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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



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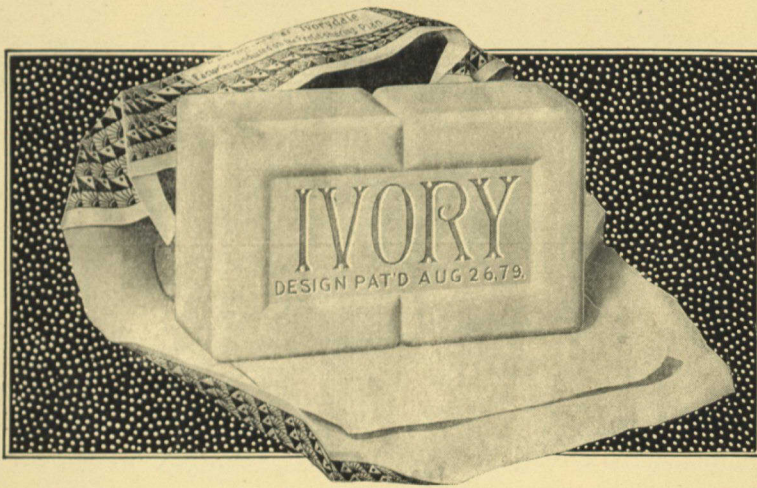
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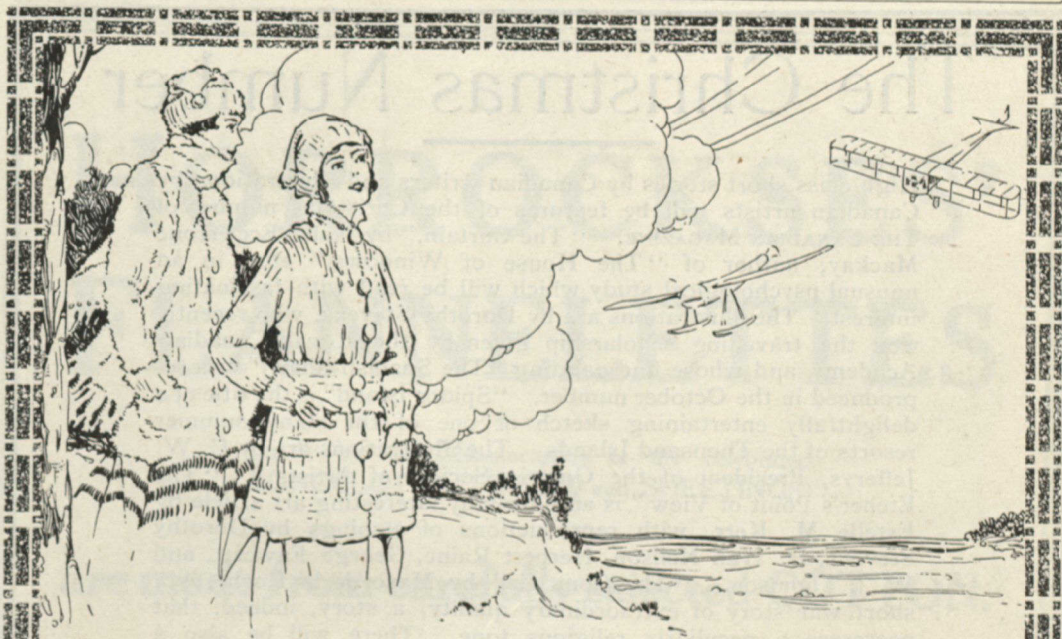
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The quality of F. McKelvey Bell's Chronicle "The First Canadians in France" improves as it continues. The third instalment, which appears in the December Number is even better than the first two.

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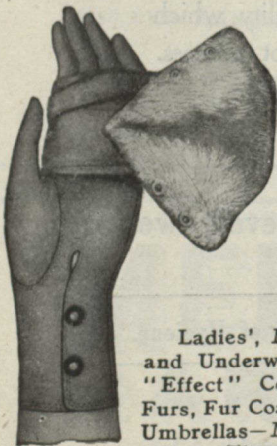
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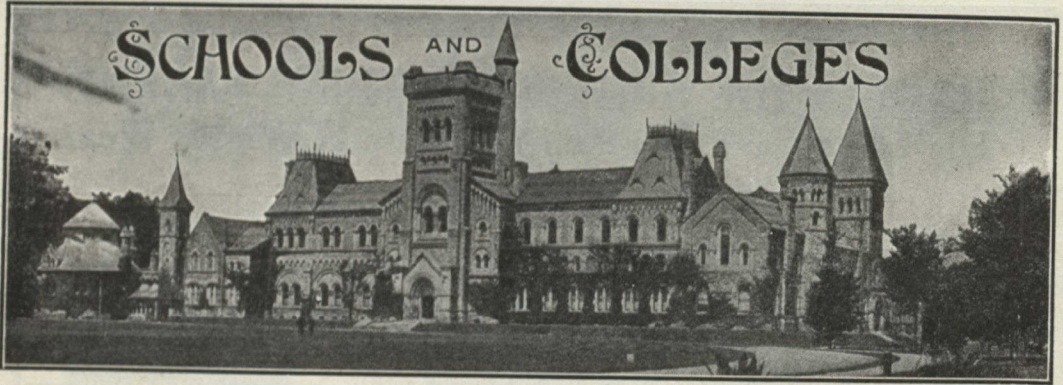
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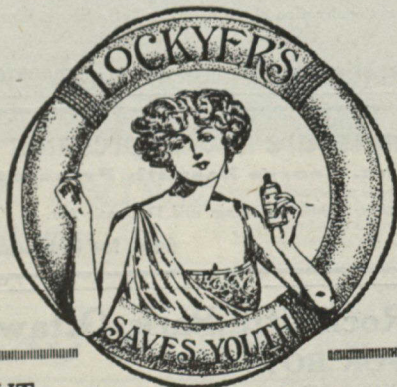
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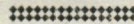
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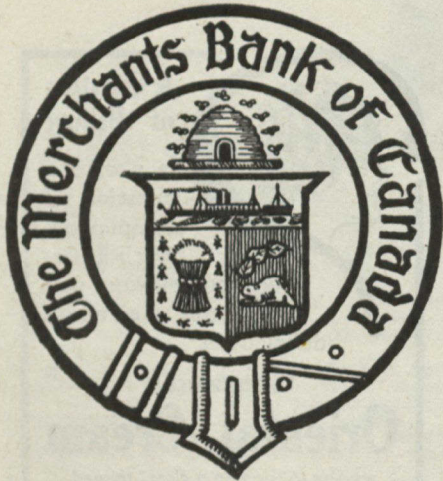
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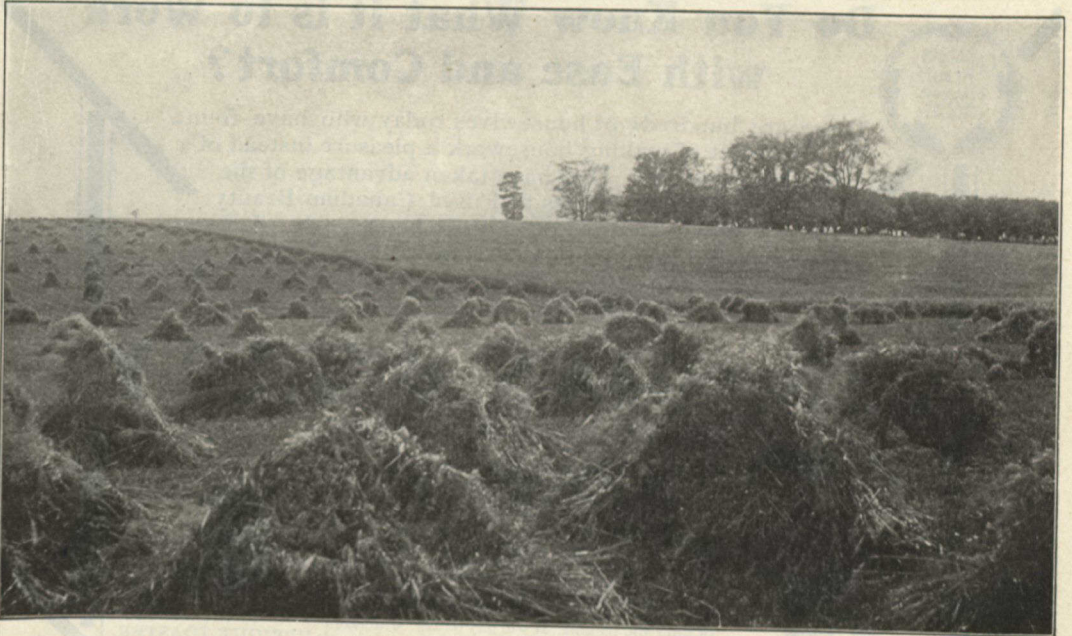
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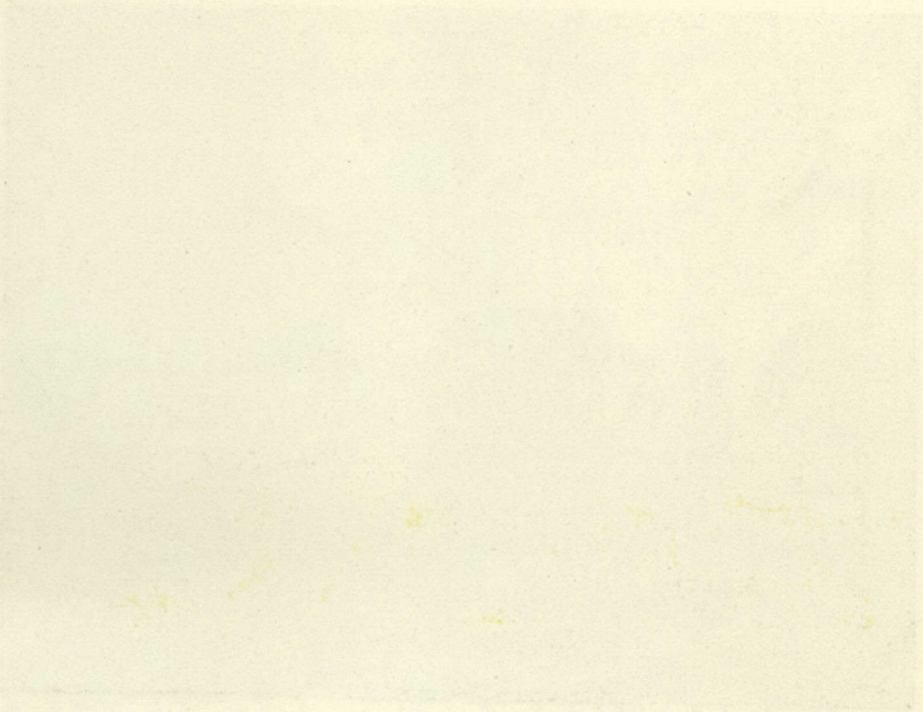
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THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 1

RE-VIEWS *of* LITERARY  
HISTORY OF CANADA

By J. D. Logan

I.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NOVA SCOTIA

**I**N historico-critical reviews or appreciations of literature, as distinguished from essays in *belles-lettres*, what excites intellectual interest and engages the fancy is not so much the persons and the times consid-

ered by a literary historian or critic as the novelty in his point of view, originality in his angle of vision in treating the poets and the prose-writers of a given country and period or periods. Until the publication of Mr. T. G. Marquis's illuminating and genuinely constructive

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The present essay and those to follow it will form the second series of historico-critical articles contributed to *The Canadian Magazine* by Dr. Logan. The essays are based on his special series of lectures on the Literary History and the Literature of Canada, delivered in December, 1915, at Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S. The lectures had the distinction of being the first of the kind to be delivered at any university in the Dominion. They are in preparation for publication in book form. In the meantime, the material selected from them for publication in *The Canadian Magazine* presents re-views, that is, new and revised views, of some unrecognized salients in the literary history and the literature of Canada. The essays to follow the present article are entitled: Canadian Fictionists and Other Creative Prose Writers; The Second Renaissance of Canadian Nativistic Poetry; Canadian Poets and Poetesses as Lyrists of Romantic Love; and Canadian Poets as Verbal Colourists and Musicians. Either in theme, point of view, or treatment, or all three, the essays are novel and original.

monograph, "English-Canadian Literature", (Toronto, 1913), no systematic critical treatment of the origins, evolution, and æsthetic status of Canadian letters had been attempted. To be sure, Sir John Bourinot and Dr. Archibald MacMurchy had published excellent appreciative surveys of Canadian literature. But these surveys, as also the many magazine essays on the same theme by other critics, were annalistic, compendial, and quite without any philosophical, systematic, or even distinctive method of treatment. Moreover, the principal Canadian anthologists, Dr. Dewart, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, and Dr. Rand, have kept almost wholly to the annalistic method of reviewing the salient persons and themes in the poetic literature of the Dominion, as if these compilers and editors had not critically observed an evolution in it from bad or indifferent to good, from good to better, and from better to excellent and fine in imaginative conception and in technical artistry. The magazine essayists, on the other hand, considered only individual Canadian men and women of letters, or discrete groups of them, without having any regard to their æsthetic origins, evolution, place and status in the *corpus* of Canadian literature or of literature in general. What the essayists wrote about the poets and prose writers of the Dominion was, for the most part, uncritical knocks or boosts, based largely on the critics' personal antipathies or preferences. Until, then, the publication of Mr. Marquis's monograph, indigenous literary criticism of Canadian poetry and prose was unoriginal in point of view, and unphilosophical and unsystematic in method. The present essay and those to follow it have nothing specially to recommend them, save that their point of view is original, their method philosophical and strictly critical, and that, incidentally, they attempt to remove certain stubborn superstitions which still persist, even in Mr. Marquis's mind, regarding the

literary origins, genius, place, status and distinction of notable Canadian men and women of letters.

Turning now to my theme in this essay, The Significance of Nova Scotia in the Literary History of Canada, I remark that Nova Scotia has always taken a leading—in some respects, the leading—part in promoting and developing the spiritual, including the literary, culture of the people of the Dominion. Somewhat from priority of colonization and propinquity to Great Britain and the United States, but more from the moral energy of her immigrant population and the loyalty of their descendants to the intellectual interests and traditions of their forebears, especially the Highland Scots and Irish, though the descendants of the English settlers and of the immigrants from New England, New York and Pennsylvania who came to the Province in the latter half of the eighteenth century also played their important rôle, Nova Scotia was the first of the English-speaking Provinces which were eventually confederated into the Dominion of Canada to initiate and advance popular and university education. Also, in religious education, and in conceiving and carrying out big constructive movements in church organization and missionary enterprise, Nova Scotia took the initiative and has always been in the van of progress. Again, to her enduring glory, Nova Scotia has the distinction of being the home and inspiration of the first strictly *nativistic* literature produced in any of the four English-speaking Provinces that at Confederation formed the original Dominion of Canada; of being, secondly, the æsthetic habitat and the inspiration of the leader of the First Renaissance of Canadian *nativistic* and *national* literature, chiefly poetry; and of being, finally, the homeland, if not always also the inspiration of the initiators, or the most gifted and conspicuous leaders, of the Second Renaissance of Canadian *nativistic* and *national*

poetry—a literary movement, however, that has engaged at the same time the genius of the younger men and women of letters in all the English-speaking Provinces of the Dominion.

It will be observed that I have applied the epithets “nativistic” and “national” to different periods and phases of the literary history of Canada. I have employed this distinction for good reasons. In the pioneer and the colonial periods, in all stages up to, and even for a decade or more subsequent to, Confederation, there were in Canada many verse-makers and prose writers who were not born in any of the Provinces of what is now the Dominion of Canada, though some of them were bred and educated in one or other of these Provinces. Their poetry and prose, whether inspired by Canadian life and scenes or not, are rightly to be distinguished as colonial or British rather than as Canadian. On the other hand, while, prior to Confederation and for a decade or more after that event, there were writers who were born and bred in Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces, and who now solely by virtue of historic retrospect in which the Canada that was once merely possible is seen made actual in the Canada of to-day, may be denoted Canadians, these writers got their literary themes and inspiration almost wholly from experience or phenomenon other than that which was (provincially) Canadian. So that to-day it is at least inept to categorize such poetry and prose as were produced in the Provinces of Canada, prior to Confederation, as *Canadian* in the authentic connotation of the term; and it is certainly absurd to apply to them, or to even post-Confederation Canadian literature, until the rise of the Robertsonian group of poets and prose writers in the Dominion, the epithet *national*. This literature, produced in the nineteenth century from 1830 to 1887 (the year of the publication of Roberts’s “In Divers Tones”) by

writers born and bred and schooled in the Provinces is strictly to be denoted as only *nativistic* provincial literature of Canada. It is nativistic, but not national, because the writers were natives of the as yet unconfederated Provinces, because either their subjects or themes, or their inspiration, or both, were chiefly indigenous to the writers’ respective homelands, and because what they wrote was really literature. On the other hand, the poetry and prose produced by the Robertsonian group of native-born authors, from 1887 to 1903, and from 1903 to the present, are both nativistic and national literature, and are to be categorized as strictly and genuinely Canadian in the inclusive connotation of the term.

Now, take a pen and on the geographical map of Nova Scotia draw an ellipse, beginning at Windsor, passing the line through Grand Pré and Wolfville, then across the western end of the Basin of Minas, next up to the Tantramar marshes, and back again to Windsor. That elliptical line and that ellipse of country embracing idyllic town, romantic village, valley-land, storied bluff and mount, haunted waters, misty marsh, and glamorous fields and skies, is the original Literary Map of Nova Scotia, and, by implication, of Canada. It all conscribes the pristine home, scenes, and inspiration of the first nativistic literature of Nova Scotia and the first national literature of the Dominion of Canada.

The first native Nova Scotian author of consequence and the first to make the beginnings of what, had he but inspired others or had followers, would have become an original and genuine nativistic literature in Nova Scotia, and thus in Canada, was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, born at Windsor, N.S., 1796. Now in that year, it happens, in the Niagara district there was born another creative man of letters whose writings are included in the *corpus* of Canadian literature, namely, Major John Richard-

son. Haliburton and Richardson were active in creative letters (prose-fiction) during the same period. Richardson published his romance, "Wacousta; or The Prophecy", in 1832, and its sequel, "The Canadian Brothers; or The Prophecy Fulfilled", in 1840. He is, therefore, to be regarded as "the father" of nativistic romantic fiction in Canada. On the other hand, Haliburton published his chief and most popular work of fiction, "the Clockmaker; or The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville", serially in 1835-36, and in book form at Halifax and London in 1837, 1838, and 1840. Haliburton is, therefore, to be regarded as "the father" of the nativistic fiction of characterization and the criticism of society and manners, and also of nativistic humour in Canada. As Alfred Russell and Charles Darwin, working independently and apart, simultaneously formulated the law or principle of organic evolution, so Haliburton and Richardson, writing independently and a thousand miles apart, created at the same time the first nativistic fiction produced in Canada, but with this difference that Haliburton is the first and only creator of a unique and distinct species of fictional characterization and speech or humour.

To those who would, therefore, regard Richardson as entitled to the distinction of being, as it were, the contemporaneous co-creator of nativistic fiction in Canada, and to an equal place beside Haliburton, I must submit two counts that give Haliburton the chief position of honour in producing the first nativistic literature in Canada. Without question Haliburton was the more versatile and original genius. But aside from that fact, there is another important truth, the significance of which Canadian literary historians and critics seem to have missed, or not to have divined. Though synchronously, as noted, Haliburton and Richardson created, so far as Canada is concerned, two distinct species of fictional prose, Hali-

burton takes precedence over Richardson in time and in literary origination, by being the first systematic writer born in any of the old unfederated Provinces of Canada to see, with poetic vision, the romance in Nova Scotian, that is, Canadian, history, and to tell, with the interest, colour and emotional appeal almost of a work of pure fiction, the pathetic story of the expulsion of the Acadians, as he did, in his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia", published in 1829, or three years before Richardson's "Wacousta". At once real history and winning romance, though, of course, not an historical romance of fiction, this work by Haliburton was the essential beginning of what, had he had imitators and followers, might have proved to be a permanent and genuine nativistic literature of romantic history in Canada. As it is, it is the beginning of nativistic creative literature in Canada.

How abortive in laying the foundations of a nativistic creative literature—a literature in the three species of history, fiction and humour—Haliburton's genius and writings proved to be is one of the "curiosities" of the literary history of Canada, and a phenomenon by itself in general literary history. Haliburton was one born out of his time, or born too soon, to have his gifts perpetuated by influencing creatively other Nova Scotian, or, later, Canadian men of letters. So far as creative literature in Canada is concerned, Haliburton simply happened.

It has been held, however, that by a trick of fate which has created a most astounding literary anomaly, Haliburton had considerable influence on American letters. He has been called "the founder of the American school of humour", "the father of American humour". That is a very uncritical belief and a superstition. For the present let the belief stand as sound. Now, if it be true, as some allege, that Longfellow and Parkman



read Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia", and that their reading of the work inspired the one to write in immortal verse the story of the winsome Acadian maid, Evangeline, and furnished the other with his singularly engaging method of writing history, then Haliburton may be called also "the father" of American romantic poetry and of American romantic history. Has any scholarly and reputable critic yet been found who has maintained such a thesis as that Haliburton influenced the creative genius and the methods of Longfellow and Parkman? I can discover no such critic. Moreover, if Haliburton had really in anywise influenced American men of letters, poets, historians or humourists, we surely should expect to see the fact published in Professor Barrett Wendell's supposedly inclusive and accurate "Literary History of America". So interesting and significant a fact, if there were such a literary fact, would not have escaped the notice and acknowledgment of Professor Wendell. Yet not only does he not record any influence of Haliburton on American letters, but also he does not even mention the name of the Nova Scotian historian and humourist. But on this whole question, and particularly on the superstition that Haliburton is "the father of American humour", I shall write more fully and critically in my later essay on "Canadian Fictionists and Other Creative Prose Writers".

While indeed Haliburton's genius, as expressed in "The Clockmaker", was fitted to originate in Canada a nativistic literature of humour, the odd fact is that, virtually, there is no such literary species in the Dominion, that is, no published works of humour by native-born Canadian authors which have the quality of genuine literature. George T. Lanigan, had he lived, might have created a Canadian humour as such. Mr. Stephen Leacock is brilliantly striving—and for his part is succeeding in his endea-

vours—to create a Canadian literature of humour, but he is not Canadian-born, or is only, as Mr. Marquis puts it, "a graft on the Canadian literary tree"; and, besides, Mr. Leacock writes his humour considerably after the American manner—satiric burlesque, deliberate commingling of serious conduct and character with extravagant nonsense.

All, then, that can be said to give Haliburton his rightful place and distinction in the literary history of Canada is that, had the times and the culture of his homeland, Nova Scotia, been ripe to receive and to be inspired by his genius and literary works, he would have been "the father" or founder of a nativistic literature in the three species of romantic history, character fiction, and humour in Canada; and that, secondly, in spite of fate's refusal to give his literary genius, labours, and vogue this glory, he has the greater glory of having been a creative writer *sui generis*—the first native son of any of the Provinces which now form the Dominion of Canada to produce original literary works that have enduring quality and a unique place not only in the *corpus* of Canadian literature, but also in that of English literature.

The first native-born Canadian constructively to make real and permanent a nativistic and national literature strictly as such was Charles G. D. Roberts. If, as a matter of fact, he was born in New Brunswick seven years before Confederation, and educated at the provincial university, it is much more, or altogether, significant that Roberts was spiritually reborn, æsthetically re-educated, and became imaginatively creative at Windsor, Nova Scotia. For ten years, beginning in 1885, or two years before the publication of his epoch-making volume of verse, "In Divers Tones", while professor of literature at King's College, he dwelt and communed with nature intimately, visited the haunts of earthly beauty, fed his senses with the pure delights of field and stream,

lake and marsh, woodland and sky, tuned his heart to hear, with peculiar meaning and joy, the cries of the denizens of the wild-land, the murmurings, dronings, and shrillings of insects, and the myriad sweet songs of the birds, and lived over again in fancy and peaceful reverie all the rare moments of choice sensation and spiritual ecstasy experienced in the gardens of happy existence. From and in Nova Scotia, then—from that lovely area of country conscribing Windsor, the Land of Evangeline, the Gaspereau Valley, the Basin of Minas, the Tantramor marshes, and the district round again to Windsor, Roberts produced the first and considerable of the best of his nativistic and national poetry, and began the systematic fructuation of his genius in lyricism, romantic tale-telling, novel-writing, and animal fiction which have given him international fame and vogue, and which have established for him a world-wide reputation as the most original, versatile and artistic—the very foremost—of living Canadian men of letters.

Besides being the first and most eminent of the systematic "makers" of a genuine Canadian nativistic literature, with national "notes" in it, Roberts is, in several other ways, to be regarded as "the father" of the post-Confederation, that is, the strictly Canadian, literature of the Dominion. As in Roberts's own case, so, wholly through Roberts, Nova Scotia became the inspiration of Bliss Carman, the second most versatile and artistic of living Canadian men of letters. This happened because at the Roberts home in Windsor, Carman spent several of his growing, most impressionable, and most receptive years, coming directly under the pervasive influence—the æsthetic culture and the tutorship in poetic technique—of the elder poet, and in company with him making from Windsor as a centre excursions over the lovely and glamorous scenes and haunts of beauty near and beyond the Roberts

home. There young Carman's senses and imagination began to discover the beauty and glory of land and sea; and eventually he was inspired to emulate the elder poet, and thus to begin the writing of the winning lyricism for which Carman has become noted as a poet *sui generis*. Roberts, then, is the literary father of Bliss Carman. Further, having been the first Canadian of consequence to recognize, in a practical way, the poetic genius of Lampman, by publishing in *The Week*, Toronto, the shy, young poet's first respectable verses, Roberts is to be distinguished as the literary sponsor of Lampman, and as having made the latter's career in letters possible, just as he had, in another way, made Carman's literary career possible. Finally, if Roberts had no formative influence on the genius of the other members of the post-Confederation group of Canadian poets and prose writers whom I denote as the Robertsonian group, he at least caused Wilfred Campbell, Frederick George Scott, Duncan Campbell Scott, and, possibly, Pauline Johnson and Miss Marshall Saunders, to care exceedingly, as he did himself, for fine craftsmanship, exquisite technical artistry, in what they wrote, whether poetry or imaginative prose. By his own fine artistry and by the influence of his example on his contemporaries, Roberts raised nativistic poetry and prose to a degree of technical finish that was never before reached, nor even attempted, by native-born Canadian men and women of letters.

Through Charles G. D. Roberts, then, and those of his contemporaries or *confrères* to whom, in one way or another, he was "the master", a strictly Canadian literature—nativistic and national—began systematically to be developed in quantity and in æsthetic and artistic quality, until at length authoritative critics in England (Matthew Arnold, for instance) and in the United States (Clarence Stedman, for instance) were compelled to acknowledge that Canada possessed a really

worthy *corpus* of original poetry and imaginative prose, beautiful or noble in spiritual substance and finely or exquisitely wrought in technique and form. As the inspirer, sponsor and leader of the first native-born group of systematic poets and prose writers of the Dominion, Roberts inaugurated the First Renaissance of Canadian letters, and is indubitably "the father" of Canadian nativistic and national literature strictly as such.

To Nova Scotia, therefore, directly through Charles G. D. Roberts and his poetry and imaginative prose, into much of which he has put the natural beauty and the romance of Acadian land, wild-life, legend, history and society, and indirectly through his formative and constructive influences on his contemporaries, belongs the unique distinction of being the original home and the inspiration of the First Renaissance of Canadian poetry and prose, and of the first genuine *corpus* of authentic Canadian literature, nativistic in origin and national in note.

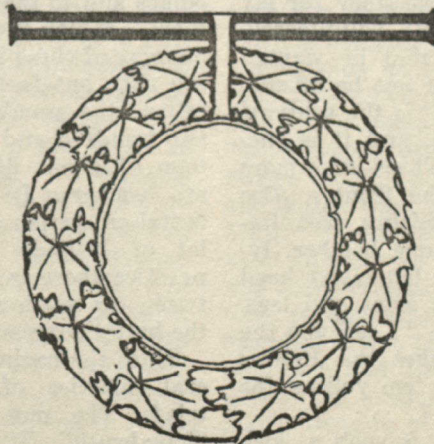
To Nova Scotia, as I shall show in a subsequent essay, also belongs the distinction of having inaugurated the Second Renaissance of

Canadian poetry. For a decade or more a school, or at least a group, of poets, unconscionable in moral and æsthetic taste and inartistic in technique, whom I have elsewhere called "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry", has had astonishing vogue in the Dominion. Their day has at length passed, and a renaissance, in the spirit of the elder Robertsonian group, is now active and in the ascendant. The initiators and the most noteworthy leaders of the Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry are natives of Nova Scotia. Here, however, I may merely remark the fact, postponing the treatment of their work to a subsequent essay.

Meanwhile, to conclude: The significance of Nova Scotia in the Literary history of Canada may be signalized in a single sentence. Nova Scotia is the home and the inspiration of the first attempts to found a nativistic provincial literature in English-speaking Canada, and also of two movements which will leave to the Dominion the inestimable legacy of a genuine nativistic and national literature, æsthetically winning, artistically fine, and spiritually satisfying and elevating.

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The essay entitled "Canadian Fictionists and Other Creative Prose Writers" will be in the December number.



# WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

*By Lacey Amy*

No. III.—THE BOMBERS AND SNIPERS

**I**T was in the early days of the war when trench warfare was in its experimental stages. Bombing was so imperfectly organized that but forty

bombers were attached to each battalion. An order came to bomb out a certain troublesome section of German trench and volunteers were called for. Captain C., a hard-drinking, hard-fighting, reckless, but very popular officer, was given charge of the operation. To the fall-in he addressed himself as follows: "Now, boys, I want twenty of you. I don't want one that's married; I don't want one who doesn't booze; I don't want one who expects to return." It is not an essential part of the story for my purpose that they all volunteered. What is essential is that he wanted only those who would not be missed.

"The Suicide Club" is the soldiers' title for the bombers, and it is succinctly descriptive. There is no more dangerous work at the front. Also there is none more exciting, stimulating, satisfying. As one bomber, lying in hospital with bandaged head and a pair of useless arms and legs, put it with a chuckle: "I tell you the new No. 5 Mills makes the Fritzes squeal; you can hear 'em yelling for miles when we begin."

That is why there is such a rush for the bombing section. The ambi-

tion of most of the Canadian soldiers is to get in with the boys who do the destruction out at the front of things; and they practise throwing with an energy that might be supposed to be fitting them rather for the safe jobs in the rear than for the post where anything from a return bomb to a machine bomb may blow them to pieces before they have had the satisfaction of hearing a single German "squeal". The lad with the brass bomb ablaze as an insignia on his cap or tunic is happy and envied by his less fortunate companions.

Bombing is one of the many developments of this war. It is in reality a reversion to mediæval warfare, with the addition of improvements in bombs and in the manner of handling them. Which includes the additional dangers of these improvements. Starting with but forty bombers to a battalion, the number quickly grew to two hundred and sixty. In each platoon of about fifty-four men eleven are bombers. In addition there is a battalion section of sixty and another lot of brigade bombers. In actual practice there is little distinction between the sections, save that usually the battalion group is kept in reserve.

Since the beginning of the war several varieties of bombs have been tried. The most primitive was the "hair-brush". It was a stick the shape of a hair-brush, about the end of

which was tied gun-cotton. With a lighted fuse attached, it was thrown into the enemy's trench. The main trouble with it was that the fuse was of such uncertain duration that it was frequently returned by the Germans to explode in our trenches. Sometimes, indeed, it passed back again; and one of the specialties of the quicker witted was to grab a sputtering "hair-brush" and hurl it back before it exploded, more as a matter of personal safety than for its destructive powers among the enemy.

Another style was struck across the knee before being thrown. It was known as the "Newton Phippen", why I do not know. The main defect in it was that it made a spark when struck over the knee and thereby located the thrower. The "fish-tail" possessed a long stick as a tail to guide its course through the air. It was a concussion bomb, and at best had the virtue of being unreturnable. Then there is the rifle grenade, which is nothing different except in delivery from the other bombs. It, too, was on the end of a stick, which was inserted in the rifle and fired. It has a range of about six hundred yards and explodes upon striking.

