his reverie".

This book of his becomes our own reverie as we read it. The personages in it, old women, uncles, aunts, servant girls, grandfathers, schoolmasters, the "athlet" at school, Edward Dowden, "A.E.", O'Leary, the father, the mother, are all of them in a certain sense people of the shadow land of memory. Yet in the telling of their story there has been such power to reveal in each case, the significant self, the real personality, that one feels one has read a book thronged with moving and aggressive individualities. Yet the sense that all is ghostly remains also; there is so little care for the circumstance of material environment. Perhaps the book is a book about disembodied spirits.

I shall not attempt a criticism of the book's implications for a philosophy of life and for methods in art, though it might be possible to develop an interesting treatment along both lines. It may be said, however, that those whose proneness is to identify the mystic aptitude and the love of dreams with a certain flabbiness of intellect will find no illustration of their contention in the work of W. B. Yeats. He is one who may be deemed noted for austere mental precision. His lyric utterance is cleansed in the fire of thought. There is no lyric today being written like the Yeats lyric. The Imagists, and the devotees of the free verse movements generally, whose care is for economy and propriety in words, would do well to study his pages. Not that the Imagists and Free Verse people do not constitute a legitimate trend in modern poetic development. They do constitute a legitimate trend, and their work often possesses the sincere austerity of the highest art. But their sin lies often in their repudiation of other methods than their own. An understanding of W. B. Yeats, in whose pages they would find, accompanied by rhymes and rhythms that weave about words

sometimes a cold wintry beauty, sometimes a warmth of summer sunsets, the object of their own high seeking, pictures concrete and vivid, images exact and tense, would open their eyes and free them from much unthinking narrowness. Yeats is as intellectually hard as the most imagistic lover of jade and flint. But he also has the secret of the subtle music of words which no imagist will repudiate if he is a poet. Indeed, it is a misunderstanding of authentic imagism that thinks of it apart from the music of the lyric cry. Just as it is a misunderstanding of authentic lyricism and the ability for dreams such as is manifested in the work of a writer like Yeats to think of it as something non-intellectual and flabby.

I remember Yeats as he alighted from the train in St. Catharines. The winter sunset was a ragged and blown saffron behind the railway station. It was cold, and fine snow was blowing in clouds about the platform. We had climbed from the train in a hurry and for a moment he stood against the sunset, his fountain pen in his mouth (he had been putting down the price of his chair seat for his manager), portfolio in hand, the great car flaps and tie strings of his fur cap blowing out in the wind. Then his host came up to greet him and we separated.

He says in Section 33, which is the end of his book:

"When I think of all the books I have read, and of the wise words I have heard spoken, and of the anxiety I have given to parents and grandparents, and of the hopes that I have had, all life weighed in the scales of my own life seems to me a preparation for something that never happens."

There is the prose and there is the Celtic mood which makes the book delightful and disquieting.

A. L. P.

A book of poems by Yeats, entitled "Responsibilities", is included in a recent list from the same publishers. We shall let Mr. Phelps's foregoing comment serve as an introduction, and

merely quote in full one of the poems:

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND.

I.

Dance there upon the shore;
 What need have you to care
 For wind or water's roar?
 And tumble out your hair
 That the salt drops have wet;
 Being young you have not known
 The fool's triumph, nor yet
 Love lost as soon as won,
 Nor the best labourer dead
 And all the sheaves to bind.
 What need have you to dread
 The monstrous crying of wind?

Has no one said those daring
 Kind eyes should be more learn'd?
 Or warned you how despairing
 The moths are when they are burned,
 I could have warned you, but you are
 young,
 So we speak a different tongue.

O, you will take whatever's offered
 And dream that all the world's a friend,
 Suffer as your mother suffered,
 Be as broken in the end.
 But I am old and you are young,
 And I speak a barbarous tongue.

*

MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN

BY CORNELIA MEIGS. Toronto: The
 Macmillan Company of Canada.

TH**E**R**E** is a quaint charm to this book, in the style of writing, the things written about and the persons concerned, that will appeal to grown-up readers as well as to young folks, for whom, we presume, it was written. Throughout there is a delicate fancy woven into a panorama of American history, so that the reader is to a certain extent instructed as well as amused.

