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THE  
**CANADIAN MAGAZINE**

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



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1914



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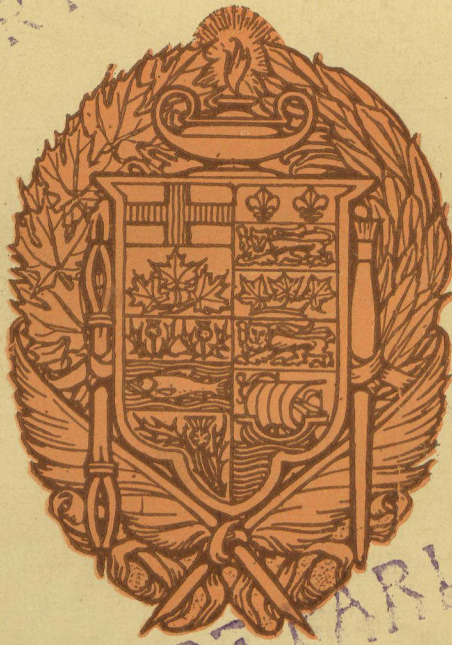
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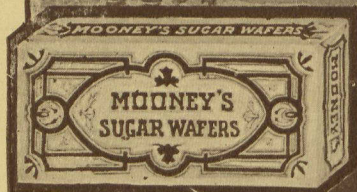
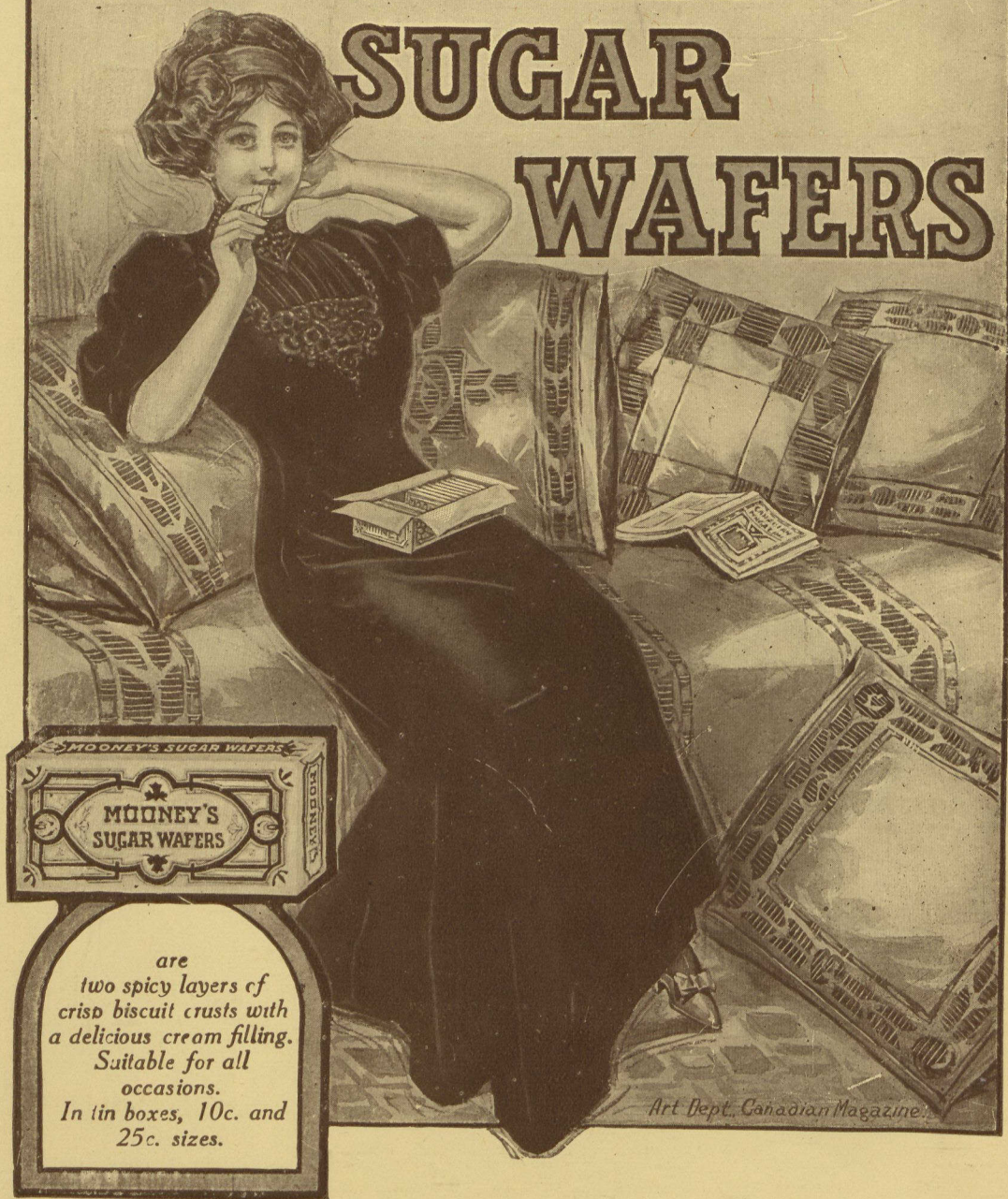
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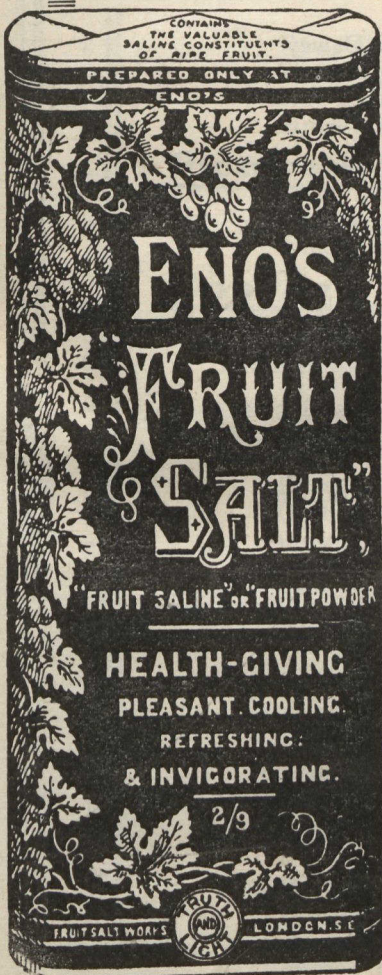
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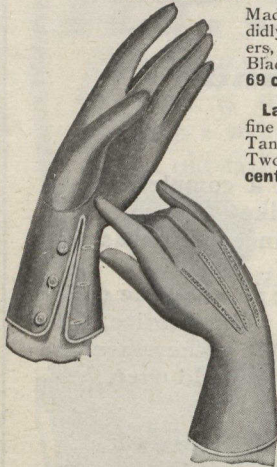
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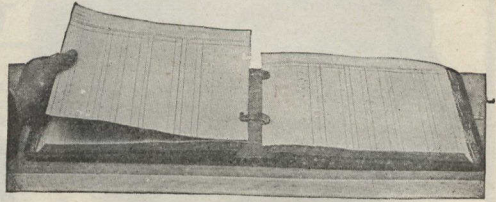
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*The Review of Reviews* says: "The Ontario Publishing Company has worked wonders with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. . . . It can hold its own with any magazine in the New World; indeed, it can give points to many older publications."

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And, by the way, it will not be long before the CANADIAN, having entered its twenty-second year, will be counted among the "older publications." But notwithstanding these encomiums of the Press, the aim is to go on improving this magazine from month to month, although this month, with two unusually excellent historical articles and a number of gripping short stories, besides several important articles, sets a high record to beat. Mr. Dewey's article, "The Beginnings of British Commerce at Montreal," is one of the best historical articles that this magazine has ever published, and it is to be hoped that the readers will appreciate properly the great amount of careful research that Mr. Dewey carried out in obtaining the facts for this admirable article. Mr. Wetherell deals also with pioneer days, and his fine article likewise is the result of much painstaking reading and inquiry. The pioneer side of John Galt's career in Canada has been too long neglected, but Mr. Wetherell here gives us in succinet form a real acquaintanceship with the founder of Guelph, Galt, and Goderich.

Mr. Holland can be regarded as an authority on matters pertaining to the Senate, because for many years he has ably filled the position of official reporter for this Upper House at Ottawa. His article should be carefully read by everyone who is interested in our constitution.

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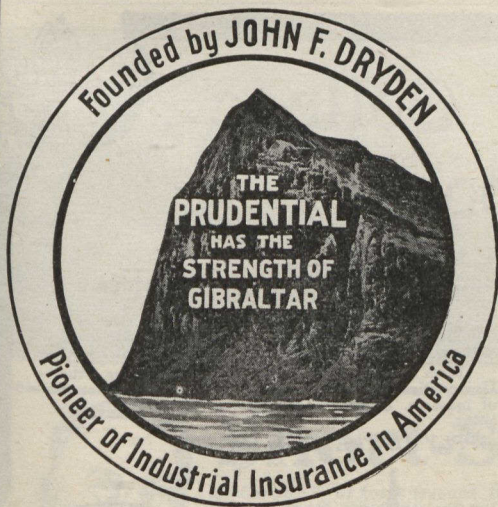


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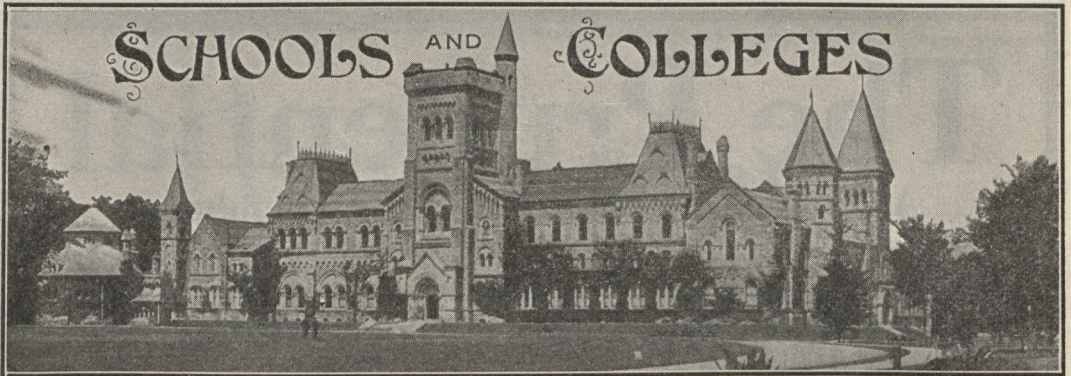
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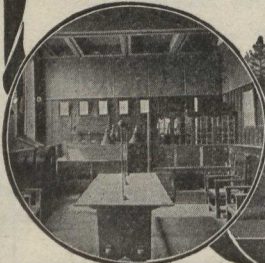
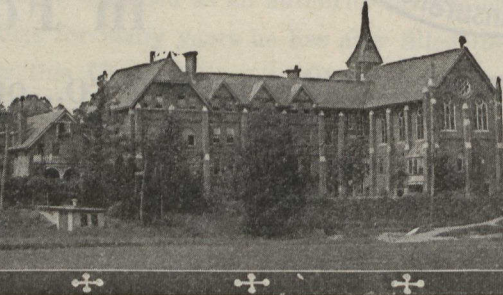
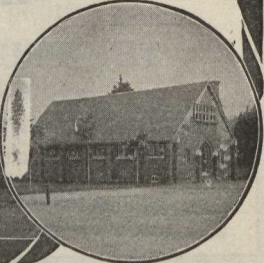
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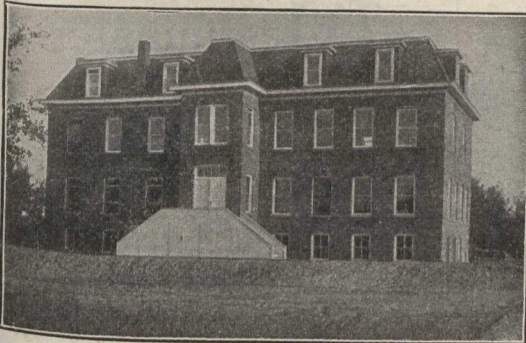


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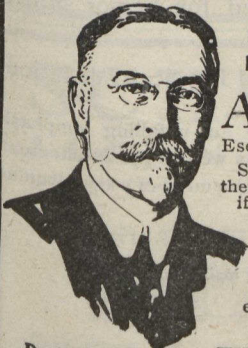
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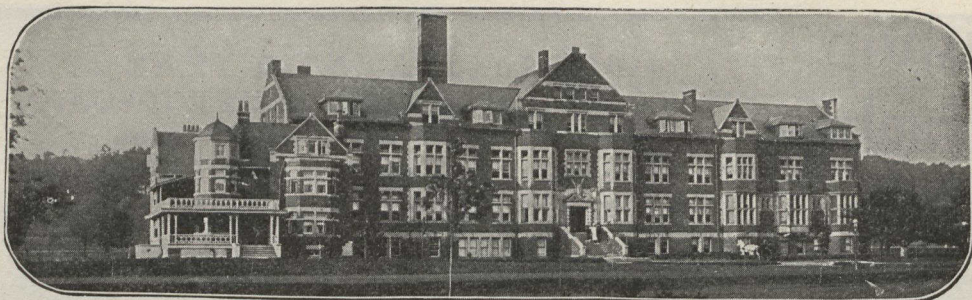
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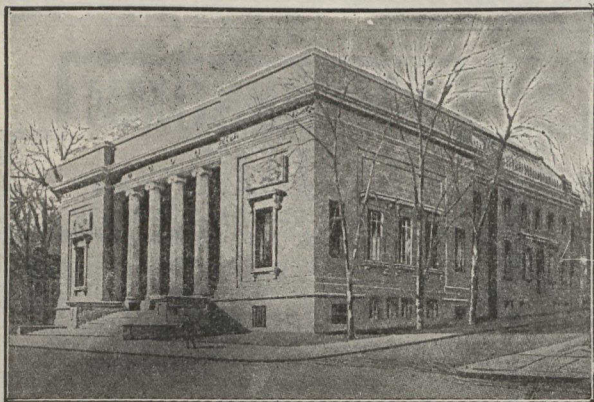
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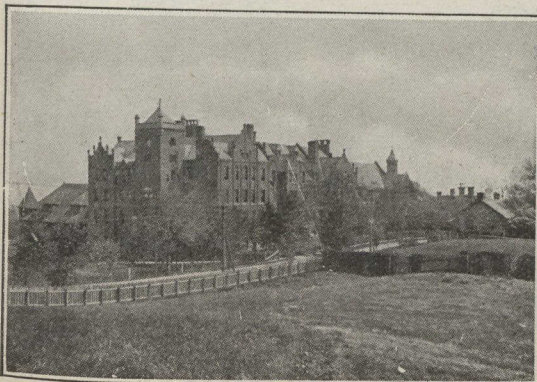




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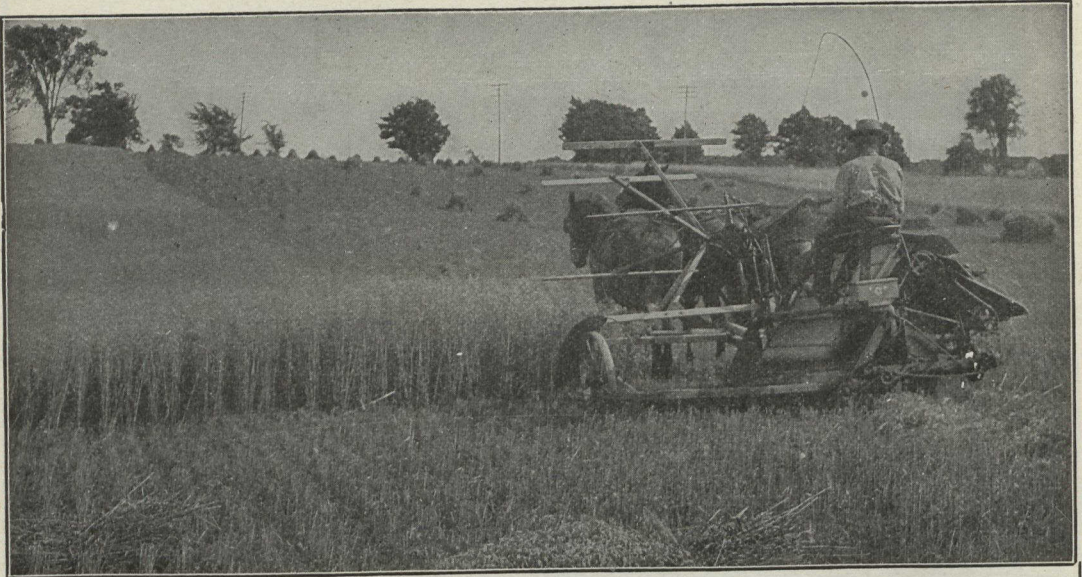
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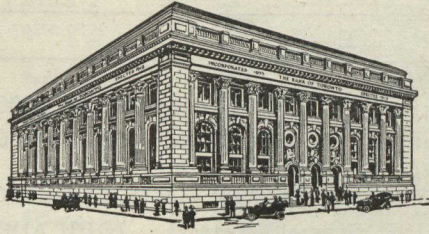
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# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000

Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,500,000

Total Assets - 180,000,000

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Will you be able to sit by your own grate fire on a cold blustering winter's day and enjoy a quite pipe?