But the many types have narrowed down to the No. 5 Mills, a compact, convenient, destructive little affair in shape and size resembling a large goose egg. It is thrown like a baseball, and with all the gusto of a part of a great game. Its principle of operation is simple. Protruding from one end are two small flanges with holes, through which a pin keeps in place a strong spring. To explode, all the bomber has to do is to remove the pin. This releases the spring and in a few seconds the bomb explodes by means of a detonator inside. In many ways it presents its dangers, but its effectiveness and simplicity place it easily at the front. A bomber about to utilize the weapon removes the pin and holds the spring in place with his thumb until it leaves his hand. Fatalities and narrow escapes

have occurred by the accidental dropping or imperfect delivery of a bomb from which the pin has been removed, but equal dangers are presented by any of the other types.

The sphere of the bomber is wherever there is an enemy. Day and night, in attack and defence, in surprise raids or general offence, singly or in groups, bombs have been doing work that could be done in no other way. Their effectiveness consists in the thoroughness and wholesale nature of their results. For cleaning out a German trench nothing can take their place, save the artillery, and the limitations of the artillery come where the bomber starts. In attack two bayonet men go ahead to protect the bombers, who immediately follow. After them come the infantry. In crude language, the bayonet men and the bombers are the sacrifice, although, if successful, the bombers may suffer little. In night-work the bomber has the time of his life. Creeping up to the German trenches—through the wire entanglements, if possible—with face blackened to prevent exposure from the flares the Germans use so prodigiously, he hears what he can and then, simply as a token of his visit or for more serious purpose, drops a bomb or two into the trench. Seldom is he troubled by that section throughout his return, for the German who is not disabled is hugging his dugout.

Following up successful attack, the bomb fulfils an equally important purpose. The dugouts that have become such a feature of trench warfare often escape the full blast of the big shells, and within their protection the enemy hides. It has sometimes happened, early in the war before their danger was fully realized, that the Germans thus passed over in a drive have emerged in the rear of the successful attackers and done serious damage, amounting even in one or two cases to the turning of defeat into victory and the capture of the troops that have rushed on to the next trenches.

Later it became the duty of every advancing force to clear out the dug-outs as it advanced. For this purpose there was nothing so quick and complete as the bomb. In the earlier stages of the July drive the more humane method of demanding surrender before bombing the occupied dug-out was general, but when it was found that the Germans took advantage of that either to remain silent or to entice in a few soldiers, whose lives were the sacrifice, the only way was to bomb first and demand surrender afterwards. The German has profited little from his fiendish methods of warfare.

In the work of the Canadians bombs have played perhaps a more important part than anywhere else along the front. At the great battle of Hooge, in June, when the Canadians, driven out of their front lines by the terrific bombardment, made the attack that put them back where they had started from, every man carried two bombs to clear his way, the company bombers eight, and the battalion bombers twenty-four; this in addition to their full equipment. And the wounded who were able kept up the supply of bombs from the rear. The losses of the Germans fully justified this elaborate preparation.

At the crater fighting about St. Eloi bombs were almost the only weapons. In that long-drawn-out struggle for the five craters made by German and Canadian lines nothing else was of much service. Of course, a man showing himself was the target of a hundred rifles, but the struggle was not between visible men. Every crater held its group of indomitable fighters, some German, some Canadian. The artillery was, of course, useless in such cramped quarters, where the combatants were but a few yards from each other through all that bloody stretch of what had once been No Man's Land. It remained to the bombs. From crater to crater these were thrown by both sides. First one side would drive out or kill the de-

fenders of a crater and occupy it, only in turn to be driven out. Those who have been through that awful combat say that it was the most trying experience the Canadians have had. Everyone knew that he was within reach of an enemy bomb that might, and probably would, drop near him, and there was at first no chance of relief. Every inch of exposed ground was covered with machine guns and rifles. Towards the last trenches were gouged out from crater to crater and back to the lines, but largely for the purpose of renewing the supply of bombs. In all crater fighting it is the same, the responsibility of holding the holes resting upon the bombers.

Among the dangerous duties of the bombers is the protection of patrol parties. In these expeditions there are strictest orders not to use a rifle save under supreme necessity. In a pinch bombs are used, not only because they afford a wider protection than a rifle bullet, but because their explosion does not localize too intimately the location of the party. Bombers also protect night wiring parties. During a night raid bombers run along the parapet of the enemy trench delivering their burden of death in the full range of the enemy fire, and down in the trench, in progress from bay to bay, the bomb precedes the advance.

For his work the bomber is equipped with an apron of heavy canvas, the capacity of which is usually ten bombs. Of course, he carries his rifle, but on his back. He is relieved from all fatigue duty in the trenches.

There are definitely established classes for the training of the bomber, consisting usually of a three weeks' course in England and another week in France. Some of the training has been little better than useless. For instance, at East Sandling a series of lectures, without even the sight of a bomb, was the extent of the training of the bombers, but this was probably one of the weird slips that somehow

creep into ordinary military matters.

#### THE SNIPERS.

Like everything else in this war, the sniper is a distinct creation of the times. And like most else, the Germans led the way until experience taught us the wisdom of their preparations of these many decades. There were months in 1914 and early 1915 when to put but a hand above the parapet meant a half-dozen German bullets in it. In a desultory sort of way the British tried to retaliate. But not until the sniper was made as definite and as organized a unit as the gunner did we begin to establish that superiority that began to be felt about the middle of 1916. In fact, we have never passed the Germans so completely in sniping as in the other details of war.

There are now sixteen snipers to a battalion, under the charge of a sergeant. Their personnel passed from a voluntary system to a careful selection on merit. Men with much rifle practice and reputation were given the chance to demonstrate their ability behind the lines, and if they cared to undertake the peculiar work of the sniper were assigned to duty. Like the stretcher-bearers and bombers, they undergo no fatigue duty, the principal requirements for their business being a steady nerve and confidence. For eight days they are up in the front lines, then a rest for the same time. But they are never allowed to fall out of practice; special ranges are provided for them in the rear.

They usually work in pairs, one as observer, the other as marksman, the duty of the observer being almost as important as his mate's. For the sniper depends as much upon the keen eyes of his observer as upon his own accuracy, since the value of his work and his future safety rest upon his knowledge of the billet of his bullet. The rifle, of course, is fitted with a telescope sight that makes accurate shooting less a matter of light and

wind and good fortune than of clearness of eye and steadiness of hand. Marks that would elude the eye as a target are brought within range, and the observer, through his glasses, is able to detect the success of the shot and to correct its error.

When up at the front, snipers are given a free hand. They select their own locations and construct—or have constructed—their own blinds and protections. Exposed as they are, their safety depends upon the cleverness of their concealment. Sometimes they work in the trenches with the infantry, at which times they operate from an emplacement specially constructed and prepared, no sign of its location being visible to the enemy. Behind the sandbag parapet they make their disposals, with every sort of contrivance to conceal their whereabouts. As many of these have been in successful use every day their description in detail would not be wise at the time of writing; but each sniper develops a few touches of his own to add to the more common ruses. Shooting through tiny spaces in the sandbags, that open and close at the will of the sniper, is the basis of this kind of sniping, the marksman being protected from stray bullets by a steel shield. The back of the hide must be closed in so that the opening of the hole will not be revealed by the sky behind.

But the distinctive work of the sniper is done away from the trenches. Often he selects a spot a couple of hundred yards behind the front lines. There he is far enough distant from the enemy to be protected by the coverings he is able to construct by the means available. He may be lying behind a sandbag parapet of his own, a low, seemingly casual wall that is apt to escape notice in the general chaos of shell-holes and broken trenches. From behind his steel plate, which has a hole in it large enough for the barrel of his rifle and observation, he watches, waiting by the hour, sometimes without results. In more

exposed spots he may be protected by a double sheet of steel. But more often his hide is a bit of ruin or a tree. There no rescue is possible should he be discovered, and he is usually open to artillery fire that seeks him out almost as eagerly as the opposing guns. For the sniper is the bane of the ordinary trench-life of the enemy. He may even lie flat on the ground, practically without protection, his face covered with a cloth mask the colour of the surrounding earth or grass, and shoot through a rum jar.

The work of the sniper is not pleasant, either from the danger point of view or from the results. He is not now required to make reports, and seldom will one speak of his successes in detail. One does not like to talk much about the men one has killed in what may savour to some of cold blood; and the officers have recognized that. Some snipers have the greatest contempt for the fellow who will describe the course of his bullet. And yet their work is legitimate and most necessary in the peculiar conditions roused by this war. In attack or counter-attack by the enemy they must pick off the officers. In the ordinary way their duty is more to end the activities of enemy snipers than to disable the rank and file, for the soldier to-day is careful not to expose himself to the sniper's bullet. When the sniper locates an enemy sniper he waits his chance, and the situation of a dozen snipers watching for each other is one to try the nerve of any but the most seasoned campaigner or marksman. If a sniper is especially annoying, the enemy sniper who discovers his whereabouts but cannot get him himself directs his artillery to the spot.

He is expected to keep an eye on every enemy movement, a working party, a new parapet, a gun emplacement, and the location of these he passes back to his artillery. Thus a good sniper is a real factor in the war, apart from his less agreeable duties of killing men by deliberate

aim. The Germans utilized this branch of the service from the first to an extent that was most difficult to cope with. Not only were their front line snipers well trained and numerous, but their wonderful spy system enabled them to place snipers back through the British and French lines, and hundreds of officers and gunners, whose work is more out of sight of the enemy, lost their lives to them. Any tree or house or ruin was a possible hiding-place, and part of the most serious tasks of the men behind the lines was to keep a watch for this form of menace. As I have said in a previous article, entire gun crews have been cleaned out in this way. One crew had been disabled to its last man without the location of the sniper being discovered. Then a company of soldiers returning to the rear caught a glimpse of a figure in a tree. They did not wait for explanation, for there could be but one.

One of the well-known snipers of the 5th C. M. R. was brought into hospital with shell-shock. From the nature of his duties it might be supposed that his nerves would be above shell-shock, but to be buried far from the trenches, with but one companion and no seeming prospect of escape, is apt to do anything with nerves. By the merest chance he was discovered. He returned to his work, but sniping was beyond him for a time.

He was the ideal man for the job, except physically. Before the war he had been a policeman in an Indian reserve in an eastern province. But he was marked for life with deformities that might have justified him in dropping any work connected with weapons; it was a wonder that he passed inspection for the army. Two fingers of one hand were gone, and an ugly scar across the wrist of the other hand was the mark left by a drunken Indian he was arresting. It had slashed through the cords of four fingers. Yet, from what I could gather of his work, he had proved that a sniper need not be a model of physical



perfection. From the first he had been assigned to sniping and had worked with various observers—a couple of big Indians, an Ottawa clerk, who had developed into a grand shot, and a westerner who had the habit of climbing to the parapet to get a better view; he finally paid the bill for his recklessness. J. refused to talk of his successes, but one incident that seemed to have clung to him with a strange vividness was the end of an

enemy sniper who was demanding a big toll from the shelter of a tree. After J. had failed for hours to put an end to his sniping he sent word back to the artillery. In a few minutes a “dud”—(a small shell often sent over first to get the range) burst above the tree. Then came a “whizz-bang”. That was all. The entire tree disappeared. The calculating deliberateness and calmness of it had burnt itself into J.’s brain for all time.

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The next article of this series is entitled “The Weapon of Defence” and will be in the December number. It deals with the changes in fighting methods that have taken place since the great war began.

## THE SONG OF THE AXE

By DONALD A. FRASER

HICK-A-HACK, hick-a-hack,  
 With a steady swing and whack,  
 Eating its heart with keen delight,  
 Into the groaning tree I bite.

I am the tooth of the human race  
 Biting its way through the forest vast,  
 Chip by chip, and tree by tree,  
 Till the fields gleam forth at last.

Where I come flee glade and gloom,  
 When I pass shine lawn and lea;  
 Golden grain and gardens green  
 Owe their very lives to me.

Sturdy monarchs lay I low;  
 Springy saplings mow I through;  
 Hungry man requires their room,  
 And hungry man’s best work I do.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,  
 With a steady swing and whack,  
 Every stroke the land doth bless,  
 And joy o’erflows the wilderness.

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# FROM THE TRENCHES

*By Patrick Macgill*

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc.

No. 7.—FOR "BLIGHTY"



THE night was intensely dark, and from the door of the dug-out I could scarcely see the outline of the sentry who stood on the banquette fifteen yards away. Standing on tiptoe I could glance over the parapet, and when a star-shell went up I could trace the outline of a ruined mill that stood up, gaunt and forbidding, two hundred yards away from our front line trench. On the left a line of shrapnel-swept trees stood in air, leafless and motionless. Now and again a sniper's bullet hit the sandbags with a crack like a whip.

The trench was not in the least interesting; it was quite new and had no history. A regiment dug it a fortnight previously and lost some two hundred men at the work. The wounded were carried away, the dead lay on the reverse slope of the parapet wasting to clay. Another regiment had been in the place for four days now, and only that morning seven of our men were killed and many wounded. Lifeless bodies still lay in the trench; the blood of the wounded whom I had carried down to the dressing-station was still moist on my tunic and trousers.

"Would it be wise to light a fire?" asked Dilly, my mate, who was lying

on the earthen floor of the dug-out. "I want a drop of tea. I didn't have a sup of tea all day."

"The officers won't allow us to light a fire," I said. "But if we hang a ground sheet over the door the light won't get through. Is there a brazier?" I asked.

"Yes, there's one here," said Dilly. "I was just going to use it for a pillow, I feel so sleepy."

He placed a ground sheet over the door while speaking, and I took a candle from my pocket, lit it, and placed it in a little niche in the wall. Then we split some wood with a clasp-knife, placed it on a brazier, and lit a fire over which we placed a mess-tin of water.

The candle flickered fitfully and dark shadows lurked in the corners of the dug-out. A mouse peeped down from between the sandbags on the roof, its bright little eyes glowing with mischief. The ground-sheet hanging over the door was caught by a breeze, and strange ripples played across it. We could hear from outside the snap of rifle bullets on the parapet.

"It's very quiet in here," said Dilly. "And I feel so like sleep. I hope no one gets hit to-night. I don't think I'd be able to help with a stretcher down to the dressing-station until I

have a few hours' sleep. . . . How many wounded did we carry out today? Nine?"

"Nine or ten," I said.

"Sharney was badly hit," Dilly said. "I don't think he'll pull through."

"It's hard to say," I remarked, fanning the fire with a newspaper. "Felan, the cook, who was wounded in the charge a month ago, got a bullet in his shoulder. It came out through his back. I dressed the wound. It was ghastly. The bullet pierced his lung, and every time he breathed some of the air from the lung came out through his back. I prophesied that he would live for four or five hours. I had a letter from him the other day. He's in a London hospital, and he is able to walk about again."

"Some people pluck up wonderfully," said Dilly. "Is the tea ready?" "It's ready," I said.

We sat down together, rubbing our eyes, for the smoke poured into them, and opened a tin of bully beef. The beef with a few biscuits and a mess-tin of warm tea formed an excellent repast. When we had finished eating we lit our cigarettes.

"Have you got any iodine?" Dilly suddenly inquired.

"None," I answered. "Have you?"

"I got my pocket hit by a bullet coming up here," Dilly answered. "My bottle got smashed."

Iodine is so necessary when dressing wounds. Somebody might get hit during the night. . . .

"I'll go to the dressing-station and get some," I said to Dilly. "You can have a sleep."

I put my coat on and went out, clambered up the rain-sodden paradises, and got out into the open where a shell-hole yawned at every step, and where the dead lay unburied. A thin mist lay low, and solitary trees stood up from a sea of milk aloof, immobile. The sharp, penetrating stench of wasting flesh filled the air.

I suddenly came across two lone

figures digging a hole in the ground. I stood still for a moment and watched them. One worked with a pick, the other with a shovel, and both men panted as they toiled. When a star-shell went up they threw themselves flat to earth, and rose to resume their labours as the light died away.

Three stiff and rigid bundles wrapped in khaki lay on the ground near the diggers, and, having dug the hole deep and wide, the diggers turned to the bundles; tied a string round each in turn, pulled them forward and shoved them into the hole. Thus were three soldiers buried.

I stopped for a moment beside the grave.

"Hard at work, boys," I said.

"Getting a few of them under," said one of the diggers. "By God, it makes one sweat, this work. Have you seen a dog about at all?" was the man's sudden inquiry.

"No," I answered, "I've heard about that dog. Is he not supposed to be a German in disguise?"

"He's old Nick in disguise," said the digger. "He feeds on the dead, the dirty swine. I don't like it all. Look! there's the dog again."

Something long, black and ghostly took shape in the mist ten yards away, and stood there for a moment as if inspecting us. A strange thrill ran through my body.

"That's it again," said the nearest digger. "I've seen it three times tonight; once at dusk by Loos graveyard among the tombstones, again eating a dead body, and now—some say it's a ghost."

I glanced at the man, then back again at the spot where the dog had been. But now the animal was gone.

An air of loneliness pervaded the whole place, the sounds of soft rustling swept along the ground. I could hear a twig snap, a man cough, and in the midst of all the little noises which merely accentuated the silence, it suddenly rose long-drawn and eerie, the howl of a lonely dog.

"The dirty swine," said the digger.

"I wish somebody would shoot it."

"No one could shoot the animal," said the other worker. "It's not a dog; it's the devil himself."

My way took me past Loos church and churchyard; the former almost levelled to the ground, the latter delved by shells, and the bones of the dead villagers flung broadcast to the winds of heaven. I looked at the graveyard and the white tombstones. Here I saw the dog again. The silver light of a star-shell shot aslant a crumpled wall, and enabled me to see a long black figure, noiseless as the shadow of a cloud, slink past the little stone crosses and disappear. Again a howl, lonely and weird, thrilled through the air.

I walked down the main street of Loos where the dead mules lay silent between the shafts of their limbers. It was here that I saw Gilhooley die, Gilhooley, the master bomber, Gilhooley, the Irishman.

"Those damned snipers are in thim houses up the streets," he said, fingering a bomb lovingly. "But, by gad, we'll get them out of it." Then he was shot. This happened a month ago.

In the darkness the ruined houses assumed fantastic shapes, the fragment of a standing wall became a gargoyle, a demon, a monstrous animal. A hunchback leered down at me from a roof as I passed, his hump in the air, his head thrust forward on knees that rose to his face. Further along, a block of masonry became a gigantic woman who was stepping across the summit of a mountain, her shawl drawn over her head, and a pitcher on her shoulder.

In the midst of the ruin and desolation of the night of morbid fancies, in the centre of a square lined with unpeopled houses, I came across an image of supreme pain, the Agony of the Cross. What suffering has Loos known? What torture, what sorrow, what agony? The crucifix was well in keeping with this scene of desolation.

Old Mac of the R.A.M.C. was sitting on a blanket on the floor of the dressing-station when I entered. Mac is a fine singer and a hearty fellow; he is a great friend of mine.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

"A drop of rum, if you have any to spare," I answered.

"You're a devil for your booze," Mac said, taking the cork out of a water-bottle, which he often uses for an illegitimate purpose. "There's a wee drappie goin', man."

I drank.

"Not bad, a wee drappie," said Mac. "Ay, mon! it's health tae the navel and marrow of the bones."

"Are all the others in bed?" I asked. Several hands work at the dressing-station, but Mac was the only one there now.

"They're having a wee bit kip down in the cellar," said Mac. "I'll get down there if you clear out."

"Give me some iodine, and I'll go," I said.

He filled a bottle, handed it to me, and I went out again to the street. A slight artillery row was in progress now.

Something suddenly seemed to sting my wrist, and a sharp pain shot up my arm. I raised my hand, and saw a dark liquid dripping down my palm on to my fingers.

"I wonder if this will get me back to England," I muttered, and turned back to the dressing-station.

Mac had not gone down to the cellar; the water-bottle was still uncorked.

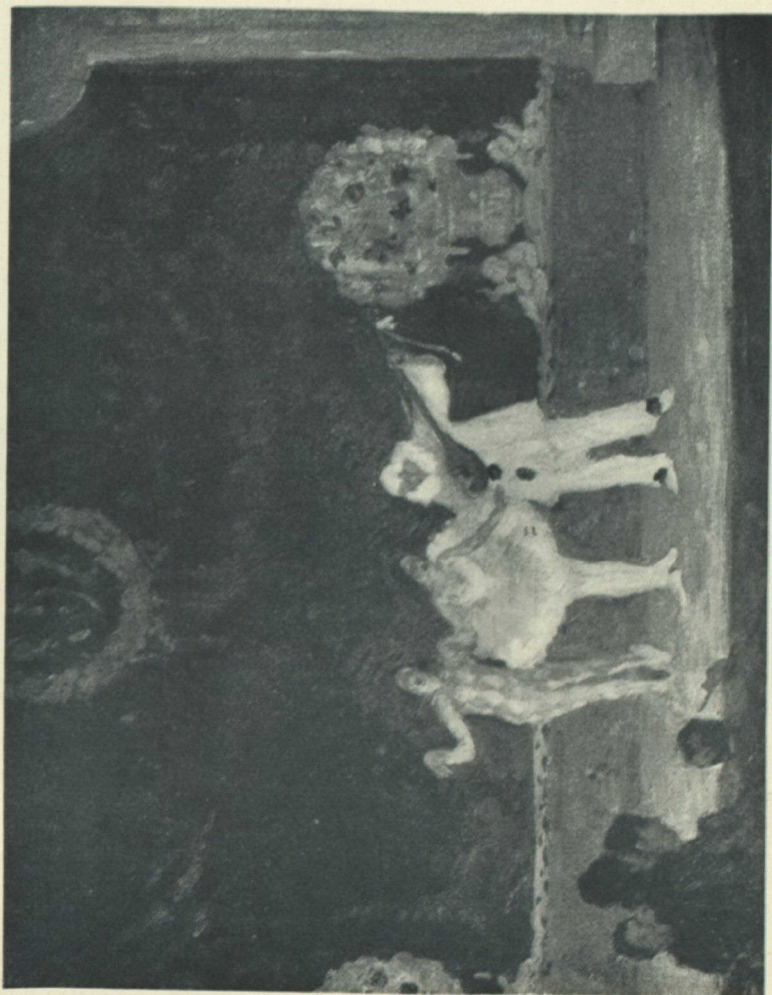
"Back again?" he inquired.

"Looks like it," I replied.

"You're bleeding, Pat," he exclaimed, seeing the blood on my hand. "Strafed, you bounder, you're strafed."

He examined my wound and dressed it.

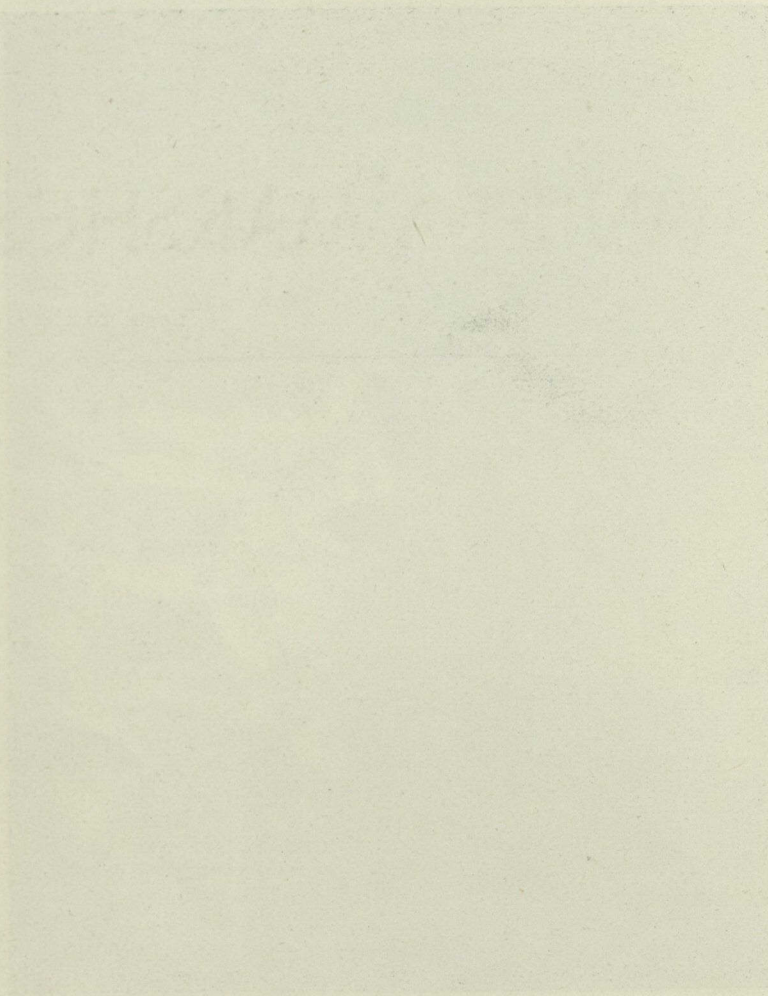
"Lucky dog," he said, handing me the water-bottle. "You're for blighty, man, for blighty. I wish to God I was!"



**HEADLINERS**

From the Painting by Arthur Crisp,  
a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



# MY MANITOBA MARSHES

By Hamilton M. Laing



WHEN aeons ago, in the infancy of the ages, there took place the great divisioning of land and water, when the old ocean was shoved out into his low domain and the continents came into being, then also were born the marshes. Left behind the embattled shore-lines were little, and sometimes big, ponds and pools, prisoners of war in this strife of the elements. They or their descendents are with us to-day: the marshes, lakes and lagoons lying here and there in the hollows, constant reminders of a far-distant past. For though as a rule they have changed their faces and their very natures, been purged of their saline bitterness and sweetened with the heaven-sent waters from on high, they still seem to hark back, to point to a day that was born a million years ago.

For then it was that the creatures came out of the salty shallows and found a better haven in these new lands half wet, half dry; these were the progenitors of the living things to come. Even to-day the same tale is in the telling; he who will take the time to come and steal about with silent paddle in some of my favourite "haunts of coot and hern" may read it. It is a tale of incompleteness, a chapter of the bygone past that has been held suspended, as it were, while the procession of the years went by.

Asserted and transformed, perhaps, rather than suspended; for if my marshes were peopled as were those of yore, I feel that I could not find the courage to go canoeing there. But happily my water-loving neighbours of to-day, though primitive and even ugly, are small and harmless. Yet they are quite as interesting as their forebears. That my fat little muskrat takes the place of an erstwhile mylodon monster, or perhaps one of the prehistoric beaver chaps—much smaller than the mylodon, yet still as big as a bear—is rather to my liking; also my comical coots and grebes may have been represented by some such freak as *herperornis regalis*, four or five feet long, and with his paddle-feet even more distorted than those of the grebe; my night heron's ancestor perhaps was some long-billed nightmare with as many teeth as a saw; and the fact that my squidgy-nosed salamander, now the legitimate prey of the night herons, once may have been seen as some stub-tailed mastodonsaurus, six feet or more in length and built in proportion, really adds to my appreciation of my little neighbour, even though he is unsightly and slimy and sometimes prowls in my tent by night.

Grotesque and always a bit primitive are the living things of the marshland. The rushes, sedges and reeds, the pond-weeds and water-crowfoot, the rank-scented parsnips, the arrow-



Yellow-headed Blackbirds returning from the fields to the marshes

leaf and many others all bear witness that in the great up-hill evolutionary race toward the unknown goal the marsh things have been laggards. And the bird life appears in the same light. Where upon the uplands could one find half a dozen such primitives as the blue heron or the night heron, the bittern, coot, rail or grebe? Their very voices, harsh and raucous, tell the story. The rail (Carolina) has a high-pitched nasal titter, the coot a maniacal chatter, the grebes—collectively—a hard, grinding lament suggestive of distress; the bittern and heron, nothing of a higher order than a disgruntled squawk.

When we invade the moist privacy of these hoarse-throated fellows and find their nests, it is to learn that their domestic architecture is in keeping with their musical ability. None of the six has succeeded in building better than a raft or platform. Half-submerged eggs have no terrors for these nesters; and though these primitives have neighbours in the marsh, wrens and red-winged and yellow-headed blackbirds that can all build superb nests and sing not a little, it

would be easy to believe that these more talented fellows have learned their trades and accomplishments elsewhere in better company, and have taken to the marshes merely as to a stronghold.

A thousand pens have been dipped deep and written lengthily that they might tell of the wonders of the mountain-land, of its sombre woods and its crystal streams of living water. But how comparatively few have told us of the stranger story of the marshes. Indeed, it would seem that man's chief interest in these lands is a predatory one; in the summer he comes to make hay, in the winter to trap rats or mink, and in the autumn-tide to gratify a primitive passion by taking toll from the duck clans; and while I have no quarrel with him, as I also appreciate roast mallard and a warm coat, I wish to make a comparison. For those much-touted mountain fastnesses are places of solitude. My marshes are not so; instead they are teeming with life and literally bubbling with activity.

Rather I should say that as summer marshes they are teeming places, for





Wild Ducks in flight

these of which I speak are Northerners, lying upon the Manitoba plainland, and as such are subject to the will of Boreas, who seals them in a grip of death for five long months of the twelve. The first April wind brings the wake-up message, and a flock of pintail ducks or string of loud-trumpeting geese comes winging over the brown, winter-broken rushes and drops upon the ice to wet feet and bills where the warming sun has melted a blue pool on the breast of the ice tyrant.

Thus comes the signal, and henceforth the story never lags. By day and night all is activity. In pairs or in flocks they come to stay or merely visit and then pass on into the Northland. Some, like the Canada geese, come happily married, enjoying a honeymoon or renewing an old one, and they stop a while before winging on to more northerly marshes. Others, like many of the mallards, come mated and prepared to stay. As to the residents, April brings in most of them, May sees them snugly settled, June brings them face to face with families of dependents, July sees the

fulfilment of parental hopes in numerous, well-grown offspring, August sounds the call for the gathering of the clans, September is a time of farewell. Only the hardier of the waterfowl remain in October, and by mid-November winter has again laid his iron hand upon the marshes. There is little loafing here with the wild things during the summer; it is a short season and a busy one.

Of all these busy months, June, the nuptial month, is the liveliest and noisiest. Noise makers are they all, these fellows of the marshes; and though each in his way sings the same song in his heart, perhaps old Redwing, with his liquid *kon-ker-ee* is the only one of my lowland neighbours who might be ranked as a musician. Now it is while I sit at evening in my lazy chair by the tepee up in the woods on the higher banks of the lakeshore, I hear the clamouring and singing of the marsh folk below, a steady seething din that sizzles along like a huge kettle on the boil. For above the restful strains of *kon-ker-ee* come many other voices, strange, weird, uncouth.



Young Black-crowned Night Heron

"Oke-oke!" begins the yellow-headed blackbird cousin in a not unmusical two-note prelude, then bursts out in a diabolical rasp, half whistle, half squawk; and I know that he is hanging to a swaying rush and contorting horribly as he grinds the effort out of himself.

"Chit-chit-chatter-chatter!" says the little marsh wren in the rushy tangle and keeps it up with all the persistence of an intermittent alarm-clock. Sometimes, indeed, he springs aloft and unburdens his musical heart while on the wing.

"Whe-you-u-u-u-u!" shrilly whistles the rail from somewhere out of sight, and his neighbour shrills out "Hew-it!" in reply.

"Good-drink! Good-drink!" (or

something like it) shouts the coot: a silly, bacchanalial jubilation that comes from every corner of the marsh, nor ceases day or night.

But perhaps strangest song of all is the "Puk-la-grouk!" or "Punk-er-lunk!" or "Plum-pud-ding!" of the amorous bittern. Somewhere down there is the grassy maze he is pumping his head in and out in seasick attitude as he gurgles and clucks the absurd melody from his love-tormented soul. Indeed, there is no stranger love song in the whole catalogue of such music.