*

THE NEW POETRY

EDITED BY HARRIET MONROE and ALICE
 CORBIN HENDERSON. Toronto: The
 Macmillan Company of Canada.

MUCH has been written and spoken about what many reviewers refer to as *vers libre*. In this volume it is distinguished as *new*. Whether it

is new or free, or anything else, the present volume is an unusually important addition to the discussion and presentation of current poetry or, rather, the poetry that both in form and in purpose within recent years has made some departures from the methods of what we might refer to as the standard poets in English. Anyone who wishes to examine some examples of the work of most of the poets who are in a sense the latest *vogue* can do so conveniently by going to this book. So it is explained by the editors (who are also the editors of *Poetry*), that the purpose of the volume is to present in convenient form "representative work of the poets who are to-day creating what is commonly "the new poetry", the poetry which strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life and discards the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness found in all classes not of the first order". Selections are given from the work of more than one hundred writers, including one whom we associate with a different period — Thomas Hardy. The list includes the names of several Irishmen, one Indian, one Japanese, many Englishmen, a few Jews, an abundance of Americans, but not one Canadian that we recognize. The largest number of selections is from the work of Ezra Pound. Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology", comes next.

*

THE MAN THOU GAVEST

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK. Toronto:
 The Musson Book Company.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK knows her mountain world excellently well, also she can tell a good story, and these two facts make this a readable book. The story is clean and fresh, in spite of several matrimonial twists which might seem to promise the contrary. Fortunately circumstances (which have no morals) are responsible for most of the tangle, and everybody's intentions are so laudable that

fate appears in the end to have been the only criminal. The character of the wild little mountain maid, Nella-rose, is sketched delicately, and our only regret is that we do not see more of her, and of her curious sister Marj. These two girls, with the decayed gentleman their father, are by far the most interesting people in the book. The hero is an ordinary young man whose hold on the reader is small, and Lynda, the other point of the triangle, is perfect but commonplace.

*

ITALY, FRANCE AND BRITAIN AT WAR

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

ONE begins to read this book with the feeling that the author of "Mr. Britling sees it Through" should stick to his own *métier* and leave the war to experts like George Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and many Smiths and Browns. But on second thoughts one feels that, after all, there is really no reason why Mr. Wells should not write about the war or on the war, or at least around the war. Then, as one gets into the book, one begins to feel that this same Mr. Wells, who for almost a generation has been increasing his circle of readers the world over, has actually found something extremely interesting that we are bound to suppose is not fiction. About eight months ago Mr. Wells "did the Front". He went also to Italy. It is only necessary to say, therefore, that he not only entertains with his account of what he saw and heard, but he gives also a very vivid picture of certain aspects of the war. He interviews the King of Spain. He passes through many ruins of the war, he examines the various kinds of warfare, he describes the war landscape, compares the new arms with the old, and gives also a graphic description of the tank. From these things he goes back to England and discusses social

aspects of the war, the changes taking place and the ending.

*

MEN, WOMEN AND GUNS

BY "SAPPER". Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE wonderful success of "Sapper's" stories, "The Lieutenant and Others" and "Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E." is sufficient recommendation for this the author's latest volume. Many readers, however, will prefer "Men, Women and Guns", because it is more a story than the others. It will be read with infinite zest and amusement.

*

YEARS OF MY YOUTH

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is one of the unusually intimate and charming autobiographies that are encountered only once in a long time. Not only is the author now so old that he recalls many happenings that in our day appear to be quaint and even amusing, but he uses a delightful style in recording his recollections. He speaks of his childhood at a time when his father published a newspaper in Hamilton, Ohio, and relates that he himself could set type even, as it now seems to him, before he could read. He does not know how he got the idea of becoming a writer by profession.

"I should be interested to know, now," he writes, "how the notion of authorship first crept into my mind, but I do not in the least know. I made verses, I even wrote plays in rhyme, but until I attempted an historical romance I had no sense of literature as an art. As an art which one might live by, as by a trade or a business, I had not the slightest conception." From this beginning the reader is carried on through the many vicissitudes of the life of a successful American novelist.