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WILL PROVIDE  
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**COMFORT  
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Secure to-day what you may not obtain to-morrow.

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Pens**  
250 styles



Ask your stationer

**Esterbrook's Relief No. 314**

is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

**SEND 10c.** for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

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New York **BROWN BROS., LIMITED.** Camden, N. J.  
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OFFERINGS**

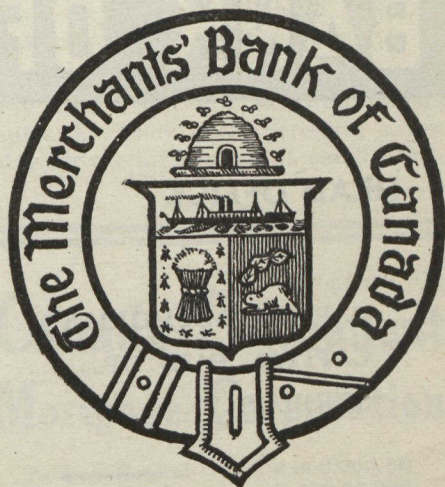
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**Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.**

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

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



**Paid-up Capital - - - \$7,000,000**  
**Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 6,911,050**

**218 Branches in Canada.**  
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

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Young man how much did your savings amount to in 1913?

That which you should have saved went for luxuries or was otherwise foolishly spent.

It is imperative that you should have some systematic means of saving. A North American Life Endowment is most suitably adapted to your needs. It offers a safe and profitable mode of saving and affords protection at the same time.

*Begin at once to set aside something in this way.*

## THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"

Head Office

TORONTO, CAN.

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS .....	\$3,750,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES





## Wife and Children Left Penniless

Safeguard them  
against this terrify-  
ing contingency  
with our Life Rate  
Endowment.

Same rate as  
ordinary pay-till-  
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after you reach a  
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can be cashed for  
full death-claim  
value. Booklet if  
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# London Life

POLICIES

GOOD AS GOLD

## Investment vs. Speculation

“A high return should at once excite suspicion in the mind of the prospective investor.”—Financial Post.

There are securities which promise a high rate of interest and the chance of an increase in value, but for those dependent upon the income from their investment, or endeavoring to lay up money for their old age, they are too speculative. With such, the Bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation are a favorite investment, because they know that if they invest \$1000 in these Bonds they will get the \$1000 when it becomes due, and that the interest upon it will be promptly paid in the meantime.

These Bonds may be obtained in any sum from one hundred dollars upward. They are, therefore, available for the investment of small sums.

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Paid-up Capital	- \$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - 4,250,000.00
Investments	- 31,826,618.37

Toronto Street - Toronto

Established 1855



I am the pencil that takes 15 to 33% out of your lead pencil costs. Ask me and I'll show you



**Blaisdell** Paper Pencil Company  
PHILADELPHIA

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When this word is mentioned a plea is set up for Life Insurance, because in the event of death a Mutual Life policy will keep the home intact.

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To manage the house and at the same time provide for the support of the household is an appalling task. A Mutual Life policy will protect the widowed wife from this bitter necessity.

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Health, freedom, a good education, and even a good character may depend upon the child being shielded from poverty by a Mutual Life policy.

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of Canada

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SERIES \$100, \$500, and \$1,000. TERMS 5 YEARS.

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TELEPHONE PEN 0278**

Registered in Canada

To be had of the leading Stationers in Canada.



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*Write now for Particulars.*

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200 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.



# Ships Carry Anchors in Fair Weather

And Thoughtful Men Carry Accident  
Insurance Because Accidents Happen  
When Least Expected

**O**UT of thirty men who lost their lives in a recent fire in a western city, five or one-sixth of the total number carried accident insurance in **The Travelers**, under which the Company will pay the beneficiaries **forty-eight thousand dollars**. The cost of these five policies was \$95.00.

This protection is furnished at an annual expense per thousand of less than **two cents per day** by a company which has been writing accident insurance for over fifty years and has paid accident benefits to over 632,000 policyholders.

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**It will be too late when the need strikes home.**



Travelers accident policies are famous for their broad coverage, fair spirit of adjustment and prompt payment.

**Moral: Insure in The Travelers**

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn.

Can. Mag. G.

TEAR OFF

Please send me particulars regarding your accident policies  
My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below :

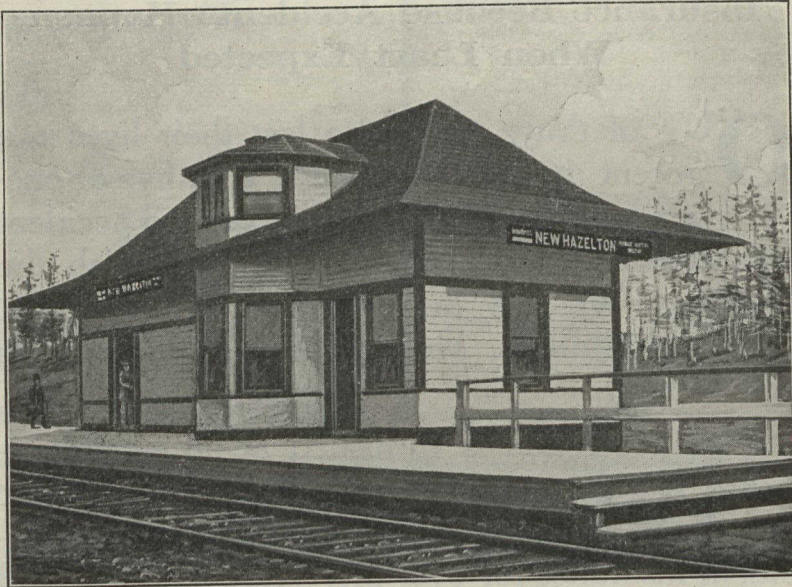


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RESERVATION NOW OPEN.

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There are no strings to this offer, the reputation of the Canadian Magazine is your ample guarantee that every statement made here is genuinely true.

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Kindly send me complete information in regard to lots in East New Hazelton, you are offering with your magazine as a special premium inducement.

Name.....  
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The Chef of Spotless Town is gay—  
You'll note it by his saucy way.  
He minces dressing for the birds,  
But doesn't stop to mince his words.  
"It saves a stew," says he, "to know  
That pots demand

# SAPOLIO

What will *thoroughly* clean kitchenware ?

Soap removes the surface dirt nicely. But unfortunately, soap does not "grip" the greasy grime.

Another form of cleanser scrapes off the surface dirt but fails to get under the burnt-in grease.

To *thoroughly* clean kitchenware you want a cleanser like Sapolio which polishes the surface and, at the same time, *removes every trace of grease.*

Sapolio gives real suds. It works *without waste.*

(Silver wrapper—blue band)



## FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN !

Dear Children :

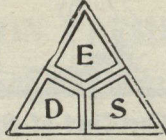
We have a surprise for you. A toy Spotless Town—just like the real one, only smaller. It is  $8\frac{1}{4}$  inches long. The nine (9) cunning people of Spotless Town, in colors, are ready to cut out and stand up. Sent free on request.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company,

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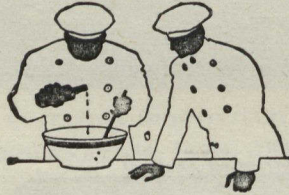
are exclusive high grade, the very finest of pure food quality. Their kitchens are situated right in the midst of the fruitful Niagara Valley, the ripe fresh fruits are picked in the morning, made into either delicious Jams, Jellies or Catsup the same night, no long rail hauls, no chance for dust and decay in transit, no need to pick fruit green to ripen on the way, they are picked just when ripe and ready.

*These goods are for sale at all first-class grocers in Canada—Ask for them.*



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**W**HAT you pay for when you buy any sauce is *satisfaction*—zest, enjoyment, hearty appetite—not mere bulk.

There are cheap sauces which cost much less than the genuine **LEA & PERRINS**.

They can't give the same satisfaction ; and if you have to use more of them, where is the saving ?

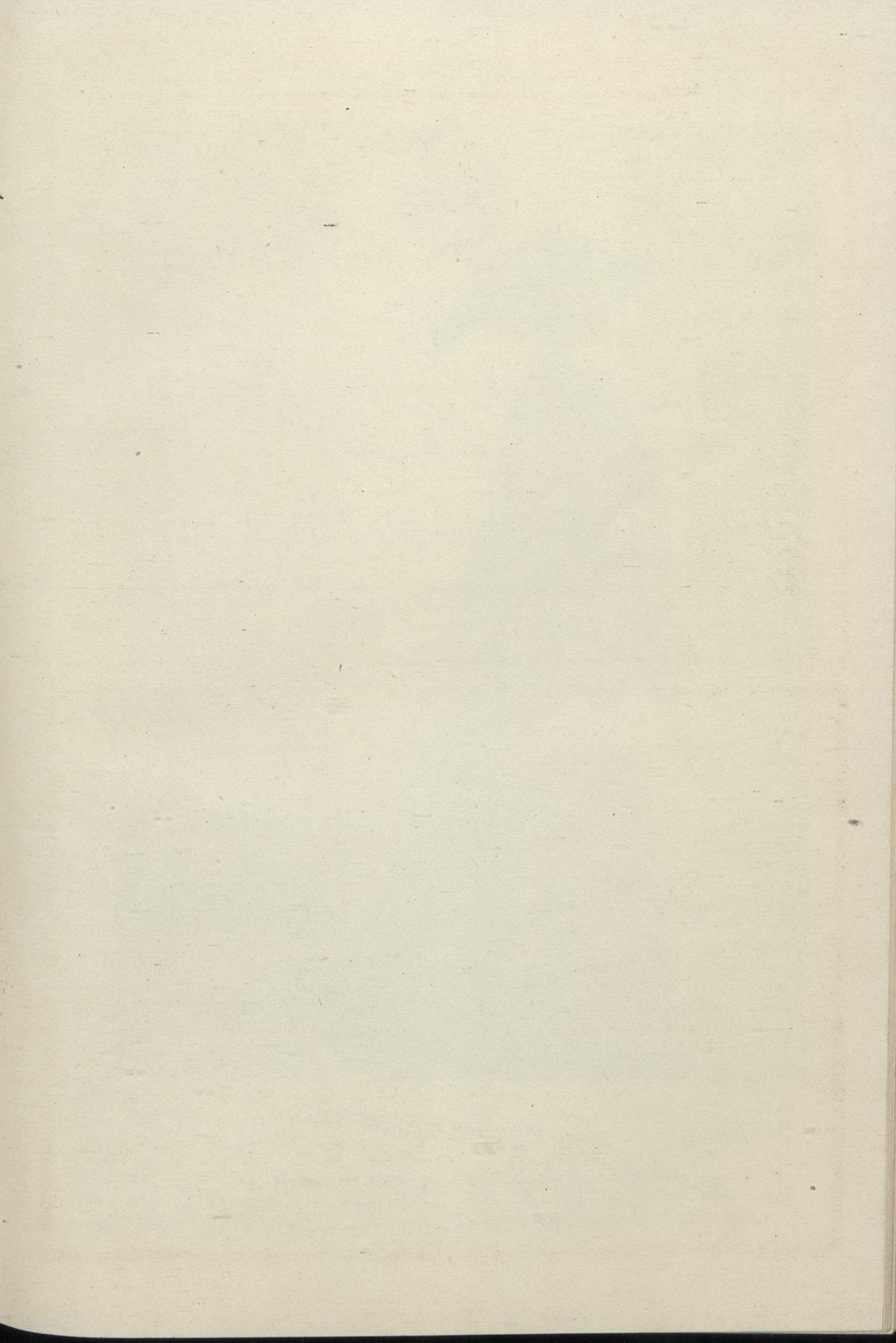
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*Lea & Perrins*  
indicates  
the Original  
and Genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Company, Montreal, Canadian Agents.

10









THE GREEN FEATHER

From the Painting by Laura Knight in the National Art Gallery of Canada





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII

TORONTO, MAY, 1914

No. 1

THE BEGINNINGS OF BRITISH  
COMMERCE AT MONTREAL

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

THERE are probably few more interesting, though less known, periods in Canadian history than the decade or two immediately following the momentous entry of the British troops into Montreal on September 8th, 1760. This event not only finally broke the French hold on Canada, but marked an epoch in the development of its commercial life, and the succeeding period was one of change and growth.

The North-West Company, that sturdy and enterprising rival of the Hudson's Bay traders, was founded in Montreal during the winter of 1783-4, but some of the most prominent men connected with it, such as Benjamin Frobisher and James Finlay, had been settled in Montreal for a score of years previous to this date, and had been firmly laying the foundations of British commerce within the city. Many men who have left their names in our history accom-

panied them, and much was accomplished, yet very little has been written about these interesting and eventful years.

In the early French days practically the sole value of Canada had been the fur trade. Even when agriculture was assuming some importance the difficulty the Government had in preventing the young men from becoming *coureurs de bois* sufficiently illustrates the hold which the trader's life had upon the people. Founded originally as a mission station, Ville Marie had become the headquarters for the commerce with the Western Indians, and this it remained on into the British period. But Canada had not been profitable to the French King; the restrictions imposed by the too paternal Government damped ardour and enterprise, the lure of the free forest life discouraged settlement, the peculations of Bigot and his kind impoverished the Exchequer.



Upon the heels of the conquering army, however, came the English traders, who, co-operating with their agents, the London merchants engaged in the Canadian trade, soon raised the fur-trade with the upper country to such prominence that in 1774 the whole western region was given to the Province of Quebec. This new nationality, whose influx we mark, alters the system of government, the business methods, and the manners of life, and rapidly takes the lead in commercial affairs.