Twittering pleasantly over the rushes go the barn and bank and eave swallows and share the insect prey there with the noisy little black marsh terns, so harsh of voice and irascible of temper, while far above, the night-hawk grunts raspingly as he darts about or swoops with hollow roar. Sometimes, too, he has to share this upper-strata hunting with the cranky little Franklin gulls—a whole flock of them, a short distance from their nursery. While back of it all, as an accompanying undertone, an alto chorus, so to speak, in this strange medley is the purring and trilling of the "pied frogs' orchestra".

The latter part of May or early in June is the time to go bird-nesting upon the marshes. I take it for granted that there is no one who does not relish such an occupation, at least temporarily, and for myself I confess that I love it. It is something more than an ordinary treat now to portage the green canoe across from the lakeshore, load it with camera and its picture-taking accessories, also field-glasses, lunch and kettle, and then push out in search of the treasures hidden there.

There is not a dull moment. Here goes a coot capping and kicking himself over the water with a great to-do. He really proves to be a she, and a little investigation discloses the nest. In an open space in the heart of the round rush-clump lies the raft-cradle. It is a large well-shaped structure



"My fat Muskrat takes the place of a Mylodon



Marbled Godwits and Willets

built of broken reeds; it is well cupped and holds securely the half-dozen clay-coloured, brown-specked treasures. As the swell strikes the clump and sifts through the reed barrier, the nest rises and falls easily; no ordinary gale could do more than rock it comfortably.

Where there is one coot nest there are several, and here is something worth while: a youngster newly hatched is sitting by his imprisoned brothers and blinking uncertainly upon the green world. He is perhaps an hour old, his coat scarcely dry, and wonderful to see, his slaty fluff is very strongly marked with gaudy scarlet. In another hour or less he will be off among the aquatic cover; for it is quite as much a part of nature's plan for these little chaps to arrive singly, as for the grouse brood on the uplands to come into the world simultaneously.

Down the wind a distance are two eared grebes. Their heads are high and they eye the canoe uneasily; unconsciously they are giving the key

to their secret. And here it is!—though unless one knows what one is seeking one might pass it a hundred times. A small brown mass of decomposed rubbish mixed with the green slime growths of the stagnant water, and rising barely above the level: such is the grebe cradle. The greater mass of it, indeed all except the tiny cap, is submerged, and in this cap are the eggs—dirty and soiled in appearance and partly below the water-level. It is necessary to part the crown of the stuff even to see the eggs, for the clever parent has covered them closely before taking her leave. This nest also is a floating incubator; but it is quite plain that the rotten mass must be added to daily. As a work of either utility or art it is far behind the standard of the coot's, and in appearance it is as unromantic as a dung-hill.

Here as I skirt nearer the shoreline some red-winged blackbirds come out to scold me. And this nest is a work of art. Exquisitely designed and woven of grass, it is built around



Eared Grebes and Franklin Gulls

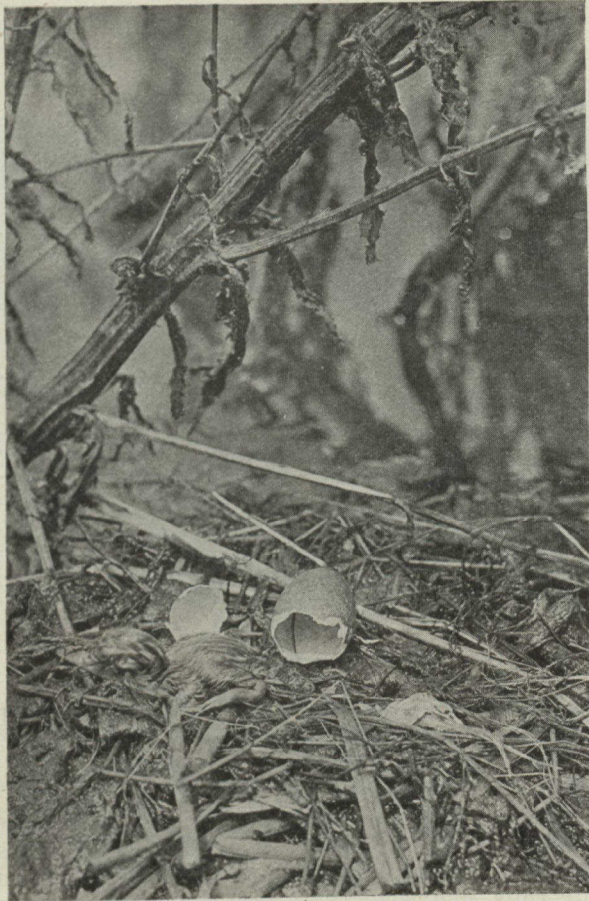
the rank stems of two aquatic sow-thistles, and somehow though it is plain in view, it is so artfully placed and coloured that it seems almost to efface itself. But the egg treasures! None more beautiful could be found. The intangible blue of the sky is there in their delicate tints, and wondrous things are scrawled artlessly in black—designs more subtle than ever evolved in the brain of man.

Another exquisite nest-builder is the yellow-headed blackbird, but he has a knack of placing his treasure in the more inaccessible spots of the marsh tangle. A brake of stiff, plume-tipped reeds is his favourite stronghold; and so when I reach the ranks of sighing canes at the narrows, I dwell mentally on other experiences here, and like the priest and Levite pass on the other side.

A long-billed marsh wren in some rush-clumps is chattering vociferously, telling plainly what he thinks of his visitor. He is a worthy little foe-man and the task of finding his nest is not one to be undertaken lightly.

But, to begin, that little ball-nest with the round hole in the side, closely woven with flat grass-blades and elevated in the upper third of some reeds, is not just what it seems. It is a fraud and delusion, in short, nothing less than a dummy; the real nest is elsewhere—somewhere.

There is a wide shallow bay in the side of the larger marsh; it is thickly grass-grown and a likely place for nests of bitterns and rails. But they are not the chaps to play into the hands of the enemy—not they! The bittern walks away a distance from the nest before flushing, and the rail steals off through the cover and does not rise at all; so there is no key to their secrets. The finding of a rail's nest at any time is a matter of luck more than design, and one such find here repays the moist perambulations of an hour. It is built in a grass-tuft, and the dead stuff composing it is heaped up from the ground. It is a step behind even the grebe's; its disadvantage lies in its inability to float. In advent of a sudden rise in water-



Young Eared Grebe, just hatched

level in the marsh, the grebe cradle would lift with the tide, the rail's would not.

Nor do all the marsh things give up their secrets easily. Always I am impressed by the large number of birds that I see in proportion to the small number of nests that I am able to discover. The little black terns scold me as they go by, and assure me that I cannot unlock their secrets; the beautiful white Forster cousins with jetty cap and graceful forked tails go over at a safer distance and tell me the same; the gulls dodge about overhead; night herons at intervals spring from the rushes; and a pair of ruddy ducks bob on the water in

a mildly interested way. I know that the gulls and herons each have an extensive hatchery on a deep marsh three miles distant; but for the others, I might search days and be beaten.

A pleasant feature of the life of the birds here is their community spirit. With the exception of the morose old bittern, they all seem to have a leaning toward segregation and the social life. Thus the gull colony on the larger marsh contains possibly two thousand members, the herons more than two hundred, and here on this marsh the eared grebes have a hatchery of fifty-four nests. This last deserves a call.

The pioneers of this colony chose



Coot's Nest, with one fledgling almost invisible

their location with strategic foresight. They selected a winding bay a hundred yards wide, shallow and well grown at the sides with aquatic vegetation; and they built their soggy cradles far enough back from the dry shore to be out of the way of four-footed prowlers, and yet far enough in the cover to escape being hammered dangerously by the in-coming swell from the half mile of open water.

Yes, as I punt about through the nursery—usually the nests are from six to ten feet apart—and make notes on these strange heaps of stuff so filthy in appearance, yet so dear to the owners, I find that four-footed foes have been at work. Through the

clear brown water I can see eggs lying on the bottom where they have rolled from their unstable beds, and here lies the bloated carcass of a Richardson's ground squirrel; perhaps the culprit. How he came to his death here must remain a mystery; but my first guess would be that the little water witches caught him trying to steal eggs and drowned him.

No expedition to this chain of marshes could be complete without a visit to the little island. And, ho! a visitor ahead of me: deer-tracks on the sand rim. But this young black-tail buck has returned the way he came, by wading, and so the work in hand—really a labour of love—is to

search the thickets for other and smaller game.

There are wood-birds here in the tangled shrubbery, and in a box alder clump is a crow's nest. The owners dodge about overhead and angrily denounce me to the world; and curse me in the several tongues of crowdom; and because I have no gun, and they know it, I must bear it all. He is a black rascal and a thief, and he knows that I have caught him literally with the booty in his pocket. For around his island stronghold, where doubtless he fancied himself safe from invasion, upon the sand margin lie empty eggshells with gaping gashes in their sides—eggs of the coot, rail, grouse, grebe, duck, meadowlark, and even the cowbird. In this last instance it was a case of a robber robbing a thief. Here this big destroyer of nests had eaten his ill-gotten gains. So I appoint myself avenger of the ravaged marsh things and poke down the villain's nest, then turn to the more pleasant task of lighting a little fire and making tea.

Such is but a hint of the activities of a day in the marsh during the nesting-season. A month later brings a vast change, for the summer is a hurrying one; but still these oozy places on the plainland are no whit less interesting. It is the time of youngsters; the marshes are a vast peeping kindergarten. Now the duck broods are met on the water. They are not hatched there, though, for the mallard, pintail, shoveller, blue and green-winged teal almost invariably nest on the dry land, and even the canvas-back, redhead, and bluebills, the dyed-in-the-wool water lovers of the duck clans, prefer the drier parts of the wet lands. The duck brood is led and guided as a unit—by the mother only—but most of the other marsh mothers scatter their charges. Thus coot, grebe or rail youngsters are usually encountered singly, and rarely do I see the parents with more than one or two of their dependents.

This is the time, too, for a tramp

through the half-dry meadow-lands flanking the marshes. Here a young bittern, the superlative of homeliness and as cranky as he is uncouth, may be captured and posed for the kodak; or even a rarer find, a young rail may be secured. Black mouse-like creature that he is, he can dart about on nimble legs and disappear almost too quickly for the eye to follow him; he is an elusive shadow, a bit of furred lightning, and a heart-breaker for the kodak man.

A visit to either the night heron rookery or the gull hatchery is a day's work in itself. These particular herons have forsaken their newly-acquired tree-nesting propensities and returned to the marsh ways of their ancestors, and so we find their rickety platforms of twigs—no stretch of imagination could see them as nests—scattered about on the broken rushes. The young in July are well fledged, and what strange youngsters! They climb and cling and work off before the canoe, and when they fall they hang by their necks, and when they tumble into the water they swim out dog-fashion, using their wings as paddles. When we catch one and pose him, he is a joke; nature seems to have been unkind to him, tarried in his development, neglected him.

Equally interesting is the gull hatchery. The noise emanating from it may be heard nearly a mile; it has been going continuously by day and by night for weeks, and the rumpus now is swelled doubly by the voices of the numerous young. Scattered about over the distance of half a mile are the derelict raft-nests floating in two or three feet of water, and now each and also every other available perch is burdened with youngsters. At sight of company they turn and swim off nimbly through the cover and raise their harsh voices loud in the general protest. Meanwhile whole squadrons of the old birds whirl about overhead and help to turn the marsh world into a noise-fest compared with which Bedlam was an insect chorus.





"The Canada Geese come snugly married"

August and September are stirring times with the marsh folk. The southward call has gone abroad and one and all they hearken. Out of the far north come the plover and sandpiper tribes to dot the shallow bays and mudbars. Yellowlegs, willets, godwits, semi-palmated plover, sanderlings and least sandpipers are my neighbours now; and they tarry but a little time and then leave me. The bitterns and rails steal away silently through the night, and the night heron's raucous squawk from the darkness tells that he is accompanying them. The gull colony holds a grand carnival for a few days, parents and young feeding afield by day and assembling on the lake or marsh at night, then they say farewell and set out across country. The coots gather their dusky legions from a hundred corners of the marsh and form a rendezvous upon the lake, then they disappear; and though I have never seen them go, I know that they, too, are engulfed by the night and vanish across the southern horizon. Now also is blackbird time, and

animated black clouds and comets of redwings and yellow-heads may be seen streaking the sky above the rushes. Their clamorous dawn song in their rushy stronghold just before sunrise is a wondrous thing.

August and September have been a time of farewell in the marshlands and October brings the climax and end of a busy season. Now as I lie and listen at night, the only sounds that come up from the sloughy flat are the self-satisfied quacking of the mallards, or the deep-throated honking of a gray goose flock that has dropped in there instead of going on to roost on the lake. The day world there is even more silent. Soon the canvasbacks, shovellers, redheads and teal are missing, and the mallards and bluebills just down from more northerly haunts are in possession. Of these two, the latter are silent fellows by nature and the more garrulous mallards keep quiet for good reason.

But soon there comes a November day when the Frost King comes to his own again; the water is sealed,

and glistening snow drifts across the white expanse and piles upon the reed-clumps on the southerly side of the marsh. Desolation has claimed the reed-lands for her own. Henceforth for many months only the coyote shall prowl there, or the snowy owl, more ghost than bird, pay a visit and perch wraith-like upon the big rat-house. The bird story of the summer here has been told.

A feature of the marshes that makes them particularly interesting and lovable is their variety and changeability from year to year. The wood world is rather the same yearly, the uplands change but little, but in the lower lands it is different. No two years in succession maintain the same water-level and the bird and animal life vary accordingly. In seasons of high water the canvasbacks, coots, grebes, bitterns, and herons hold sway. Then the water is sufficiently pure to support minnow shoals and even numerous pike that take up quarters here during the spring freshets, and thus there is much food. On this account also the great white pelicans and black cormorants, mighty fishermen both, come in spring and early autumn and neighbour with me. When during other years the receding waters have reached lowest ebb and the wide, oozy mud-flats are exposed, then the plover and sandpiper tribes come into their kingdom; and because the adjoining meadowlands are then dry, the rails and bitterns find the place not to their liking and go elsewhere. Between these two extremes of water-level the marshes and their dependent life vary greatly; always there is variety.

There is wondrous landscape beauty in these inundated lands of rush and reed. When seen under the light of a plainland sunset or in the magic afterglow, when the still water picks up and inverts the cloud and colour-scheme of the heavens, the marsh

world transcends realities and becomes a fairyland. But best of all marsh sights is the one when at sunset the pelican squadron comes home, when the sky is full of rosy and salmon streamers and the water a mirror, and these great glistening bird-yachts strung out in wavering, sinuous line stream across the picture. Constant, yet ever changing, abreast yet apparently in Indian file, they float along, their huge black-tipped wing-planes flapping easily, then setting in a long soar, every motion easy, poised, full of the grace and charm of poetical movement. They are seen far off to eastward, scintillating specks, a silver chain that seems to hold suspended in the heavens, but slowly, silently it approaches till each big fellow looms big in his rank and the soft whispering of mighty pinions overhead breaks the spell of it all. And when they have swung over into the ruddy sunset sky, I feel that I have been privileged to see a picture the like of which can only be hung upon the walls of God's great marsh-floored, dome-gallery of the plainland.

My marshes I have called them, and yet I do not own a foot of them; that is, I own no deed to a certain kind of ownership. Yet I think that a good deal of them is more truly mine than the property of some of those who do hold on paper the symbol of possession. For there are things above such holding; the sunrises and sunsets, the blue mountain land and the marshes—none of these can be bought or sold. So I pitch my tent on the lake rim within sound and sight of these oozy places. Sometimes I come in time for the first frog chorus of May, and usually I linger watching the changing life till my thin roof sags beneath the chill mantle of November; and if I do not own a little of them, then for a certainty they have taken possession of me.

# PERILS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

*By C. Grahame-White*

**L**ET me frame a definite question: What are the actual perils that the airman, when in flight, is called upon to face?

To this one may reply: Certain of his risks are known, but many are still unknown; and it is the unknown perils which are, naturally, the greatest.

Imagine a man launching himself in a frail boat on a sea of which the waves are invisible, so that he cannot perceive from what direction he may be engulfed. Such is the position of the airman when navigating the aerial sea.

He steers a craft which is highly sensitive in its equilibrium. Then unseen wind-waves bear down upon him. The aeroplane dips and heels. His own dexterity at the controlling levers, his good judgment, and his faculty for "keeping his head", are all that he relies upon in battling against this unseen, treacherous foe.

The air, through which the pilot flies, is still an uncharted sea. A sailor when making a voyage knows of the existence of eddies and currents; but the airman has to launch himself into unknown dangers. The wind-gusts not only attack him front or rear, or from side to side, as he

passes through the air; they even assail him from above or below.

Scientific research concerning the air has been made, and investigations are still being conducted; but the airman even to-day knows little regarding the element which sustains him when in flight. He knows, of course, that the air is not a homogeneous body, that its disturbances are often extraordinarily complex, but, as to what these actual movements are, practically no data of definite value to the airman has as yet been placed on record. When flying an aeroplane the pilot is liable to encounter strange up-currents, and even more perplexing and hazardous down-draughts; and at various altitudes he finds the strength of the wind fluctuating greatly.

Near the ground, as a rule, when the wind is strong, there are dangerous powerful gusts; then, as the aeroplane ascends, the wind pressure settles down into a steady, almost uniform, strength.

This explains why in windy, troublesome weather the airman prefers to fly high. The greater his altitude, generally speaking, the more comfortable he feels. Apart, too, from any greater gustiness in the wind near the surface of the earth, dangerous eddies

may be formed as it blows over hills and woods and up valleys.

Scientific investigation, as I have said, is being undertaken to make clear these lurking perils of the air, and although so much still remains mysterious, striking and curious data have, nevertheless, already been collected. It has been demonstrated, for instance, that on a gusty day, at two points which are only forty feet apart in the air—less than the span of a big passenger-carrying bi-plane—the striking force of the wind at any given moment may vary by as much as fifty per cent.

What, exactly, does this signify? It means that, when in flight, one wing of an airman's craft may be struck violently and unexpectedly by a gust which will exercise a very sudden overturning influence. Unless at such a moment he can check this heeling-over tendency by an instinctive movement of his controlling planes, his machine may tilt sideways to such an angle that it begins to "side-slip" helplessly towards the earth.

There is at the present time vital need for greater knowledge of the air and its complex influences amongst those who navigate it in such rapidly increasing numbers.

In the early days of the aerial conquest pilots were extremely cautious; they resembled those first mariners who would not put to sea unless the water lay absolutely smooth. The pioneer airman, in fact, would not consent to ascend unless tell-tale flags hung quite limp from their masts—this indicating unmistakably that there were no wind-gusts to be feared.

But then came a rapid growth of confidence—caused chiefly by the increase in the reliability of engines; and the result was that aeronauts began to ascend deliberately and fight the wind. As a rule, too, they were successful; but every now and again their enemy, the wind, exacted its toll. Fatigued, perhaps, by a long struggle at the control levers, a pilot momentarily relaxed his vigilance.

Then it was that a vicious gust struck his planes and sent his craft reeling to destruction.

It was when men thus began to do battle with the wind, instead of waiting for spells of calm, that the list of aeroplane fatalities grew so sadly. Many pilots were impatient; they would not rest content with such slow progress as had been made, for instance, by the methodical Wrights.

There is another aerial peril, apart from the actual onslaught of the wind, and yet intimately connected with it: this is the danger of the giving way of some vital part of a machine while the pilot is in flight. More than once, indeed, an airman's skill has failed to save him because, under the shock of some violent gust, one of his sustaining planes has collapsed suddenly in the air. Then, equilibrium gone, his machine plunges helplessly to earth. One might liken this peril to that of the man who, putting to sea in a frail boat, has his craft stove in by the fierce thrust of the waves.

The first aeroplanes were built without constructional data to go upon. There was, indeed, only one vital requirement, and this in itself was a peril: they must, above all things, be light. Builders could, of course, estimate what strains were likely to be imposed upon a machine when travelling through the air at a specified speed and under ordinary conditions. But there were quite abnormal stresses to be guarded against, and these at first were unrealized.

Let me cite instances of such perils. An aeroplane might, for example, encounter the phenomenon which is often referred to among pilots as an "air hole". This experience meant that, with utter unexpectedness, the air pressure under the planes of the machine would be so sensibly reduced that it dropped, or rather fell, through the air—perhaps for a distance of many feet—before the "lift" of the wings again became normal. This imposed upon the aircraft an altogether excessive strain.

Then, while it was in flight, an aeroplane might also be liable—as I have already indicated—to be struck by a series of wind-gusts of abnormal strength. These, particularly if a machine was flying fast, threw a violent stress upon its planes.

Frequently an aircraft was subjected to heavy strains by the action of its pilot when effecting a steep gliding descent of vol-plane. Just before coming into contact with the ground, by a quick movement of the elevating planes he checked suddenly the aircraft's dive. This abrupt action, which might be likened to applying an aerial brake to the fast-descending machine, often threw an enormous and very little appreciated strain upon its sustaining planes.

But as more men flew, and the duration of flights increased, lessons were learned—albeit some of them were at the cost of human lives. But each accident taught both constructors and pilots something that they should know. What is termed the "factor of safety" of an aircraft has been steadily increased. This "factor of safety", one may explain, is a phrase used in engineering to define the number of times any part of a machine is stronger—before it actually breaks—than the greatest strain it will need to withstand under ordinary conditions.

With the gain of practical experience, derived from the growth of flying, those parts of an aeroplane upon which very heavy stresses are known to fall are now a "factor of safety", perhaps seven, ten, or twelve times what they would need in order to resist the strains of normal flight.

Thus to-day, in combating the perils of the air—known and unknown—the airman has as his protection a gradually growing store of knowledge. The craft he is given to fly is heavier, stronger, and generally more workmanlike; it is no longer a frail, purely experimental thing of wood and wire. Metal is already beginning to play its part, and it will certainly be more largely employed in the future.

A great and ever-present peril of the air is that some trifling accident, when a pilot is in flight, may bring about disastrous consequences. One tiny rod working free on the motor may ultimately wreck the whole machine. On the road, when motoring, something may break, of course, but this entails, as a rule, nothing worse than delay. But in an aeroplane, when one is several thousand feet above the earth, nothing must break.

An airman must know, indeed, beyond all doubt, before he leaves the ground, that his machine is in absolutely good flying trim. He must, above all, employ mechanics who are intelligent, competent, and conscientious men. There is lurking peril in an unlocked nut, in a slack engine-mounting, in a careless adjustment of stay-wires.

This, indeed, is the lesson that is being learned: an aeroplane is only as strong as its weakest part. But today a new era in construction is dawning. Exact knowledge is taking the place of rule-of-thumb methods. A pilot, when he takes the air in a gusty, trying wind, knows now that he can rely implicitly upon the "airworthiness" of the machine he is flying.

All the experience so far obtained has, as a matter of fact, proved that there are two perils which always threaten the man who navigates the air. These are:

- (1) The failure of some part of his machine when actually in flight.
- (2) The sudden loss of control of his craft while in the air.

So far as the first danger is concerned, an obvious precaution, of course, is to build machines of ample strength; and this, as I have shown, is now being done. But the second problem is a far more elusive one. Above all, however, we need precise data concerning the air from the pilot's point of view, so that we may know what specially dangerous currents and eddies to beware of in this disturbed atmospheric sea.

What may be termed the "danger

line" in flying is very quickly crossed. A pilot may, for example, acquire a habit of making steep turns while in the air, tilting up his planes as he wheels round to an acute angle. It is an evolution he may carry out with perfect safety a great many times. Then one day the "human element" enters into the question. The airman is guilty of an error of judgment; probably it is only a very slight one. But it proves more than enough. In an instant he has crossed the "danger line". His machine, tilted up just a fraction too far, loses its equilibrium and slips sideways in a helpless lurch.

Perhaps, even, the pilot may make no error of judgment and yet come to grief. He may, for example, swing over his craft for a rapid turn in just the same way he has done so many times before; but on this occasion some quite undetected aerial disturbance may arise in close proximity to his planes. There may come a sudden lessening of pressure just under one wing, which is sufficient to upset the delicate poise of his craft and cause

it to pass irretrievably beyond control.

In debating such perils of the air one should certainly take into consideration the factor which is introduced by the temperament of the airman. There is grave danger for the pilot who betrays carelessness, irritability, or impatience. The man who flies steadily and well, season after season, and who rarely meets with mishap, is almost invariably self-restrained and thorough in all he does, and is equipped as well with an ample stock of patience.

In future, one should note, big, fast-flying aircraft will thrust their way through the aerial sea without imposing such exacting strains upon their steersmen. The pilot who flies to-day resembles a man who, while he is being tossed about on a choppy sea in a little rowboat, sees a big vessel pass serenely by. The 150-mile-an-hour aeroplane of the future will be as little disturbed by air-waves it encounters as is the ocean liner of to-day by the sea-waves it dashes aside.



# THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

*By F. McKelvey Bell*

## CHAPTER IV.

**D**URING the day and a half that we stood out in the Channel fog, wondering whether we should ever reach land, or whether a stray German submarine would send us to a higher sphere, we had plenty of time to look about the ship. She was an India liner which had been pressed into service as a troop ship; and the Hindu stewards looked after our many wants as only the Oriental can.

A far-reaching cosmopolitanism emanates from that little land of Britain. Here were English officers giving orders to the Hindus in their own mysterious tongue; and the deference with which these men obeyed helped us to realize Britain's greatness. To conquer a country, tame it, civilize it—sometimes by force—and still retain the love and respect of its inhabitants, is a power given to but few peoples; yet Britons possess it to the full.

On Sunday morning—a bright warm day in early November—our ship steamed slowly into the port of Le Havre. We lingered a few minutes near a high stone quay. Close beside

us was a Belgian hospital ship, its white and green paint and big red crosses contrasting strangely with our own dull gray. We could see the nurses and medical officers on board attending to their patients with tender care and solicitude.

But as we looked toward the quay once more a sight met our eyes which we shall not soon forget. We were face to face with what was to us a new form of mendicancy—that of exhibiting deformed children for the purpose of collecting alms. Even at this late date I recall with horror the sight of a small boy, with distorted, paralyzed legs, held aloft by his older brother, his poor flail-like limbs swinging before us to elicit pity. We threw a few coins upon the quay and turned from this distressing sight to view our new surroundings.

We were steaming slowly through a narrow channel between block after block of wharves, where ships unnumbered piled their ocean freight. Finally we emerged into a great basin filled with craft, both large and small, some of which were dismantled. Across the bay a splendid ocean liner reared her four smokeless funnels to-

ward the sky; she was one of that great fleet of passenger ships, so recently the pride of France, now thrust aside by the stern demands of ruthless war.

At length we docked, and as we stood leaning over the rail, some little children came running down the quay to greet us.

"Messieurs! Messieurs! *Bon jour!*" they cried; and then for the first time we realized that we were in a foreign land.

France, la belle France! How often have we dreamed of you in better days! Bright, vivacious France, whose wit and laughter sparkled like champagne, whose joy was ever rampant! How soon your smiles and tears will intermingle with our own!

But the soldiers on board had not yet learned to speak in French, and they responded in our own dull tongue: "Good-day, little girls. Hello, little boys," and they dropped silver coins and pennies on the quay.

The French children had already learned a word or two of English, and they had also discovered that the Tommy understood two very useful French words. Not to be outdone in courtesy, they flung them up to us in piping chorus: "Good-night, cigarette, souvenir!"

How many thousand times we have since heard this same greeting! It has become the children's formula, and as a gracious concession to our ignorance of French has met its just reward—in pennies.

Dusk fell before we had completed the unloading of our equipment and had it all stowed away in the *hangar*.

Then we formed up and, with a French boy scout as guide, started our march toward camp.

The senior major, on his splendid black horse, led the van; the men, contrary to military custom, carrying a Union Jack, followed, and Captain Reggy and I, mounted, brought up the rear.

The first half-mile of our march was uneventful, as there were few people

in the streets of the *basse ville*; but as we passed farther up into the city the sidewalks became crowded with spectators. At first the French mistook us for English soldiers on the march, the sight of whom, while an almost hourly occurrence, was still a matter of keen interest. But as the crowd, becoming larger and larger, and pushing one another off the sidewalks into the road, caught a glimpse of our shoulder badges marked "Canada," the word was passed from mouth to mouth with lightning-like rapidity, and the excitement became intense.

They broke forth into the wildest cheering and shouted again and again, "*Les Canadiens! Vive Le Canada!*" until the clamour was deafening. Men, women and children surrounded us in thousands, laughing, singing and talking, shaking the soldiers by the hand, embracing and even kissing them in the excess of their welcome.

That the boys weren't always kissed on account of their irresistible beauty may be gathered from this little conversation which took place *en passant*:

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed one of the girls to her nearest neighbour, "why did you kiss that ugly face?"

"Because," was the reply, "he looked so lonely—he seemed to need it most."

They marched up the street with us, arm in arm, all who could get near enough, and threw a thousand questions at us in one unintelligible clatter of French. It was a welcome to stir the blood of the coldest, and from that moment we took France to our hearts, as she had taken us, and held her fast.

What did the landing of a mere handful of Canadians mean to France? There weren't enough of us to be of much importance, compared with the thousands of other British troops which landed daily. But the French, with their keen sense of appreciation, recognized at once that the advent of this little Canadian band had a broad significance; it meant



that in her great struggle for the cause of liberty and humanity France was to be supported not only by Britain but by the far-flung elements of the Empire. It meant encouragement; it meant success!

And as they shouted "Vive Le Canada," we echoed with a will, "Vive La France." We sang, too, "God Save the King," and "La Marseillaise." A few who knew English joined in the first, but "La Marseillaise," starting by courtesy with us, swelled in a moment into a mighty anthem, which swept the city like a storm. Later, when we followed with "The Maple Leaf," a respectful silence fell upon the throng. With quick intuition they knew it was a song of home, with which they sympathized, but which they could not understand. And as the melody concluded, we could hear them whispering one to another: "*Quelle est cette chanson?*" And we answered in our broken French, "It is a song of our native land, far, far from here."

It was my good fortune during this strange march to ride upon the side close to the curb, while Reggy, in comparative obscurity, rode opposite. Frequently, too, it was my privilege to return the greetings of the dainty French girls who lined the walk and waved their handkerchiefs high above the heads of the crowd in the road.

At last Reggy, trotting along in the shadow, could contain himself no longer. He burst out:

"Hang it all, old man! Just my bally luck again; you're always closer to the girls than I."

"But not closer to their hearts, Reggy dear," I interjected soothingly.

"Small consolation, that, in the present situation," Reggy was grumbling when he was suddenly interrupted by a pretty black-eyed girl who, running alongside his horse, caught him by the hand and forthwith begged a kiss. I believe—or, rather, I hope—Reggy blushed. I should always like to think that at that precise

moment Reggy's sense of modesty came to his rescue. If it did, however, it vanished again with alarming rapidity.

"Here's an embarrassing situation," he cried dolefully.

"Very trying, indeed, to have a pretty girl demand a kiss," I laughed.

"Confound it!" he returned. "That's not the trouble; but I'm not horseman enough to lean over and get it."

There, you see, Reggy, in one fell moment had destroyed all my illusions about him. Here was I worrying over his distress and presumed embarrassment, while he, hopeless young scamp that he was, showed actual regret because he couldn't fall from grace.

"I would suggest that you dismount," I answered, in a spirit of sarcasm.

For a moment I believe this insane thought obsessed him, and then his latent sense of military discipline and dignity saved him. He turned regretfully to the young lady, and pressing her hand warmly—very warmly, I thought—broke forth in schoolboy French:

"*Merci, cheri! Milles fois, milles fois.* Another time will have to do."

"*Est-ce que vous parlez Français, monsieur?*" she demanded sweetly.

"Rather rough on your French, Reggy," I teased, "asking you, after that brilliant sortie, if you really speak the language."

Reggy appeared hurt.

"Look at you," he cried, "riding along like a bloated monarch, scooping in the obeisance of the whole kingdom, and because I command the attention—and, I trust, respect—of only one of your subjects, you're jealous. Out upon you—for shame!"