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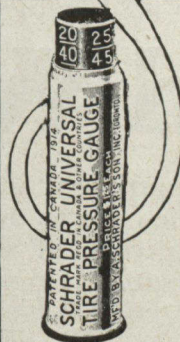


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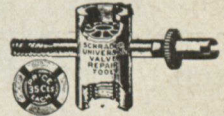
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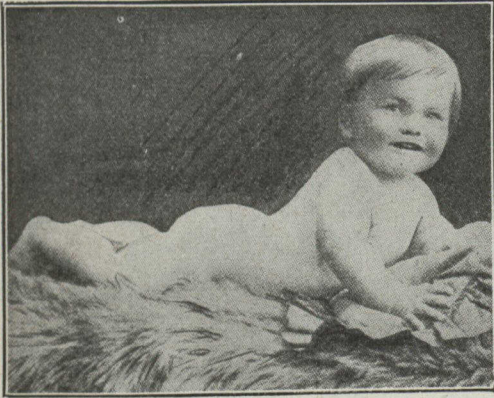
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It is scientific food—a Prof. Anderson creation. Every food cell is exploded—every atom feeds.

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As Nut-Bits.

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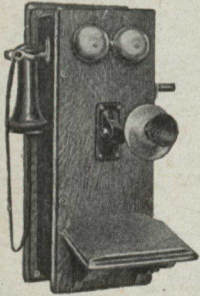


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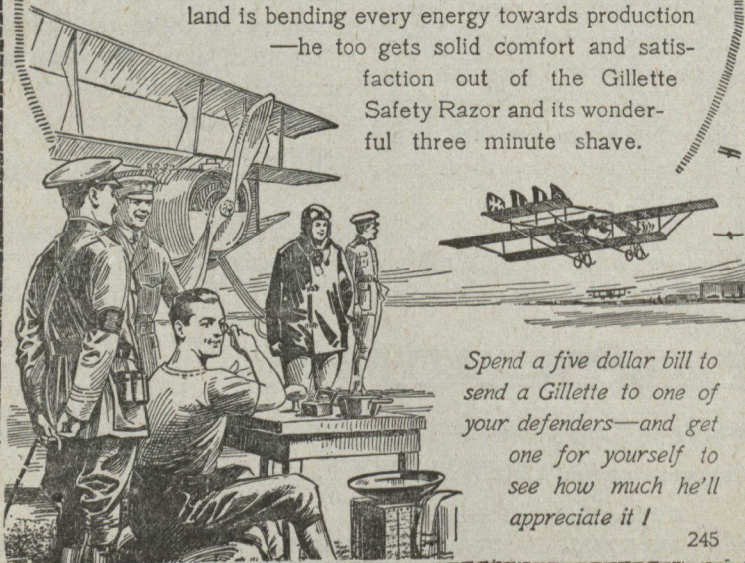
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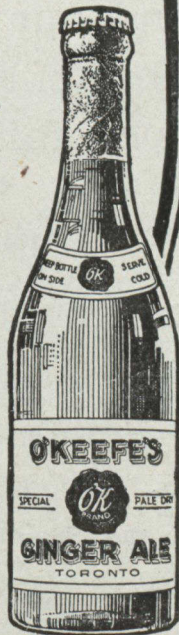
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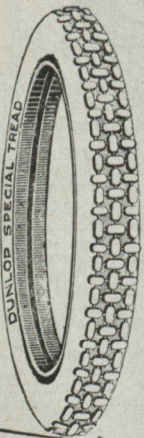
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A. 77