These were years of change and construction, when the new inhabitants were settling, and the foundations of future commercial greatness were laid. Once the critical period of establishment in business in a new country with new connections to build up was over, and the unfortunate and unfit had shown their inability to survive, the main body of the pioneers formed a sound nucleus with established credit and business methods, to which later arrivals adapted themselves; then the foundation of the North-West Company ensued.

Despite the transformation of the down-town district of Montreal, there has been remarkably little alteration in either the names or the location of the principal streets of the French period. In the course of a short afternoon's walk, after a study of the old maps, one can pretty well restore the ancient land-marks. An invaluable link between early and modern plans of the city is Joseph Bouchette's map of 1815, which gives, besides most of the principal streets, the dotted outline of the walls, and the location of the old burying-grounds.

At the Conquest, the city included roughly what are now East, Centre, and West wards. It was surrounded by a wall of masonry about four feet thick, suitable as a defence against musketry only, outside of which ran a dry ditch about eight feet deep. By the beginning of the nineteenth cen-

tury, the suburbs outside the city had grown to a very considerable size. To the north of the Craig Street brook lay the St. Louis and St. Laurent suburbs; at the west end, Recollet Street led through Recollet Gate to the suburbs of the same name; at the eastern extremity of St. Paul Street were the Quebec Gate and the Quebec suburbs. Where William Street now is ran the "St Peter's River," and on the south side of this stream were the St. Ann suburbs, with the old Gray Nunnery Hospital. Gray Nun Street and Place Youville now commemorate this famous establishment and its devoted superioress.

A large part of the area within the walls was given up to the extensive gardens of the various religious houses—the Recollets, Jesuits, Black Nuns, or Sisters of the Congregation, and the Hôtel Dieu Hospital. St. Paul Street, the principal thoroughfare, separated what were called the Upper and Lower Towns. On the south side of this street, near the foot of St. Francois Xavier Street, stood the Market Place, where every Tuesday and Friday the *habitants* from the surrounding country assembled with their produce.

Montreal harbour was then most unimposing. The city walls skirted the riverside, canoes and batteaux were drawn up on the shore, the wharf was of no great length, the depth of water before the town varied from three to nine feet only.\* The Alexandra pier now covers the site of a small island called at various times "Ilot Normandin", "Oyster Island", and "Market Gate Island", (from its proximity to the Market Gate), which was later joined to the shore by a narrow pier to form a breakwater and the King's Basin.

In this city, then, the victorious English established themselves. By the end of September the French troops and the British soldiers not required for garrison duty had de-

\*Bouchette, 1815, and one or two maps of 1863.



parted, and Brigadier Thomas Gage took over the command of the Montreal District.†

Along with the British army had come the advance guard of English-speaking merchants, many in the character of sutlers, purveyors to the troops; they proceeded to establish themselves in business within the city, and in the majority of cases prospered; some who had followed other vocations engaged in trade upon arrival in Montreal; others who had come out as clerks in a short time set up for themselves. The first British merchants' names we have are those appended to a proclamation of February 7, 1761; most of the signatures to this document are those of army officers, but we are certain that the following were traders already settled: Edward Chinn, Joseph Howard, Thomas Wilson, Gershon Levy, and Thomas Wells. The only Protestant censuses then taken were lists prepared by the Government for jury service; the first of these is dated October 26th, 1764, and contains fifty-six names, among them such ones as those of Thomas Walker, James Finlay, Lawrence Ermatinger, Benjamin Price. The next list was prepared in November, 1765, and includes all Protestants, not necessarily Britishers, within the District; this time fuller information was given about each person, such as birthplace, former occupation, and present calling. There are 136 names, of whom thirty-seven were from Ireland (mostly soldiers retired as inn-holders), thirty were from England, twenty-six from Scotland, sixteen from Germany, thirteen New Englanders, six from Switzerland; France, Canada, Lapland, Italy, and Guernsey each had one representative; the origin of three was undetermined.

Probably the marked increase in immigration between 1764 and 1765 was due to the certainty of Canada's

remaining British after the Treaty of Paris had been signed in 1763. For the next ten years there are apparently no figures to show the increase of the English-speaking population, which, however, was rapid.

As justice was cheaper in those days than it is now, Montrealers were able to freely indulge their litigious tastes, so that we find the English-speaking merchants figuring in court in some cases immediately after arrival. The "Registre des Audiences," or record of trials held in the so-called "military courts" between 1760 and 1764, throws very interesting sidelights upon the vicissitudes of early settlement here.

Frequently the English merchant is sued for rent by his French landlord, the expenses of immigration apparently leaving but a small margin of ready cash. Others are sued for hire of stoves, suits of harness, vehicles, or for the return of borrowed tools. Sometimes there were misunderstandings over the difference between English and French weights and measures; again disputes arose over payments in kind. Not seldom the trader found his hastily-chosen premises unsuitable and tried a change, resulting in a suit by his former landlord to make him keep to the original lease. Evidently some of the new tenants, besides being unable to pay their rent, were otherwise undesirable. Here St. Germain wants Alexander Campbell put out of his house as the lease has expired—granted (May 5th, 1761). Again—one Desnoyers asks that Rider be expelled from his house for defamation; an attempt on the part of the defendant to bribe a servant to perjury is also brought to light.

On July 9th, 1763, Thomas Walker was sued by Emond, captain of a river schooner, for freight of goods brought from Montreal to Quebec, upon what we from other evidence learn

†The District of Montreal comprised roughly the section of Quebec Province west of Sorel and Berthier.



was his first moving into the country. Walker offered to pay, less value of a mirror broken *en route*—here is a sample of the disputes arising from the schooner trip up the river after unloading from the sea voyage at Quebec. In another place (August 17th, 1763) we find Solomon Levy pleading that his partner, Gershon, could not meet a certain note when it was due, as he was at that time a prisoner among the Indians—another type of situation commercial men were called upon to face in those stirring days when Pontiac stalked abroad.

We are reminded of the existence of negroes, slave and free, in the city by a suit brought by "Joseph Hipolite, nègre libre," against Veuve Vallét (November 27th, 1760). A slave figure in the case of the negress Etiennette, who applied (June 6th, 1761) for leave to return to New England. She was said to have been bought by M. Gamelin from an Abenaki Indian; St. Luc la Corne testified that he had owned her father and mother. The case was referred to the Governor.

Although in the earlier lawsuits the newcomers appear in a defendant situation, the tenants and debtors of the longer-established inhabitants of the city, once settled, they went right ahead, becoming the capitalists and employers of labour; we note a change, the suits are now by employees for unpaid wages, or for the collection of debts in which the merchant is the plaintiff.

Regarding the character of these pioneer merchants, the official testimony of Governors Murray and Carleton, as well as of the French-Canadian noblesse and the writers of several private letters, is uniformly condemnatory. Let us not forget, however, General Murray's strong personal liking for the French-Canadians, which did not lead him to view with favourable eye the strong Protestant prejudices of the "old subjects," nor the disdain with which

these soldier-governors and their executives, who were Anglicans, regarded the merchants, as not only civilians, but largely dissenters as well. Murray complains that by his regard for the Canadians he "displeased the little English traders who all—Quakers, Puritans, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Atheists, Infidels, and even the Jews—protested that any consideration be paid to the poor Canadians." Chagrin at the concessions given to Catholics by the Quebec Act of 1774, as well as the denial of a Representative Assembly, appears to have been a deciding cause in leading some British-Canadians to side with the revolting colonies in the American War of Independence. As a result of the ill-feeling between the mercantile and military classes, the outstanding feature of the first six or eight years of British administration in Montreal is the strife between the civilians and the troops. This manifested itself in the high-handed imprisonment of a certain Captain Payne by the justices, an assault upon Thomas Walker, a prison breach and forcible rescue of several soldiers by their comrades, and the burning of Montreal barracks in 1765.

Although General Murray had a poor opinion of the first arrivals themselves, he was by no means blind to their actual services to the country. He puts in a good word for them in writing to Pitt, December, 1760: "I flatter myself you will pardon the liberty I take in troubling you with the enclosed [petition]; it regards a set of men who have been very serviceable to his Majesty's troops, who have run many risks, and who have been induced to pour in their merchandise here from a laudable prospect of promoting trade, at the invitation of Mr. Amherst, the Commander-in-Chief." Though these men were rougher and freer than one would expect in an older country, though they were uneducated, proud, disdainful foreigners, yet they were the pioneers of British trade and the



founders of the commercial greatness of their city. The docile, law-abiding merchant, who has a family, and a well-established business with Old Country traditions behind it—in fact, the type of man we would call the “good citizen”—is not the one we would expect to see coming out to such a new and unknown country as Canada then was. Practically with the exception of those retired from the army, the new settlers were bound to be adventurers; some, no doubt, were unsuccessful in Britain; some left the home-land without regret; others, who were in the majority, came to a land where there was more opportunity and less restraint, where a love of adventure could be gratified, and where there was not a host of old-world conventionalities to bind them.

Quebec City was the seat of Government, the fortress, the head of ocean navigation, the headquarters, also, for the Gaspé fisheries and the fur-trade with the Saguenay River valley, where the “King’s Posts” had been leased to a company of Quebec and Montreal merchants; but the inhabitants of Montreal, though about half as numerous as those of Quebec, did not think their city one whit behind in importance to the colony. For the western fur-trade, by far the most valuable, it was the depot; here the merchants lived, and from here the expeditions to the upper posts set out; all the merchants of any consequence were engaged in it; an examination of the invoices sent with the cargoes from England shows us that the bulk of the exports to Canada were articles of barter.

Under the French régime there had been numerous monopolies and restrictions, but the British authorities declared trade free, provided licenses were first procured. During Pontiac’s war, all commerce with the upper country was temporarily stopped, and great care was found necessary to prevent an illicit traffic in arms and ammunition from Canada with the

revolting Indians. That all Canadian trade might not cease, posts were established at Carillon and the Cedars, away from the danger zone. By January 18th, 1765, however, Gage was enabled to declare peace once more restored, and the regular trade was reopened. The first posts mentioned were Kamanistigoua, on Lake Huron; Michillimackinac, Baie des Puants, in Lake Michigan; Houlliattanon, on the Ouabache, and Detroit; trade soon extended much farther west, to Grand Portage, on Lake Superior, and beyond.

The mentor of the British Government in all matters relating to the Indians was Sir William Johnston, who was exceedingly alert in the interests of the Red Men, particularly on the western borders of New England, where instances of fraud and outrage on the part of white traders were reported; it was with him that the laws governing the fur trade originated.

Although trade was “free” in the sense that it was open to all equally, yet there were numerous regulations which were strictly enforced; the official correspondence is full of petitions and complaints from the merchants, in a practically vain attempt to secure a relaxation of the rules.

Each trader must be provided with a license and bond, issued by the Governor’s office in Quebec. The bond was to be for a sum equal to twice the value of the cargo proposed to be carried; it was the actual trader who was to be bound, not the merchant who sent the expedition; the object of this provision was to protect the latter from loss through a dishonest trader’s decamping down the Mississippi with his employer’s property. In practice, the merchants seem to have frequently conducted the expeditions in person, and as a rule went bondsmen for one another. Both bond and license specified the number of canoes or batteaux, the proposed destination, the number of men forming the party, with their names and resi-



dences, the value of the merchandise, the number of firearms, and the quantity of ammunition and liquor in the cargo. Licenses were issued for twelve months, with an extension of time to eighteen months if the distance of the destination precluded a return within the year.

The amount of liquor carried was intended to be that actually required by the traders; this limit was not held to, however, and included in a petition from some merchants to the Governor (January 15th, 1768) we have a complaint that much harm is being done by this laxity. It is suggested that the quantity of liquor allowed each canoe be seven or eight gallons, or double that quantity if the destination were the cold north country and not the lake posts.

Passes must be shown upon arrival at a post, and an exact inventory of the cargo made before proceeding to trade; if going farther, the trader must secure an additional permit for the next stage of the journey. He was not to pass a post without a permit, nor break bulk of his cargo; passports for the return journey were also necessary. Licenses were not transferable; if a servant of a trader died or was discharged, the commanding officer of the next post was to be notified and the new name inserted in the margin.

No trading was allowed beyond the guns of the existing forts and posts. The object of this regulation and of the preceding one regarding trading *en route* appears to have been the prevention of such unregulated traffic as the *coureurs de bois* engaged in. No credit was to be given the Indians for more than fifty shillings, and no debt of above this amount could be collected (this rule does not seem to have been strictly enforced). Trading was to be according to a fixed tariff, and the traffic in liquor, rifled guns, or swan shot forbidden; no Indian property could be acquired by the trader.

The merchants found these restric-

tions very burdensome, as their constant petitions show. They objected to the necessity of sending to Quebec for their licenses, and wanted an office established in Montreal, for much precious time was lost if they decided to send out additional canoes in the course of the season. The difficulty was enormously increased by a law aimed at absconding debtors, which required 'thirty days' notice to be given before leaving the Province. They, it seems quite justly, complained of Sir William Johnston's regulation regarding the showing of passes and declaring of cargo at each post. This was an impossible demand; they were often obliged to trade on the way. Moreover, part of the cargo might be lost or destroyed in transit, so that the tally on arrival would not agree with that in the permit. They were also too much at the mercy of dishonest or oppressive commissaries at the posts.

The main grievance, however, was the restriction of trade to certain posts. The merchants held that unless they were allowed to winter with the Indians on their hunting-ground, the commerce must every year diminish. Many of the Indians lived at too great a distance to come to the posts, supply themselves, and return home within the year; thus they would be led to trade with the French on the Mississippi, who had freer access to them, and the British manufacturers would suffer by the reduced demand for articles of barter. They cited many other advantages certain to follow on permission to go with the Indians to their hunting-grounds, and their own interests, they held, would require them to treat the natives fairly.

The petitioners were at least partially successful in their efforts. During the winter of 1766-7 they were for the first time allowed to winter with the Indians at their villages and hunting-grounds, but only from Michillimackinac; additional security was demanded for this privilege.



The attitude of Sir William Johnston to these representations was unfavourable. He contrasted the old-time French courtesy with the general English treatment of the savages, the French themselves had also changed since the conquest, and should now be confined to the posts. Sir Guy Carleton, however, espoused the cause of the Canadian merchants, and urged the case for his Province against the threatened encroachment of French and Spanish rivals.

As we have already noted, there was no license office in Montreal. The merchants applied for their passes to the Deputy Provost Marshal in that city—a position long held by Edward Chinn—who wrote to Quebec, giving the necessary particulars, and in course of time the papers were sent him. All parties concerned then appeared before the commanding officer in Montreal to swear to the bond and take the oath of allegiance. The licenses were signed by the Deputy Provost Marshal and counter-signed by the Officer Commanding. They were at first made out by hand, but later a printed form in both French and English was used. As a typical bond, we may take that sworn to by Tobias Isenhout on September 26th, 1768 (State papers, Canadian Archives) to trade between Niagara and Detroit, good for twelve months. He binds himself to observe the regulations; he and his men will conduct themselves as good subjects, do nothing prejudicial to the King's interest, and if they see anything prejudicial being done, they will immediately report it to the commandant at the nearest trading-post. He is not to take any men to the upper country save those following the occupation of navigating canoes or batteaux; all are to return to Montreal before the expiration of the bond, and give an account of themselves at the secretary's office; death only to allow exception to this rule.