All good things come to an end at last. For half an hour we had been princes or kings, drinking in the nectar of adulation in mighty gulps. It turned our heads and made us dizzy, and this vinous feeling of elation lasted long after we had left the crowd

behind, and the faint cry of *Vive Les Canadiens* followed us into the darker streets. We toiled slowly over the cobble stones, up the steep hill, and finally into camp.

The camp commandant came to meet us a few minutes after we arrived. He was a fine-looking specimen of British officer—tall, athletic, with iron-gray hair and keen blue eyes. He smiled as he greeted us.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, as the senior major approached and saluted. "Where have you all come from?"

"Originally from Canada, sir," the major replied, "but recently from Salisbury Plains."

"How interesting," he cried in a tone of delighted surprise. "I had no idea the Canadians were coming to France so soon.

"Weren't you expecting us, sir?" the major ventured.

The commandant laughed good-humouredly. We seemed to amuse him.

"Well, not exactly," he replied, "but you are quite welcome. Take those three rows of tent, draw your rations, and make yourselves at home. One of these days orders will come along for you."

One of these days! Well, well! Was he actually addressing us in that careless and flippant manner, we who had just taken France by storm? Alas! we were not so important after all. For a full hour we had looked upon ourselves as the whole war, and the rest of the British army as a mere background to our glory. And now we were told that "one of these days!" It was really too bad. But, still, he was kindly and courteous, and behind those smiling eyes lurked a great sympathy, I am sure, for our little band.

We looked about us and then we understood. There were miles of tents. Regiments of soldiers were marching in and regiments were marching out—the Highland "kilties" with their sporrans swaying to and fro in stirring unison. We heav-

ed a sigh. It was all too true. We were only one small cog in the great machine!

But the senior major was elated with a strange and inexplicable emotion. After the commandant had bidden us good night, he paced back and forth, with his hands behind his back and his head in the air. He raised his feet high as he walked, and clicked his spurs with the firmness of his tread. Something was effervescing in his mind, and soon would blow his mental cork out. What was it? He twirled his moustaches from time to time and smiled a crafty smile. At last it popped:

"Gentlemen," he said, "that's one thing which no one can ever take from me!"

"What?" we cried breathlessly.

"That I was the first officer who ever led a Canadian unit into France!"

Oh, the supreme egotism and self-love of old bachelorhood! We turned away without a word, in time to hear little Huxford's piping voice in ungrammatical query:

"Did ye' had a good time to-night, Bill?"

And Bill's reply echoed the sentiments of all our hearts:

"Did I?" he cried exultantly, "Some class!"

## CHAPTER V.

How it stormed that night! Thunder, lightning, rain and wind combined in one uproarious elemental war. It seemed as if no tent on earth could stand the strain. Once I peeped outside, and in the flashes saw vistas of tents, rolling like great white-crested waves on an operative sea. From time to time the cracking of poles and dull swish of the canvas, blending with the smothered oaths of men beneath, told us that some tent had fallen.

Reggy slept as peacefully as a newborn babe. Tucked into his canvas sleeping-bag and with a woollen toque pulled well down over his ears, he

was oblivious to the storm, and in the faint glimmer of our candle-lantern, looked like an Eskimo at rest.

Peg after peg jerked out of the ground, and our tent commenced to rock to and fro in a drunken frenzy. Would the guard never come to tighten the guys? They seemed to have forgotten us. Warmly ensconced in my blankets and half asleep in spite of the noise, I lay and from time to time idly wondered how much longer the tent would stand.

Sometimes I dozed and dreamed of getting up to fix it, and saw myself crawling about in wet pajamas in the wind and rain. The thought awoke me, and the tent was flapping still. Reggy, as the junior, was in duty bound to right it; but if the storm couldn't wake him, what could mere man do? I dozed again and awoke just in time to see the canvas give one last wild gyration. Then it crashed down upon us.

"Hi! What the d—l are you doing now?"

It was the sleep-saturated voice of Reggy in angry, smothered tones beneath the wreck. For answer to his question, a gust of wind lifted the canvas from his face, and a spurt of rain, with the force of a garden hose, struck him.

"O Lord!" he howled. "The bally tent's blown down!" Reggy's perspicacity, while sluggish, was accurate.

"Get up, you lazy blighter, and lend me a hand!" I shouted between blasts of wind and rain which soaked me through and through.

"Ugh! You wouldn't ask a chap to get up in a storm like this," he cried appealingly.

I didn't. I merely took the lower end of his sleeping-bag and emptied it, as one would a sack of potatoes, onto the floor. Reggy emerged like a rumpled blue-bird.

"Rotten trick, I call that," he grumbled, as he scrambled to his feet.

Luckily by this time the guard arrived to help us, and after a long tussle with the ropes, the tent was

pitched once more, and we crawled back to bed.

The morning sun rose clear and bright and smiled as if it had no memories of the night before. Wherever one might look tents lay in heaps upon the ground, but not a breath of wind stirred the fresh cool air. Fainter and more faint from the distance came the weird strain of the bagpipes, for a Highland regiment was passing down the hill, starting on that long journey whence all might not return.

Our men had breakfasted and were already at work raising the fallen tents. The adjutant emerged from his abode, wearing a weary smile—he hadn't slept much.

"What of the night?" he cried. "The storm has given me an appetite. Where's breakfast? I'm as hungry as an R.M.C. cadet."

Where indeed was breakfast? As yet we had no "mess"; our goods were still unpacked.

"There's a soldiers' buffet managed by ladies in the cottage yonder," said Fraser, pointing to a brick house on the crest of the hill. Trust Fraser to know where grub abounds! "Perhaps I can persuade the little lady of the place . . ."

"You'll need help," Reggy interpolated hastily, "Someone with persuasive powers. I'll go along."

Reggy's eagerness to go suggested other distractions than foraging. We said we would accompany him—lest he forget. We entered a long room at the rear of the house, which had been a carpenter's shop before the war. It was furnished with two long tables, benches, and a large number of kitchen chairs. The carpenter's tools hung unused upon the wall. At the farther end of the room several young women and one of maturer years were rapidly cutting up bread and meat for sandwiches, buttering appetizing French rolls and placing them all in large baskets. It looked enough to feed a multitude.

We approached the table. One young woman looked up, apparently

more from courtesy than with any special interest in our arrival, and said, "Good morning."

It was true then; they *were* English women. They were as cool—and refreshing—as the air outside. Reggy saluted gravely.

"May we have something to eat, please?" he inquired hesitatingly.

The young woman looked up again, with a surprised smile. "But you are not Tommies," she replied.

"No, merely officers, and very hungry ones at that."

She looked a trifle perplexed. "We don't serve officers here," she asserted. "You see, this buffet is meant for Tommies only."

Bless their hearts! Here at least was one place where the officer was discounted, and Tommy was king. We had been fêted and pampered to such an extent that we had lost sight of the true proportion of things. Here were women who realized that Tommy is quite as important as his officer, that he is a man and as such has rights. We honoured the young women who could thus devote themselves to the men who really needed their help most. But this elevating thought did not appease our hunger in the least. We still wanted something to eat, and the dainty food before us failed to modify our internal cravings.

"Couldn't we have just one bun?" Reggy coaxed.

The young woman smilingly shook her head. "It's against our rules," she replied.

Reggy looked distressed. We imitated his look with such success that another young woman, who seemed to be the one in authority, came forward and volunteered:

"If you will step into the house, gentlemen, I shall see what the *concierge* can do for you there."

That we didn't fall upon her neck in sheer thankfulness speaks well for our self-control. We kept sufficient restraint upon ourselves, however, to merely murmur our gratitude in becoming words. We explained that

we had just arrived, and that our mess was not yet open.

"Well, well," she laughed. "Of course, we can't let you starve, but you really mustn't eat in here."

If the angels in heaven look anything like that sweet young woman as she appeared to us at that moment—well, it's a great incentive to lead a good life, that's all.

We were ushered into a quaint French dining-room, furnished with hand-carved mahogany. That a carpenter should have such exquisite taste surprised us. We were yet to learn that the artistic sense is a keynote of French character. The owner of the cottage was away at the war; he was one of the *poilus* who were then, and are still, upholding the martial traditions of a noble fighting race. His wife spread a dainty table for us, and we breakfasted for the first time in France.

Our menu consisted of small mackerel, rolls and coffee. How prosaic it sounds in English! We shall always remember that *petit déjeuner* in French: *Petits maqueraux, petits pains et café-au-lait*. What music there is in such language! The food itself loses its identity and is transformed into the sustenance of the gods!

Days passed by, but there was no word from our colonel, and no orders came for us to move. Had they all forgotten us? Had we by mischance taken the wrong boat and landed in the wrong part of France? What had become of our colonel and the rest of our unit? These thoughts perplexed and worried us. But one day, as we were lunching, a messenger suddenly appeared at the tent door and asked for the senior major.

"Telegram for you, sir," he said.

The major slowly unfolded it, read it as slowly, refolded it and placed it in his pocket without a word. We were in a fever of excitement. Could it be from the colonel? If so, where was he? The major continued his meal. At last Fraser could bear the suspense no longer.

"Was that a message from the colonel?" he inquired anxiously.

"It was," the major replied.

One might have heard the proverbial pin drop—the strain was so intense. Would he never go on? Were we to hear nothing further?

Fraser ventured again: "What does he say?"

The major got up and left the tent without a word.

Even after all these months it pains me to record the bitter disappointment of that moment. All men have their peculiarities, and some are afflicted more than others. We may forgive, but we cannot always forget. And yet he had had good points, too; he wasn't quite all bad. Perhaps Fraser's question was injudicious; perhaps he hadn't been deferential enough. At any rate it was two days later when we first heard the news. The adjutant, who had been taken into the major's confidence, whispered the message to us:

"The colonel is at Boulogne, and orders will be sent us in a few days to join him. I have been told not to tell you, but I must relieve your anxiety. Keep it secret!"

How we loved him for his thoughtfulness. The tension was broken. We were once more happy and content.

Three days later the order came to move. We were to entrain at midnight, and all day long we were busy packing. By nine everything was ready. The motor lorries were loaded, and we started our march toward the train. It was a pitch-black night and rain swept the streets in chilling torrents.

One of the horses of our team had a chafed back and could not be harnessed, so that my horse was selected to take his place. The wagon was piled high with the kit-bags of the men, and from this elevation one of the orderlies held the halter of the sick horse, which followed behind. We started down the steep hill from the camp, horses and men alike slipping upon the wet and greasy cobblestones.

Suddenly a slight explosion startled the led horse. He reared upon his hind legs, jerked the halter from the hand of the orderly and bolted down the hill into the darkness. Who would dare follow him? To ride down that incline at any rate faster than a walk was sheer recklessness. Surely no horse or man who attempted to would return alive. But Huxford, putting spurs to his horse, plunged down the hill at break-neck speed, a shower of sparks flying out on either side as the horse's steel shoes struck the stones.

"Good God!" cried Barker; "he'll never come back—he's a dead man!"

"Why didn't he let the horse go?" cried the senior major anxiously. "Now we've lost two horses and a man. He doesn't know the city or where we are going, and even if he gets through alive, he'll never find us again."

"How could he expect to overtake a runaway horse in a strange city on a night like this? It's madness!" exclaimed the adjutant.

"He was a fine lad," said the quartermaster sadly, as though Huxford were already dead. "Seems such a pity to lose him. I didn't think he had the courage to do it."

But war shatters preconceived ideas. No one can tell which men are brave until the crisis comes. Those who seem strongest fail; those who seem weakest succeed.

A gloom had been cast over us all. We despaired of seeing Huxford again—except perhaps to find his mangled body somewhere at the foot of that long hill. When we reached the bottom he wasn't there, and we went on despondently for a mile or more, knowing the hopelessness of trying to find him; when suddenly, as we turned a corner, he appeared, still on horseback and leading the runaway. A cheer from the boys greeted him.

"Well done, Huxford!" cried the major. "We never expected to see you again!"

"I couldn't let him go, sir, 'cause

th' colonel giv' th' horses into my charge, an' he *had* to be caught."

May we all fulfil our duty as faithfully as this lad!

The queer little French train, with its cars marked eight *chevaux*—forty *hommes*, was waiting at the station when we arrived. The transport-officer had told the senior major not to leave until he had received his papers, but to get the men and horses aboard.

Shortly before midnight all were entrained. The equipment and horses were loaded, but there was no sign of either engine or conductor. We unrolled our sleeping-bags, placed them upon the seats in the compartment coach and fell asleep. At four a.m. we were awakened by an angry discussion taking place on the train platform. One voice was French, evidently that of the train conductor; the other was unmistakably that of the senior major. He was talking very loudly:

"I tell you, you can't move this

train one inch until I get my papers."

The reply was in French:

"*Comprend pas, monsieur!*" Evidently he was about to signal the engineer to start.

"Stop! I command you to stop!" shouted the major again. The Frenchman understood the action, if he failed to understand the words.

"*Il faut partir tout de suite, monsieur,*" he replied with respectful firmness, and then, placing the bugle to his lips, he blew a signal to the engineer and the train started.

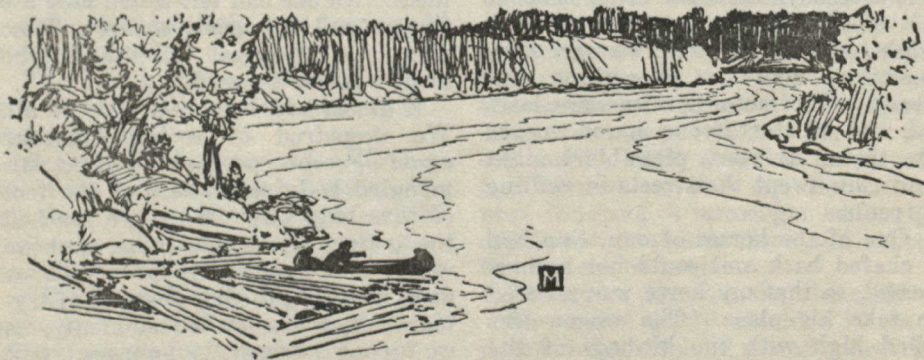
The major sprang from the platform just in time to catch his coach. He had not received the papers, and had had an unintelligible wordy duel in which he had been vanquished. He was boiling with rage.

"If I had my way," he stormed, "there would be only *one* language in the world—my own!"

We were off once more. We had but a faint idea of where we were going, but we were on our way.

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To be continued in the December number.



# THE YELLOW LIGHT

By Henry Lyle



UT of the unknown into prominence Mrs. Badger had come at one leap. It was sufficient that she occupied the Griswold mansion on the Avenue, kept up the establishment in regal style, entertained lavishly and was seen in all those places where money could take her and many even whose doors were dark to money merely. About all that was certain was that a family whose fortunes were notoriously on the ebb had stood sponsors for Mrs. Badger when she stormed the portals of that Society which arrogates to itself the capital S.

Mrs. Badger's advent had been coincident with the equally sudden announcement of Mr. Griswold's departure for Europe. Amos Griswold was pre-eminently a man of business, and Messrs. Prosé & Prosé, his attorneys, had been astonished one morning by receiving word that he had sailed for Europe the previous afternoon, leaving a book of signed checks in Mrs. Badger's hands, which were to be honoured when presented, and that her orders were to be received as though given by him, and a monthly account of his affairs rendered to her.

So for several months Prosé & Prosé had watched Mrs. Badger's social career with interest. When the

elder member of the firm hinted to his son a doubt of Mrs. Badger's ability to handle the Griswold millions carefully, the younger reminded him that a legal adviser's province was restricted, and that "Old" Griswold's written orders had been explicit.

Still the elder Prosé continued to give Mrs. Badger and the Griswold estate more than a fair share of his thoughts during business hours, and from every point of view the matter looked unsatisfactory, especially the strange oversight of a methodical man of business in setting no limit on the amount Mrs. Badger might draw. Finally he came to devote much time *outside* of business hours to Mrs. Badger and her personality. He deserted his club and haunted places where the lady of his thoughts was to be seen. One night his sensibilities received a rude shock when Mrs. Badger coolly cut him as she passed from her carriage to the theatre. When he opened his eyes the next morning, his first thought was of Mrs. Badger. He sat up in bed and looked in the glass.

"Well, well!" he growled to himself, "there's no fool like an old—Never mind, I'm over it, and now I'll find out about that woman—or know the reason why!"

This purpose became the very essence of his life, but yielded no results. No scandal touched Mrs. Bad-

ger in her present way of life. No clue to her past could he obtain. He was almost in despair when the following advertisement caught his eye:

WANTED. — Private secretary; young man of good address and thorough knowledge of social usages. Must be qualified to take entire charge of lady's correspondence. Address L.L.B., Herald uptown.

Mr. Prosé the elder studied the advertisement, and thought. "The same," he muttered. "L. L. B.—I verily believe it's the Badger!"

He looked up angrily as he perceived that his mutterings had been heard by his junior clerk, who stood in a respectful attitude holding a bundle of papers.

"Ha! Robinson," he exclaimed in answer to the clerk's question. "You're the very man—good address, knowledge of social usages and all that—you'll do! If you get to the bottom of this business I'll see that you don't lose anything by it!"

Ford Robinson stood staring. The description fitted him so well that he was too polite not to wait for an explanation.

"Oh!" said Mr. Prosé, "I forgot—you don't know about it." Whereupon he handed the young man the printed slip.

"Mrs. Badger's initials?" inquired the clerk, tentatively.

"Good!" exclaimed the lawyer. "If that proves to be the case, would you like to take the place?"

Robinson's heart beat rapidly. Would he like it? Would he like to live under the same roof and in daily communication with the woman whom he had worshipped from afar since first he saw her? It took his breath away.

"Why—why—certainly, sir, if you wish it," he stammered.

"I do wish it," replied Prosé, "if it really is Mrs. Badger. I desire to find out all that can be discovered

about her, and everything that goes on in Griswold's house."

Robinson hesitated. "I would hardly like to play the spy—especially on a lady, and so fine a lady as—"

"Oh, I see! Another fool who hopes to find a paradise in that woman's society! Why, she wouldn't look at *you* if her horses were walking on you! Excuse me, Robinson, but—well, never mind; write first and find out if it is Mrs. Badger. If it is—go there and secure the place. You can do it. If she's all right, there's no harm done. If she isn't—and I believe she's played some smart trick on Griswold to get him to go to Europe and leave her a free hand—then, we'll uncover her game. *You'll* be disillusioned, in any event," he added with a touch of spite.

He gazed at the young man, as if mentally comparing him with Mrs. Badger's other conquests, and thereupon asked:

"You've seen Mr. Griswold in the office here?"

Robinson shook his head. "He never came in while I was here."

The advertisement was answered, and in due course a reply was received requesting Robinson to call on Mrs. Badger with his references.

His employer was delighted, furnished Robinson with excellent letters from discreet friends, and the young clerk was admitted to the Griswold mansion and Mrs. Badger's presence, after she had dismissed another aspirant for the place. This respite gave Robinson a chance to steady his fluttering heart and nerves, and study his charmer. She was a beautifully formed woman, above the average height, who held her head like one accustomed to command. Her features were fine and regular, though the lower lip was a trifle full, and her complexion the pink and white developed by extreme care and a masseur's attention. Robinson decided as he gazed that old Prosé was mistaken in his suspicions.



His reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Badger, who, dismissing the man with whom she had been talking, turned sharply to Robinson. As their eyes met he felt as though a veil had been withdrawn suddenly from before his vision. Instinctively his attitude changed from one of admiration to one of defence. He was on his guard—waiting to parry a thrust. Mrs. Badger's character was mirrored in her eyes—all other features failed as indices. To a man whose experience in life, on a newspaper and in a lawyer's office, had given him more than one searching view into criminal courts and the prison pen, that peculiar glitter did not mean position—it was not the steeliness resulting from birth and breeding, not the calmness of erudition. Robinson had seen it often in those who prey on society, accompanying that tension of nerve that results from playing a game in which all the faculties are alert, in which even the rewards of success are not commensurate with the penalties of failure.

The glance lasted but for a moment, and then Mrs. Badger said: "You are—ah—Mr.—? Ah, yes, Robinson—thank you."

She took his credentials and looked them over rather carelessly. The third she read carefully, and then critically surveyed the young man. He was prepared for the sharp query:

"Did you take entire charge of Mrs. Loren's correspondence?"

Robinson bowed. "And also of her establishment," he said.

Mrs. Badger looked at him keenly. "I prefer to manage my own establishment. All you will have to do here is to look after my correspondence, none of which is of a business nature. The question of salary remains to be settled."

Robinson did not permit a trace of his more than natural satisfaction to show when he answered: "I understand then, Mrs. Badger, that I am to take the position?"

She nodded and Robinson named

a salary to which no objection could be made. Mrs. Badger rang a bell and ordered the butler to show Mr. Robinson the room he was to occupy.

When his baggage had come, and he was lounging in a large Turkish rocker, before a crackling hickory fire, smoking a cigarette, he felt himself a villain of deepest dye to doubt that Mrs. Badger could be other than his fancy had first painted her—so mollifying to man is a sense of personal comfort. He was aroused by the soft-footed butler's cough and announcement:

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Badger would like to have you come to her rooms. Hexcuse me, sir, will you dress for dinner, sir?"

Robinson was somewhat startled. He had not expected to dine with his employer—not the first evening, at any rate.

He recovered his self-possession. "Oh, yes, certainly. You may help me a bit, if you will—er—what do they call you?"

"Jenkins, sir."

"Well, Jenkins, I'm ready," and he slipped a bill into the man's hand.

"Thankee, sir. We—er—the 'elp will be werry glad to see a gentleman about the 'ouse, sir."

He closed the door which he had been holding open, led the way through a long passage to an entrance at the end which he opened to admit Robinson, and then shut it quickly, remaining outside.

The small apartment which Robinson had entered was the ante-room of a suite entirely separate from the rest of the house. For a moment he stood, dazzled. The room was fitted entirely in deep yellow, and the yellow shades of the electric lights heightened the effect. For a moment he was unpleasantly impressed, though he could not have described his sensation. He started when a man in yellow livery approached, so strange was the man's appearance—so incongruous seemed the small stature and rounded shoulders with the

massive head and the face above the yellow coat. The forehead was broad and the nose aquiline, but these signs of intellectual strength were offset by dull and lack-lustre eyes, as though a fool looked upon the world from behind a wise man's mask. And yet the manners of a gentleman seemed to lurk beneath an exaggerated servility that irritated Robinson unreasonably. But the dull eye gave no sign, and the secretary followed his peculiar guide with the thought that constant service must have driven the poor pygmy into mere automatism.

The drawing-room into which he was shown was, like that which he had just left, furnished entirely in yellow. Mrs. Badger, dressed in yellow satin, stood leaning lightly on the mantel, and watched Robinson keenly as he entered.

"I always dine in my own apartments, Mr. Robinson," she said, "and as you will have to be here much of your time it will be of advantage if you dine and lunch with me. Please be seated."

Then she turned to the quiet figure in the doorway: "James, have dinner served at once."

Robinson, somehow, felt relieved at the obsequious manner in which the command was received. He was not surprised to find the dining-room the counterpart, in its colour scheme, of those through which he had passed. The meal was a silent one, conversation being confined to guarded inquiries from Mrs. Badger concerning Robinson's duties in the Loren household. He saw no attendant but the servile little man in yellow. Though the lady regarded him furtively with an expectant look, Robinson determined not to gratify this expectation by any allusion to the peculiar furnishings of the suite. But when coffee had been served, Mrs. Badger said:

"I am glad to see, Mr. Robinson, that you are discreet."

Robinson raised his eyebrows in polite inquiry.

"The colour of my rooms must have surprised you?" she said, looking at him harply. Again the peculiar glint in her eyes put the young man on guard.

"I noticed it, of course, but supposed it expressed some taste or fancy of your own. I believe it was Charles IX. of France who, inheriting certain exquisite tastes from his Florentine mother, first adopted monochrome decoration of apartments?" and Robinson looked at his employer as if for concurrence.

"Was it? Well, then, one need not wonder if a modern woman of that race, from which I spring on my mother's side, exaggerate that unhappy monarch's artistic tendencies. I am pleased that you are acquainted with French history."

Robinson disclaimed being a student of French history in particular, and Mrs. Badger, acting as though annoyed, rose from the table.

"There will be nothing this evening, Mr. Robinson. If I need your services any time in the evening, I will tell you of it when we transact our morning business. Otherwise, you are free to make such disposition of your time as you may wish. James, show Mr. Robinson out."

Robinson bowed, but Mrs. Badger, looking past him, kept her eyes on the little yellow man, who moved toward the door and stood with bowed head, holding back the portières. When they reached the ante-room he stopped suddenly, bowed his deferential, automatic bow, and, pointing to the outer door, returned toward the dining-room.

The new secretary's dreams that night were of yellow rooms, beautiful women and Florentine tragedies, and though in the bright sunshine of the morrow his thoughts returned to his earlier impressions of his charming patroness, he resolved not to be lulled into forgetfulness of his mission. At ten o'clock he was busy in Mrs. Badger's library, working steadily till James called him to luncheon, but

gaining no new insight into the mysteries of her ménage. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, and everything was as it had been on the previous evening, except that, instead of artificial light, daylight illumined the dining-room, admitted through window-panes of deep yellow glass. Mrs. Badger wore a morning gown of yellow cloth, and James, as before, kept his eyes constantly upon her, but seemed not to anticipate her slightest want. So servile, so attentive, he yet appeared unable to apprehend, until her sharp, clear commands came, the simple and ordinary requirements of the table service, which, to an automaton of years of training, one would suppose to be second nature. Robinson's attention involuntarily centred on the strangeness of this servant and this mistress. Why should she attach to herself such a creature, when the perfect Jenkins might perform the required duties so much better, without a word of command?

James had just served the salad when they were startled by a loud crash, and a base-ball came through the window, carrying with it a large portion of the glass and admitting a stream of sunlight which fell across the table. Robinson started up, but stopped abruptly at a loud exclamation.

"Stop! Who dares break my—Ah—h—!"

It was James who had spoken, and the sentence ended in a long-drawn sigh, like that of one disturbed in his sleep. Mrs. Badger had leaped lightly upon a chair and drawn a yellow shade over the broken window just as the man subsided in the middle of his outbreak. Then she turned upon him quickly:

"James, what do you mean by such unseemly conduct?"

The answer came in the man's habitual mechanical manner:

"Madam will pardon me—I really do not know how I came to do so. It shall never occur again."

"See that it does not—my head will

not stand such startling things. Now you may continue the service."

Robinson was conscious that Mrs. Badger was watching narrowly the effect of this peculiar episode. He forced himself to eat and seem at ease, but his mind was on the startling change in James when the sunlight fell upon his face. He threw down the napkin he carried, his dull eyes flashed ominously, his obsequious monotone gave place to a voice vibrant and strong. Only for an instant while the sun shone—then an automaton again.

The young secretary said carelessly: "Ball-playing in the streets is a nuisance. The law against it should be strictly enforced."

"Yes. Did you ever notice anything quite so peculiar as the change in James?"

The question was very innocent or very deep. It must be the latter, Robinson thought, to bring forward so boldly the one strange feature of the occurrence, in the man's very presence. He answered slowly:

"Yes. I have seen one or two similarly strange things. I remember one case where a man was suddenly withdrawn from under hypnotic influence—"

"Oh, pshaw! I'm not speaking of that. If we were to believe Max Nordau, everybody—except himself—is acting under suggestion, and not with free will. I don't mean such improbable things. I had in mind cases of mental disease—megalomania, I believe the alienists call it—where the subject suddenly gets an idea of personal grandeur. A friend of mine used to have a delusion seize him, whenever he heard a certain waltz played, that he was an angel sent to punish the world. Nothing but that one piece of music ever brought on the delirium."

Robinson again sought to parallel the story with a case of hypnotic suggestion, but his mistress impatiently gave the signal that luncheon was finished.

In his room that evening, he gazed long and thoughtfully at the wood fire and then sent for Jenkins and set him some light tasks.

"Jenkins," he said, "I suppose you find a change since Mr. Griswold went abroad."

"Hi never seen Mr. Griswold, sir. Hi came 'ere hafter Mrs. Badger took the 'ouse, sir."

"Ah. And how do the others like the change?"

"The 'elp, sir? None of 'em was 'ere, sir. They all kem when Hi did, sir."

Again Robinson said, "Ah,!" But he continued, "I suppose James is an old servant of Mrs. Badger's, isn't he? Mrs. Badger's own butler, I mean."

"Hi don't know, sir—'e never talks to hus, and none o' the 'elp knows 'im, sir. Beggin' your pardon, sir, we 'all thinks 'e's a bit hoff 'ere, sir," and Jenkins touched his forehead.

"Too bad," said Robinson, as the servant was leaving the room. He re-lighted his pipe and stared at the fire, going over in his mind what he had just heard and what he had previously seen. His pipe went out and he sat suddenly upright.

"Yellow is certainly *not* the most becoming colour to her—I don't believe she surrounds herself with it merely to keep pure daylight off that old monkey. I feel sure he knows something about this woman—if I could only get it out of him!"

There came a discreet knock at the door, and Jenkins reëntered.

"Hif you please, sir, Mrs. Badger 'as changed 'er plans for the heven-in', sir. She's going to the the-atre with the Wrens, sir, and will you please report to 'er at ten to-morrow morning, sir."

"Thank you, Jenkins. Tell me when she has gone, please."

"Very well, sir. Hi will, sir."

The next half-hour was a trying one for Robinson. He walked the room restlessly, muttering imprecations upon all women. Had the elder

Prosé at that moment asked his opinion of Mrs. Badger he would have said that she was an adventuress playing a deep game, but if pressed for a reason could have offered only a tissue of surmises.

When at length the butler had brought him the expected word and gone downstairs, he walked quietly and quickly to Mrs. Badger's suite and tried the door, which, somewhat to his surprise, opened readily. In the ante-room, his strange, expressionless eyes fixed upon the doorway, sat the man he sought. He only started when Robinson entered, and moved but slightly when spoken to sharply. The young man left him and hurriedly surveyed the other rooms, but found nothing which he had not before mentally noted. Then he returned and shook the strange servant roughly by the shoulder. "James! Attend to what I have to say! How long have you been with Mrs. Badger?"

There was no answer to this question, varied and repeated many times. The miserable wretch sat blankly staring, seeming utterly to fail to comprehend. The close apartment was heavy with Mrs. Badger's favourite perfume. The yellow glare beat down upon them, and Robinson, shaken by the oppression of the situation and the excitement of his adventure, gasped:

"Lord! Come out of this—come where I can breathe!"

Seizing James by the arms, he half dragged, half carried him into the brightly lighted hall.

Instantly the man began to struggle. "Hands off!" he cried sharply in a commanding tone. "How dare you touch me?"

In astonishment Ford Robinson thrust the man away from him. He saw that a startling change had again come over the automaton. The eyes flashed, the hands were clenched, the voice was full of rage: "Who are you, sir? What do you mean by laying hands on me in my own house?"

Robinson looked at him sorrowfully. "Now, James, be sensible. Come, like a good fellow—"

"James! Don't you James me, you young whipper-snapper. Don't you dare 'good-fellow' me, sir. I'll teach you—" Then, for the first time, he caught sight of his yellow clothes. "Why—who—what—" he gasped. "Did you put these things on me?"

Robinson shook his head and held up a warning hand.

"Hush! You'll alarm the servants, and Mrs. Badger will—"

"Mrs. Badger!" almost screamed the man. "Oh, that woman! I'll have her out of this house! And you, you puppy, what are *you* doing here?"

Robinson, of course, had always read of the policy of soothing maniacs, and replied in a conciliatory manner, "I didn't know it was your house, sir. I thought it was Mr. Griswold's."

"Oh, you *did* know it, did you? You merely thought you could come and make a monkey of Amos Griswold in his—"

"Amos Griswold!" broke in Robinson. "Why, *you* can't be Amos Griswold,—he's—"

"Can't, hey? Well, I *am*, and I'll soon show you that I'm master here!"