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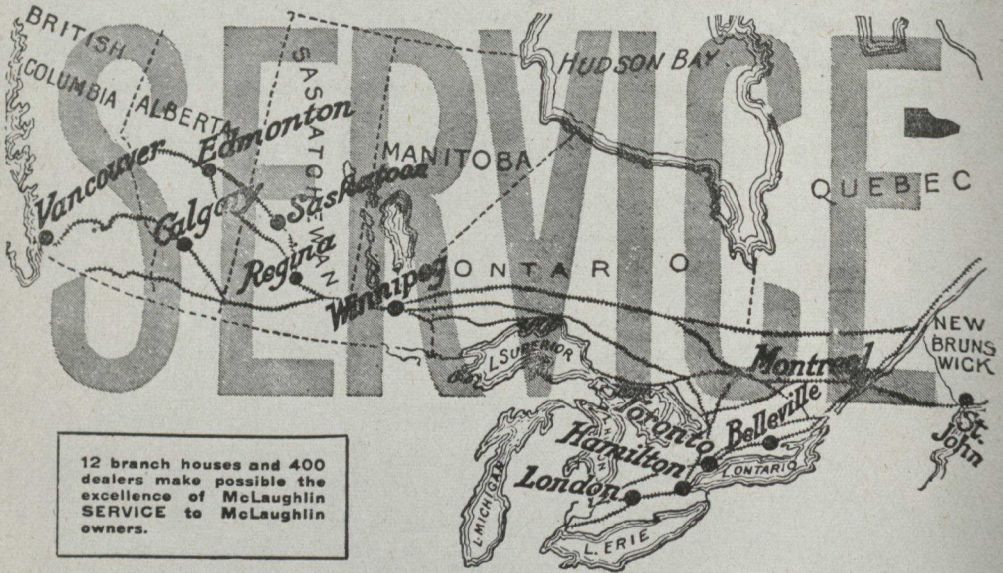
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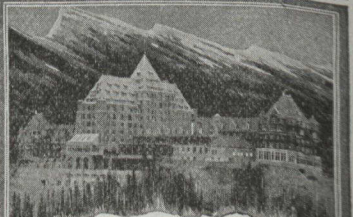
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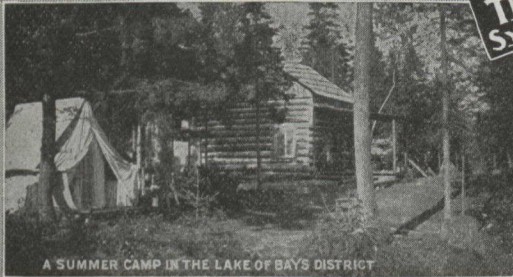
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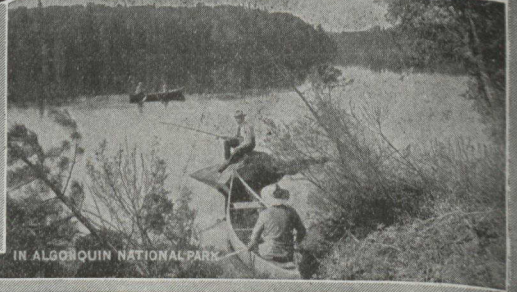
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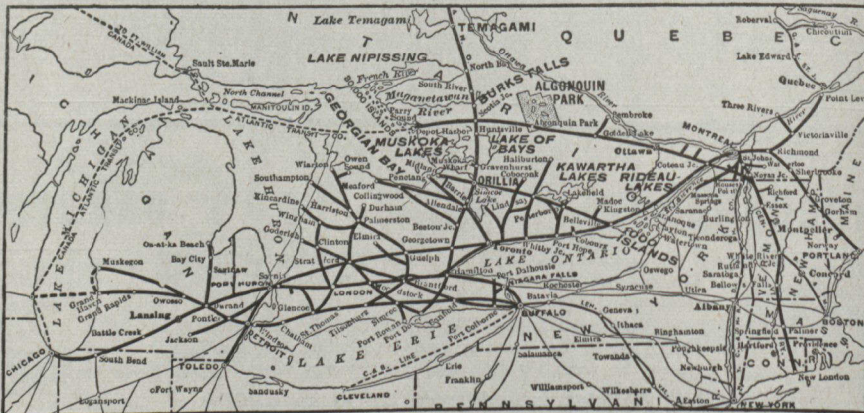