Active preparations for sending out the trading parties began in Mont-

real about the month of March. Besides the leader of the expedition (either the merchant himself or a subordinate trader), a couple of guides were usually taken. The canoemen, known as "labourers," were Frenchmen from the district, hailing principally from Lachine, Chambly, Laprairie, or Montreal itself. The value of the cargoes carried on these parties averaged about £500 for each; the maximum quantity of spirits allowed appears invariably to have been taken. The posts named as destinations are Oswegatchie, La Baye, Niagara, Detroit, Michillimackinac, and Grand Portage in Lake Superior; of these, Michillimackinac and Detroit seem to have the preference. The canoes and batteaux carried about six or eight men each. The following are the particulars given as they are actually recorded in the licenses for some of the more important ventures:

Monday, April 26, 1771, pass for Ed. Chinn's men—7 men. £550 mdse. 10 fusils, 500 lbs. gunpowder, 350 lbs. shott and ball.

No. 10.—Ezekial Solomon (April 10, 1772)—2 canoes to Michillimackinac, value £800; 20 men (Laprairie); 1,400 lbs. shott and ball, 40 fusils, 320 gals. liquor.

No. 21—Benj. and Jos. Frobisher—3 canoes for Grand Portage; mdse £2,000; fusils 96, powder 2,000 lbs., shott, etc., 1,300 lbs.; liquor, 260 gals.; men, 28.

No. 10.—Jas. and John McGill (March 10, 1773)—3 canoes; value about £1,500; 48 guns, etc.; 23 men.

No. 15.—(April 10, 1775)—Laurence Ermatiger; 6 canoes to Grand Portage; £1,700 goods in 85 bales; 85 men and 2 guides; 80 guns; 2,000 lbs. powder; 3,600 lbs. shot, etc.; 15 cases iron works; 10 bales brass kettles; 400 gals. rum; 200 gals. wine, spirits, etc.; provisions, etc.

No. 65—Jas. Morrison—1 small batteau, Niagara (July 17, 1775)—4 men; 22 bales mdse.; 1 quarter-cask wine; 1 bbl. loaf sugar; 1 bbl. coffee; 1 bbl. salt; 1 bbl. tea; 1 nest brass kettles.

As time goes on the merchants grow wealthier and the size of the parties increases. The most ambitious expedition sent out during this period was by James McGill, Benjamin Frobisher and Man. Blondeau (1775):



Twelve canoes for Grand Portage, on Lake Superior; 3 guides and 100 men; 90 bags shot and ball; 150 fusils; 64 kegs gunpowder; 150 bales dry goods; 24 kegs wine; 15 trunks dry goods; 1,000 gals. rum; 12 boxes iron ware; 50 kegs hogs' lard and tallow; 12 nests brass kettles; 60 kegs pork; 4 do. copper kettles; 100 pkgs. canet and sweet tobacco (value not stated).

The merchants often went on these expeditions themselves, but as they grew older, more prosperous, and as family and business interests became more pressing in the city, they less often took these arduous and dangerous canoe journeys. The following rather interesting letter has been left us in a pile of trade licenses:

Dear Sir,—Please to forward the enclosed three instead of two, one for the office, two to take with me. I hope this will be my last voyage for many years to come. If you will let me know how Mr. Bertie's account stands with you, I will settle it with him—make a memorandum of what you have to do there. Mr. Wier takes possession of my house and manages everything till my return, which I expect will be about the 14th September. I have paid him his salary and contingencies until June 24th. He will send you a copy of that bond, I have not time, I intend setting off Monday next, etc.

ED. CHINN.

Montreal, July 6, 1772.

To Geo. Alsopp, Quebec.

Where the merchant did not go himself, he often had an agent in the West, or sent a venture by some other expedition. In Laurence Ermatinger's cash book\* entries such as the following are frequent:

—By Forrest Oakes—

Oct. 24, 1770—

Paid to guide your canoes down	
the Long Sault in the year 1770	£2:8
Paid do. down the Sault St. Louis	:6

Another letter points to a different aspect of commercial life. We have seen that the usual course was for the merchants to apply to Mr. Chinn for their licenses, who wrote to Quebec for them. This former partner of

Mr. Chinn's, however, thinks it best to write in person to Mr. Alsopp:

Montreal, March 25, 1775.

I should take it as a great favour if you would send me a pass for four canoes as mentioned below, as Mr. Chinn and I have dealing at the same posts, and he being my enemy, I should like to keep my intentions regarding that trade secret as long as possible from so great an enemy. Mrs. Howard joins in compliments to you, Mrs. Alsopp, and all Mrs. Bondfield's family.

JOS. HOWARD.

Four canoes for Michillimackinac and the Ottawa villages, 19 men, mdse. £800, whole not over £1,250.

Statistics regarding the fur-trade are meagre; we have, however, a statement of the consignments exported from Michillimackinac during the summer of 1767. The cargoes were sent down during July and August, and were all directed to Montreal and Albany; in the latter place there were twelve consignees, in the Canadian city twenty-five (eleven being English and fourteen French). The chief furs were the following: Beaver, 50,938 skins; dressed leather, 27,037 skins; raccoons, 23,005 skins; martin, 9,556 skins; otter, 5,798 skins; and other pelts in much smaller numbers. This table shows us that Quebec Province must have handled the bulk of the commerce in furs, Montreal having a distinct preference over the New England trade centre. Michillimackinac was the chief post in the West, and probably we may judge of conditions in general by it.

We have noted that the winter of this year, 1767, was the first in which traders secured the long-sought privilege of wintering among the Indians at their homes. A large number of the more enterprising traders took advantage of this opportunity, and travelled great distances with their savage hosts. Among those wintering with the Indians we find:

Chinn—to La Pointe (Lake Superior)

\*S 819, Canadian Archives; from July, 1770, to Dec. 31, 1776.



with 2 canoes (£1,000), bondsman Alex. Henry.

McGill—To Lake Michigan, 1 canoe (£400); bondsman, Frobisher.

McGill—From Lake Michigan into La Baye, 2 canoes (£400); bondsman, Frobisher.

Rodgers—To St. Joseph (Lake Michigan), 1 canoe (£375:10); bondsman, Todd.

Livingstone—From Lake Michigan to La Baye, 1 canoe (£500); bondsman, Groesbeck.

Abbott & Bruce—By La Baye into the Mississippi, 2 canoes (£750); bondsman, Groesbeck.

Among the English merchants acting as bondsmen, Benjamin Frobisher heads the list with nine traders; McGill and James Finlay are interested in four each, and the famous Alexander Henry in three. We quote the following table regarding the volume of trade for this winter:

Totals brought together—		Value	
	No.	mdse.	
	canoes	£	s d
Gone to Lake Superior..	18	7481	17
Gone by L. Superior to Northwest .....	14	5117	10 7
Gone into L. Huron .....	5	1275	
Gone into L. Michigan ..	24	6875	9
Gone by L. Michigan into La Baye .....	43	13364	10 4
Gone by La Baye into Mississippi .....	17	4850	
Totals .....	121	38964	6 11*

It will be noticed from this table that the most popular routes were into Lake Michigan and thence to La Baye, taking in the trade with the Illinois Indians. The Lake Superior posts stand next, while little trading appears to have been done with the Ottawas to the north and east of Lake Huron.

After arrival at Montreal from the upper country, the bales of furs were transferred to river sloops to be taken to Quebec, whence they were shipped to England. August and September were the months in which these cargoes came down the river.

Regarding early British commerce within the city of Montreal, we are

able to gather scraps of information from some merchants' ledgers which have come down to us, from signed petitions to the Government, the official papers, and from a few letters here and there. The chief commercial streets were St. Francois Xavier and St. Paul's, particularly the former as far as the English were concerned. In the returns of losses during the great fire of 1765, we find that of fifty-four unfortunate tenants of St. Francois Street, twenty-three were English; of eighty-seven in St. Paul Street, twenty were English, as were six out of twenty-six in the Market Place; the other streets have no English names on the lists. The reason this fire was more disastrous than say that of 1768, which destroyed as large an area, was because on these two streets, which were burned out in the earlier conflagration, dwelt the wealthiest element in the city. In several cases the individual losses were over £2,000, in that of Jacob Vanderheyden, St. Paul Street, over £3,000—large sums for the town of those days.

The bulk of the stock carried was, of course, for the Indian trade, the inventories containing here and there such significant items as:

1 gross scalping knives (4) .....	£1:2
1 gross scalping knives (5) .....	1:4

as well as hatchets, paints, blankets, gaudy hosiery, beads, and such-like. The total value of one shipment to John Stenhouse from England was rather over £4,500; an inventory of April, 1767, gives his total stock in Montreal as £902:4:6, and one of May, 1770, totals £1350:12 (Quebec currency), which may give a clue to the amount of business of the average merchant then.

Business operations in those days must have been complicated by the numerous varieties of currency in use within the one city. The lawful medium of exchange was the "Quebec currency," three-quarters the value

\*Canadian Archives, C.O. 42, Vol. 14, folio 2.



of sterling money, in which the invoices from England were naturally made out. Additional calculation was necessitated by the common use in Quebec of the "Halifax currency." This, also, was worth rather more than the local money, £6 Quebec being equivalent to £5 Halifax; the note, "Add one-fifth to make lawful" appended to accounts shows the ready method employed in changing from the one to the other. The French still retained their own money of pre-Conquest days, and transactions with them seem invariably to have been carried on in *livres*, each worth a provincial shilling. The remaining coin which circulated was the Spanish dollar, worth six shillings Quebec.\*

The connection between London and Montreal was close. The merchants in the one supplied those in the other with their stock at wholesale; they also acted as their agents, selling the consignments of furs from Canada at public auction or otherwise in England. There was a considerable body of London merchants definitely engaged in the Canadian trade, and for whom some of the Montreal men seem rather to have been subordinate agents. These men, under the leadership of one Fowler Walker, caused Governor Murray considerable vexation by conveying a one-sided version of the Thomas Walker case to the notice of George III.

Any detailed account of the pioneer English firms of Montreal would be out of place here, but space may permit of a few words regarding some of the more important ones. Probably the first was that of Howard, Chinn & Bostwick; these three were English merchants who came with the troops. Joseph Howard shortly severed his connection with the firm and established himself in St. Paul Street, dying, after a successful career, No-

vember 7th, 1778. Edward Chinn was one of the most prominent merchants in town, though, it seems, not the most scrupulous. He superintended the issuing of traders' licenses in the city, and was himself largely engaged in this commerce. William Bostwick was a hatter, who set up in Montreal, but his business not prospering, he took to the Indian trade. During Pontiac's rebellion he was captured at Michillimackinac, but escaped the massacre and was brought by the Ottawas to Montreal. Like several other Montreal merchants, he is occasionally mentioned by Alexander Henry in his interesting journal of travels in the Northwest;† finally we hear of him in England, 1774. Of Mr. Bertie, no record remains.

The earliest Jewish firm to settle in the city was the brothers Levy—Solomon, Eleazar, Gershon, and Simon. Gershon came with the soldiers; Eleazar, by his own account, moved from New York to Quebec in 1760, and to Montreal in 1763; the other brothers were by this time settled in the city. Ezekial Solomon & Company, another firm, was established by 1764.

A short and tragic career was Tobias Isenhout's. He was a German sutler who appears to have got on well in the Indian trade, but in 1771 or 1772, while on a business trip in Detroit, he was murdered by Michael Dué, his French clerk, who hid the body in a cellar. This man was convicted under the Mutiny Act, which covered offences beyond the provincial boundaries, and hanged. The marriage of Isenhout's widow with one Thomas McMurray took place in Montreal the following September.

In the census of 1765, those hailing from Switzerland are given as six in number. The most notable of these was, of course, the Honourable Conrad Gugy, who came to Quebec

\*The ratios between types of coinage are calculated from the Cash Book above noted and other accounts *passim*.

†"Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories"; ed. James Bain, Toronto, 1901.



with General Wolfe and settled in the Montreal district. He was long a member of the Legislative Council, and died April, 1786, being buried in the old Dorchester Street cemetery. Of the Swiss merchants, Lawrence Ermatinger has left a valuable contribution to Canadian history in his cash-book and letter-book, now in the Archives. He arrived by 1762, and must have become one of the most successful merchants, as his ventures were among the largest sent to the upper country.

Another prominent citizen and a member of the Executive Council was Benjamin Price. He sent a venture to Canada in 1761, but his supercargoes proving inefficient, he came himself from England the following year. After the fire in 1765, he and Adam Mabane, of Quebec, were the councillors appointed to receive statements of losses from the citizens. He died in October, 1768, the Government finding it hard to fill his place.

There was also a James Price, of the firm of Price & Haywood, both partners hailing from New England; needless to say, they were prominent in the agitation for an elective Assembly later on, and among the plotters who aided Ethan Allen in his march on Montreal.

The history of Thomas Walker requires to be written separately; Canadian history revolves about this turbulent, headstrong, but withal ambitious and forceful character in a truly curious way during the twelve years of his residence here. He was an English merchant who moved to Montreal in 1763 and set up in business. When the civic administration was in 1764 entrusted to the Court of Quarter Sessions, he was on the first Commission of the Peace, and with several fellow justices, took the lead of those merchants who opposed the troops within the city; the latter avenged themselves one evening by assaulting him in his own house and cutting off his ear. This caused a tremendous stir; several changes in

the judicial arrangements of the Province were required before the case was actually tried; it finally reached George III., and pursued Murray after his recall to England. Taking advantage, meanwhile, of Carleton's ignorance of Canadian affairs upon his first arrival in the country, Walker had six prominent citizens with whom he was apparently not on good terms, arrested and insulted for complicity in the outrage. Later he in Montreal, in conjunction with Zachary Macauley in Quebec, headed the agitation for an Assembly and against the guaranteeing of Roman Catholic liberties. Finally, he with others entered into treacherous relations with the American invaders of 1775, fled to the States, and so dropped out of Canadian history.

James Finlay, a member of the Citizens' Committee which succeeded in establishing the first Protestant school in Montreal, 1774, one of the founders of the first Presbyterian church, and one of the signers of the capitulation to General Montgomery in 1775, came to Montreal from Scotland about 1762. He was one of the most daring of Indian traders, for he was the first of the Englishmen to reach the Upper Saskatchewan, wintering at Nipawi House, 1771-2.

A more famous and even more venturesome explorer was Alexander Henry, author of a journal of travel in the Northwest, which was first published in New York in 1807. He came to Montreal with the troops, and obtaining permission of Gage to make a trip to the West, he went to Albany to outfit, and then left with a French companion. The winter of 1775 was passed out West in company with Joseph and Thomas Frobisher. Returning to Montreal the following year, he made a voyage to France and later some visits to England, as well as other trips to the Northwest. He played a part in the formation of the Northwest Company, but retired from the Indian trade in 1796, confining himself to mercantile pur-



suits within the city till his death, April 4th, 1824, aged eighty-four.

Of the McGill brothers, particularly James, one need hardly speak. They were settled in Montreal by 1774, one at least as early as 1767. John and Andrew were buried in the Dorchester Street cemetery in 1797 and 1807, respectively; the monument to James may now be seen in front of the Arts Building of the University he founded, while "Burnside Place" perpetuates the name of his Montreal residence.

The actual founders of the North-West Company were the firm of MacTavish, Frobisher & Company. Simon MacTavish, who owned the farm immediately west of James McGill's property, was a comparatively late arrival in the city, but the Frobishers were among the pioneers. They were of English birth; Benjamin appears to have been the first to migrate, his name appearing on the census sheet of 1765, and in a merchants' petition of the same year; he died April 4th, 1787. The "Great Company" had no more enterprising rival than Joseph Frobisher. After some years of successful trading as far west as Grand Portage, in the districts frequented by other traders, he passed a winter on the Red River, probably the first Englishman to build a fort in this region. In 1774 he met a party of the Hudson's Bay Company's Indians on the Churchill River while on their way to Fort Churchill; believing him to be a representative of the company, they were induced to trade with him, and he took away as many furs as his canoes could carry. Governor Hearne of the company was furious at this "scurvy trick," which, nevertheless, was repeated next year. In 1775 Thomas explored as far west as Ile à la Crosse, at the mouth of the Beaver River. This brother died in September, 1788, at the age of forty-four. Joseph retired from business in 1798. I have been unable to find the date of his death.