Robinson thought rapidly, and his thoughts were accelerated by the sound of a footstep in the hall below. Probably the old man was a harmless lunatic, but *if* he were not—if there was in reality a game on foot as deep as he suspected—the player must be securely trapped, and this strange creature must assist, but there was no time for explanations now. Clapping a hand over the old man's mouth, Robinson picked him up and carried him bodily back into the yellow suite, closing the door behind them. He did not pause till he had set the pygmy down at the farther end of the drawing-room, that the sound of the explosion of wrath he expected might not penetrate to the main portion of the house.

To his amazement the man stood

motionless as before. The personality had vanished.

Fifteen minutes later, having left word with Jenkins that he was obliged to take the air on account of a raging headache, Ford Robinson was in excited conversation with his real employer, the elder Prosé, in a house near Fiftieth Street.

"Well, Robinson—any news?"

"Yes, sir, very important, I think. What sort of a man is Mr. Griswold in appearance?"

"Small, with sloping shoulders, but a fine head, with broad, intelligent forehead, a clean-cut mouth, gray side whiskers. Holds his head like a drill sergeant. What of it?"

Robinson rapidly told all that had happened in the Griswold mansion. Prosé sat with finger-tips together, listened and nodded.

"It must be the yellow colour," he said at length. "I've read of such a thing, but never believed it possible. You get right back now, before she returns from the theatre. I'll be on hand in the morning, with a detective. Cured of your love for that she-devil, aren't you?" he added.

The clock had struck ten the following morning, and Jenkins had but just informed Robinson that Mrs. Badger was ready to begin with the morning's work when he returned to announce a caller for the private secretary, and ushered in Prosé.

Robinson hesitated but for a moment. "Come with me," he whispered. "You will see the servant. If it isn't Mr. Griswold, you can probably withdraw without attracting Mrs. Badger's attention. If it *is*—we can draw the lioness's teeth at once. Your plain-clothes man?"

"Is at the door below."

As the two men entered the door of the yellow suite, and Prosé caught sight of the liveried automaton standing with head bowed to receive Robinson, he smothered a sharp exclamation, and, pressing the young man's arm, gave a nod of intelligence. The

little yellow man turned and held back the portière for Robinson to pass, and then walked immediately behind him, coming into violent contact with Prosé, whom he evidently did not see, and entirely disregarded. The lawyer understood, however, and fell in behind. Then he lifted the curtain and passed through. Mrs. Badger spasmodically grasped the table's edge.

"I should prefer to be informed when I am to expect your calls, Mr. Prosé. Please wait in the library. James! Show the gentleman to the main hall."

The old lawyer wavered a moment under her steady gaze and authoritative air.

"You will excuse me, madam—there has been a great crime committed." Then, his indignation returning, he almost shouted, "What are you doing with Mr. Griswold? What magic do you employ that I find one of the shrewdest financiers in New York dressed up like a monkey, taking orders from you? Out with it!"

"Sir! You forget yourself. Mr. Robinson, if you are responsible for this madman's presence, take him out before I call for help."

"Not so fast, madam. I am sitting in at this game now, and I hold the winning cards."

Mrs. Badger paled perceptibly—she well knew the difference between the danger to be feared from an angry person and that from one cool and collected.

Placing his finger-tips together in his favourite attitude, Prosé continued:

"I am here to rescue Mr. Griswold, and to punish those guilty of this strange crime. How you got Mr. Griswold under your influence and how you keep him disguised as a servant are questions that—"

A sharp dry laugh from Mrs. Badger interrupted him.

"My dear sir," she said, smiling, "your professional zeal for a client shall excuse your gross breach of

social etiquette. I see now what you mean. It is clearly a case of mistaken identity, and one quite easy to prove. James! Tell Mr. Prosé how you came into my service."

The old automaton, stepping toward the person at whom his mistress's finger pointed, said in his monotonous voice:

"If you please, sir, I came to Mrs. Badger while she was in London. Came direct from Lady Surrey, sir."

Prosé watched him closely, and as he finished said sharply:

"Don't you know me, Mr. Griswold?"

The only answer was a shake of the head.

"There! Now, James, show Mr. Prosé to the main hall. If he has any business with me I will attend to it in the library," and Mrs. Badger resumed her seat, as though the interview were at an end.

Prosé now turned to him: "Mr. Robinson, may I trouble you to open that window wide? The pecu—"

The woman was on her feet again in an instant, and broke in:

"Mr. Robinson is under *my* orders. Mr. Prosé, I ask you again to retire!"

"Go ahead, Robinson," exclaimed the lawyer. "Be quick!"

In a moment the window was wide open, admitting a flood of pale winter sunlight, and Prosé pushed the little man in yellow forward into its full glare. A tremor ran through the man, he drew a deep breath, and then, drawing himself to a height not devoid of dignity, exclaimed:

"What is going on here? What is the meaning of all this yellow flummery? Hah! Prosé! Explain, sir!"

For a moment the three principal actors stood facing each other. Then the woman—whatever her name was—perched on the edge of the table by which she had stood, swung her feet and smiled at Lawyer Prosé as she said:

"Well, the game is up, and you *did* have the cards—but I had a good run with the old man's money first!"

# THE PREVENTIVE OLINCE

*By Lennington Steinmetz*



GUESS I—I say, you must excuse me, Tenson. I should keep my troubles to myself.”

Tenson had achieved a more or less inadequate response, and Macey had taken himself away. It was an ugly story. Tenson sank back again in his chair, and gave himself to it. If he hadn't always thought so much of Macey, he might have turned aside from it, as one does—as one has to, in fact—if one does not want to be swamped with all the ugliness of life.

It was a common enough story: Macey, his wife, the two kids, and then the other woman, in this case, Macey's stenographer. Ugh! An infinite disgust swept over Tenson.

The fault, however, was not apparently hers. Macey had been quite clear, quite explicit. “A fine girl—a dam' fine girl.” Macey had been full of gratitude, in his way. Straight she was—“played the game like a man, like a gentleman.” Tenson had been caught by a fleeting sympathy for this unknown, unseen girl, who played a rôle so obscure. Not so obscure, evidently, to Macey; a source of light and inspiration, rather; helpful. Macey had stopped just short of the word “help-meet”.

As for Helen Macey, his wife . . . Tenson's teeth went hard on his cigar. He disliked above all things

listening to men talk about women, but he supposed Macey had a right to speak of his own wife if he wanted to. Not that Macey had spoken very much of *her*. Rather, her part had been indicated by her absence. She had agreed to live at the country place, two miles out, for the sake of the little boy and girl. Good for them. Macey said it with enthusiasm . . . “fine in the country”. He himself would just escape being fined speeding out there after the office closed. “The greatest little codger, that Jack. . .” Macey had almost digressed into the usual domestic anecdotes.

Apparently, most days Helen Macey was not at home to welcome that speeding automobile. Tenson thought it rather decent in Macey that he avoided mentioning his wife; her part was rather to be inferred. He knew silly, frivolous, pleasure-loving Mrs. Macey well enough to know the afternoons of bridge, the dinners, the eternal round, which was literally heaven to her. If they played late, her friends kept her over-night, the children being in the care of the servants.

Apparently, too, Macey accepted her lack of interest in him. Tenson analyzed it brutally: she didn't have to take the trouble to hold him, and didn't. And yet Macey was the sort of man of whom any woman might well have been proud.

Then came the stenographer. Macey had been detailed; Tenson thought he had wanted to put the case to clear her, at least. Phrases of Macey's narrative came back to Tenson—"she had been in my office three years—took no notice of her—a lady, and capable, like a machine."

One day, Mrs. Macey being absent as usual, little Jack had called his father up on the telephone. Hudson, the gardener, was going into town in the wagon for some plants; and he, Jack, wanted to know if he and sister could come and visit father, and would he perhaps take them to see the moving pictures or the menagerie. Jack had hardly waited to say "Thank you". Then, before they had reached the office, an unexpected development of the May Case—"You know how important it was"—(Macey seemed anxious to meet any criticism)—had extended office hours indefinitely. And there were the children. "And I just naturally asked Miss Mary" (Macey never named her otherwise) "to take them. Couldn't disappoint the youngsters. I remember asking her if she'd mind, and she said—first time I ever really noticed her—'*Mind? A Holiday?*' I didn't see her again that day, sent the kids home in the car, but—Gad, that night, I heard nothing but her. She'd told them stories; you know what youngsters are. The next morning I had to thank her." Tenson was sorry for Macey; he seemed to labour continually to offer an apology for himself.

It was then that Macey's stenographer had taken the opportunity to ask him to allow her to read law, to begin the course in his office. She could afford, she said, to accept less salary to do that, as she had saved enough to help. "Save from a stenographer's salary—" Macey had made a funny grimace over so grim a circumstance.

Macey had tried to bluff the idea out of her head. He didn't approve of women in law. "No one else does. What am I to do?" she had asked.

Macey had remarked that reading law was not the only occupation for women. "You seemed happy yesterday afternoon," he pointed out, with the ever-present idea of marriage as *the* occupation for women.

He went even further and asked, "Would you choose between *that* and law?"

To which she had given him for the moment no reply but a look from brown eyes of amused contempt—"impersonal, y' understand; she wasn't thinking of me—" just contempt for a stupid world, in which she could not have what she wanted. Macey understood more clearly than she knew.

What she said was merely, "I like law."

Macey had given in. That was the beginning; but the end was yet to be.

The end—Tenson stirred uneasily in his chair. His cigar had quite gone out; and as his reverie ended, he considered that inevitable end.

For Helen Macey—distress, such distress as even she might feel. She would have money. That was the ugliest thing about Macey's altogether ugly story, his detached, impersonal, slow remark, "Let me tell you, Tenson, if you're going to marry, marry when you're poor. Then you'll know at least that whatever you've been accepted for—" and there Macey had broken off. Yes, Helen Macey would have money; generosity was one of Macey's failings, and, indeed, he seemed willing to purchase freedom, if it were possible, at the price of all he had.

That was not the trouble. The real difficulty was so poignant that Macey had avoided even mentioning it. Their first expedition with "Miss Mary" having proved so successful, the children had begged for others, which had been, at intervals, granted. "Miss Mary," at last sighting the rocks of the coast ahead, had withdrawn, startled, appalled at the inevitable conclusion. To no avail. The mischief—"mischief" in absence of a



more distinctive term—had been done, and she, with a will the best in the world, was powerless to alter feelings, thoughts, words, relations once made actual.

But could he be freed? There were no grounds for a Canadian divorce—Tenson realized that Macey was quite prepared to begin his life all over again, if it were necessary.

Why? Was it necessary? Would the divorce be necessary? Tenson had only to frame the question to know its answer. In the first place, there was Macey, who, Tenson realized, would not allow "Miss Mary" to sacrifice herself for him or, rather, for the woman who was called his wife. Yes, that would be Macey's stand, at least at first. Then there was also the girl herself, whom Tenson figured faintly as "playing the game like a man and a gentleman." Evidently. Looking at it one way, Macey, poor devil, was caught in the power of two women. And that was marriage.

The thought of it sickened Tenson.

He got up, found that it was quite eight o'clock, and that he had not dined. The effort being made, was unsuccessful, and at nine he found himself almost unconsciously turning the Avenue corner to Edith Wolffingham.

He chose to remain in the verandah sitting-room, and the maid went to announce him to his fiancée.

Edith, even to his for the moment uncritical observation, was palpably not herself. Immaculate from white tip of buckskin shoe to the last point of lace at the throat of her white gown, she presented to him an aspect of listlessness as indifferent as her hand-clasp. She did, indeed, cast one considering glance at the brilliant overhead lamps, which revealed too clearly traces of tears and suffering that no amount of cold cream and powder could cover. Not, however, apparently caring enough to have their brilliance reduced, she sat down and gave to her lover an attention that, including him, obviously also went backward and yet beyond him.

Later she gravely considered his ring, which she moved once or twice on her finger almost nervously.

It did not seem to Tenson possible that he had ever touched that brown hair or kissed the cold face it framed. Nothing had happened to account for her apparent illness, or he would have been telephoned. Her brother, he inferred, was not at home.

Presently, he asked frankly, "Is anything the matter, Edith?"

"About what?"

"Anything. You seem troubled."

"Troubled?" Her listlessness was gone. She spoke shortly and nervously. "Is there anything but trouble? Should a woman trust any man? Mrs. Macey was here this afternoon. Her husband—" she stopped.

Tenson caught briefly at one point of the affair:

"I didn't know you knew Mrs. Macey well."

She said, "We were at school together."

"Your activities have not had much in common since, I should think." Tenson cursed himself for his coldness, his curtness.

Edith lifted a proud and indignant face.

"How dare you—"

"I'm sorry. I meant merely the bridge-playing, the general futility of her existence."

"What is wrong with bridge?"

"Wrong with it?" cried Tenson. "Nothing with it, but with women who turn an amusement into pastime. You don't do it; you know it's not right. What," he asked, "could you do for Mrs. Macey? Her fault—"

"Her fault," Edith echoed intensely. "Her fault! Oh, why," she cried, "do women ever marry, to expose themselves to—I cannot say it. But I can't get married; I can't."

Tenson turned a startled face.

"You've only heard one side," he protested.

"It is true, isn't it," she demanded; "his stenographer—"

His silence assented.

"Such shame," she said firmly.

"Such shame," repeated Tenson; "but you don't see the situation broadly. Mrs. Macey has only herself to blame."

"For her husband's unfaithfulness?" Edith, at last speaking frankly, was bitter. She was standing, now, and the ring was slipped from her finger. "Oh," she said passionately. "I cannot hear any more. I have heard all I want to hear. Marriage never succeeds. It can't. I cannot be married."

She left the ring on the table, turned abruptly, and went into the house.

Tenson stared after her disappearing figure as a man awakened from a dream. His inarticulate thought was, "Confound Mrs. Macey. Is she to make trouble everywhere?" Edith was upset, after such a scene as he could imagine. He thought she might return, and sat down. As he considered what she had said, he realized the impression Helen Macey's story must have made, and he grew uneasy. Glancing at the ring lying on the table, a mechanical thought for the safety of the diamonds made him pick it up and put it in a pocket. Presently the lights on the verandah were snapped off from the switch inside, and the maid locked the front door.

It couldn't be late, he thought—not ten. Bob apparently was not expected early. Well, he would sit there a few moments and then go. He felt tired; and then a feeling of loneliness and dread swept down upon him, a feeling so utterly novel that it brought him to a pause.

What had Mrs. Macey said to Edith? First, why had she come to Edith? Easy. Because Edith could be trusted. In his sudden shut-outedness on the verandah, Edith's to-be-taken-for-granted virtues leaped into brilliance. You could trust Edith. Again, why? Because Edith would share her unhappiness and sympathize as none of her own worldly, shallow set would. Confound the woman, worrying Edith with her troubles.

Her troubles? Did it trouble her, then? He could not guess at all what might follow from the Maceys' differences of character and temperament. But it would be enough. Confound Macey for a thick-headed donkey. What a woman like Helen Macey needed was a master, not a good-humoured, jovial chap like Jack Macey. She ought to have been *made* to live properly.

Tenson straightened with determination. Macey had made a mess of his own marriage. That was enough without spoiling another. One thing was sure: whatever might be the outcome of the Maceys' troubles (there were two possibilities as he saw them) tomorrow morning he would telephone Edith, and then call. He could at least undertake to keep things well between himself and Edith.

He was on the point of rising to go, when he heard a patter of slippere feet on the side verandah, a figure passed him in the shadow, and flung herself on the swinging seat across the verandah. It was Edith, sobbing.

Tenson moved.

"Edith," he said gently.

A sob was strangled by a frightened gasp.

"It's only I," he said, going across to her.

"I—I thought you were gone—gone forever—oh, Jack," she began to cry again, sitting beside him in the seat. He said nothing but stroked her hair until the sobs ceased.

Then he said quietly. "But I still don't see how it could have upset you so."

"Jack—that was it. Don't you see, she kept saying that always—Jack—Jack—Jack. Whatever he had done, she called him Jack."

"It's his name," Tenson argued.

"Yes. But I thought of you. It seemed as if she had meant you. Jack is your name. Oh, it seemed as if it had all happened to me. I couldn't bear it."

Tenson spoke more lightly than he felt:

"That's hoodoo, sweetheart, forbidden by the law."

"I was silly."

Kisses pardoned her. But something was missing. She sat up suddenly.

"My ring? Where is my ring?" Her shame at having given his ring back so easily, muffled her voice.

Tenson held the ring and her hand. But as he slipped the ring on her finger, her other hand stopped it halfway on.

"Jack," she said earnestly, "do you want to put it on?"

The simple question held a world of pathos, of seriousness, of suffering. Tenson considered it, not because he did not know the answer, but in order that he might realize—that he might have the deep, exquisite joy of realiz-

ing what it meant to her.

"God knows I do, darling." His voice was not quite steady, the words faltered.

With measureless content, she laid her head against his shoulder. But Tenson caught the tired sigh, and after a moment, lifting her, stood her on her feet.

"You're tired, sweetheart," he said, "go to bed."

The enormous pride she took in him came back to Edith.

"Jack," she leaned to him, just breathing his name, and as he kissed her, there came between them agreement and unison so absolute that Tenson knew that nothing in their engagement itself had brought them as closely together as that moment of reconciliation.

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## MY MISTRESS

By CARROLL AIKINS

I HAVE lived with you in and out of season,  
 In sweat of cities where the strongest swoon,  
 Not in the mild and amorous unreason  
 Of idle midnights and the August moon;  
 But in the long, hard sunlight have I loved you,  
 Partly in pain and more than half in hate,  
 And often as I courted, have I spurned you,  
 Denied your name, and taken you to mate.  
 And in the visioned night, unnerved, unsleeping,  
 Caught in some balance of immobile time,  
 Have breathed the music of some wordless rhyme.  
 Such is My Mistress—would that I might choose  
 One less unfaithful than the rhymster's muse!

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# MR MERTON'S LITTLE BIT

## By Leslie L. Floyd

**M**RS. "BILL" MERTON was very slim, very trim, and very pretty. But when she said jump, everybody jumped—except Bill. When she considered it necessary for him to take any exercise of that sort, she would point out the obstacle, but speak scornfully of jumping as undignified and impossible. Within twenty-four hours he would disregard the protests of his anxious spouse, and, clearing the obstacle, return to an admiring family in the triumph of a discoverer. All of which is as it should be—when the woman is Mrs. Bill. For she was worthy her influence.

Consequently, when Bill returned from a trip to the country with the announcement that he intended to exchange a five-thousand-dollar berth with the Government Survey for a commission in a regiment he had raised up north, Mrs. Bill was overwhelmed with admiration. So great was her pride and pleasure that she retired to her room to give it free vent, and there soaked three handkerchiefs and used a flask of Cologne in removing the traces of her jollification. From this orgy she emerged smiling and eager, and would have become an army nurse in five minutes "if it weren't for the children".

One evening, a few days later, she was sitting in the dining-room preparing for dinner. She had been out,

and affairs were in some confusion; but she marshalled her forces with the skill of Grand Duke Nicholas conducting a strategic retreat. Now, if there is anything more difficult than conducting a strategic retreat, it is the making of a competent waitress out of a raw Swedish girl. So that when I tell you that Mrs. Bill accomplished it without nagging, you may have some idea of her quality.

The maid had gone to the kitchen and she was bustling about the room, humming to herself, when she became aware of someone behind her. Turning with a start, she saw her husband standing, very quietly, in the doorway.

"Why, Bill," she said, "how quietly you came in! What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, crossing the room to kiss her. Then he slumped into a chair unconcernedly. But this wouldn't do for Mrs. Bill.

"Bill Merton," she cried, taking a broad shoulder in each hand and shaking herself in an effort to shake him, "you tell me, at once, have you seen your father?"

"Yes. He won't consent."

"Won't consent to your going? What business is it of his? I'm sure if I—"

"No, no, won't give up the money."

"But it's your money. Your mother left it you."

"Yes. Mother left me her little pri-

vate fortune, to come to me when I should be twenty-five. That's all right. But I have never bothered, particularly, and father has put off handing it over, on one pretext or another. Mother's—mother's trouble complicates matters."

Mrs. Merton, senior, shortly before her death, had gone mad, after twenty years of her husband's society. In that, as Mrs. Bill was wont to remark, she showed her good sense.

"But what did he say?"

"What didn't he say? Made me almost ashamed of asking. You know him."

From Mrs. Bill's face it was evident that she did know him.

"I simply can't take it into court. There would be doctors to give evidence about poor mother; and he would be quite capable of dragging it all out, and posing as the devoted, martyred husband. Oh, Clara, I can't."

"No," said his wife quietly, "you can't."

"I suppose," he went on doubtfully, "I couldn't—"

"No, indeed, you couldn't give up going. If you do I'll—I'll tie a dish cloth to your coat tails. Oh, Bill, dear," she went on, sitting on his knee, her soft cheek against his, "when you go the best part of me goes with you; but they need men like you, and all the boys are trusting you. I'd give my right hand to go with you."

"A lot of good you'd be at the front, without your right hand!"

"I would, too. I'd—I'd bite the Kaiser, even if it did poison me."

"But you'll have only a captain's half pay," said Bill, coming to earth after this blissful vision. "You can't live on that, you know."

"Thousands of women do!"

"We must give up this house, if anyone will take it."

"What does that matter?"

"Dick and Molly must come home from St. George's and Boscome Hall."

This was more serious, but Mrs.

Bill received it then without a blink.

"Always did think they were teaching Dick cricket as the supreme end of man," she declared stoutly. "We can economize as well as anyone else."

Her husband looked at her soberly.

"It's not quite as simple as all that," he said. "I gave a machine gun, and there were expenses in raising the regiment, and so forth. I have literally not one cent in the world beyond next month's pay, and—and"—with a desperate plunge—"there's little Ralph, you know."

Mrs. Bill gasped, and her husband put a steadying arm about her. Ralph! How could she have forgotten him, about whom her life had seemed to centre since his birth. Poor little Ralph, with that slow, dreadful malady that sapped all his strength.

"I can do nothing for him now," the doctor had said. "The time has not arrived. Let him run wild this summer, and bring him to me in the fall. We may be able to operate then. It will have to be Clark, of New York, I think."

Before her mind's eye came the picture of the journey to New York, the expensive hospital, the high-priced specialist, and against that—a captain's half pay! For a moment she clung to her husband, and then rose firmly to her feet.

"Well?" he asked, looking up.

"Well, we're going through with it, Bill—"

But at that moment there came a noise as of a baby earthquake in the hall, and all private conversation came to an end, as Dick and Molly, just home from the holidays and in a high state of effervescence, burst into the room. After them came five-year-old Ralph, filling his usual rôle of admiring audience.

"Bill," said his wife, a little later, "I'm always so glad that you had a mother, even if she is dead, poor dear."

"Ugh!" said Bill, looking up from his soup.

"If you'd had only your father, I should never have married you!"

"No," said her husband quietly, "I don't suppose you would."

Little more was said, but when they bade each other good-bye next morning, Mrs. Bill's face wore that expression which Bill was accustomed to declare made it necessary for him to "go out and hide behind the woodpile."

\*

Mr. Archibald J. Merton, Ex-M.P. P., had been in Parliament, and had lost no money by that. His real business in life, however, was "land." That is to say, Mr. Merton sold a great deal of experience to certain trusting individuals in return for fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month for the rest of their lives, with the reversion to their heirs. Besides experience, the unfortunates received doubtful titles in certain "townsites" far from the madding crowd out upon the western prairie.

Mr. Merton was wont to enlarge upon the benefit thus conferred upon society, and had once, after a public dinner, referred to himself as "one of those pioneers who have done most to open up the country."

As a side line he sometimes promoted companies, which having rendered up all the money there was in them, came to a watery end, leaving the proverbial crowd of widows and orphans as chief mourners.

In appearance Mr. Merton was pompous, and his manners gave the impression that he had studied under the best masters. On first acquaintance the word "statesman" seemed to float about him like an aura, changing subtly to "politician" upon further experience, and ending uncompromisingly in "fake" as the shorn lamb slunk away before the tempered wind of Mr. Merton's urbanity.

However, when Mrs. Bill came to his office the day after the conversation with her husband, she didn't slink—much. It was not her usual mode of progression. At her entry Mr.

Merton turned with a start of surprise that was almost genuine; and, rising, welcomed her with what he had once heard called "his delightful old-world courtesy." Mrs. Bill was tolerably familiar with this exhibition; but she responded amiably, and, for a time, conversation flowed smoothly enough. They agreed, I believe, that this was a terrible war, that this great Canada of ours was in it to the end, that it behooved all good citizens to do their utmost.

"We must," said Mr. Merton, clasping hands over his paunch, "we must agonize to attain!" He leaned back in his padded chair and rolled the words about his tongue, "Agonize to attain!"

Mrs. Bill looked him over carefully and agreed that a little agony might do a world of good.

"William," he went on, "is doing his part as Colonel of—"

"Bill is not to be a colonel. They wanted him to be, but, being inexperienced, he has taken a lieutenant's commission. I believe that he is to have his captaincy soon."

"Indeed!" The tone was rather sour. He had counted on "my son, Colonel Merton, of Merton's Horse," as a valuable asset.

"But, as I was saying, William has done his part, I am endeavouring to do mine."

Mr. Merton's part was the providing of the Government with horses, at two hundred dollars apiece. Considered as curiosities,

"But that is not what I came to see you about," Mrs. Bill went on.

"Indeed?"

"No. I want to find out your real attitude with regard to Bill's legacy."

Mr. Merton assumed a smile, amused, tolerant, superior, as if a pretty child had asked to have an intricate piece of machinery explained. He had frequently found the expression useful in business dealings with women.

"I am afraid that you would

scarcely understand the issues involved."

"Try me."

"There are many considerations—"

"Tell me some of them!"

"He could not very well comply, for the excellent reason that he was not provided with any to tell. So he repeated:

"There are wide issues involved."

"Yes, Patriotism, and Life, and Death, among others!"

"The condition of my poor wife's mind—"

"But she made the will before her trouble."

"That is a question which I alone can answer. Ah! No one knows what I went through!"

If no one knew, it certainly was not for want of telling. But Mr. Merton's expression was perfect. One could almost hear the stage manager, "Register grief!"

"But," Mrs. Bill went on, "if you don't recognize the justice of it, couldn't you be generous?"

"I should be glad to be so, but there have been losses, of late—great losses."

This was so far true, that while the noble race of geese was by no means extinct, there being no close season, geese with golden eggs were becoming rather scarce and shy.

"Then you will do nothing?"

"I cannot see my way—"

"Have you thought what it means?"

Mr. Merton gave a fine imitation of a magnificent brain pondering.

"I have."

"Have you thought of—of little Ralph?"

For a time he had nothing to say to this. Underneath the alternate layers of leather and fat, with which his patriotic labours had covered it, there lay hid, perhaps, some vestige of a heart. Certainly there was a kind of pride, and Dick and Ralph were the only men children to carry on his name.

"Ralph is very dear to me," he said at last. "Possibly—it might be just possible, that should any need arise, I could assist you."

The warm-hearted little woman had flushed at the first words, but there was distinct patronage about the word "assist," and a gleam almost of triumph in the gray eyes, set rather too close together in Mr. Merton's face.

"No," she said decisively, "if you must rob the father, you shan't feed your self-righteousness on charity to his son!"

For a while they eyed each other levelly, then Mrs. Bill apparently changed the subject.

"I saw Bob Sanders to-day. We went to school together, you know."

"Indeed!"

The tone was distinctly cold. Sanders, of *The Square Deal*, made a profession of collecting land sharks, promoters, and goose hunters in general, and preserving them, as it were, in vinegar, for the edification of society. His relations with Mr. Merton had never been personal, chiefly because that gentleman was, in technical terms, "a pretty slick coon".

"Yes," continued Mrs. Bill, brightly, "we talked about his work. I was so interested!"

"I cannot approve—"

"Oh, you misunderstand him, I'm sure. Perhaps you would like to look these over," and she pushed over to him a bundle of papers.

Mr. Merton them with the tips of his fingers. A moment later he sat up suddenly as if someone had stuck a pin in him. The topmost paper bore the heading, "The Goose Hunter". It was a complete exposé of Mertonian land methods, built around the story of the goose with golden eggs—a magnificent performance. Mr. Merton missed none of its fine points. Not a peg was there on which to hang a libel charge; but all the illegal shifts, all the legal iniquity, all the cunning folly of a

scoundrel was, by the aid of Mrs. Bill's inside knowledge, laid bare, and unmistakably fathered upon Archibald J. Merton, Ex-M.P.P.

With shaking fingers he turned over the papers.

A Canadian Funeral, New Style, dealt with his defunct companies. The Step-father of His Country had a great deal to say about his parliamentary career. All were in rough notes; but effective—very.

"Surely," he gasped, "William would never allow—"

"When these appear in *The Square Deal* Bill will be on his way to England."

"Have you no thought for the honour of our name?"

"The honour of *your* name!" She leaned forward and tapped the table at each word. "Did you think of Bill's honour? What would it mean to him, if he must shirk a danger that he had induced others to face? What if Ralph had died while he was away?"

Merton's long training could not help him to keep back all emotion, which was for once, genuine. He almost groaned aloud. In imagination he could hear a shout of laughter from all over Canada. In every city, every town, there were men who would know that he was aimed at; men who would take pleasure in passing their knowledge on. His enemies would be emboldened. He saw himself slinking away to avoid arrest, or dropping into the obscur-

ity of some contemptuous mercy.

Mrs. Bill, her bolt shot, had risen to go. In his own humiliation he could not resist one cowardly stab at her.

"You seem very anxious to get rid of your husband," he said with a rat-like viciousness.

She turned and looked at him pityingly. When she spoke it was with a little break in her voice.

"You don't understand," she said. "If you understood, you would be a better man!"

A few days later, *The Evening Shout*, a paper with an infinite capacity for enthusiasm, of which Merton was part owner, burst into song somewhat as follows:

PATRIOTISM.                      PATRIOTISM.  
Well-known Citizen Does His Little Bit.

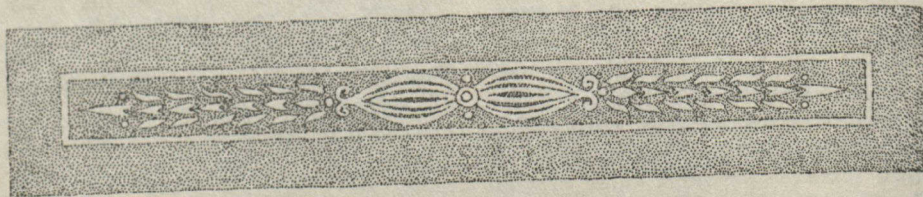
Archibald J. Merton, Ex-M.P.P. for Droolburg, Gives Half Fortune to Wife and Babes That Son May Fight the Foe.

Mrs. Bill winced at the method, but accepted the surrender.

\*

When the regiment left the city, Mrs. Bill did not go to the station. She and Bill bade each other good-bye at home, and what they said to one another is neither your business nor mine.

Merton, Senior, was at the station, and he played the Spartan father to the very life.





# HER HERITAGE & IDEALS

*By Susan Keating Glaspell.*



Of course—git up there, Adam!—there's nothing good you can say about him. Nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand there's something good you can find out about a man to put in his funeral sermon, but you'd have pretty hard work hearin' anything good about Charlie Stacey round this country. Looks like we might have snow 'fore night."

"It's pretty hard to believe," said the young minister, a trifle sharply, "that there's any human being about whom *something* good cannot be said."

"I admitted it wasn't the usual thing," commented the old farmer dryly. "Git up there, Adam!"

"You see," he resumed, when they were about half way up the long hill, "you've only been here six months, and I've been here since the day Charlie Stacey was born—yes, and long before that. Our place and the Stacey place joins, and all I can say is that if there was anything good about Charlie Stacey that thing somehow missed my observation. Gettin' pretty windy, ain't it?"

"If there is nothing good to be said about the dead," said the minister, striving not to speak hotly, "we can at least show them the courtesy of saying nothing at all. There is some-

thing—oh, it doesn't seem just square to speak against any man—no matter how big a villain—after he has lost the power to defend himself."

"That sounds well and good," agreed David Lowery. "I'm not saying these things generally. Generally speaking, I'm saying nothing at all. But I was just trying to make you understand that in preaching the funeral sermon of Charlie Stacey you've got no easy job on your hands."