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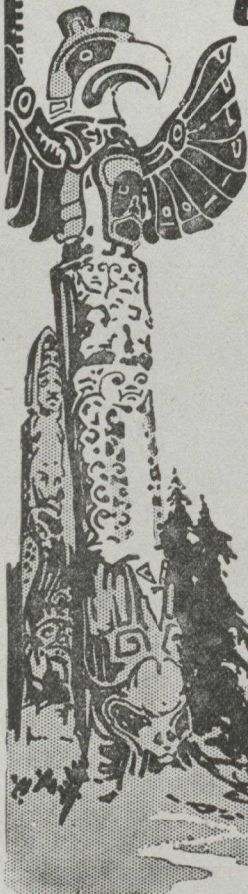


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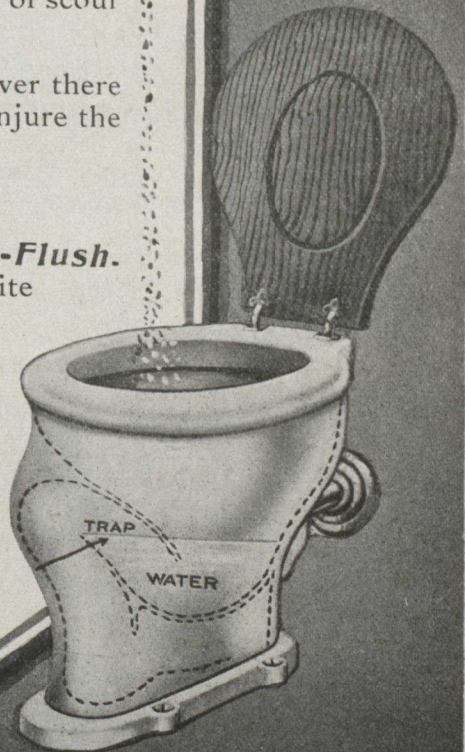
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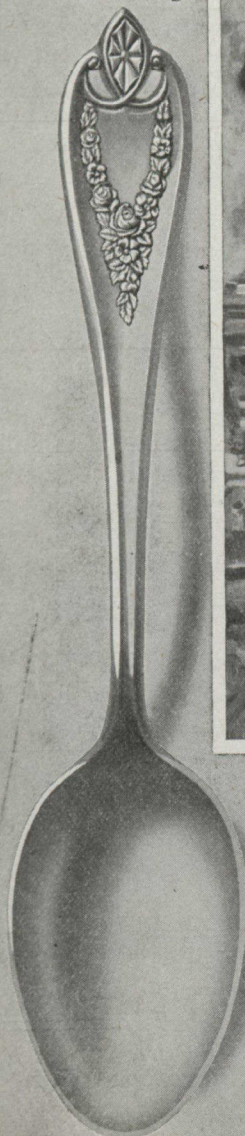
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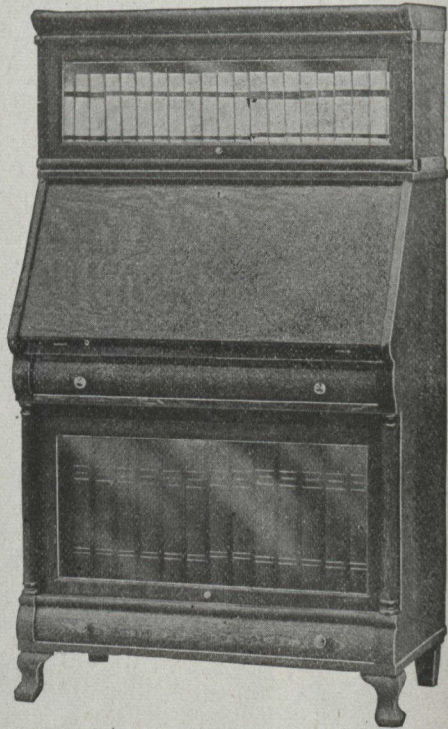
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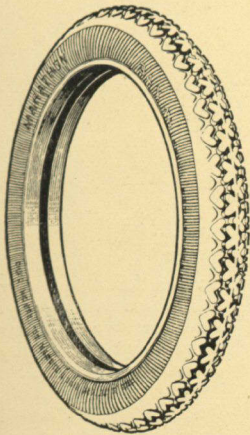
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