These, then, were the leading members of the British mercantile community who were settled in the city within a half-dozen years or so of the Conquest. The professions were then but poorly represented in Canada. There was a chaplain for the troops at Quebec, but the first Protestant clergyman to settle permanently in Montreal was the Reverend Doctor Chabrand Delisle, a Swiss, who came in 1766. It is worthy of remark that this gentleman's name heads the supporters of practically all applications for liquor licenses in the city in his time, a contrast with present-day practice. Lieutenant Daniel Robertson, who retired from the Forty-Second Regiment after the Conquest, practised medicine in the city; Lawrence Ermatinger's household accounts also include fees paid to a certain Doctor Huntly. Edward Antill was the only English lawyer; he moved here from New England about 1770. The master of the first Protestant school was an Irishman named John Pullman, brought from New York at the end of 1773.

This concludes our sketch of a city and its commerce, which were very different indeed from what we see at the present day. Though operations were then pursued on so much smaller a scale than now, we cannot say that these pioneers had a whit less daring or enterprise than the promoters of a modern company or the builders of a new railway. There must have been a wonderful fascination in these long and venturesome voyages beyond the mere money value of the furs obtained, which would even lead a man like Alexander Henry to spend fifteen years at one time off in the wilds. Advancing civilization has robbed commerce of this romantic aspect, but we to-day are no doubt quite satisfied to sit at home and read of our predecessors' adventures, assured that the year's profits are in no danger of vanishing all at once, in a confusion of sunken ledges, white water, and broken birch-bark.



# FICTION A LA MODE

BY R. C. READE

“ARABELLA von Morgenstein stood at last in the ancestral hall of the Copperbooms——”

The typewriter was clicking away gallantly in a three-roomed Harlem flat, as John Barr Escutcheon, professional writer of romance employed his sky-scraper imagination in the construction of a baronial castle in the early feudal style. It was a difficult task, but he faced it confidently. Had he not once erected in seven days a tower of Babel, that is, a novelette wherein the characters spoke snatches of fifteen different languages which he had studied simultaneously, in a tourist's manual of conversation?

Behind a papier maché partition, his wife noisily clattered the breakfast dishes in an adjoining kitchenette. It was partly this interruption which had made him abandon Arabella in the middle of a sentence. Another reason was the sudden weakening of his historical imagination. To tell the truth, he knew very little about old feudal architecture.

He took a hurried glance at a book of engravings and at once began to see things, and this was his vision:

“The room, in which she stood, formed the immense high-vaulted vestibule of a German fortress which had for centuries frowned down upon the majestic Rhine, only to be carried away, stone by stone, and set upon the brow of the parapetted hills overlooking the still more majestic Hudson. Although it was now the abode of a respectable modern cap-

tain of industry, it was still suggestive of a robber baron's eagle nest, full of dungeons and human bones. It was eerie, ghostlike and gloomy.

“Arabella would have shivered in terror had she been alone. But a doughty champion stood by her side. It was young Ferdinand Copperboom, with a gold-tipped cigarette in his hand, and elegantly high-waisted, monocolled.

“Her fierce old sire would have turned purple with rage had he known where her afternoon's motor ride had brought her. With a pride begotten of three generations of inherited wealth, he loathed and abominated the upstart millions of the Copperbooms. He had strenuously opposed them on the Stock Exchange. He had bid against them for boxes at the Horse Show. He had blackballed them when they sought admission to the Yacht Club. He had in fact expressly forbidden his daughter to exchange cards with them. Once, when he learned that she had danced with Ferdinand Copperboom, he had fallen down in an apoplectic fit. His life had been saved only by her solemn promise to avoid Ferdinand as she would avoid last year's fashions.

“Yet fate laughs at angry fathers. Her car had broken down in the very shadow of the porteallis, under circumstances that looked suspiciously as if the chauffeur had been bribed. Ferdinand appeared from within the carved gateway, and she had been unable to resist his offer of hospitality



until the motor was convalescent. He expressed deep sorrow for her mishap. Grinning gargoyles winked as they heard him."

A sauce pan fell with a bang in the kitchen. The author winced, but stoically followed after Ferdinand and Arabella.

"And now with beating hearts, they stood alone in the glorious baronial hall, the black oak paneling of which it would have taken the whole yearly dividend from Standard Oil to purchase. Not all the wealth of the Orient or one week's box-office receipts from all the moving picture palaces in America could have paid a ten per cent. deposit on the priceless canvases which hung on either side of the great fireplace."

There was a sharp roaring pandemonium as if Niagara had suddenly fallen into some gigantic tin bath-tub. Mrs. Escutcheon had just turned on the hot water tap.

"Confound it, Mary," he called testily, "can't you make a little less row? I've got to get this yarn off my hands in order to pay the rent at the end of the week."

There was a crescendo crash of dishes like the end of a Wagnerian overture, and then—silence.

"Diamonds and opals," the ten-dollar "factory-rebuilt" typewriter was once again dreaming, "turquoise, jasper and chrysoberyl flashed under their feet in the iridescent splendour of rugs from the looms of Shiraz. The light of day filtered in awed humility through cinquecento stained glass windows, and mingled respectfully with the soft glow of golden electric lights set on the walls in sconces of silver. The upholstery, the hangings, the carved beams of the high ceiling, the quaint bronze satyrs poised on delicate pedestals of marble, everything was the last word in Fifth Avenue millionaire 'chie'. The very knobs of the great doors were works of art."

Again the typewriter stopped. The author's wife emerged from the kit-

chen, drying her hands on her apron.

"See here, John," said she, "while you're making the rent, you just put in enough words to buy me a new dress. I've worn my old brown foulard till I'm sick of it. I've just got to have one of those new models that are slashed at the knees."

The author counted a pile of typewritten pages.

"Mary," said he, "how much do you think that dress of yours will cost?"

"I saw a lovely one yesterday in Wan & Akers for \$35.00."

"Oh Lord," groaned the builder of castles, "I've spun this plot out all ready till it's so thin a breath would break it. That fat old Sokem and his rent is just about the limit of its strength. But perhaps it might stand the strain of a little dress material."

"It would never be noticed," said his wife coaxingly, "dresses now are just as flimsy and light as plots."

"That may be," retorted the author, "but, nonetheless, a skimpy plot, like a skimpy dress, is an outrage upon decency, upon artistic decency; a proceeding which, as an artist, I am forced to consider thoroughly reprehensible,—"

"Oh John! My old brown foulard—"

"But, as a husband, my dear," said he, interrupting her cry of dismay, "as a husband, I view the matter in quite a different light. I'll make your dress, and my artistic conscience can go hang."

Thereupon he turned his eyes from the ugly panorama of housetops which was the only view his window afforded, and hastened in imagination, back to the lordly hall of the Copperbooms. It was exactly as he had left it. Arabella and Ferdinand were still there, but had not ventured even to speak, without his permission.

"And yet, the two occupants of this gorgeous chamber of unfettered fancy, surrounded by a magnificence



unequaled even at an Indian Durbar or on a trans-Atlantic liner, had eyes for none of it. Dressed exquisitely in a marvelous motor toilette from Worth's, she was still a woman; clothed immaculately in an afternoon lounge suit after the latest Bond St. fashion, he was still a man. The reason of their indifference to the opulence and luxury of their surroundings was a simple one. They were young and in love."

The progress of the typewriter was suddenly interrupted by a soft pair of arms which stole around the neck of the toiling purveyor of fiction.

"You dear lovely old Hubbikins," cried his wife, enthusiastically imprinting a kiss on his corrugated brow. "To think that all those words really mean a dress for me! You wonderful dress-making Hubbikins, to be able to make a costume just out of your head!"

"Mary," said Hubbikins, alias John Barr Escutcheon on magazine tables of contents, "if you bother me any more with these sweet gherkin interruptions, your dress will be altogether in my head, a mere figment of my imagination, an impalpable web of daringly diaphanous fancy, an—er—, in short there won't be any dress."

"No dress!" she ejaculated in mock alarm. "Do hurry up and finish it. I won't interrupt any more."

Thus assured, the harassed author returned to his task and rescued Ferdinand Copperboom from a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing.

"'Arabella von Morgenstein;' the young heir to the Copperboom millions declared in impassioned tones, 'Arabella, I love you. I love only you. There runs in your veins the haughty watered stock of the most ancient railway system in America, and my millions are only of yesterday; but that is nothing. The gossip of the Four Hundred is nothing; your father's disdain is nothing. Be bold and risk his rage—for my sake.

If he cuts you off with a beggarly five millions a year, I will still gladly embrace such poverty, with you. Even in this basement nat—he looked contemptuously around the spacious baronial hall—with this cheap matting under our feet—he stamped on a priceless Turkish rug—with those wretched daubs on our walls—he shook his fist at the old masters in their frames of pure gold—in all this squalor and misery, we can still be happy.' His voice broke as he concluded in wild emotion, 'Oh, Arabella, be mine.'"

"For five dollars, I could get such a pretty lace jabot," said the author's wife unfeelingly, in the midst of Ferdinand's misery.

"Look here, Arabella—I mean Mary," exclaimed the author wearily, "will you please not interrupt?"

"Oh, I wasn't interrupting," said she sweetly, "I was just thinking to myself. Anyway, I could do without the jabot, but I must have some gray pearl buttons to fasten the open side of the skirt. There are such ugly black ones, almost as big as saucers, on the dress in the store. They don't harmonize at all. But surely, dear—you're so clever—you could easily get your old typewriter to make me twelve little bits of pearl buttons?"

"Mary," proclaimed the author solemnly, "you're risking the happiness of two innocent young lives. I've religiously kept them apart for over twenty pages, but, if it hadn't been for you, they would, this very moment, be clasped in one another's arms. If you insist on your pearl buttons I've got to keep them apart a little while longer, and Heaven knows what may happen. Old Morgenstein may come in, or young Copperboom in despair, thinking that Arabella does not love him, may go and blow his silly young brains out."

"And I'd be guilty of murder!" She shuddered. "I would almost rather not have the pearl buttons."

"You see what a serious thing it is to disturb a man when he is con-



structing a story. I once killed two hundred people, although in truth my sin wasn't original, by making their boat strike an iceberg—just because some one came in and interrupted me. Before then, I hadn't the faintest intention of any such wholesale drowning. But, still, I think I can get you your buttons without shedding one drop of blood. It will only take a paragraph or two."

"Couldn't you make me the jabot as well? That is, of course, if you don't have to kill anyone. I really don't want it if you have to murder anyone, or even if you have to make Arabella and Ferdinand quarrel."

"That's all right," said the author cheerily, with the end of his work in sight. "I guess I can squeeze in your jabot. But you needn't worry about Ferdinand and Arabella quarrelling. You don't catch two lovers quarrelling at the end of *my* stories. They daren't do it. I won't let them."

He turned to his work again, and the typewriter, as if weary of inaction, like a spirited thoroughbred, was, in a few seconds, galloping madly.

"She gazed at him from under long lashes, which held aeons of tenderness and unspoken infinitudes of love. Her bosom heaved, her lips parted, but before she could speak, a stately butler with round calves enmeshed in rose silk stockings, entered the hall, and solemnly paced toward young Copperboom, with a note extended on a silver salver. He took it and flung it unread on the couch beside him. The butler bowed and, with leisurely dignity his rose silk calves twinkled their way out of the room."

"That butler is due altogether to your jabot," said the author to his wife, who was now leaning over his shoulder awaiting the finish of the story in breathless excitement. "I never intended to use him, but, perhaps, he serves, at least I hope so,

some artistic purpose in heightening the interest by delaying the conclusion. But, anyway, even if you were to threaten me with divorce, my conscience will not permit me to delay matters any longer. I must get these lovers into one another's arms."

His fingers descended on the keys and "'Speak, Arabella, speak?' cried Ferdinand in an agony of hope deferred.

"'Ferdinand,' she whispered with her hands pressed over her heart, 'I can never—'"

"'Oh, say not so, Arabella.' His face blanched in sudden terror.

"'But I can't, I can't,' she murmured in a low hysterical laugh, 'I can't tell you how much I love you.'

"She was in his arms, and, on her cheeks and lips descended a rain of kisses like some sacramental baptism of love.

"'But what about your note?' she exclaimed, when she had recovered breath.

"'He opened it. 'Your chauffeur says your car is in good order now.'

"'But I don't want to go just yet. I'll stay and have tea with you, and I don't care what father thinks.'

"In this way the younger generation of the Von Morgensteins and Copperbooms plighted their troth, disregarding ancestral prejudices, like the children of the Capulets and Montagus of old."

"That's the end," said the author, counting the pages, "and if I get my usual rates, and if the editor doesn't shorten it, there will be enough for the landlord and for your dress, and pearl buttons, and lace jabot, and perhaps a box of imported cigars for myself."

"It's wonderful," reflected his wife with a pleased laugh, "I never thought that dresses could be made on a typewriting machine. I'm sure I am very grateful to Ferdinand and Arabella. I hope they will live together very happily."





THE RIVER MAGOG

From the Painting by A. Suzor-Cote. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE SHACK ON THE NORTH TRAIL

BY RONALD GRAEME

**D**RIP, drip, drip, drip!  
The man sitting by the table looked up from the book he was reading. Surely it had not started to rain. The sunset had been beautiful, without any indication of a coming storm.

He rose from his chair and, walking to the window, drew aside the blind which covered it.

No, there was a thin strip of moonlight between the side of the shack and the gate in the high board fence. The sky was clear and starlit—no trace there of a rain-cloud.

The man let the blind fall over the window and, returning to his seat, picked up a magazine.

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

This time he got up and walked quickly into the other room of the shack and glanced into the jug and basin on the primitive washstand. Both were empty. He retraced his steps and, crossing the living-room, flung open the door of the tiny kitchen. Everything was just as he had left it when he finished the "chores" after his evening meal. The kettle was singing softly on the stove. The pail of water he had carried in from the spring was in its accustomed place, covered with its wooden lid. Nothing had been spilt anywhere.

He stood by the stove a moment or two. He might as well make the cup of cocoa he usually drank before going to bed. True, it was earlier

than usual, but that curious suggestion of rain dripping had sent a shiver down his back, and he fancied he was cold.

He carried the cup of steaming cocoa into the living-room and, placing it on the table by the lamp, walked to a shelf above a small table in a corner on which stood three or four cups and saucers, a sugar-bowl and other odds and ends, flanked by a small travelling clock in a leather case. Its hands pointed to nine o'clock.

"I may as well go to bed right now," he told himself. "I've got to be at Jack's by seven in the morning, and I'll have to pull out of here about five."

He turned over the pages of one of the magazines on the table beside him as he stirred his cocoa, and as he drank he wondered what had caused that sound of water dripping from some as yet undiscovered source. He would look outside in the morning. Perhaps the big rain-water barrel under the eaves above the porch needed a little repairing. And yet if the water was finding its way out of that, surely it would *trickle* down its sides! Well, whatever it was, it had stopped now.

He lifted the lamp from the table and, going towards the outer door, turned the key in the lock and then went into the bedroom and was soon sleeping soundly.