Stuart Linwood knew that was true enough. When word had come to him the day before that Charlie Stacey had been killed in a drunken brawl, and that it was requested he conduct the funeral services out at the Stacey place the following day, he knew at once that he was to get his first real taste of the hardships of his profession. Charlie Stacey was the village tough. He was leader of the crowd which occupied the chairs in front of the saloon and commented on the passers-by. The young minister, who knew a thing or two of the world, and of human nature, had been quick to see that Stacey was not what might be called a good, square tough. He had a sullen, tricky kind of face, which made one feel that even his best friends might become his prey. He was a young fellow, younger than the minister himself, but for so long a time the phrase "as bad as Charlie

Stacey" had been current around there that the length of his record seemed to add to the number of his years. The minister had stopped him on the street one day and asked him, jovially as he could, if he wouldn't drop in some time and see what they were doing up at the church, and Charlie Stacey had replied with a swagger and a leer that it would be a cold day when they got him at any such show as that.

"He was mean from the time he was able to walk," went on David Lowery. "It's not a case of a high-spirited young fellow bein' led astray. He was just born bad, and it's hard to figure that out, too, when you consider that his father and his grandfather before him were deacons in the church, and that his mother is as good a woman as ever lived, and come of good stock at that. The two oldest boys has got farms of their own now, Josie—that's the girl, married Joe Free, one of our best young farmers 'round here, and Will—he's two years younger than Charlie—is a good, steady young fellow who stays home and looks after the farm. Seems like Charlie got all the meanness of the family. Git up there, Adam!"

"How much farther have we to go?" asked the minister.

"Only two miles more—git up, Adam! They call the Stacey place seven miles from town, and this school house here is the five-mile point."

They jogged along for some time in silence. The minister was anxious that the long drive come to an end. It was not that he minded the raw wind, but something in the companionship of David Lowery irritated him. And yet he knew the old farmer was spoken of as one of the best men of the community.

The Iowa farms, stripped of their substance, had a forbidding look that November afternoon. The leaves had fallen from the trees, and there was a bareness in everything. There was something in the bleak stretches more chilling even than the strong east

wind. Stuart Linwood wished with all his heart that the afternoon was well over, and that he was back in his little study at home.

They turned a corner, and a long, straight road stretched out before them. "That's the Stacey barn," said the farmer, pointing with his whip, "and the house is just beyond."

The young minister was growing very nervous. He felt he would rather face a large city congregation than get up before that handful of country people and say something about Charlie Stacey.

"How does his mother feel about it?" he asked, suddenly.

"She ain't got nothing to say."

He turned to his companion inquiringly. "Just what do you mean by that? Do you mean she doesn't care?—or that she is crushed?"

"Well, for a long time Mary Stacey tried to cover up Charlie's meanness. She was always making excuses to the neighbours for the low tricks he played on them. She'd say that his pa didn't understand him—she'd say anything she could think of. Some of the excuses she made was pretty senseless. But when he got to carryin' on so in town, and it was known all over the country that he was a general disgrace to his family and the community, why then she couldn't think of anything more to say, and so she just kept still. Of late years she never mentioned him to the neighbours, and when they spoke of him to her she'd give them to understand it would be more agreeable to talk about something else. So far as I know, she hasn't said one word about his bein' killed in a saloon. She just goes round making preparations, and saying nothing at all. Now, Josie and the boys is more outspoken. They don't hesitate to say they're outraged and disgraced, and they don't know what they've done that this blow should come on them. Everybody round here feels great sympathy for Josie and the boys. But Mary Stacey—I've known her all my life—don't seem to

want no sympathy. I must say she's actin' queer."

The minister started to say something, and then closed his mouth tightly. "I never noticed until last night," went on the farmer, "how fast she has aged. She's not a day over sixty, but last night, after they'd brought Charlie home and she was puttin' the finishing touches to him—she tied his necktie over again, and combed his hair—why, it just struck me all in a heap that she was an old woman. I started to say something to her about the cross she had to bear, but she broke right in and asked me if I'd mind fetchin' you out to-day. Well, here we are, and I don't suppose you're sorry. It's turned raw in the last hour. Hope it won't snow 'till the funeral's over."

Within was the sombre excitement, the kind of hushed bustle characteristic of such an occasion. It was within an hour of the time set for the funeral, and many of the neighbours had come early to "help". They stood stiffly around in the dining-room and sitting-room, whispering to one another. To the young minister there was about them all a look of having come because they felt it their duty to do so. Their mien seemed to be saying—what he was sure they were saying to one another in words—that they wished to show the proper spirit and give a decent burial to even Charlie Stacey. Josie and the boys were meeting newcomers at the door, and he was somewhat surprised to find himself resenting their looks of grieved resignation.

He had been there only a few minutes when Mrs. Stacey came in from the kitchen and spoke to him. The woman's face was hard to fathom. She spoke very quietly, almost coldly, and yet, despite the homely dignity of her voice and bearing, there was a hunted look in her eyes, and about her mouth a kind of wistfulness—a something which caused a tightening in the young minister's throat. He found, after a minute, that she

was looking at him strangely. He could not forget the look, and after she had turned away, it came to him that it was a look of appeal.

Josie and one of the boys ate dinner with him. They spoke freely of their brother, of how great a trial he had been, and of how they did not know why this blow had come to them. Something about them irritated him, and when Josie advanced the idea that perhaps it was the hand of God took Charlie before worse calamities could come, the Reverend Stuart Linwood was moved by an altogether unclerical desire to throw a plate at her. He knew they were disappointed in his not saying comforting things about the bearing of their cross. The giving of professional sympathy, just because it was expected, was one of his hardest duties, and he always found it difficult to talk with people about their crosses when he felt they were taking a pious satisfaction in the bearing of them.

He was sitting in the big rocking-chair in the sitting-room when Mrs. Stacey came up and spoke to him. In spite of the bent shoulders, the wan face, and the tightly pulled-back iron-gray hair, there was something gave a strange dignity, a kind of queenliness to the spare, unlovely figure. "It will soon be time to begin," she said. "If you will come in the front room with me now you can see him."

He barely repressed a start of surprise. He knew that what she suggested was the custom at funerals around there, but he had not thought of it in connection with this one. As she walked ahead of him and opened the parlour door, his eyes grew a little dim. He was quick to see the pathos in her demanding for Charlie those formalities of respect she had many times seen enacted for others.

Her dignity did not fail her. As she pulled back the cloth and exposed the face which in death bore plainly the stamp of the life the boy had led, she gave no sign, by word, look, or move that there was any incongruity,

any need of explanation, in what she did. It was the hardest moment Stuart Linwood had ever known. He knew it was deemed fitting at such times to say something of the dead, but he looked down into the dissipated, heavy face before him with an utter helplessness. Something told him she would not care for platitudes or professional condolence, and he knew of nothing else to offer.

He was sure she felt his embarrassment, for after a minute she said, a little haughtily: "You notice what beautiful hair he has, Brother Linwood?"

"Yes, indeed," said the minister, eagerly, "It's beautiful hair."

"He had the prettiest hair of any of my babies. It was beautiful before he was a month old."

"I'm sure he must have been a very pretty baby," said the minister.

"He was," she answered, quietly.

There was another hard pause. "He was very fond of apple pie," she resumed, her voice quivering, but charged with a hauteur not free from defiance. "I've never known any one who was as fond of it as he was. And he thought no one could make apple pie right except me. The last time he was out home I made one for him—I always did when he came, and as he got up from the table he said: 'I tell you, Mother, if there was a medal for apple pie, you'd get it sure.'"

The minister could not speak. His throat had tightened up. His hair, and his fondness for her apple pie! But she had fulfilled with dignity the custom of the hour. Something good had been said of Charlie.

When they began upon the opening hymn he was moved by an almost irrepressible desire to turn and run away. He wondered if they knew how plainly they were telling, in the way their hands were folded, the way their mouths were drawn, that they were there, not as mourners, but as men and women doing what they believed their duty. There was but one mourner at that funeral. She sat

there between Josie and the boys—her head erect, her face very pale. It was the lines about her eyes which gave some faint idea of the struggle she was making.

At last he rose to speak. He read a few verses of the Scripture, and then he said a few things about how it was one of the laws of the universe that death should come in the midst of life, and of how hard it was to fathom the ways of God. He intended saying very little, and making that little very general. It was when he was about to make his closing remarks that his gaze fell full upon the face of the mother.

She was looking at Charlie's coffin. Something about her—he could not have told what it was—made the minister draw in his breath sharply and lean heavily against the table. He did not know just what it was the fond mother had expected of him, but he was sure that in some hidden corner of her heart she had—perhaps unknown to herself—nurtured the hope that at the very last there would come something to bring a semblance of the human, bring a little of feeling and of sentiment, to this burial of her Charlie.

And in her folded hands and despairing face he read the tragedy, the heart-break of it, all anew. He saw, as he had not seen before, how all the years which awaited her would be lightened—glorified—by one good word said of Charlie. She would stand that one good word over against the black years of the boy's life, and by the mystic logic of a mother's heart would some way make that little crumb of goodness outweigh the sodden mass of bad. About one good word she would weave an ideal and build up a memory. Little by little the hateful things would slip away, and there would remain only that one thing—enlarged, illumined, all-pervading. With a deep, warm rush of feeling it came to the young minister that, night after night, this mother had lain awake thinking of and pray-

ing for Charlie. He remembered what David Lowery had said of the persistence with which she made excuses to the neighbours. And then, when driven to bay, when it had grown beyond all hope of talking it away, how glorious had been the pride—the courage—of her silence!

The resolution to do it swept over him all in an instant. It came overwhelmingly, with a force not to be turned aside, with a clearness of insight not to be questioned. He had ever been a passionate lover of truth, but, standing there now in the presence of that lonely, hungering, defeated soul, filled with a consciousness of the fight she had made, and with an appreciation of the barrenness that was before her, it came to the young minister, came as a voice from God himself, that a lie which was poured as balm upon a breaking heart could not greatly offend even the spirit of truth.

It was strange how it all formulated itself for him. He did not think out the thing he would say. It simply rushed in upon him, and he could no more have desisted now from uttering it than he could have stopped the fast falling of the snow in the world without.

"My friends," he began, folding his hands behind him and taking a step forward, "I have decided at the last minute that I will say something which I had intended to hold back."

The mother shot a frightened glance from the speaker to the coffin of Charlie, as though she would guard against any ill word the one who was sleeping there. She was quivering as an animal quivers when, after a long chase, it sees its pursuers closing in about it. The rest of them were leaning a little expectantly forward. He was going to speak now—they thought—of the life of Charlie Stacey. He felt it his duty—probably—to draw a lesson from the awful example.

"I have not lived in this community a long time," he went on, "but I think

perhaps I knew Charlie Stacey better than you who have been his neighbours for many years."

He said it slowly, and a curious look overspread the faces of the listeners. The mother turned her gaze from her son's coffin to the minister's face. Doubt and fear and hope were in her look. Her lips were parted. Her breath was coming heavily.

"I had not intended to say it publicly. I thought I would tell it to his mother after this was all over. But I was decided now, in spite of my promise, that I owe it to him to tell you all."

He paused, and no sound broke in upon the stillness save the moaning of the wind about the unprotected farmhouse. The eyes of the young minister swept the little crowd before him, and then turned and rested upon the face of Mary Stacey. Two red spots had burned into her withered cheeks—her head was held high—her hands were clasped tight in her lap. He could feel the awfulness of her tension—that is why he said it so abruptly:

"Charlie Stacey had it in his heart to do better. His better nature was beginning to assert itself. He wanted to lead a different life. I *know* it, because he told me so himself."

Each sentence fell clear-cut and decisive—fell with the force of a blow. Every eye was riveted upon the minister's face, and from the woman who had all her life stood between Charlie Stacey and the world, there came one quick, throbbing cry.

"He came to my study one night just before he died, told me how he hated himself for the evil he had done against his will, and that he wanted me to help him to get away from here where every one thought of him as bad, and I agreed that would be best."

Mary Stacey had pulled her chair a little closer. The light of a wonderful joy illumined her face. Her clasped hands were stretching themselves out toward the minister. It was

as if body and soul were drinking in the long-fought-for and long-denied breath of life. Half rising in her seat, she uttered a strange cry. It was exultant—triumphant, as though a something had burst around her heart and was letting out a flood of feeling. The neighbours were casting startled looks at one another. It was hard for them to credit it, but they were not given to questioning the word of a minister.

"I know that a fight such as he proposed to make does not admit of an easy victory, but I know that in the end Charlie Stacey would have won."

For a minute Stuart Linwood stood there, looking straight ahead. The tumultuous sobs of the mother, the first which had come from her, filled the room. He opened his lips as if to say something more, and then, instead, he turned and walked to the coffin, rested his two hands upon it, and prayed in low, appealing voice:

"O God, who knoweth the hearts as well as the deeds of men, deal in great kindness with the soul of Charlie Stacey. He was cut off before he could fulfil the better promptings of his heart, but we pray that you will reckon with him, Lord, according to what he had it in his heart to do, rather than in accordance with what he had already done. He suffered for his weaknesses, but he hated his sins. And that is why we pray that you will give him the chance in the hereafter to make the fight he was just beginning upon here. Comfort the sorrowing mother to-day with the thought that her boy, despite the slipping of his feet, had within him the promptings which make for manhood. Take this poor, storm-tossed soul un-

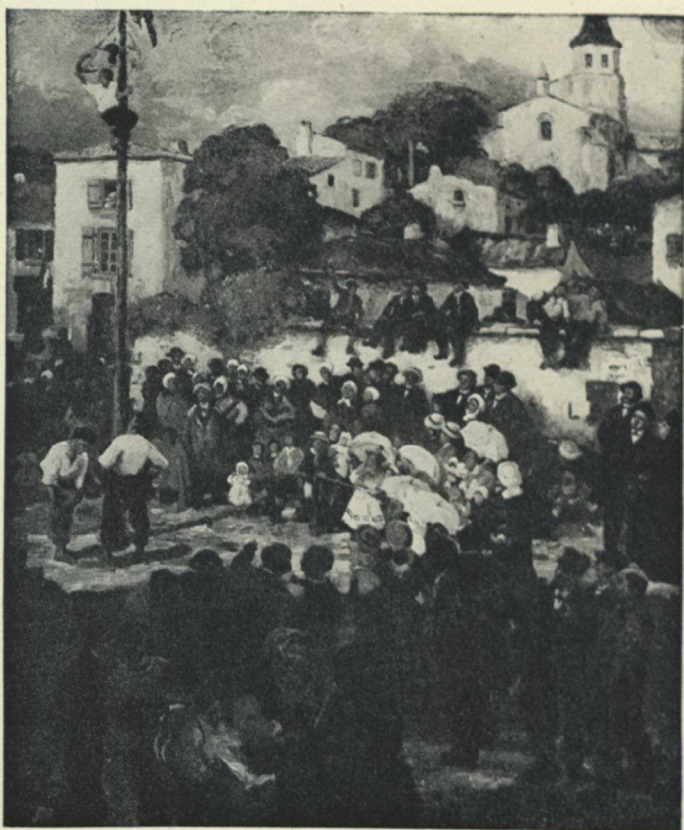
to thyself, Lord, and deal with it in the love and the mercy and the understanding which ever temper thy justice."

The words died away—the passionate sobs of the mother were stilled—and there was over them all a strange hush. It was out of that hush that there came to the minister,—suddenly, staggeringly—the consciousness that in a prayer to his God, a prayer uttered over the dead, he had voiced an absolute lie. Everything swam before him for the minute. And then something drew his eyes to the face of Mary Stacey, and the things he read there took from him forevermore all feeling of guilt. Upon the face which had been frozen with despair there rested now a kind of holy tranquillity. There was about her an uplift—an exultation. There was thankfulness, pride, and joy. The long fight was at an end, and over her features was stealing the softening veil of peace.

As he turned from her then to the rest of them his heart warmed to the thought that they were, after all, a kindly people. Their moist eyes and softened faces told that they would be quick to forget the wrongs Charlie Stacey had done them, would be eager to say the boy had never been understood.

And while the November wind piled the snow in fantastic heaps about the old farmhouse that night a woman sat in an upper room fingering a little basket of baby clothes. Charlie seemed to her as pure to-night as in the days when he had worn the little things she held so tenderly in her lap. She had already forgotten all she did not wish to remember. She had come into her heritage.

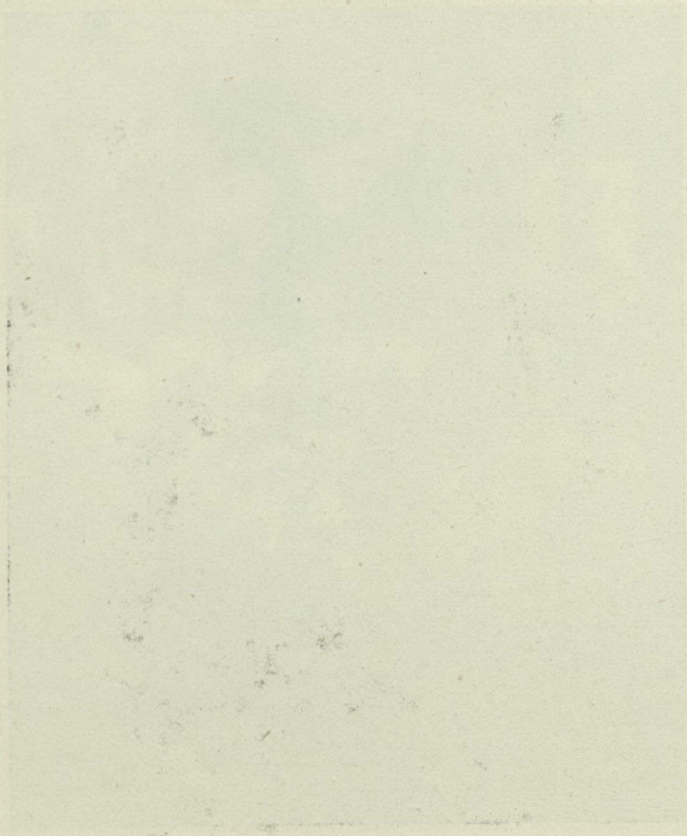




THE GREASED POLE

From the Painting by  
Gaston Balande

One of the French Exhibits at the  
Canadian National Exhibition





# THE CASE ALTERED

By Murray Gilchrist



MRS. FEARNEHOUGH, the hostess of the "Bold Cloudesley", served Amos Slack with a pint of home-brewed in a blue and white mug. As the huckster drank, slowly and dreamily, the good woman eyed him with as much compassion as if in very truth he were the village idiot. Now and then she frowned and shook her gray head, and made a strange little noise that began in a high note and seemed to descend to the depths of her throat.

"Too conscientious he be for our times!" she said to herself. "As good hearted a little chap as ever this parish did see; but, as for gettin' on i' th' world—well—one might as well expect it fro' a block o' stone! Hand to mouth, hand to mouth, an' he'll be so till he's wropt up i' a wooden cloak! Now, if only Harriet were th' man, an' him Harriet!"

Amos finished his drink, took from his waistcoat pocket a greasy black pipe, and after several attempts, struck a match on the strained cloth over his right hip. He held it over the half-filled bowl till the flame scorched his horny forefinger; then he rose and moved slowly towards the door.

He was a fellow of small stature—but one inch over five feet; but his weight was considerable, since he was round in the body as a twelve-

gallon barrel. His legs were thin, and his feet small as a woman's. There was something fine about his head and profile; the curate, who came from Oxford, declared that he reminded him of a portrait on some ancient coin. His nose and mouth were very cleanly cut; his forehead was smooth and rounded as a girl's. Many years of outdoor life had not marred a fair complexion; he could still blush as vividly as any hobbledehoy. The hair upon the upper lip and cheeks had never been marred with the razor; it pressed close to the skin in the tiniest and softest golden curls. His teeth were well-shaped and white, in spite of almost continuous smoking.

There was an old barometer—one of Vannini's manufacture—hanging beside the door; he tapped the stud gently with his thumb nail.

"'Tis a queer thing is a weather-glass!" he said. "A very queer thing! Nay, Mary, you'd not believe me if I told you how oft I think about it!"

His voice was soft and pleasant enough; but before he spoke it was necessary for him to gasp slightly, in the manner of one with an "impediment". He turned innocent eyes upon Mrs. Fearnehough, and hummed until she replied. "Why, Amos," she said, with a little impatient laugh. "I've told you again an' again as yon glass is no use. You

may tap an' tap an' tap, but 'twill do no good. There's been no quick-silver in't for welly thirty year!"

"Ay, an' so 'tis. Lordy me, what a memory I've gotten! If 'tweren't for my book I couldn't keep e'en business i' mind!"

"Th' glass'ld be no use to me, anywise," said the hostess. "I go by a corn as I've had ever since I was a wench o' fifteen. Twenty-four hours afore rain sets in it prittles like to a thorn—"

"Dear! dear!" cried Amos. "Well, 'tis convenient, there's no doubt—"

"I wouldn't part wi't for a pound," she said proudly. "'Tis more useful nor I can say, particular in July when haymakin's a-gate. Old Parson he used for to say as 'twas a gift o' Providence!"

"An' he was right," said Amos. "Always think well o' whatten's useful. Weigh, I must be off—Harriet'll be waitin' for supper."

"Is she well?" inquired Mrs. Fearnecough. "'Tis a good while since she came down to Milton."

"Middlin', middlin'," said the huckster. "She's none one as ails much is my wife—never ought bu' what a brew o' buckbean tea'll set aright. Well, good-day to you, Mary."

"Good-e'en to you, Amos, for to be sure day's past, it bein' seven by the clock. Tell Harriet as if she wants a kittlin', my tortoise shell's gotten four—as pratty as pratty can be."

Amos left the inn and very slowly mounted into his cart, and sat down on the well-stuffed sack of straw that filled one corner. The rest of the body was piled with clean, scoured baskets, empty save for the neatly folded white cloths. He clicked to his rough pony, a chestnut of great age, and then drove through the quiet village at a snail's pace.

As he reached the lichgate a hoarse calling sounded in his ears, and he pulled up, to see a stout old woman hurrying forward.

"Ah, Amos, do you look quick, an' get home!" she cried. "Your poor missus—" The huckster turned very pale; whilst the woman paused to recover breath he strove to speak, but no sound would come. The muscles of his slender throat rose and writhed like living cords.

"Has—has had an accident. (Oh, deary me, this stitch i' my side! Oh, deary me!) Poor Harriet, she's slipped goin' into the pantry an' has broke her leg! I'm off for doctor, an' you'd best get on as sharp as e'er you can!"

He did not wait to hear any more, but took his whip, gave the pony a surprising flick, and was soon driving at a greater speed than he had ever known up the narrow lane that led to his little homestead in the hollow of the hillside. Two of the baskets with their napkins were jolted from the cart, but not for the loss of all his worldly possessions would he have paused to replace them.

When he reached the orderly farmyard, where the flagstones were white as though fresh from the quarry, sweat was pouring down his cheeks, and his eyes were veiled with a mist of tears. He descended from the cart so awkwardly that his left ankle was twisted, but scarce feeling the pain he stumbled indoors, calling "Harriet!" in a tremulous voice.

A woman with a goitre, sister to the one who had told him the melancholy news, met him in the house-place. She was an old maid, who lived in the next farmhouse a few fields away—a busy creature who had little patience with men-folk.

"You've come back to a nice kettle o' fish!" she said severely. "I don't know whatten'ld ha' happed if 't hadn't been as Lizbeth found as we were short o' candles, an' came to borrow one an hour or so agone. Poor Harriet—poor wench—lyin' senseless at th' foot o' t' pantry steps—such a sight as you never did see!"

Amos, after staring wildly at the

spotless hearth, where his wife was wont to be waiting to fill the teapot at the moment of his return, lurched forward to the door of the parlour, and found her lying prone on the squab of an oaken settle. Her round face was ashen gray, and a deep frown crossed her forehead; nevertheless she tried to greet him with a smile.

"'Tis a pickle is this," she said faintly. "I'm sorry, Amos, lad, as I shan't be able to look to you for a while."

He fell on his knees beside her, and kissed her, and stroked back the wet disarranged hair from her temples. "My wench! my wench!" was all that he could say.

Harriet closed her eyes and bit her lips. She had "mothered" him for twenty years, and she was not going to add to his trouble by "givin' way".

"'Tis a bit hard to bear, Amos," she faltered; "but 'tis naught to what befalls some folk. Prythee, go an' ask Emma to mash you some tea—I'll be all right by mysen till doctor comes."

But Amos would not budge. The neighbour came into the parlour and stood watching, her arms akimbo. "Drat th' fellow!" she muttered to herself. "He might ha' been her bairn, 'stead o' her man, carryin' on yon soft gait!" She raised her voice. "I've taken it on mysen to get you a pot o' tea, Amos," she said. "You let Harriet be—you're only excitin' o' her!"

He rose very reluctantly, repressed a groan when his ankle twinged, then went to the houseplace and gulped down the hot tea, returning before five minutes had passed.

From the window Emma saw the doctor's gig returning into the lane.

"I shall hate bein' laid up," sighed the unfortunate Harriet. "'Tisn't as if we'd been able to save ought and could hire a servant. Th' place will get into a fine mess, that it will—an' me so particular—"

Amos bent and kissed her again. Such tenderness was not usual with him: to Harriet it brought the queerest pleasure.

"Amos, lad, I'm glad thou'rt wi' me," she said.

"Never you fret, wench, never you fret. While you're abed I'll do my work an' yourn too—e'en if I've to stop up all night."

The gig entered the yard. "Doctor's come, thank th' Lord!" murmured Harriet. "Oh, Amos, lad, never mind—things'll bide till I'm about again. . . . I can't fancy you blackleadin' an' scourin', none I—"

The doctor and his assistant entered, followed by the spinster Lizbeth, whom they had given a lift from the village. The two women insisted on the husband's absence during the operation, and he sat by the fire sucking his unlighted pipe, and listening fearfully for any sound. But he heard only footsteps and low voices. Harriet pressed her lips together and endured in silence. "Amos, lad," was not to be further grieved by any outcry of pain. The time seemed interminable; twice the clock struck before Emma came out to say that all was well.

"Doctor tells us as 'tis a clean break, an' she'll be all right again i' time," she said. "We've got a bed set up i' the parlour, an' I shouldn't be surprised if she fell asleep soon an' had a good night's rest. He's given her a draught, I reckon. Bu' here he comes, an' he'll tell you hissen."

The doctor, who had tended Milton folk for more than thirty years, entered and laid a hand on Amos's shoulder. "She'll be on her feet again in a month," he said. "Cheer up, my good man, don't let her see you with such a long face—bright looks are as good as any medicine I can offer. You'd better go and see her now, but be sure and not talk much. Emma Vickers is going to stay all night, so there's no need for you to worry. I'll tell you what,

Ambrose, you've a wife in a thousand—she never as much as moaned, poor soul."

Amos shook his hand as though he would never let it go from his grasp. "I know you used her as tender as you could, doctor," he said. "I don't know how to thank you——"

"Nonsense, it's all in the day's work. I'll come along to-morrow, some time in the afternoon. Good-night, Amos—bear in mind that it might have been very much worse, though it's bad enough."

So saying, he followed his assistant to the gig; and Amos went into the parlour, where Lizbeth was devising a clumsy lampshade out of an old cardboard box. Harriet lay quietly on the narrow bedstead; as she saw him approach a tired smile crossed her face.

"'Tis a good job, as I've gotten it set," she said. "Eigh, bu' I do feel sleepy. Sit aside o' me an' hold my han'. I mak' no doubt as I'll be fast asleep i' less nor five minutes."

Amos obeyed, nursing her worn hand until her eyelids sank and her breath came evenly. He was somewhat perturbed because she did not snore according to her usual wont; but his neighbours assured him that all was well, and that, for this night at any rate, he had better have a good long rest.

They were exceedingly hard working women, and it was improbable that they could afford to spare much time in attendance to the invalid. The huckster expressed his gratitude, rose, and limped to his chamber, to lie down alone for the first time in all his married life. He could not sleep, however, and the next few hours were spent in melancholy thoughts. At four o'clock he dozed for a few minutes, then slipped from the bed, gasping as his injured foot touched the floor, and began to dress. As he pulled on his stocking he noticed that the ankle was already swollen and discoloured. After eyeing it with amazement for some minutes, he

went down to the yard, and supporting himself on one leg, pumped ice water on the sprain. The pump handle squeaked; Emma came from the parlour, rubbing her drowsy eyes.

"I thought as you were callin'?" she said. "I'd a dream as summat were amiss, an' you called 'Emma!' as loud as loud could be!"

"'Tis th' old pump handle as wants a good oilin'," he said. "I'm sorry as I disturbed you. I'd no notion as 'twould mak' such a noise. How's Harriet?"

"Still sleeping like a baby, "Why, Amos, whatever be you a-doin' o'?" She stooped, muttered in surprise, then pressed her fingers into the puffed-up skin. "My word on't, bu' you've gotten your foot i' a sad way! 'Tis a wrench, to be sure, an' as bad a one as I ever did see! Doctor ought to ha' been told, that he did!"

"I never thought o' botherin' him," replied Amos. "He'd gotten quite enow to do, an' that's truth. I reckon 'twill be all right soon."

"Well, I can't promise that. You'd best come inside an' let me rub it wi' some o' Harriet's white oils. I know where th' bottle's kept, for I seed her puttin' it away last time I borrowed it for my sister's lumbagy. There's nought like white oils for rubbin'."

He followed her into the house-place, where she made him sit in an armchair, chose another for herself, then took his foot in her lap and rubbed until the skin burned as though scalded. Then she bandaged it with a long strip of linen, and bade him lie on the settle and not stir till he felt free from pain.

"Eigh, bu' I can't," he said. "I've gotten to drive down to Grassbrook for a young gent as I promised to take to Hallowes Farm to-day."

"Never mind business to-day," said she. "There's a time for all things, an' this is for rest——"

"I must go," he said, "I've never broken my word to a customer i' my life."

"'Twould be best to break it now,"

she said. "If you go on using that there foot, belike you'll limp for life!"

"Nay, nay, now, Emma, 'tisn't so bad as that. An' I must set off quick; for I know as you'll soon ha' to go home for th' milkin'."

"That is so. Lizbeth she can't stoop for th' work, her havin' Derbyshire neck. Bu' drat th' pig! You bide indoors, an' don't bother."

But Amos would not be gainsaid. He donned a pair of stout and clumsily patched leather slippers, limped out, and harnessed the pony; then, paying little heed to Emma's counsel about the unwisdom of leaving home with an empty stomach, drove to Grassbrook, fulfilled his promise, and returned just as the clock was striking six.

Harriet still slept, and Emma left immediately after his coming, declaring that she would appear again during the morning to do what little offices lay in her power. Amos, who knew that her housewifery was not of a very high order, and knew also that Harriet would be content with nothing short of perfection, set to at once and began to clean the house-place just as she herself was wont. The ashes on the hearth rose almost as high as the lowest bar of the grate; he went down on his knees and raked all over the "purgatory"—as the iron grill in the great flagstone was called, then threw the cinders on the fire back. Afterwards he found the black lead brushes and polished the stove; then very carefully whitened the hearth with potmould. The jarring of the fender awoke his wife; she called him to the parlour.

"Why, lad, whatever ha' you done to your nose?" she said. "'Tis as black as a plum!"

He looked into the mantel glass. "Lord, so 'tis!" he exclaimed. "I've been black leadin', just as you do every morn!"

Harriet smiled and nodded, as though greatly pleased. "'Tisn't man's work," she murmured, "an'

yet I'm glad you're a-doin' it. I do believe 'twould break my heart if th' house were to get mucky while I lie abed. If we only could afford to hire somebody—but we can't, so there's no use talkin'! Poor Emma's a rough cleaner; she thinks nought of neatness. I'd liefer she didn't meddle wi' my work. But to be sure she's as kind a soul as ever breathed, and so's her sister."

Amos brought her a cup of tea and some toast; since she was not able to stir he soaked the latter and fed her with a teaspoon. He laughed a little, although the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I might be a baby just weaned!" she said. "Now, Amos, you must tak' things easy; you've gotten enow to do to earn our bread an' cheese wi'-out doin' ought else. After all, you'd best let indoor things alone. When I'm up again, I'll gie th' place a good riddin' out, just same as 'twere spring cleanin' again."

But Amos, after she had taken the food, went to the houseplace again and washed the stone floor, very slowly and carefully, and dusted the brasses, and watered the geraniums in the window, so that none could have told that ought untimely had happened. Then he returned to the parlour, and whilst she watched him with half-closed eyes, set everything to rights.

"Seems to me as you're a bit lame," said Harriet, as he was straightening a crochet antimacassar on the big ear-screened armchair which had been her father's favourite resting-place. "I do trust as you're none hurt yoursen?"

"'Tis nought at all, nought at all," he replied. "Leastwise nought bu' a little stiffness. Don't you bother about me, lass; I'm spry as a grig!"

Emma's heavy footstep was heard in the other room. Amos went to meet her, and found her gazing around with admiration and astonishment.

"You've been cleanin' up!" she said. "To think o't! Why, 'tis done

as well as if Harriet were a-gate her-sen!"

Amos smiled proudly. "Ay," he replied. "I've seen her do't so often, as 'tis no trouble—no trouble at all." He touched his lip. "Emma," he whispered, "now don't you go tellin' her as I twisted my ankle—'twould only grieve her, that's certain."

She promised, then went to sit beside Harriet's bed. It was collecting day for Castlefields market; after the doctor had come and declared that his patient was doing as well as might be expected, Amos drove away again, leaving his wife in the care of her friend. It was mid-afternoon when he returned, to find Emma in the scullery, valorously turning a wooden "peggy" in a red stoneware washing tub.

"I remembered as 'tis Harriet's washing day," she said. "She's asleep, bless her, so I thought I'd do th' job for her."

But when his wife awoke and learned from him of the woman's kindness, she sighed in the most melancholy fashion.

"I do wish she hadn't," she muttered. "I'm sure as she means well, an' I wouldn't for th' world hurt her feelin's; bu' th' things'll be worse nor if she'd let 'em alone! Th' colour o' her sheets when they're hangin' i' th' loft is as gray as gray can be—she rubs the dirt in, 'stead o' rubbin' it out! An' my linen's ever been my pride, that it has!"

When Emma retired to her home, poor Amos re-lighted the boiler fire and did the work over and over again, rubbing and scrubbing and rinsing until even Harriet might be content. And after the clothes were dried on the "winter hedge" before the fire, he heated irons, and, imitating his wife's manner, finished everything quite to his wife's satisfaction. It is true that the linen was scorched in places, but no real mischief was done.

"I've washed 'em over and over again," he said triumphantly, "an'

I'm sure as I used elbow grease enow. 'Tis true as Emma hadn't got 'em a good colour.

Harriet's face was radiant. "I don't know how you come to ha' such ideas o' pleasin' me," she said. "Ay, I'm sure they'll be done thorough. There never was ought you set yourself to do, but you did wi' all your might. I should ha' felt very bad usin' things as poor Emma thought clean, though she's one of th' kindest wenches i' th' Peak. We must take care as she doesn't find it out; I were never one for hurtin' folks' feelin's."

"I've put 'em back i' the basket 'Bein' short-sighted she'll never know. . . . Why, what art crying for, Harriet—is the pain very bad?"

"'Tisn't th' pain at all, 'tis rather pleasure i' havin' such a man to look after me. I al'ays knowed you were good an' kind bu' I scarce thought you'd be able to do my work as well as your own!"

"Tell you whatten, Harriet," he said, "I declare as I do't better. Seems to me, whilst I'm a-gate as I'm more fitted for such nor for buyin' an sellin. Tha's been my fault all my life as I can't beat folks down, nor hold my own i' the matter o' prices."

"That's 'cause of your tender spirit, Amos," she said gently. "I al'ays held, an' al'ays shall hold as you were cut out by nature for a gentleman. I've never heard o' you doin' a mean thing or takin' advantage o' anyone. Ay, you're a fine lad, Amos, an' I'm proud o' you. Bu'—t."

Her lips closed tightly.

"Bu' whatten?" he asked in some surprise.

"Bu'—why, Amos, if I must out wi't—bu' you were never cut out for hagglin'. I wish as my feyther had left us enow to live upon—we'd ha' been th' happiest couple!"

"Why, Harriet, we ha' been an' are!" he cried. "There's no more contented chap treads in shoe leather. That is but for your poor leg!"

His wife's fond eyes closed now, and she pretended to sleep, although

all the time her brain was teeming with a fine project.

Next day, when she discovered that Amos was lame, she spoke her mind.

"I could almost find i' my heart to be angry wi' you," she said. "You ought to ha' told me, lad. I know why you didn't—'twere just to keep me fro' grievin'. Well, thank th' Lord, there's no cause for frettin' about th' business—i' th' morn I'm a-goin' to climb into th' cart an' go collectin' eggs an' butter mysen!"

"You can't, surely," he stammered. "I must get someone fro' th' vil-lage."

"We'd ha' to pay em, an' belike get into debt," she replied. "Nay, lad, I'm as strong as ever I was, save for a bit o' stiffness, an' I'll be vastly careful o' mysen. 'Tis my turn to work now—I'll none hear a word again it. To think o' you keepin' house an' hucksterin' a-goin', wi' never a word o' complaint!"

"Bu' you can't go," he said. "I'll none tak' any heed o' doctor."

"We'll see, lad, if I'm any good," she said. "Now, for goodness sake, hold out no more. You an' me's none a-goin' to start branglin' after all these years. Can you trust me, or can you none?"

"Trust you wi' my life an' soul, Harriet, bu' you're as weak as—"

"Fiddlestick! Now as I know I've gotten to help you, 'tis just as if my leg had never been broke. Sithee, Amos!" She threw the stick through the doorway to the yard, and then, whether the exertion pained her or not, walked straight as she had ever done in her life. "Say no more, lad; I'm set and stern on ha'in' my own way i' this."

Then she made him lie down on the settle, and filled his pipe for him, and bade him be cheerful of spirit. "Turn an' turn about," she remarked, "an' 'tis my turn now!"

Later that evening she asked for particulars of his round, and with

considerable difficulty got possession of his little pocket-book. After they had retired to their own chamber for the first time since the accident, the out-wearied husband soon fell asleep, and did not waken till long after the sun had risen, when he found Emma standing at the bedside with a cup of tea. The slovenly old woman was chuckling as if at some very good joke.

"Harriet, she started more nor an hour ago," she explained. "I come up to see if I could help wi' ought—when I saw her bonneted and shawled, you could ha' knocked me down wi' a feather! 'If you'll tak' my man a cup o' tea at eight o'clock I'll be thankful,' says she. ' 'Tis for him to rest now!' Well, I don't doubt as she's doin' a wise thing; I've held as th' gray mare here were th' better horse!"

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Mrs. Fearnough is wont to speak of Harriet's broken leg as the finest piece of good fortune that ever befell any of her friends. "For go where you will—an' I dare lay my life on it—you'll never find a better business woman! Straight an' honest as th' day, bu' keen as a knife edge. 'Tisn't to be wondered at, as once she'd gotten th' reins she kept 'em, since th' first month she was a-gate—whilst Amos was restin'—she turned over more money nor he ever did i' a quarter. Truth to tell, Amos was quite willin' for her to do th' job—wi' his onpractical nayture th' housework suited him best. I've heard as they're makin' arrangements to buy th' spot. Ay, if ever you want to see a miracle o' cleanliness, just you go up an' look at th' huckster's home. There isn't a board or a stone you couldn't eat your dinner off. . . . Happy? Ay, that they are—as happy a couple as you need to see. Like birds on a bough when their day's work is done, an' they can sit afore th' fire an' talk!"

# CURRENT EVENTS

*By Lindsay Crawford.*



FIVE thousand killed and twenty-five thousand wounded and missing in a single week in the fighting on the Somme front is the average British toll. The figures are appalling. Add to these the losses of other nations engaged in the war and some estimate may be formed of the staggering blow to humanity which this war entails. To hope for premature peace is to display a callous indifference to the feelings of those who have been forced into this orgy of blood by the war lords of Germany. As I write Roumania is reeling under the fierce thrusts of the invading enemy, and Russia is hastening to the rescue. The situation in the Balkans is somewhat unfavourable for the Allies at the moment, but there is no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the conflict. Germany, in the opinion of close observers, is fighting up to her maximum strength. As this does not avail to stay the progress of the Allies on the Somme front, it is unlikely that Germany has men to spare for the campaigns in the other theatres of war. Germany may be able to hold her own for a time in the Balkans, as Russia and Roumania are still short of big guns and general supplies. But the gods are warring against the Central Powers. The ring of steel is closing in. No one in England looks for an early cessation of the conflict. In financial circles it is hoped that the

strain will be relieved in six months' time, but in military quarters men shake their heads enigmatically and decline to prophesy. The job is bigger than even Kitchener anticipated. Germany is revealing unlooked-for reserves of strength and shows no signs of economic exhaustion owing to the blockade pressure. Mr. Lloyd George voiced the feelings of the British people when he warned neutrals that peace efforts at this stage would be regarded as an impertinent intrusion. Germany cannot be allowed to escape the consequences of her mad enterprise.

What of France? The strain upon the vital resources of this gallant nation must be telling, yet there are no signs of weakening. Russia and Britain must find the men to finish the war. France has no reserves on which to draw. Race suicide brings its own penalties. But France, in the magnificent spirit of her army, has been the surprise of the war. Nor is this wonderful spirit confined to the army. French economic activity is evidenced by the large increase in exports during the last six months, amounting to twenty-one per cent. over the previous half-year. German submarine warfare has not lessened the shipping trade in French waters. It is in the value of her fighting men, however, that France will be judged in this war. Their achievements rank with the greatest exploits in military history. A young American poet, Alan



Seeger, who had enlisted at the very outset of the war in the "Foreign Legion", and his since been killed in action, wrote to his parents after the offensive in Champagne as follows:

"You will understand me, certainly, when I say that to find myself on the winning side is nothing compared to being on the side of those with whom we sympathize. This affair has increased my affection and admiration for the French more than ever. If we have not wholly succeeded, it is not the French soldier's fault. He is superior to the German man for man. Whatever may be the exact importance, in international conflicts, of having justice and right principles on one's own side, the fact remains that this possession gives the French soldier the strength of ten men, against an adversary armed by brutal violence alone. You cannot conceive any Frenchman, compelled to surrender, behaving as I saw some German prisoners do, shaking and trembling on their legs, just like criminals who had been caught at last and brought before a magistrate. For men of this sort to be able to attack, either they must be driven to it, or else intoxicated beforehand. But the Frenchman who goes to an attack, is filled with such passionate ardour as puts any other impulse, which makes life worth living, in the shade; such a soldier is the like the models of antiquity History offers for the admiration of whoever loves liberty, and knows how to appreciate the heroism which defends it. It is an honour to march side by side with such men, and nothing would make me wish to be anywhere else in the world than where I am!"

France is getting ready for the economic struggle after the war. An official report of the Paris Chamber of Commerce announces that steps in this direction have been taken by the manufacturers. The large factories in the suburbs of Paris, in the neighbourhood of Lyons, St. Etienne, Roanne, Annonay, built for the preparation of acids, powders and explosives, will be, after the war, converted into works for the manufacture of perfumes, chemicals used in photography and pharmacy, and dyeing materials, both organic and inorganic. The engineers and workmen who are now making melinite and trinitrotoluen will be, with the same machinery, able to manufacture silk, nitrobenzine and aniline. These transfor-

mations, which will be of great assistance to French manufacturers in their struggle against German competition, are already on the way to being put into execution, and powerful associations—such as the *Syndicat national des matières colorantes*, grouping together different societies in the coal, metal, paper, dyeing and weaving trades—have been formed with a view to concentrating all their efforts for this purpose.

In England a controversy is raging as to the advisability of allowing its rising men to run the risks of war and so impoverish the nation. Should the conscription law lay its hands on eminent actors, artists and writers? *The Manchester Guardian*, for instance, deplores the necessity of adding England's finest Shakesperean actor, Henry Ainley, to the list of conscripts. His military value, it is contended, could be but slight compared with his value as an artist. Mr. Granville Barker, the rising dramatist, is also in the army. Can England afford to lose such men? It is argued that "great artists only appear at intervals in the history of nations", and that "experts in all branches of art should be preserved". It speaks well for the English artistic world that the protests do not emanate from the experts. On the contrary, Mr. Milton Rosmer, an actor, objects to "the unfairness of singling out the men whose genius has brought them into considerable prominence, and sacrificing those artists whose possible equal talent has for some reason or other failed to make the same mark." Mr. Rosmer says:

"One of the most delicate artists on the English stage is at the moment lying seriously wounded in France; the author of the most beautiful play I have read since Masefield's 'Nan' is picking up match-sticks between the lines at Farnborough; a young playwright has been ordered to do 'work of national importance' forsooth! As if imaginative work is not of supreme national importance!—as if a country without it is worth considering, as if imagination is not the most necessary human virtue.

"These men have been sacrificed, so has Harold Chapin, so Rupert Brooke, and hundreds more—great imaginations, struggling imaginations, potential imaginations—or 'artists', if you prefer the word!

"But for their ages, Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells would all have been sacrificed. If the nation is too stupid to value creative imaginations let it not be so unfair as to make such invidious distinction between success and—mispraisal. Let it either sweep up all its artists for cannon fodder—so much commodity to be sold for victory—or let it respect even what it cannot understand, and spare all."

But does not this special pleading really mean that war is a monstrous crime? Who will say that the thousands of nondescripts who perish in the fight had nothing of value to contribute to the sum total of human happiness had they not been sacrificed to the death-lust of the guns! If men must go to war in a righteous cause, why deny the right to the best of the breed? Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, the American playwright, who has since died, voiced the real sentiments of the British people when he wrote:

"The sentimental ladies and gentlemen who have lately been writing to the newspapers declaring it to be a national disgrace that certain artists of the stage should be removed from the colossal drama of the theatre and launched into the puny drama of life ought really to go and see the Somme pictures.

"One of them shows a trench in which a platoon of soldiers are lying face downward against the parapet awaiting the word to go over. Presently the subaltern commanding them walks quickly down the trench until he reaches the centre, where, by means of an inclined plank, he steps lightly on the parapet and without a second's pause waves to his men to follow, and disappears toward the German lines, thus making the greatest entrance and exit I have ever seen. The soldiers spring over the top after him like sprinters off the mark, all getting away but one, who slides back again into the trench, still face downward, caught by a German bullet as he rose. No playwright in the world could write a drama like that; no actor was ever cast for such a magnificent part as the one we see that young subaltern playing.

"The finest example of art that the stage has contributed since the war began was when an actor named Lionel Mackinder, before the first great battle, succeeded by understating his age in enlisting as a

private soldier, and did it so secretly that even his closest friends did not know of it until they heard he was killed. I am sure that this, like all actions of a deep and simple beauty, had a better influence on art than any play or play-acting done within the area of safety-curtains since Mackinder's death.

"Art will always draw its greatest vitality from the deeds of men, and the more those deeds are devoted to the glory of life the nobler and purer will be the work of the 'artist' who tries to express them. And yet the argument is being freely advanced that a certain group of young artists—more particularly the handsome ones—should be forcibly prevented from risking their lives at the front, thereby exposing the dramatic art of England to the danger of impoverishment and possible decay. It would no doubt be fruitless to ask the advocates of this despairing theory to take a broader view of their subject.

"The best part of an actor was always his manhood, and in these perilous times it is the only thing of interest or use to the nation. Art is a lie on his lips unless he is worthy of life, and he is not worthy of life until his spirit is great enough to lead him, as Mackinder's led him, across the seas to where real men are fighting for England's existence. There he will find the world and all that matters in it now. The rest is darkness, with strange, unaccountable people in the midst of it talking of untimely things like art."

To their credit, be it said, the protests against sacrificing the lives of experts has not come from the men themselves.

Are the churches in earnest? One often hears the question, but the questioner is rarely able to give an intelligible or satisfying answer to the vexed conundrum. It is easier to pull down than to build, and most reformers stop short at the destructive stage. This is my grievance against the Committee of One Hundred, and the clerical sleuth who was caught in the gallery of a vaudeville house wearing false whiskers and a pious smile. There is so much tearing down and so little construction going on! The question as to the churches has been raised by the high cost of living. What are the pulpits doing to mitigate the evil? Has Christianity ceased to be a practical every-day creed? The churches

have not been silent in the past when great issues affecting the rights of humanity have been raised. It is true the average clergyman is not an authority on economics and fears to enter where better-informed men will not tread. But they can at least make their voices heard above the clamour of Demetrius. To whom will the people turn for leadership in the war upon immoral methods of business if not to those who profess to be the custodians of faith and morals? There are newspapers in Canada that refuse to print liquor advertisements. Who ever heard of a minister of the Gospel returning a subscription sent by a man who has grown rich on the poverty of his neighbours? A missionary who recently returned home from the foreign field, and who declared that "Christendom is not in earnest about Christianity. Christendom is merely playing with Christianity." This, he further declared, was also the opinion of thousands of those in the foreign field. The reason for it all, we are told by Mercer C. Johnston, in *The Forum*, lies in the fact that "the Christian Church is as much under the unholy spell of Mammon as *Tribby* was under the unholy spell of *Sevengali*". And because of this, he further alleges, "she throws the weight of her influence against, rather than on, the side of the mighty democratic movement sweeping through human society at this time toward a kingdom of God on earth such as the Church was created by Jesus Christ to establish". The attitude of the Church as the workman visualizes it is put in words by the Reverend Charles Stelzle in saying: "To the average workman the Church seems more concerned about the sweet by and by than about the bitter here and now." Mr. Stelzle is quoted further as remarking that "to most of the toilers the Church is merely a great institution or machine, going through the motions, but never actually producing anything; it is a hotbed of officialism, filled with a com-

pany of self-seekers". Mr. John Graham Brooks is next invoked, and Mr. Johnston quotes his version of "one of the most honest and intelligent labour men I have ever known":

"This labour man told Mr. Brooks that so long as he really believed what he understood his pastor to preach he was fairly content. 'The sermon,' so we are told he said, 'always appeared to me to reconcile things I couldn't understand. Mysterious religious authority was always given which I accepted. When I talked to the minister about definite cases of suffering in a hard strike, where he and I both believed the men were not to blame, he still insisted that somehow it was all right, and somewhere in the future it would be set straight. Now, my experience has taken that belief out of me, or, at any rate, the kind of authority he gives for it I cannot any longer accept. Nor do I believe the Jesus he talks so much about would have accepted it or acted on it either. The successful classes, even if they didn't know it, or mean it, have used religion and heaven to keep the peace and to put off a lot of troublesome duties. When I found this out I threw it all over.' Here is the comment Mr. Brooks makes upon this statement: 'That individual experience, without one shade of heightened colour, stands for the position of a great multitude of the more intelligent workingmen in every country.'

Mr. Johnston asks if any one has ever heard of any church or denomination espousing the cause of labour in any of their fights for a living wage or improved sanitary conditions:

"Did the Church in New York city advocate the cause of the locked-out workers in the cloak and suit industry during their fourteen weeks' struggle that has just come to an end? Here was a perfect opportunity. There was no question as to the justice of the cause of these workers. From the Mayor down it was declared to be just by those who took the trouble to inform themselves about the matter. Did the Church in New York city advocate this just cause? No! Of course, it did not! The Church in New York had nothing to say. The Church in New York was damnably dumb, as it has always been damnably dumb, and as it can always be counted upon to be damnably dumb whenever the interests of Mammon are at stake."

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## THE CHRONICLES OF CANADA

Edited by G. M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.



THE last ten volumes of the "Chronicles of Canada" now lie before us. Like the first twenty-two they combine an extraordinary variety of interest. They show, moving life-like across the stage, a vast throng of historic characters—Catholic and Protestant, French and British and Indians. Here play their part warriors and diplomatists, forward-looking politicians and self-seeking politicians, trappers and miners, settlers and railway builders. Through a bewildering thicket of almost virgin historical material the writers have cut a path, in which even the inexperienced reader can hardly go astray. Edited with unusual thoroughness, the volumes maintain the uniformly high standard of scholarly accuracy and candour, combined with literary skill and discrimination, which was noticeable in the other books in the

series. The value and interest of the narratives are enhanced by an attractive format, distinct type, and an admirable set of illustrations.

Canada's debt to the Jesuit Missions of the seventeenth century is the theme of a lucid and impartial study by Mr. T. G. Marquis. Not everyone realizes that but for the labours of the self-sacrificing Jesuits the colony of New France might have been thrown aside by the mother country as a worthless burden. "The priceless contribution of the missionaries" is their example of utter self-sacrifice and unflinching courage. On a lower plane, but of immense value to mankind, was their daring work as explorers and pathfinders in regions which till then had been trodden, if indeed human feet had ever reached them, only by the moccasin of the red man. Another stage in the evolution of the colony is reached in the story of Frontenac, the "Fighting Governor", who to personal bravery in arms added the daring imagination of an empire-builder and a rare power of dealing with men. He kept peace with the Indians, but, as Mr.

"The Jesuit Missions: A Chronicle of the Cross in the Wilderness," by T. G. Marquis.

"The Fighting Governor: A Chronicle of Frontenac," by Charles W. Colby.

"The Acadian Exiles: A Chronicle of the 'Land of Evangeline'," by Arthur G. Doughty.

"The Father of British Canada: A Chronicle of Carleton," by William Wood.

"The 'Patriotes' of '37: A Chronicle of the Lower Canadian Rebellion," by Alfred D. DeCelles.

"The Cariboo Trail: A Chronicle of the Gold-Fields of British Columbia," by Agnes C. Laut.

"The Railway Builders: A Chronicle of Overland Highways," by Oscar D. Skelton.

"The Fathers of Confederation: A Chronicle of the Birth of the Dominion," by A. H. U. Colquhoun.

"The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier: A Chronicle of Our Own Times," by Oscar D. Skelton.

"The Winning of Popular Government: A Chronicle of the Union of 1841," by Archibald MacMechan.

Colby points out, it was by a moral ascendancy. His greatest contribution to the service of France and mankind was his consistent support of exploration in the West, perhaps the most important feature of the latter half of the seventeenth century, for which La Salle and Du Lhut deserve most credit.

The tragedy and the crime involved in the chequered history of the Acadian Exiles is told with extraordinary skill and restraint by the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Arthur G. Doughty. Acadia, the scene of the first real attempt (in 1605) of the French to colonize the New World, was dispersed as a colony by the British in 1613, restored to France in 1632, and finally given back to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. From this date onwards the Acadians were ground beneath the upper and the nether millstone. The French wished to keep them as a thorn in the side of the English. The English would neither deport them nor let them remain without taking an oath of allegiance, which their consciences refused. Under the tyrannous regime of Lawrence, although instructions from home were on their way to him that the Acadians were not to be molested, the defenceless inhabitants were expelled with many circumstances of cold brutality and their property confiscated, with the exception of what they could carry with them. Out of an immense mass of bibliographical material Dr. Doughty has set out in order this page of British colonial history, which shows up all the more effectively because in the main he leaves the facts to speak for themselves.

From Lawrence to Carleton is a far cry, and it is a relief to turn from the despotic and corrupt Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia to the brave and chivalrous warrior, the self-sacrificing leader, the far-seeing statesman, the just administrator who served Canada and the Empire from 1796, and who has come to be known as the "Father of British Canada".

William Wood's varied gifts as a writer have a congenial theme in the noble figure of Carleton, whose hand, almost unaided, saved Canada for the Crown in an hour of supreme peril, when Great Britain was menaced not only by her old enemy, the French, but also by other European foes, by her North American colonists, and by the Indians. Yet even this great service was outshone by a greater still. The same hand laid broad and deep the foundations of a Canada wider and richer in promise than either the French or British explorers or warriors of an earlier day had ever dreamed of.

A much-misunderstood and misrepresented episode in the history of the relations between French and British in Canada is set in its true perspective in "The 'Patriotes' of '37'". The rebellion in Lower Canada was, as Mr. DeCelles points out, one of the few breaks in a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, during which French and British Canadians have lived together in peace and mutual respect. This harmony and mutual toleration were the result of British policy, the general aim of which had been to secure the French in the possession of their religion, their language, their civil rights, and their property. Papineau, the outstanding figure of the rebellion, is justly but sympathetically described. Mr. DeCelles's analysis of a tangled situation goes to show that notwithstanding the extravagances of Papineau and some of his followers—who, it is well to remember, were a minority, for the majority of French Canadians, in obedience to the instructions of their Church, declined to be associated with the rebellion—the French Canadians were not mere irreconcilables, but had a long list of genuine grievances. Most important to remember is the fact that out of the rebellion sprang the Durham Report, which bequeathed to the Empire the fundamental principles that afterwards guided British colonial policy.

In any just estimate of the builders of what we now know as the Dominion, some space must be left for the miner. In "The Cariboo Trail" Miss Laut, with vivid pen, recreates the perilous life of the old-timers of the mining trail, who sixty years ago cleared a way through the forests of giant hemlocks and braved the hazards of snow-laden mountain peak or treacherous canyon in quest of gold. The name Cariboo excites no more emotion now than Klondyke or Transvaal, which forty years later held out hopes of boundless wealth, but the Cariboo Road, one of the most remarkable highways in the world, and the Province of British Columbia, remain as memorials of the labours of Sir James Douglas, and of the prospectors, many of whom became honoured citizens of the Province of which he was first Governor.

The trapper, the miner, and the settler have all played their parts in the evolution of Canada. It was reserved for the railway builder to bind Province to Province from ocean to ocean with links of steel. In "The Railway Builders" Mr. O. D. Skelton tells in full detail, yet always without dullness or disproportion, the story of the development of Canadian railways from the sixteen-mile line between La Prairie and St. Johns of the year 1836 to the Canadian Pacific of the present day, the largest transportation system in the world. The difficulty of the task of description and analysis was all the greater because, perhaps more than in any other country, in Canada railways and "politics" (sometimes of the basest kind, for which highway robbery would be a mild epithet) were inextricably intertwined; but Mr. Skelton has told his story without fear or favour, and provided the material for a just estimate of some of the most prominent figures in the list of Canadian nation-builders.

Hand-in-hand with the railway builders in the process of constructing the fabric of a united Dominion went "The Fathers of Confederation",

whose work is described by Mr. Colquhoun in a book which is a model of dispassionate writing. The joint efforts of Brown and Cartier, Galt and Macdonald, Tupper and Tilley, McGee and Macdougall, in evolving a workable plan of government, which would unify the Provinces and preserve the Imperial tie, are impartially described. These protagonists of an earlier day were life-long and sometimes bitter opponents, but when the hour came they were strong enough and great enough to forget mere ties of party and the foolish consistency which is "the hobgoblin of little minds". The event has proved that they builded even better than they knew. The constitution which they devised has stood the shocks of fifty years. Its elasticity and adaptability give promise that it will be equal to even greater shocks.

A worthy companion to Mr. Colquhoun's volume is Mr. Skelton's on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the statesman who has carried on a stage further the work of combining liberty and self-government with attachment to the British connection, which Macdonald and his colleagues had begun. No truer statement of Canada's contribution to that splendid paradox called the British Empire has ever been made than the words of Sir Robert Borden in 1902, which Mr. Skelton quotes: "Step by step the colonies have advanced towards the position of virtual independence so far as their internal affairs are concerned, and in all the important instances the claim has been made by Canada, has been resisted at first by the Imperial statesmen, and finally has been conceded, and has proved of advantage both to the Mother Country and to the colonies."

The ten volumes before us have been written independently by writers dealing with different times and personalities, and with minds concentrated upon their own special subjects. Yet a consecutive reading of the whole has left upon the present

writer a single clear impression, of a disconnected number of units slowly, sometimes painfully, taking shape, and gradually being drawn together into one great whole. The attainment of popular government, which was one result of the Durham Report, and which was completed by Sydenham and Elgin, founded the constitution on a basis of liberty and toleration. Mr. MacMechan has given us a masterly treatment of the Union of 1841; but most of all we are indebted to him for these eloquent words, which may fitly describe the spirit that permeates these volumes, and which we commend to all who rejoice that the unity of Canada has been achieved.

"Canadians of this day see what Howe foresaw—the eye among the blind. Let it be repeated. In those old days there were no Canadians of Canada. Confederation had to be achieved, a new generation had to be born and grow to manhood, before a national sentiment was possible. These new Canadians saw little or nothing of Provinces with outworn feuds and divisions. They saw only the Dominion of Canada. Their imagination was stirred by the ideal of half a continent staked out for a second great experiment in democracy, of a vast domain to be filled and subdued and raised to power by a new nation. In spite of many faults and failures and disappointments, Canadians have been true to that ideal. The Canada of to-day is something far grander than the Mackenzies and Papineaus ever dreamed of; she has disappointed the fears and exceeded the hopes of the Durhams and the Elgins; and she stands on the threshold, as Canadians firmly trust, of a more illustrious future."

\*

## TESTORE

BY PAT CANDLER. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

IF there are sermons in stones it is quite possible that there may be stories in violins—at least, Pat Can-

dlar, author of "Testore", declares that he has found one there. In an interesting preface he tells us that, having purchased the fiddle, "1707", he became the recipient of many and very vivid dreams revealing the life history of the artist who made and played upon it. However, this may be, the idea lends spice to the romantic tale of love and intrigue, passion and sacrifice, in Italy at the time of the Borgias. The story is told simply, but there is a variety of interesting incident, and sufficient of the personality of the artist escapes to lend that savour of life without which the most thrilling happenings fail to interest. One of its unusual features is its authenticity, which is attested by the author.

\*

## THE QUEEN OF THE SECRET CITY

BY JOSEPH J. DOKE. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of "The Secret City", a novel that achieved more than the ordinary success, here outrivals that performance in a tale that might be classed as a sequel to the other. The Queen is a very entrancing creature, of Egyptian type, a kind of sorceress, one that weaves spells and sets pitfalls into which mere man is prone to fall. There is a great amount of mystery and enchantment about this Queen, and the story itself contains many exciting and melodramatic moments.

\*

## A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WAR

BY S. MACNAUGHTON. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons.

THE recent death of Miss Macnaughton, due in no small degree to the hardships and privations of a Red Cross worker in Belgium, gives an added interest to this fascinating little book. In it we get none of the

pomp and glory of war, but vivid flashes of light on the cheerful courage in suffering of the wounded, and on the doings of those noble women who devoted themselves to the work of giving relief and comfort to men broken by war.

\*

### GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR

BY BARON BEYENS, Belgian Minister at Berlin. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is a book which in the years to come will be quoted for its authoritative character sketch of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Baron Beyens had exceptional opportunities for observing the attitude of the German Emperor towards political and diplomatic affairs, and describes the egotism of the man, his passionate love of power and belief in his divine kingship, with unerring judgment. Amongst other important subjects the Army, Navy and War Party are fully dealt with, as is Germany's diplomatic defeat on the Moroccan question.

\*

### BOY OF MY HEART

Anonymous. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a book that is not a novel, but rather the outpouring of a loving heart. It is written by a mother whose son has gone to the war, and it is announced by the publishers

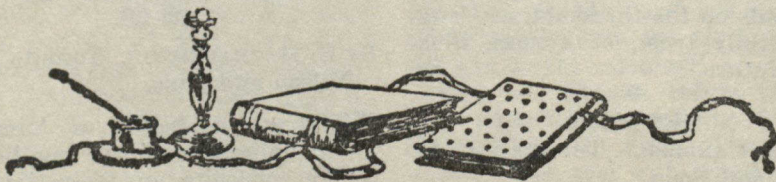
as a book of absolute fact. Some of it is in the form of letters from the son to the mother, and some of it is dialogue, such as this:

"Why ever do you think such a heap of me?" he (the son) had asked me more than once. And I had always answered him:

"Because, my boy, you are that strangest and most wonderful thing in the whole world—an interesting young man. As a rule, the masculine person isn't worth taking the least notice of until he's thirty—except for athletics . . . It takes one's breath away to find a boy who is athletic and fascinating at the same time. One feels that a drum ought to be beaten through the town."