The sun was rising in a blaze of rose when Donald Gillespie mounted his horse in the early morning and turned his head towards the west. He did not feel quite certain in his own mind that he knew the trail to Charlie Mitchell's. He had only ridden out there once, and then Jack Mitchell had been with him and he had depended on him for guidance, though his keen eye had noticed such landmarks as he could find on the rolling prairie.

It was four hours later when he dismounted at Mitchell's, welcomed by a chorus of barking dogs which brought Jack from the house and Charlie from the open door of the stable, pitch-fork in hand.

"Hullo, old man!" Charlie called pleasantly. "You must have started out early this morning."

Donald Gillespie led his horse towards the stable.

"How are you, Charlie?" he said as he shook hands, "I pulled out at five, because I must get back again to-night, and I may have to go south to-morrow."

"You made pretty good time. I'll bet you didn't stop to get any breakfast before you left," Jack Mitchell said, as he joined his friend. "Charlie'll fix your horse; you come into the house; the Missis'll give you some breakfast."

When Gillespie had done justice to the tempting breakfast Mrs. Mitchell placed before him, the two men took a stroll round the ranch buildings. The new Suffolk Punch, in his big corral, the last bunch of colts, and Mrs. Mitchell's prize-winning flock of white Wyandottes, all came in for their due share of admiration.

"Where are you living now, Don?" Jack Mitchell asked.

"I found a three-roomed shack just a little out of town, with a bit of land round it, that was the very thing I wanted. It had been empty some time, the owner said, and had no pump in the house, but I didn't care about that. I got so beastly

tired of living in hotels and boarding-houses I was only too glad to try 'batching' again."

"Just a little out of town. How far is it?" asked Jack.

"Oh, it's only about a mile from the post-office, near the little hospital," the other answered.

Jack Mitchell stood still and looked at him.

"What's the matter, Jack?" Gillespie asked.

"I was wondering what shack it could be," he said.

"Perhaps you know it. It has rather a broad, wide porch, and there is a lean-to kitchen at the back. It's not much, but it suits me, and I like it better than the hotels."

Jack made no reply.

Lunch time came round pretty quickly, it seemed to Gillespie, and he found himself seated at table next a new addition to the family circle.

"You haven't met Miss Sassulitch, Donald," Mrs. Mitchell said as her husband and Gillespie entered the room.

The girl on whom Gillespie's eyes lingered was rather striking-looking. She was very tall, with a graceful willowy figure. Masses of bright chestnut hair were twisted carelessly on her head and fell softly over her temples. Her skin was very pale and clear, and as she talked and waxed enthusiastic over any topic of conversation which interested her, a brilliant colour tinged her cheeks, and the hazel eyes with their dark lashes looked almost black.

"And so you like our prairie country, Miss Sassulitch?" Gillespie asked.

"No, I do not like the prairie so much as this—what you call—the Foothills," she said, smiling.

He thought how rich and full her voice sounded.

"You speak English very well," he ventured to say.

"Ah, you are good! my nurse was English, that I had in my country; she did teach me."



"What is your country?" he asked then.

"Russia. I was born in St. Petersburg," she replied.

"Russia! Really! I have always wished to go there. I fancy the Steppes must be like our prairies. How long have you been here?"

"In this country? Oh, I came first to Montreal five years ago. I did stay two years there. Then I did to Toronto go, and I remained three years, and after that I came here two months," she laughed softly.

Gillespie was wondering if all Russians were as fascinating and beautiful as this girl. There was a charm in the quaint manner in which she expressed herself and he thought he had never listened to a more musical voice. When he rose to take leave of his friends he realized that he had not transacted all the business he had set out with the idea of accomplishing, and that he had been rendered utterly oblivious of his purpose by the witchery of those wonderful hazel eyes with their curling lashes, under the level, finely-arched brows. As he rode homewards he almost congratulated himself that he had not finished his business at the ranch. For now he had a fairly reasonable excuse to return there at no very distant date.

The fire in his little kitchen stove was very long in burning up that night, and Donald Gillespie smiled whimsically as he thought how pleasant it might be to return to the shack after one of his cattle buying expeditions into the country, and find a supper table already laid for him and a pair of beautiful hazel eyes smiling a welcome into his own. What was it Mrs. Mitchell had called her? Olga! Yes, that was it—Olga Sassulitch! He repeated the name to himself two or three times, for he rather liked its cadence.

He was hard hit, bowled out completely for the first time in his life—he, Donald Gillespie, sober, steady-going Donald, for whom none of the Western girls had had any charm or

winsomeness, pretty as many of them were.

As he sat drinking his cocoa, suddenly he heard a sound. He drew himself up in his chair.

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

He started up from his seat. Again he went from one room to another in a vain attempt to locate the sound of falling liquid. He flung wide the door opening on to the porch. The surface of the water in the big rain barrel was calm and unruffled in its corner below the eaves. The moonlight, as on the previous night, flooded the patch of land, and the stable to the left of him. All was quiet there.

Arrangements for the buying of beef cattle for the man who had the monopoly of the business in that part of the country kept Gillespie hard at work for weeks. North, south, east and west he went in his search. He had been away from his shack for days at a time during the past two months and many times he had got off the train in the early morning so played out, that he had thrown himself dressed on his bed, so tired that he was asleep almost before his head had touched the pillow.

The train from the south was drawing into the station, and Gillespie had gathered his papers together and thrown his coat over his arm ready to alight. There were only a few passengers in the Pullman, a couple of commercial travellers, an elderly lady with a little girl, and another woman whose back had been towards him most of the journey from MacLeod.

Suddenly she rose from her seat.

"My bag, my bag!" she almost screamed, "I put it under the seat when I went into the diner; it's gone!"

Her face was flushed as she excitedly walked to the end of the car, calling for the conductor as she went. In a minute she was back, followed by the conductor and the porter.

"I guess I know where I put it,



I left it right there under that seat," she said.

The two officials commenced a search of the car, which was not exhausted when the train pulled up at the platform. Gillespie did not wait to see whether the missing valise was discovered. He had not dined on the train, and as he had left MacLeod in too great a hurry to think of eating he was feeling somewhat hungry. The shack was at least a mile, rather more, from the station, and he walked rapidly away towards it.

He had just gone into his tiny bedroom, lamp in hand, a couple of hours later, almost ready to tumble into bed, when he heard the rattle of wheels, the plungings of a horse, the shrill scream of a woman, then a crash.

In a moment he had unlocked the outer door. He knew what had happened. There was a heap of stones on the right of the shack, and the horse had shied at it, overturning the vehicle in trying to bolt out of the deep ruts of the trail. He ran down the little path and as he reached the gate in his fence, he heard a woman's voice; somehow it seemed familiar.

"Darn fool," she shouted. Why didn't you hold him?"

"Pitch black night like this, who'd a thought he'd shy at a pile o' stones," a man's voice answered loudly.

Plainly no one was hurt, Gillespie thought. He advanced towards the group, faintly distinguishable in the gloom.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he asked.

"I guess if you can lend me a lantern I'd be obliged," the man answered.

"I'll get one in a minute. Won't you come into my shack for a little while?" he said, turning towards the woman.

"Thank you, I reckon I will," was the reply, and she followed him up the pathway.

The light of the lamp on the table fell on her face as she sank into the big chair Gillespie pulled forward for her.

He recognized her at once. It was the woman who had lost her valise on the train.

"Did you find it after all?" he asked her.

"Find what?"

"Your valise. I was on the train when you missed it."

"Yes, I got it all right, that nigger porter had moved it into the smoker," she said.

"Would you like a cup of tea, or anything?" he asked, as he lighted the lantern in the kitchen doorway.

"If you could give me some water and a glass—I've got a flask in my pocket," she replied.

He placed a jug of water on the table beside her and walked towards the outer door of the shack.

"Make yourself as comfortable as you can; we'll soon get the rig fixed up," he said.

The woman did not answer him, except by a nod. Her eyes were wandering round the room.

It took some time to right matters outside. One of the traces was broken in such a way as to be practically useless; however, a bit of rope and some string, the never-failing "repair outfit" of the Westerner's pocket, eventually made a fairly decent job of what at first had looked almost hopeless.

They were hitching the horse now; he had been standing quietly enough since they had got him on his feet. A shadow across the stream of light from the open door of the shack and an exclamation caused Gillespie to turn round.

The woman was flying down the path towards them.

"I can't stay there, I can't stay there," she exclaimed, with a sob.

"Why? What's the matter?" the other man asked; "scared, eh?"

She climbed into the rig but made no reply.



"Oh, she's just a bit overdone," Gillespie remarked. He picked up a rug and spread it over her knees. She was weeping unrestrainedly now, her face hidden in her hands.

The man took his place beside her and with a repetition of his thanks to Gillespie, gathered the lines in his hands and started out on the trail again.

Gillespie watched the rig disappear in the darkness, and he wondered vaguely where it was going and who the woman could be. She was a good-looking woman of rather a bold, coarse type. The man was a driver for one of the livery stables in the little town. They turned off northwards as he stood watching them, and he knew there were only two or three houses in that direction.

He looked at his watch and found that it was nearly one o'clock in the morning, and realized that it had taken longer than he thought to fix up the damaged harness, and that he was very tired and sleepy.

Olga Sassulitch was reading a letter in the living-room of the Mitchell ranch, and her face as she perused it expressed many conflicting emotions.

Mrs. Jack Mitchell glanced at her from time to time, until she said:

"What's bothering you, Olga dear?"

"This letter; it's from Vassili," the girl answered. "He wants me to go back to Russia; he is coming here to fetch me," she added.

"Oh, surely not," Mrs. Mitchell exclaimed.

"I do not want to go—do not let him take me."

The girl was on her knees in front of the older woman.

"Why, Olga, Olga, you need not go; you are your own mistress, and this is a free country, thank God."

"I know, I know! I never want to see Russia again! The thought of a return does paralyze, terrify me. I think always of my father, of his

devotion to the Cause, of the secret police and how Gregor Gregorovitch did betray him. Oh, no! A million times, I cannot go back to Russia!"

"When is your brother coming?" asked Mrs. Mitchell.

"Soon, soon—in a week, two weeks maybe."

A barking and yelping of dogs sounded through the open window. Mrs. Mitchell rose from her seat and looked across the yard. A man was getting off his horse.

"It's Donald Gillespie," she cried, "and Jack and Charlie are both out. He must be going to stay the night."

A tell-tale blush dyed the pale cheeks of the girl.

Mrs. Mitchell hurried out of the room to see that the kettle was boiling. She knew Gillespie's weakness for a cup of tea after his long ride to the ranch.

By the time she had made the tea and cut bread and butter and cake and carried the tray into the living-room, Donald Gillespie was there before her, talking earnestly to Olga. Something in his attitude caused her to hesitate a moment before placing the tray on the table. His back was towards her, and he was speaking in low tones to the girl seated in the chair facing the bay window.

Neither of them had heard her come into the room, so she made a rattling noise with the tea cups.

"Why, Donald," she said, coming forward, as he turned at the sound, "I'm pleased to see you, but Jack and Charlie are both out."

"I did not come to see them, Mrs. Mitchell," Gillespie said, shaking hands. "I just wanted a night in the country, perhaps a day as well, as I wasn't busy."

"You know you are always welcome, whether you come on 'business' or just for a lazy spell," was the laughing reply.

"I passed the mail coming out. Birch had a passenger with him," he said, as they sat at tea. "No one I knew, though."



"I didn't know anyone was expected by our neighbours," Mrs. Mitchell said.

"It always to me is a wonderful thing how in this scattered country, with ranch houses apart so far, you all know one another's affairs of others," and Olga smiled as she spoke.

"Not always," Gillespie laughed, and his eyes rested on the beautiful face opposite him.

Mrs. Mitchell thought they were a wonderfully good-looking pair.

Donald Gillespie was six feet, broad-shouldered and well set up. His features were fairly regular, and his hair was dark and close-cropped. His blue eyes were frank and kindly in expression.

Mrs. Mitchell rose from her seat after some time. Olga helped her to replace the cups on the tray.

"Mrs. Mitchell, I want to tell you something," Gillespie said, as she moved towards the door.

"Yes?" she said, and replaced the tray on the table. Donald Gillespie took the girl's hand in both his own. "I have asked Olga to marry me," he said quietly.

"Oh! Donald!" There was pleased surprise in Mrs. Mitchell's tone.

"You have made her so happy these months she has been with you that I wanted you to know first, before anyone else, he added.

"O Olga! Now you need never go back to Russia!"

She kissed the girl on both cheeks as she spoke.

"I am very glad, Donald, for both your sakes. I think you will be very happy."

Mrs. Mitchell's eyes were suspiciously moist as she grasped Donald's hands in her own.

The green-shaded lamp threw very little light on the faces of the two men bending over the pile of papers between them on the table, and till the watcher's eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, he could not distinguish what it was they were doing.

The two men at the table were poring over long columns of figures, strange hieroglyphics in some unknown tongue, documents with curious seals attached to them. Neither of them spoke. Sheet after sheet of paper was torn up and thrown to the floor. Suddenly the taller sprang to his feet, pointing to a name on the paper in his hand.

The other man rose in his chair.

With a bound the tall man was at the other's side, grasping him by the throat. Backwards and forwards they rocked, now this way, now that. They crashed into the table, and the green lamp shade was smashed into a thousand pieces. The small man was gaining an advantage; a deft twist of the arm and the tall man was forcing him down, down and backwards over the table. A flash of steel in the lamplight, a writhing form—then, stillness.

Snatching the papers hastily from the table and thrusting them into a bag, the murderer sprang to the door. He glanced for a second at the motionless figure, and as he paused a ray of light fell across his face. Then he turned and fled into the night.

A door at the other side of the room opened, and a woman came hurriedly forward. She staggered wild-eyed against the wall, gazing helplessly, fearfully, at the ghastly sight before her; the upturned face, the blood drip, drip, dripping to the floor.

Donald Gillespie sat up in his bed.

"Thank God, it was a dream."

The beads of perspiration were standing on his forehead. His heart was beating to suffocation. His fingers were trembling as he groped for matches to light the lamp on the shelf above his head.

He threw open the door leading into the living-room. Before him was the room he had seen in his dream. Everything was as he had left it the night before. Quiet, peaceful, orderly, it looked in the light of the lamp. The little travelling clock struck four.



Gillespie placed the lamp on the table, and walking to the outer door, flung it open and went out on to the porch. The day was breaking in the east. He could sleep no more. So he walked to the pump in the yard and let a cool stream of water run over his face and head.

Refreshed, he returned to his room and dressed in his riding things. Then he threw himself across the saddle and cantered away towards the town. There were several letters for him at the mail, including one from Olga. Reading it, he forgot everything else. It was full of expressions of affection. Her brother was coming into town next week, she said, and would come to see him. He had given up the idea of taking her back to Russia, realizing that her happiness was here in this new country of blessed freedom. His own life was devoted to the Cause, the Great Cause, and he could best achieve its high and lofty purpose in the land of his birth.

Gillespie found much to occupy his mind that day, various matters of business requiring immediate attention keeping him rushing from one place to another.

Seven o'clock was striking as he went up the steps of the hotel on Stewart avenue that evening, and he realized that he had been the whole day without food.

Gillespie was sitting on his porch in the cool of the evening, smoking and reading, about a couple of weeks later. He raised his eyes from his book and glanced towards the town. Walking leisurely along the trail was a tall man, a stranger evidently, from his manner of glancing from side to side as if he were looking for some place. He stopped and spoke to three or four children playing on the grass by the side of the trail. They pointed in the direction of the shack.