\*

—"Creole Sketches" is the title of an attractively published collection of music for the piano (Boston: The Oliver Ditson Company) by a Canadian composer, Mr. Cedric W. Lemont. Each selection is accompanied by a pencil drawing, which adds much to the attractiveness of the book. The music is tuneful without being obvious, and gives the reader and performer plenty of inspiration for temperamental playing. The pieces are really just fragments of words and are, on the whole, interesting work for intelligent and sympathetic players. A few of the harmonic progressions are a trifle obvious, and the composer has a tendency to overwork an apparently pleasing musical figure. But there are a great many musicians who will enjoy the work thoroughly. "A Drowsy Afternoon" is really charming.





# WHAT IS AN INTERNAL BATH?

BY R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath, than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude

of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your com-

plexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the house-

wife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 535, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Masseur Co., Room 537, 163 College Street, Toronto, you will receive free on request, a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in The Canadian Magazine.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

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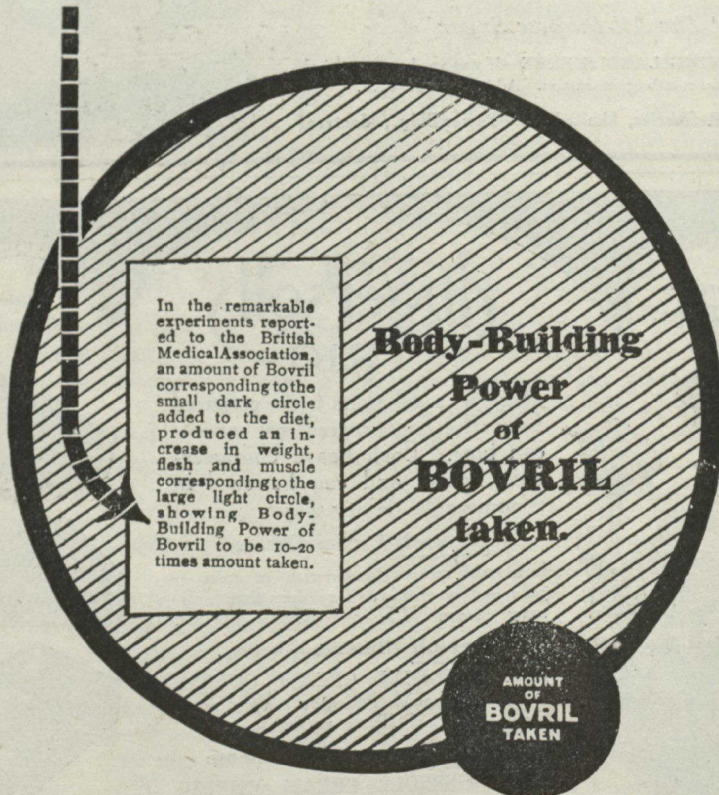


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# When The Children Rush In From School,

and shout for "something to eat", cut off generous slices of bread and spread with



## CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP



'Twill be the children's daily treat. So good for them, too—wonderfully nourishing, to build up their little bodies and help to keep them well and strong, as wholesome food should.

The most delicious of table syrups for Griddle Cakes, Waffles and Hot Biscuits. Excellent for Cake and especially for Candy making. In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—and 3 pound "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars. At all grocers. Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies" shows the new and right way to make a lot of good things. Write for a copy to our Montreal Office. It's free.

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MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.  
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—  
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### UNDER THE BED

SLIP it under the bed when you're through with your sewing. Carry it up and down stairs under your arm. The



is useful all over the house. Only weighs 11 lbs., yet steady and strong—never a wobble! Every housewife can see a hundred different uses for such a table in her home. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

**HOARD & CO., LIMITED.**  
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers  
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6-A

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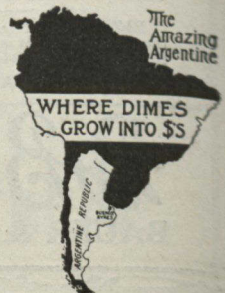
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An interesting and timely book on the Argentine, the United States of South America, has just been published and will be sent free and post paid to any reader of The Canadian Magazine, having \$50 or more to invest.

It contains information not to be found in any other publication regarding the wonderful opportunities which this rich and growing country offers to the American investor. It shows how you may share in the profits of one of the safest, surest and most profitable lines of business known, an industry formerly controlled by the United States but now practically monopolized by Argentina because of more highly favorable conditions. It marks the opening of a new era in American finance as our bankers and moneyed men are just awakening to the great probabilities in this South American country. Individual investors will do well to follow where the banks and moneyed men lead. If you have \$50 or more to invest **write immediately** for a copy of this book. Address:

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Form T.D. 3

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Working in Direct Connection with the

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO'S TELEGRAPH

This is an Unrepeated Cablegram, and is delivered by request of the Sender, subject to Conditions on Form 2.

NISBET & AULD, Limited  
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Absolutely guarantee all Blacks and Blues.  
Our standard maintained throughout despite increased cost.

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## NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO

Canadian Selling Agents for

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**BLACK                  BLUES                  GREYS                  FANCIES**

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## Roofing



The General can well afford to *guarantee* CERTAIN-TEED for such long periods, because he knows that no better roofing for farm and other buildings can be made.

CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed for 5, 10 and 15 years according to ply (1, 2 or 3). And this liberal guarantee is backed by the world's largest manufacturer of roofings and building papers.

Experience has proved that CERTAIN-TEED outlasts its guarantee and is very different from cheap, ready roofing sold by mail.

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Get CERTAIN-TEED from your local dealer, whom you know and can rely upon. Sold by good dealers all over Canada at reasonable prices.

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*World's Largest Manufacturer of  
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There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

## Fearman's Star Brand Bacon

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

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Made by  
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The Creamy Lather of  
**BABY'S OWN SOAP** softens  
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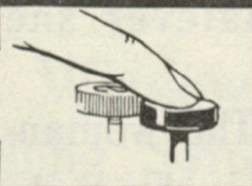
Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

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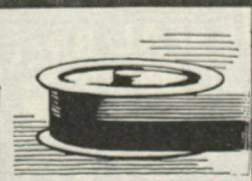
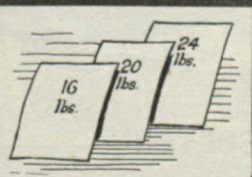


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**For Whooping Cough,  
Spasmodic Croup,  
Asthma, Sore Throat,  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep"*

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresoline stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once. It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

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Try Cresoline Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

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The woman who  
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deserves \_\_\_\_\_  
whatever she gets

The woman  
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deserves \_\_\_\_\_  
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In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole — ground — pulverized —  
also Fine Ground for Perco-  
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Jaeger Underwear is the underwear of quality at a moderate price.

A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to:

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"Incorporated in England in 1883 with British capital for the British Empire."



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*Write for Catalogue to-day*

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers  
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*A safe and palatable laxative  
for children*

**Mrs. Winslow's  
Soothing Syrup**

*Absolutely Non-narcotic*

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

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

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



**WOMEN OF REFINEMENT**

thousands of them throughout the  
world make daily use of the genuine

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

(The Original, Century-old)

**Florida Water**

Widely regarded as an indispen-  
sable aid to beauty and comfort.  
Its sprightly fragrance is accept-  
able to the most discriminating  
taste, and its delightful, refreshing  
effect best attained when it is  
added to the bath. : : : :



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Rain or Shine  
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**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
**Table Salt**

"Use it in your  
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India Pale Ale  
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These celebrated beverages will be brewed in the future in the same brewery, by the same company, and will retain all their well-known superior qualities. Your future supply of Labatt's products can be arranged by dropping a card to me. Prices will be about the same as heretofore and delivery will be prepaid.

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Wines and Liquors  
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This department of our business has been largely increased and our stocks will comprise a wide range of the finest wines and liquors made.

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**JOHN LABATT**

LIMITED,

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# PIMPLES GONE SKIN BEAUTIFUL

**Really Surprising the Way Stuart's Calcium Wafer  
Put the Delicate Pink Tinge on the Skin Freed  
of All Pimples and Other Eruptions.**

**SEND FOR FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.**

Of course you want a lily complexion. And you will have it if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

They work in your blood and stop the accumulation of all those im-



purities that lodge in the skin to cause pimples, blackheads, liver spots, blotches, eczema and other skin eruptions. It is the wonderful calcium sulphide that does this. The blood must have it. The presence of skin eruptions is proof of blood poverty and you get just what you need to enrich and purify it in Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

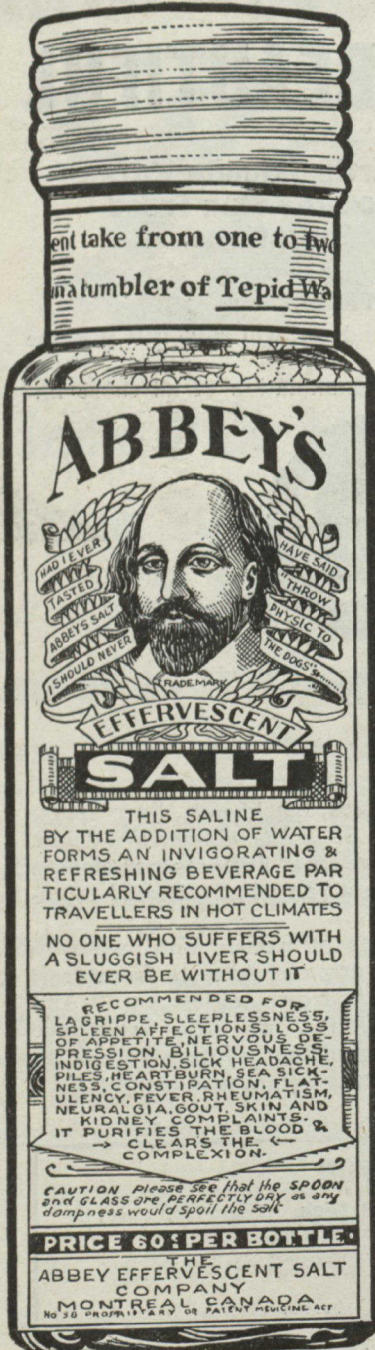
This fact has been demonstrated by hosts of women and men who realize that the presence of skin eruptions of any sort detracts from their usefulness in business, pleasure, society and their own self-esteem. And since Stuart's Calcium Wafers will rid the skin of impurities, why have such imperfections? You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at 50 cents a box at all drug stores. Get a box today or send coupon for a free trial package.

**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

**F. A. STUART CO., 337 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

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For Over a Quarter of a Century  
A Household Remedy through-  
out Canada.



Made in the Company's own  
Laboratories in Montreal.

## Such a Delicious Ginger Ale

For more than sixty  
years, O'Keefe's be-  
verages have been  
the finest of their  
kinds produced in  
Canada.

# O'Keefe's

## SPECIAL PALE DRY GINGER ALE

is quite in keeping  
with the high stand-  
ard of other O'Keefe  
beverages. It is a  
*most delicious* ginger  
ale—pale and spark-  
ling, dry and inviting  
—with a unique  
flavour that you will  
enjoy. Try it.

*We also make*

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Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsapa-  
rilla, Lemon Sour, Cream  
Soda, Lemnade, Orangeade,  
Special Soda.

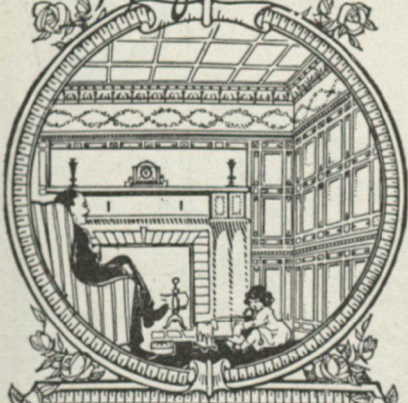
516 Order a case from  
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Cheery Walls Make  
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YOU feel their restful comeliness at once—inviting you to slip into cosy slippers, pull up your own chair to the fire, and find a new friendliness in home's attachments.

## PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILINGS AND WALLS

quickly change dull, dreary rooms to ones you like to linger in. Whether you prefer plainness or a touch of ornament, you will find many to please you in the 2,000 styles and Period designs to choose from. Easy to put on over plaster or wood, the joints fit in snug so they can not show or come away. Last, without repair as long as your house. Shall we send you the complete Ceiling Catalogue "C. M."

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Sparkling  
GELATINE

Each  
Package  
Makes **4** Pints  
of Jelly

### ORANGE CHARLOTTE

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water	1 cup orange juice and pulp
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water	Whites of three eggs
1 cup sugar	

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold that has been dipped in cold water and if desired line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs. Other fruits or nuts may be added.

### APPLE CHARLOTTE

Make same as Orange Charlotte, using cooked apple pulp in place of orange juice and pulp.

Each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four times as much jelly as the so-called ready prepared kind.

Besides jelly, Knox Gelatine makes Salads, Puddings, Candies, etc.

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### LATEST RECIPE BOOK

Sent FREE for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample, enclose 2c stamp.

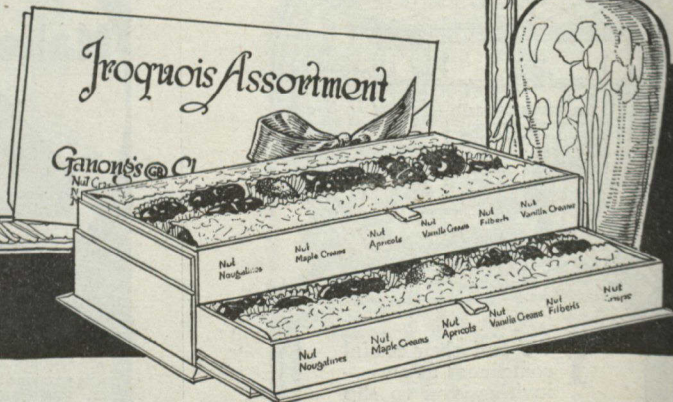
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Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored  
Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high  
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**Chocolates**



IF BABY IS UNDER-NOURISHED GIVE HIM  
**ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY**



Is your baby peevish and irritable? Is it under-weight and not gaining strength or weight? Is it restless at night, constantly crying and unable to retain food? Any of these symptoms would indicate that baby is not getting the right food. There is nothing better to nourish and strengthen your children than Robinson's "Patent" Barley. It is easily digested and readily assimilated. Read what Mrs. Moore, of Yew Tree Farm, Pleasenhall, Suffolk, England, says about her boy (whose picture is shown), "He was brought up entirely on cow's milk and Robinson's "Patent" Barley until he was 14 months old."

*Send today for our invaluable little booklet, entitled  
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A famous Boston jewelry store of over half a century ago.

"That's the make of silver-plate that we received when we were married, and we still have some that was mother's"

Continental Pattern

**A**t the best stores you will be offered to-day as the leading brand of silver-plate the same make that merchants of fifty years and more ago recommended to their customers.

It is quite the proper thing to start housekeeping with 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears". Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "F-23"

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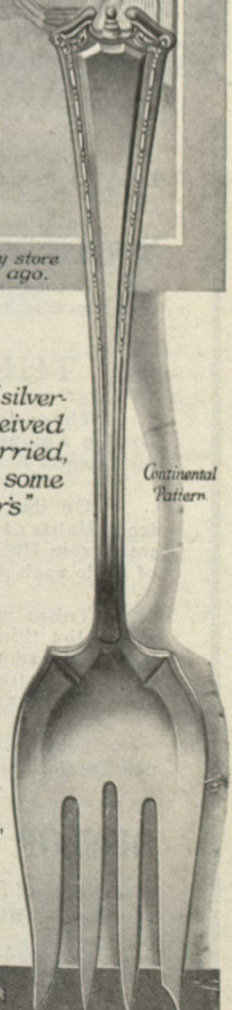
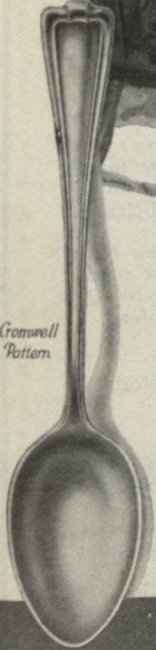
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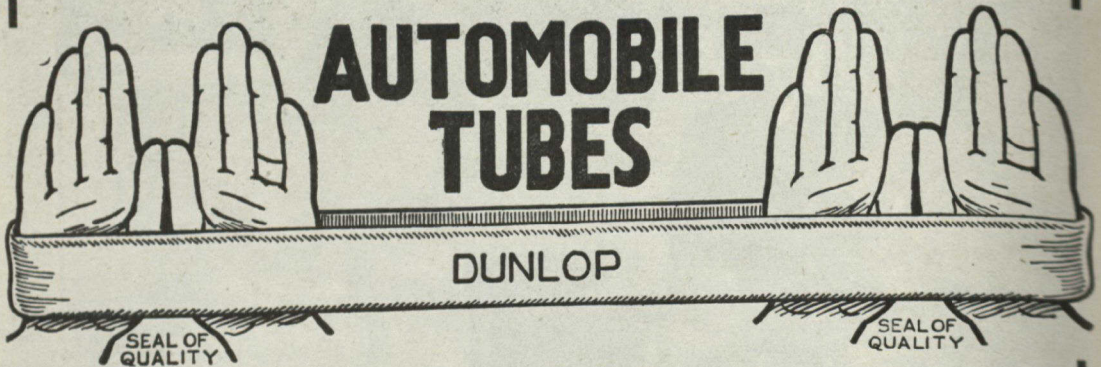


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"Silver Plate that Wears"

**Doughty  
Process**

**DUNLOP** Exclusive  
--Perfect

**AUTOMOBILE  
TUBES**



No other tire maker in Canada can give you tubes made by the world-famous Doughty Process.

Yet the Doughty Machines, used exclusively by us, represent the greatest step forward in the tube-making industry.

Before the advent of the Doughty Machines there was a more-or-less fractional difference in tubes of the same rated size.

## THE SURE WAY IN TUBE-MAKING

There are many operations—all important—in the making of each and every Dunlop Automobile Tube. The result is a True-Right-Through Tube which qualifies for records like the "Traction Tread" Transcontinental Triumph of 1912.

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Tubes made by the exclusive Dunlop Doughty Process are absolutely air-tight. When the thin layers of fine Para Rubber, which compose Dunlop Tubes, are placed together, and vulcanized, they become a solid, inseparable, unbreakable unit. Besides being free from every semblance of a flaw, Dunlop Tubes are always uniform in size and thickness. †

Learn what these Doughty World-Famous Machines have done for motorists—use Dunlop Auto Tubes.

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## Open Car Freedom---Closed Car Luxury Combined---at Moderate Prices

These two new Overlands are the first full-size Touring Sedans ever offered to the public at moderate prices.

Such cars at such prices are possible only because of the economies made possible by our enormous production.

And they fill a long-felt want.

Undoubtedly the car that is both an open touring car and a closed sedan easily convertible on the instant, is the ideal family car for year-round, every purpose use.

Such cars at \$1675 for the Four and \$1855 for the Six—both roomy five-passenger cars—are heretofore unheard-of values.

Closed, these cars afford perfect protection against cold, wind, rain or snow.

When open they are free to every friendly breeze that blows.

The change can be made either way easily and quickly and with no more effort than it takes to raise or lower the windows.

And, either open or closed, these cars are beautiful in appearance—have lots of style—are absolutely free from the suggestion of makeshift which is so apparent in separate sedan tops for touring cars.

But there are many other features to commend these cars, in addition to their perfect convertibility.

The Four has the 35 horsepower motor which has made the Overland famous for years—in its latest improved en bloc type.

The Six has a 40 horsepower en bloc motor with wonderful flexibility and lightning pick-up.

Cantilever rear springs make both cars remarkable for their easy riding qualities.

And long wheelbase—the Four 112 inches, the Six 116 inches—and four and one-half inch tires add further to their riding comfort.

See these new cars at once.

You will be amazed that such beautifully finished, luxurious Touring Sedans can be built to sell at such low prices.

See the Overland dealer at once.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 780.

### Specifications

Motors—en bloc type—The Four, 35 horsepower—The Six, 35-40 horsepower

Wheelbase—The Four, 112 inches—The Six, 116 inches

33 x 4½ inch tires—non-skid rear

Gasoline tank and gauge at rear

Auto-Lite starting and lighting system

Cantilever rear springs  
Richly carpeted floor

Electric control buttons on steering column

Vacuum tank fuel feed  
Improved seat springs

Divided front seats, with wide aisle between

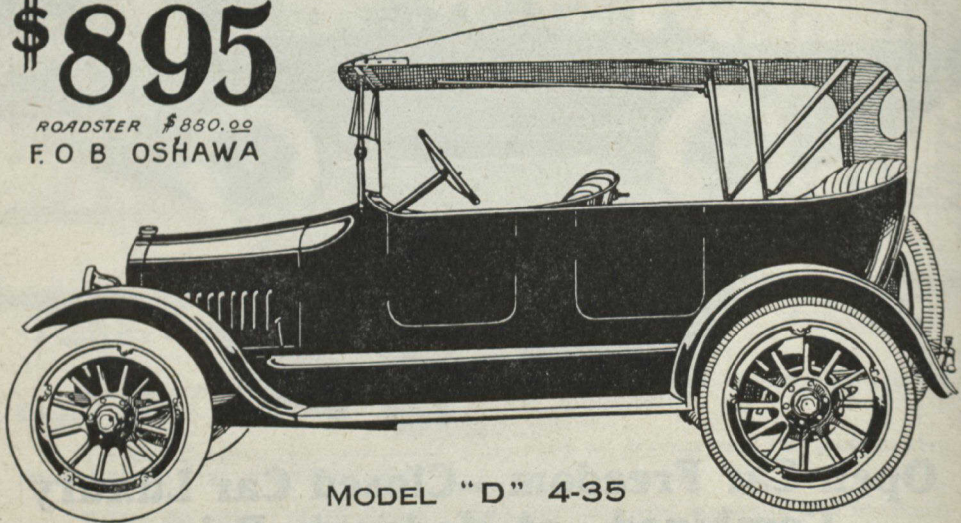
Attractive cloth upholstery  
Interior dome light

**Willys-Overland, Limited, Head Office and Works West Toronto, Canada.**

# THE NEW 1917 McLAUGHLIN-BUICK Four

## \$895

ROADSTER \$880.00  
F. O. B. OSHAWA



MODEL "D" 4-35

**The "Big Value" of this New McLaughlin Four  
is the talk of Canadian Motorists**

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK VALVE-IN-  
HEAD ENGINE 35 HORSE POWER

106 INCH WHEEL BASE

4 INCH TIRES

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FULL "U" DOORS — EXTRA WIDE

TONNEAU SEAT 48 INCHES WIDE

The New McLaughlin Four is powered high in proportion to its weight, which is under 2100 pounds. This gives you all the speed you want with enough reserve power to take the hills on high gear.

The car was designed to be an efficient, economical, easy running and easy riding automobile for the man who does not care to invest in a six-cylinder model and it fulfils all these functions admirably.

The specifications alone are sufficient evidence to the man who knows motor car values. Read them and compare them point by point with other makes of cars selling under \$1,000.00.

We already have many orders for this model and our output for 1917 is fixed. The demand will doubtless be greater than the supply, but orders will be filled in rotation. Send for literature.

## The McLaughlin Motor Car Co. Limited

OSHAWA, ONTARIO

See our nearest dealer



20,000

Canadians

enjoy Motoring to-day  
because of the

**CHEVROLET**

\$650 f.o.b. Oshawa, Ont.

The Motor Car Sensation of 1916

*Consider these Chevrolet features:*

**50 MILES** an hour and more

**25 to 30 Miles** per gal. of Gasoline

Parts are Lowest Priced of any Car on the Market  
QUALITY CONSIDERED

More Power, Comfort and Style and More Fully Equipped  
Than any other Car at its Price

**THE CHEVROLET MOTOR CO.,** of CANADA  
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SEE OUR NEAREST DEALER

# The 1917 Ford Coupelet A Stylish Utility Car

**A**N especially desirable car for doctors and business men, who want a comfortable closed car that can be turned into an open one in two minutes. A great favorite with women who desire an all-weather car for social or shopping occasions.

Note the new stream-line effect, tapered hood, crown fenders, and larger radiator giving greater cooling surface.

Chassis . . .	\$450	Coupelet . . .	\$695
Runabout . . .	475	Town Car . . .	780
Touring Car . . .	495	Sedan . . .	890

f.o.b. Ford, Ontario

## Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited Ford, Ontario

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# Watch How Much You Save!



The monthly waste of garage rent alone would long ago have given you the convenience and security of a worth-while garage all your own. No more rent paying. You're the garage boss and put the rent back into your own pocket.

## PEDLAR'S "PERFECT" GARAGES METAL-CLAD

make it easy to own a garage you'll be proud of for years to come. Made of sheet metal and in sections, it is absolutely fireproof and easy to erect yourself in a few short hours. Artistic in design, they lend a note of distinction to the grounds of any home. Made in various styles and sizes to suit any car. Why not end the waste of garage rent today, by getting one of these practical and durable Pedlar Garages? Write now for the Perfect Garage Booklet C.M.

**THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED**  
Established 1861  
Executive Office and Factories: Oshawa, Ont.  
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## Are We Downhearted—NO!



**T**HE desolation and hardships of war, and the worst of winter weather, cannot damp the spirits of our Canadians when the Christmas boxes arrive from "home".

As you plan for HIM who is dear to you, don't forget that Gillette shaving equipment is just as keenly appreciated on active service as are sweaters, mitts and "eats". If he already has a

## Gillette Safety Razor

send him a generous supply of Gillette Blades, for probably he is sharing the razor with his pals who are not so fortunate.

Clean shaving is in high favor among our troops—first for sanitary reasons—then to simplify the dressing of face wounds—but *most of all for its bracing effect.* The Gillette is best for the job—and the man who has one is most popular in his platoon.

**Whatever else you put in his Christmas box, be sure there's a Gillette Safety Razor or a supply of Blades.** You can buy from your hardware dealer, Druggist, Jeweler or Men's Wear Dealer—'Bulldogs' and Standard Sets at \$5.00—Pocket Editions at \$5.00 and \$6.00—Combination Sets at \$6.50 up.

**Gillette Safety Razor of Canada, Limited,**  
Office and Factory—THE GILLETTE BLDG., MONTREAL.



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IN  
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The Finest Hunting  
Grounds in America

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 flanked with Flowers and  
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 the Ocean.

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 Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



**CLENDENING** 188 W. 108 St.  
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 Select, homelike, economical. Suite  
 of parlor, bedroom, private bath for  
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 Write for Booklet H...with map of city.

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 ONE OF BOSTON'S BEST HOTELS - SEND FOR CIRCULAR BOOK 21  
 Especially suited to the Requirements of  
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 from Every Point - Linfield Damon, Prop. & Mgr.

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 rooms.  
 Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c.  
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Home of winter golf. Tennis. Turkey and Quail shooting. 700 ft. elevation. Just right climate. No snow. Pure spring water.  
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 The Fall Months are beau-  
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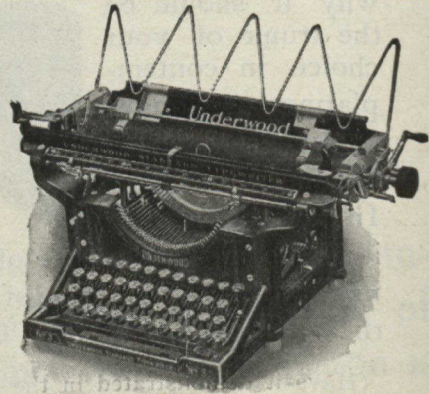
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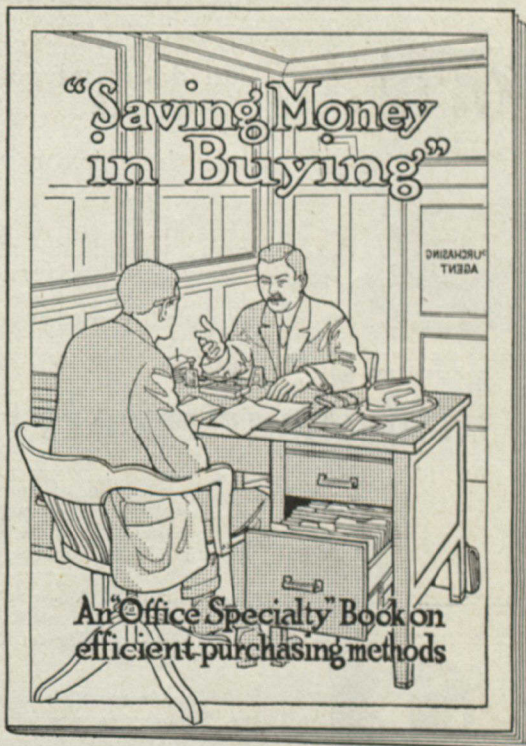
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This has been due to quality, as nothing but the very best material and the highest class of workmanship enter into the manufacture of our telephones.

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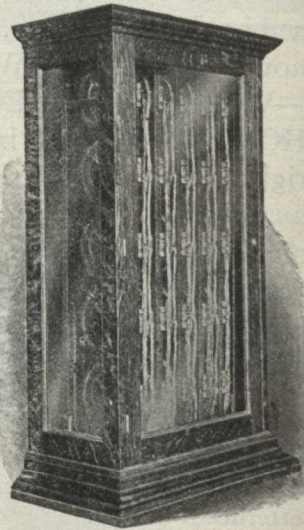


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The floating oval cake fits the hand.

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and all

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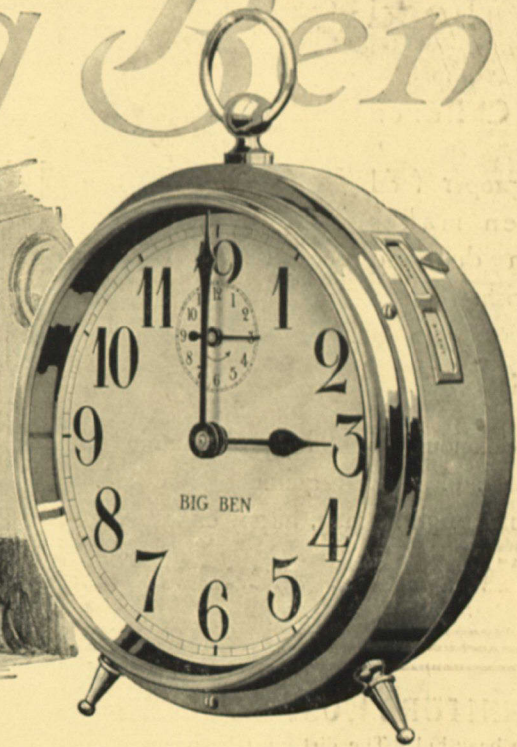
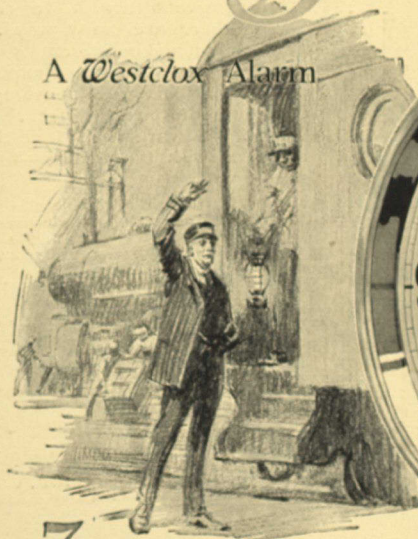
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The railroad boys all like Big Ben. He helps them make the grade. He calls, "All aboard!"—they're out of bed—plenty of time and a grin—signals set against a grouch—all cheery clear ahead.

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*Westclox* folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

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Improper food often makes them dull and peevish.



## Grape-Nuts

the delicious, scientific food contains just the elements required by Nature to build bright, strong, happy children.

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It is so beautiful when clean and brilliant, but what a difference when tarnished.

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(MADE IN CANADA)

removes the dirt and puts on a high, hard, dry lustre—all at the same time. Take a 25c. bottle home and try it out at our risk. If not delighted with results your dealer will refund your money.



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