As the man drew closer, Gillespie was conscious of a strange sensation of something familiar in the figure. He rose from his seat as the stranger

turned at the gate in front of the shack and came quickly towards him.

"I am Vassili Sassulitch," he said as he stood, hat in hand, on the steps of the porch.

"Yes, I know, Olga's brother," Donald Gillespie replied. This, then, accounted for that strange sense of familiarity. There was the same pale clear skin, the same arched eyebrows and refined features; but the eyes were very dark, and the thick hair and moustache were jet black.

It was in the expression that the difference in the two faces was most noticeable, and yet it was not easy to define.

"And so you wish to marry my sister?" Vassili Sassulitch said, as they were sitting smoking in the living-room, some time later. They had been talking of the Russian's approaching return to his own country. Sassulitch spoke English with much more ease and fluency than his sister, but his voice had the same rich musical tone.

"Yes, I think I can make her happy, happier and more peaceful here than she could be in her own land," Donald replied.

"I cannot be happy out of Russia," the other said. "I only left it now to see how Olga was and if she wished to return with me. I had not seen her since I left her at the convent in Montreal about five years ago, when she was sixteen," he added.

"This is your first visit to the West, then?" Gillespie asked.

Sassulitch looked at him a minute before replying, and a curious expression flashed over his face.

"No," he said, "I was in the West five years ago for a short time."

Donald had risen from his chair while the other was speaking. Taking the lamp from the shelf above the small table in the corner, he lighted it and placed it on the table in the centre of the room.

He opened the door leading into the kitchen, and putting some fresh water into the kettle, turned on the draught



in the stove. He busied himself for some minutes there.

Vassili Sassulitch, left alone in the living-room, glanced round him as the lamp flared up and illuminated the dim spaces unseen before in the dusk of the evening.

Suddenly he drew himself up in his seat. Where was he? What room was this which struck him as he saw it now, with the feeling of having been in it before?

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

Gillespie entered the room from the kitchen. The visitor was grasping the arms of his chair with both hands, his face livid, his eyes fixed and staring.

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

Gillespie felt the perspiration break out on his forehead. He heard again the strange, weird sound, that awful sound he had heard in his terrifying dream—the blood falling drop by drop on the pile of tossed and crumpled papers on the floor. Great God! Now he knew! The face of Vassili Sassulitch was the face of the man in that ghastly dream who had stood for a moment in the light of the lamp.

With a tremendous effort, Gillespie pulled himself together. Walking to the table in the corner, he poured out a glass of neat whiskey and turned towards the figure in the chair with the dark eyes gazing into vacancy.

"In this room, this very room," he said in deep tones, "I killed the man who betrayed my father."

Donald Gillespie's heart stood still.

"I followed him from Russia," Sassulitch went on, "all over the world, always a day too late. And then five years ago, I found him. I was on time that night, for the next day he would have fled north, south, who knows? And I should have lost him. He was a traitor to the Cause."

A month later, Jack Mitchell was sitting by his friend's bedside in the hospital where Donald Gillespie was

slowly recovering from an attack of brain fever.

"Good heavens, Don," he said, "I would never have let you remain in that shack an hour. MacTavish never could get anyone to stay in it, they said it was haunted.

Gillespie moved his head as if to speak. Mitchell went on:

"Some years ago a Russian or a Pole who lived in it was found dead. A woman who had come with him from the States discovered him lying on a table in the room stabbed to the heart. She had had nothing to do with it. There was a pile of torn-up papers, letters and documents in some foreign lingo, Russian, I suppose, on the table and floor, but not a scrap which could give the slightest clue. The woman swore no foreign friends had ever come to see him; she only knew he was not an American, though he told her his name was John Gregory, and he spoke English well, but with a slight accent she could not describe. It was a mysterious revenge of some sort."

"What was she like?" Gillespie's voice was little more than a whisper.

"Oh! A good-looking, dark-eyed woman of rather a coarse type," was the reply.

The woman who had rushed sobbing from the shack and the woman of Gillespie's dream were one and the same.

Bit by bit Mitchell drew from him the story of that awful dream, and then after a somewhat lengthy pause he said:

"Well, we shall never know now what it was that caused the curious sound of dripping you heard."

Gillespie's eyes asked a question.

"There was no time to save anything but a few of your personal belongings, after the firemen found you lying unconscious on the bedroom floor. A sudden draught from the open door must have caused the lamp to explode. The shack burned to the ground in less than an hour."

"Thank God!" Gillespie breathed.



# TENNYSON'S "MAUD"

A STUDY OF SOCIAL CONDITIONS

BY A. W. CRAWFORD

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NO other of Tennyson's more ambitious poems has gained so little public recognition as his own favourite, "Maud". This was the poet's greatest literary disappointment, for, in spite of all adverse criticism, he persisted in regarding it as one of his masterpieces. Always a capable and severe critic of his own works, he thought the public did not understand "Maud", and he was led to make more interpretative comment upon the poem than upon any other of his productions. In addition, he finally left with his son a very careful analysis, or headings for the various divisions, in the hope that the public would come to understand it and appreciate it. As a consequence, a much truer estimate of "Maud" has of late been forming, and the poem may be coming into its own. But a full appreciation of its deep significance can come only when we discover its affiliation to the poet's other works and interpret it as a contribution to his view of life and the world.

The number of hasty and erroneous interpretations given to "Maud" upon its first appearance in 1855 would now be amusing if it were not all so pathetic. As Dr. R. J. Mann says, "The guild of critics . . . acted upon the assumption that it held the vested right of seeing at a glance what high genius had only perfected through the expenditure of prolonged

and patient labour." Even the reputation gained by the poet for "The Princess" and "In Memoriam" did not save Tennyson from these hasty and shallow critics. The views "offered as interpretations of the object and meaning" of the poem, as Dr. Mann shows, varied all the way from that which considered it a mere "spasm" to that which regarded it as an expression of a "rampant and rabid blood-thirstiness of soul."

The utter foolishness and ignorance of such views was soon made manifest by the interpretation of Dr. Robert James Mann, which appeared the following year under the title, "Tennyson's 'Maud' Vindicated," (1856). This interpretation and vindication at once took its place as a just and capable criticism and made impossible a continuance of foolish attacks upon the poem. The poet himself was so pleased and satisfied with it that he wrote to Dr. Mann: "Thanks for your vindication. No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem 'Maud'; your commentary is as true as it is full." Until the close of his life, we are informed by his son, he still considered this interpretation the best that had appeared, and expressed a desire to have it inserted among the authentic notes to the poem (Cf. "Memoir," Vol. I., p. 394, Note).

The essay of Dr. Mann, then, and



the various notes by the poet himself must always form the starting-point of any interpretation of the poem. But while entirely satisfactory as far as they go, the passing years make it more evident that, after both Dr. Mann's excellent commentary and the poet's own highly illuminating headings and notes, much remains to be said about the poem. Critics have slowly come to recognize its great merits. More than thirty years after it was published one ardent admirer of Tennyson still continued to speak of "Maud" as a "splendid failure", and only in later editions of his book did he alter his estimate. Like many another fortunate person, he tells us that the poem assumed a new and completer meaning for him on hearing it read and interpreted by the living voice of the poet himself (Van Dyke: "The Poetry of Tennyson").

Beginning with Dr. Mann, the older critics busied themselves almost exclusively with the psychological and moral phases of the hero's development, and in this matter have written wisely and well. But this overlooks the larger relations of the poem, by neglecting its reference to the social conditions that have had most to do with that development. For instance, Dr. Mann says: "The grand central idea that is involved in this dramatic the holy and energizing power of love over the human intellect and heart." As implied even in the poet's own analysis, this doubtless is the "central" theme of the poem, and a great and noble theme it is and worthy of the best efforts of the author of "In Memoriam". But as we shall see, this can scarcely be called the theme of the poem as a whole.

In somewhat the same vein, the poet's own notes and comments have to do chiefly with the character and mind of the hero, with the story of the poem, and with its dramatic form. He used to say: "This poem of 'Maud or the Madness' is a little 'Hamlet', the history of a morbid poetic soul,

under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egotist with the makings of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature". ("Memoir", I. 396, "Works", Eversley edition, II. 502-3). But this note, it has scarcely been observed, contains also the suggestion of the neglected social aspects of the hero's case in the reference to the "recklessly speculative age".

The analysis of the poem published in the "Memoir" by the son, the present Lord Tennyson, carries the story through all the divisions, and makes clear the narrative element. On the dramatic form, which was the cause of so much misunderstanding of the poem Tennyson said, "The peculiarity of this poem is that different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters" (Eversley, II. 503). He further insisted that these "different phases of passion" were strictly dramatic, but at the same time admitted that even a dramatist reveals himself in his work. (Cf. "Memoir", I. 402).

Much of the misunderstanding upon the part of the first readers of "Maud" came from the fact that they failed to recognize the poem as a dramatic monologue. This form was all but new to Tennyson, except for a few obviously dramatic minor poems, though Browning had used it very successfully from the first. Readers who had thought of Tennyson only as a lyric poet could not realize the dramatic character of "Maud", and could not follow the great author of "In Memoriam" as he turned aside from the direct lyric form to the more indirect dramatic monologue and gave utterance to the sentiments of a fictitious person. It was still to be some years before Tennyson should attempt the regular drama, but in "Maud" he was preparing his mind and his art for that undertaking.

But, though dramatic, "Maud" is



a "lyrical" drama and, moreover, a monodrama. Even educated readers were embarrassed by the great variety of lyrical forms, and could not understand that these expressed the ever-changing moods of the speaker. Tennyson had never before attempted such a variety of moods, with such varied metrical forms. But as Dr. Mann says, "Nothing can be more exquisitely consonant to the proceedings of nature than that such utterance should be made in fitful and broken strains, rather than that they should march steadily on to the measure of equal lines, and regularly recurring rhymes. . . . The syllables and lines of the several stanzas actually trip and halt with abrupt fervour, tremble with passion, swell with emotion, and dance with joy, as each separate phase of mental expression comes on the scene".

The artistic and lyric features of the poem have been felt by all readers, and early met with full recognition. Tennyson never surpassed the musical excellence, the pictorial beauty, and the intense, eager passion of "Maud". The late J. Churton Collins has well expressed these excellences: "As a masterpiece of rhythm it must rank among the wonders of art. Never perhaps have emotion and passion in their various phases found in words a medium of expression so subtly responsive, so wholly adequate". ("In Memoriam", "The Princess", and "Maud", p. 281. London: Methuen, 1902.)

In an attempt to understand the poem, however, what at the present juncture needs emphasis is the meaning of the poem as a whole. It is the fashion of great poets to set such a theme as we have here in a sort of framework that will give it "relations" and show its connections with the problems of everyday human life. Shakespeare, for instance, was not content merely to portray the ennobling influence of an ardent and pure love upon the characters of the youthful Romeo and Juliet, but so

framed his story that by their love he could bring about the healing of the "ancient grudge" between the two families. In this same spirit Tennyson takes up the story of the madness and the love of the hero of "Maud". By showing at the outset the cause of his malady and in the end his dedication to the public welfare, the poet is enabled to present his criticism of our social order. Though the restoration of the hero through his love of *Maud* fills the centre of the poem, the real theme is the disastrous effect of the social system upon a sensitive mind, and the determination of the hero when restored to exert himself to change that system.

The mistake has been made of interpreting "Maud" in the light of "In Memoriam", Tennyson's greatest previous poem and the one published immediately before. The subject of this great poem, however, was not chosen by the poet but thrust upon him by the hard and trying fact of the death of his dearest friend, Arthur Hallam. This loss brought him face to face with the problems of love, and of death, and of the future life, and led him away from his native bent of thought. With these problems "Maud" has little to do, but turns back to the kind of subject more after Tennyson's native manner. But it was partly because it was read in the light of "In Memoriam", then in everybody's mind, that "Maud" was misunderstood and undervalued.

It has not been observed by critics generally that all the subjects deliberately chosen by Tennyson for elaborate treatment have been social and political rather than metaphysical topics. Tennyson was neither a learned nor a capable metaphysician. But all his life he was deeply interested in and carefully studied social and political problems, and achieved in treating these his greatest poetical triumphs. Even in the great poem, "In Memoriam", the most beautiful and the most successful single poems



are those which leave the main line of thought, and which culminate in the eloquent and enraptured New Year's Hymn with its eager yearning for a renewed and regenerated social and political order.

Not only "Maud", but the earlier and later "Locksley Hall", must be read as poems on social topics, and can be best understood if viewed as but porches to the poet's great cathedral of "The Idylls of the King", in which he has embodied all his wisest and fullest and maturest thought on the social and political life of men. This poem, and not "In Memoriam", is his *magnum opus*, and the one to which he consciously dedicated a lifetime of poetic endeavour. This, then, is the point of view from which "Maud" must be read, and this is the neglected phase of the poem that now calls for careful consideration.

It is not enough, then, to see in "Maud" only the story of a young man saved from madness by a pure and energizing love for a noble young woman. This holy influence of love, it is to be noticed, is exerted upon a man made sad and mad by the evil social and industrial conditions that had ruined his father and had driven him to suicide, and that had left his children in poverty and despair. His father had been cheated and defrauded of his estates under the sanction of existing commercial customs and laws, and the villain who had committed the outrage was allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten prosperity with the full acquiescence of society. Men had looked on quite complacently as the tragedy was enacted:

But that old man, now lord of the broad  
estate and the Hall,  
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had  
left us flaccid and drained.

As the poem opens, Tennyson portrays the hero as "already on the way to madness". His heart has been chilled and his mind maddened by the social wrong he has suffered. From this the entire drama develops.

The psychological problem of the hero's insanity has grown entirely out of the social problem of his environment. In this poem, then, as has been noticed, we have the return of the hero of "Locksley Hall", with continued railing against an iniquitous social order and dreams of a more perfect world to be. Both poems are alike criticisms of the materialistic and utilitarian spirit that the poet saw arising in English life with the growth of modern industry and commerce, and with the emancipation of the common people.

It is then as a study of social conditions that "Maud" can be best understood. It is, in fact, Tennyson's indictment of the materialistic spirit of the age that sacrifices everything to its own prosperity. In strong words he arraigns the extortionate business greed he sees about him: "Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own". This "lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain", so incenses the hero that he cries out, "who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?" He thunders against the heartlessness of the times,

When the poor are hovell'd together, each  
sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when not  
only all men lie.

This is the spirit of the prophets themselves, and exhibits more passion than usual with Tennyson. It is always in his treatment of social topics that he develops his intensest passion.

In these criticisms of conditions attending and growing out of the political and industrial re-organization of society, Tennyson was in substantial agreement with most of the noblest minds of the century. Wordsworth had complained of the low ideals that came with the industrial revolution, but had partly vitiated his criticism by his inability to appreciate some of the good and permanent elements in the changed order. Carlyle had thundered from his Mount Sinai, accusing



the nation of industrial and commercial villainy, and of sacrificing the common people and the working men to the demands of the money-till. Then followed the more æsthetic Ruskin, no less convinced of the iniquity of business practices and the collapse of business ethics, but with more grace and elegance, urged upon the nation the adoption in trade and industry of the higher ethics of the professions. These and many other lesser prophets of righteousness, precursors or contemporaries of Tennyson, proclaimed the need of a more just and humane social and industrial life, that should not debase men and sacrifice the higher nature to business success. They urged upon the nation the necessity of considering all the interests of all men, and proclaimed their belief that to seek the welfare of the toilers and of the poor was in the end a part of political wisdom. These great men all died in faith, not inheriting the promises, but all were true prophets who foresaw the new and better era yet to dawn upon the world.

In this connection occurs the first apparent advocacy of war that so shocked the early readers of the poem, and called forth Gladstone's earnest protest. The poem belongs to the period of the Crimean war when England was engaged in that futile struggle in which large numbers of Englishmen had no heart. The third part of the poem, Tennyson tells us, was "written when the cannon was heard booming from the battleships in the Solent before the Crimean War". (Eversley edition, II. p. 511.) For the Poet Laureate to advocate war was in itself bad enough, but to advocate it in the face of such an inglorious war was distressing to many of the best of the poet's countrymen.

This was, however, a mistaken reading of the poem, for the argument went not to advocate war, but to show that a foreign war, horrible as it was, might conceivably be preferable to the unholy war on one another,

er, the "civil war", going on every day in trade and industry. The foreign war would at least have the good effect of binding the nation together and making them brothers for the time, and of turning the greedy, cheating merchants into self-sacrificing heroes:

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from the counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardward home.

If any further answer to the charge of militancy were needed, however, it was given in the note by the present Lord Tennyson: "Some of the reviewers accused my father of loving war and urging the country to war. . . . What the hero of "Maud" says is that the sins of the nation, "civil war" as he calls them, are deadlier in their effect than what is commonly called war, and that they may be in a measure subdued by the war between nations, which is an evil more easily recognized". (Eversley edition, II. 511-2.) In other words, Tennyson so hated the bloodless but bitter warfare of greedy trade and industry that he thought a bloody war with a foreign foe might conceivably be a lesser evil. It was a very striking, but unfortunately a misunderstood, attempt to show his abhorrence of the atrocities of dishonest business that robbed others of their possessions, devoured widows' houses, and kept the poor grovelling like swine in their huts.

To express further his detestation of this state of affairs and of the social conditions that gave rise to them, the poet portrays the hero as going mad from his suffering. From this, however, he is eventually saved by the coming of *Maud*. To add to the dramatic effect, and at the same time testify to the great power of love, the poet pictures her as the



daughter of the man whose schemes had impoverished the hero's family and driven his father to his death. The love that immediately springs up in his heart at the sight of *Maud*, his old childhood friend, and that in time is reciprocated, soon dispels the clouds from his mind and restores him to himself again. This that Dr. Mann calls "the grand central theme of the poem" needs no special consideration now, for it is that part of the poem that has been best understood and appreciated and that has been most adequately explained. Tennyson never excelled this dramatic treatment of the hero's advancing madness, and never surpassed the exquisite lyrics that trace the changes in his love experiences with *Maud* until by her beneficent influence he is again restored and healed. This central part of the poem has been the only part that has elicited due admiration.

In our admiration for this "central" theme of the poem, we must not forget to consider it in its relation to the poem as a whole. The madness of the hero has been healed, but the inhuman social conditions that caused the madness have in no way been alleviated. The hero has ceased to be distracted by the social wrongs he and others have suffered, but the wrongs themselves still exist. Nothing whatever has been done to relieve anything except the disastrous effect of these conditions upon the mind of the hero. The effect has been removed by the good offices of love, but not the cause. Merchants still cheat, and the poor are still in their hovels, but the hero has ceased to worry, being conscious of little except his all-absorbing love for *Maud*. Are we then to understand that the poet regards social wrongs as only the delusions of a madman, and that they vanish when he is restored to mental sanity? Or, are we to think that the only calamitous feature of such conditions is the madness, and that the restoration through love is

the only amelioration to be looked for?

But this would be a very partial reading of the poem, and would fail to consider what we have called the "relations" of this central story to the poem as a whole. The truth is, the love of *Maud* atones only for the hero's more personal griefs and losses. Its moral effect, however, is to lead him in the end to devote himself whole-heartedly to the remedying of the social conditions from which so many others have suffered in common with him. Tennyson was too conscious of the reality of bad conditions in society to pass them over lightly, and too wise to think the only cure to be hoped for was entirely personal, and consisted in having something better to engage one's attention and affection. The closing part of the poem will reveal his full thought in this matter.

During the progress of his love-making with *Maud*, the hero is a second time beset with difficulties that grow out of evil social conditions. Here the poet introduces again the subject he had treated in "Locksley Hall", in which a rival suitor is favoured because of his wealth and his title. *Maud's* brother, partaking of the spirit of their father, determines that *Maud* shall marry the wealthy suitor, who is described as

a lord, a captain, a padded shape,  
A bought commission, a waxen face,  
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—

*Maud*, however, is not taken with his wealth and title, apparently having the thought Tennyson had before expressed in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere":

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

But the brother is obstinate, and carries his opposition to the length of a quarrel with the hero. The mutual ill-will thus aroused leads finally to a duel, in which the brother is slain. This most unfortunate out-



come causes him very great distress, only a little relieved by the dying self-accusation of the brother:

"The fault was mine," he whisper'd,  
"fly!"

The effect on *Maud*, however, is completely disastrous, and ends in her dying of a broken heart. As a result of it all the hero flees for safety to a foreign land, and we next find him in Brittany.

Twice, then, the hero has been the victim of the money-devil. In his first trouble, money-greed was the cause of his undoing through the calamities that befell his father. Now, in the second instance, money-pride has caused the quarrel with *Maud's* brother, and has resulted in his unwilling taking of life, with the consequent death of *Maud* from a broken-heart.

From the anguish of this second and greater catastrophe, the hero lapses again into "the delirium of madness". From this, too, he emerges in time, but not again through the gentle and sweet influences of love, but through the sterner and harsher, yet no less purifying, ministry of suffering. In exile on the Breton shore, after horrifying visions in the mad-house, his mind once more is restored, though as the poet says, "Sane but shattered".

In this second and final restoration, however, no consolation of earthly love awaits him, but in its place there comes the vision of *Maud* in the spirit world, beckoning to him and prophesying of the time when through struggle with a foreign foe their land should be purged of its selfishness and "civil war", and tyranny should cease that was grinding the poor into dust, and brotherhood take its place, and

The glory of manhood stand on his ancient  
height,  
Nor Britain's one sole god be the mil-  
lionaire;  
No more shall commerce be all in all, and  
Peace  
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note.

With this vision before him, blending love and patriotism, he plunges into his nation's foreign war, in the hope that this will bring about that brotherhood that their monstrous commercial greed had destroyed. The vision of *Maud* had given him a new inspiration and purpose in life:

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher  
aims  
Of a land that has lost for a little her  
lust of gold,  
And love of a peace that was full of  
wrongs and shames,  
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be  
told.

To appreciate the beauty of this vision and to feel the desperate force of the new resolve, we need to recall the earlier indictment of the social wrongs the people were enduring, and the grinding conditions that destroyed all their better natures:

When the poor are hovell'd and hustled  
together, each sex, like swine, . . .  
And the vitriol madness flushes up in the  
ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell  
of the trampled wife,  
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold  
to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the  
very means of life.

In contrast with this condition, he thinks war would be welcome, not however as a diversion, but as a remedy. Though not a peace-at-all-price man, Tennyson was not lacking in a wholesome hatred of the savagery of war. But in his choice of war on this occasion he reveals his utter detestation of the economic conditions where "the spirit of murder works in the very means of life". No more striking way of declaring his convictions in this matter could be imagined.

In this last noble resolve for his country, the hero has out-lived his earlier sullen hopelessness, and takes new heart with the vision before him:

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down  
like a wind,  
We have proved we have hearts in a cause,  
we are noble still,



And myself have awaked, as it seems, to  
the better mind;  
It is better to fight for the good than to  
rail at the ill;  
I have felt with my native land, I am  
one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the  
doom assign'd.

Instead of being again distracted by these great wrongs, he is inspired with an ardent enthusiasm for their redress, and becomes a prophet of the new and better world to be.

But at last we want to know, what was the relation of the poet to the sentiments expressed in his poem, for much of its value to us will depend on whether or not it voices Tennyson's own deep convictions. How much of the hero's criticism of social wrong and injustice represents the thought of the poet himself, and how much of it is only the ravings of a madman? Does the poet give voice to his own criticism in the utterances of the hero of the poem, or are we to understand that all such criticisms are to be taken only as the railings of a lunatic? Does the poem contain any of Tennyson's sincere judgments on social matters, or is it merely a huge satire on would-be social reformers generally?

We have already noticed Tennyson's statement that a great deal of the early misunderstanding of the poem was due to the failure of the public to observe that the poem was a drama, and that the hero uttered his own sentiments and not the poet's. Yet he feels compelled to add, "In a certain way, no doubt, poets and novelists, however dramatic they are, give themselves in their works". In one sense, then, Tennyson can no more be held for the views expressed by the hero of "Maud" than Shakespeare for the utterances of Shylock or Iago. But in another sense, the poet is responsible for the poem as his own creation, if not for all the views expressed in the poem.

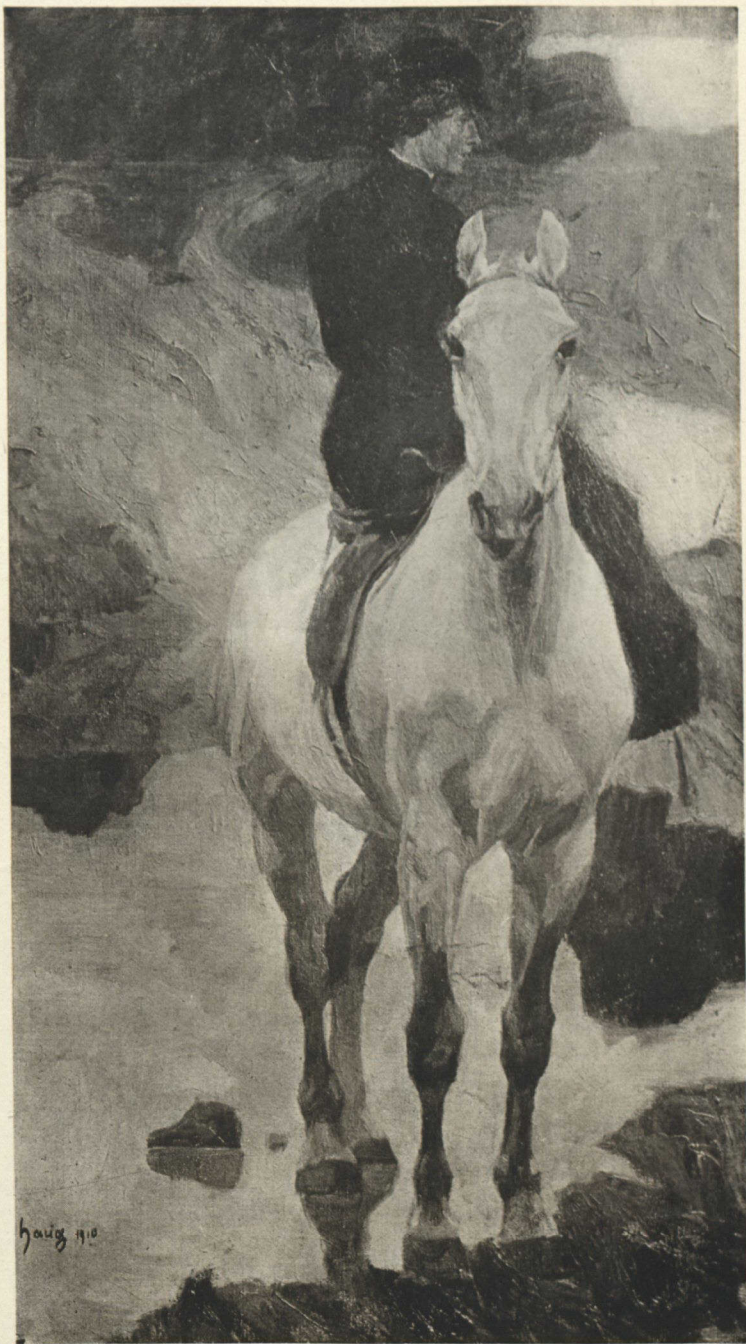
It would avail nothing, then, to say that the sentiments of the poem belong only to the mad hero, for in

the last analysis he is the poet's hero, the child of his own imagination. As Luce has observed, there is substantial accord between the views when the hero may be considered mad and when he is announced as restored and sane. ("Handbook to Tennyson's Works", pp. 299-318). The poem would have no direct value if the views of the maddened man were only mad views. As the general views of social conditions are substantially the same throughout the entire poem, no interpretation seems permissible but that which regards them as the settled convictions of the sane man, re-echoed in his madness. It was the painful assurance of the truth of these convictions that drove him mad. And, moreover, the truth of these convictions is more deeply impressed, when at last, sane and hopeful, he gives himself to the redress of the wrongs.

The leading sentiments and the main drift of the poem, then, must express the mind of the poet. A young man is made mad by the great wrongs he has suffered from evil social conditions, but fortunately is saved by the pure and noble love of *Maud*. Once more suffering from social injustice in the form of "marriage-hindering mammon", he is forced into a duel with *Maud's* brother. The death of the brother works in the end the death of *Maud*. Lapsing once more into madness at her untimely death, the hero is again restored by the sweet vision of *Maud*, in whose love he resolves to give himself up "to work for the good of humanity through the unselfishness born of his great passion. ("Memoir", I. 396).

The poem, then, is the poet's early indictment of the wrongs of the social order, and contains also a hint of the manner of undoing these wrongs. His greater poem, "The Idylls of the King", not to be completed yet for three decades, will give at greater length his ideal of a true social and political order founded upon love and brotherhood.





THE AMAZON

From the Painting by Haug. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE





## JOHN GALT: FOUNDER OF CITIES\*

BY J. E. WETHERELL

FEW people of this generation, strange to say, are familiar with the name of John Galt, and fewer still, even in hazy fashion, can see along the vista of memory the incomparable array of adventures and projects and accomplished deeds which make up the life history of this remarkable man. He has no place in the excellent series of biographies, "The Makers of Canada"; nor have the three towns that owe him so much—one, its name, and the others, their very existence—reared monuments or memorials or tablets to his vanishing fame. His own "Autobiography," written in splendid assurance of the immortality of his place in history,

and the brief memoir by "Delta" (D. M. Moir), his *fidus Achates*, are almost the sole sources to which the student has access for authentic information regarding this restless and versatile pioneer of Upper Canada.

In this short article I pay my humble tribute to this neglected hero, and I bespeak for this story of his eventful career fifteen minutes of the patient reader's attention, even if that reader does not happen to live in one of the three "G's", Galt, Guelph, Goderich, which have the high honour of claiming intimate relationship with John Galt.

Only a cursory survey of the forty-eight years of Galt's life before the

\* "Had Mr. Galt achieved nothing else, the honour of having founded flourishing towns in Upper Canada would have been sufficient forever to perpetuate his name in connection with the historical annals of that Province as one of its greatest benefactors."—"Delta."



date of his advent as the founder of Canadian cities can be here given. He was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, in May, 1779. His father became captain of a West Indiaman, and so the son was reared and educated in Greenock. His shrewd, observant, witty and quaintly original mother left her impress on the character and tendencies of the growing boy. Some youthful habits and predilections of the lad are worth recording. He was fond of flowers, shrubs and trees. He early showed a taste for music and a propensity for rhyming. Ballads and story books were a constant delight. The love for travel was in his blood, and when still in his teens he made pedestrian tours to Edinburgh, to Loch Lomond, to the Borders, even to Durham in England. On one occasion a sight of an engraving of Niagara Falls excited him unwontedly and thrilled his imagination so keenly that a desire to visit Upper Canada never left him till the wish was gratified.

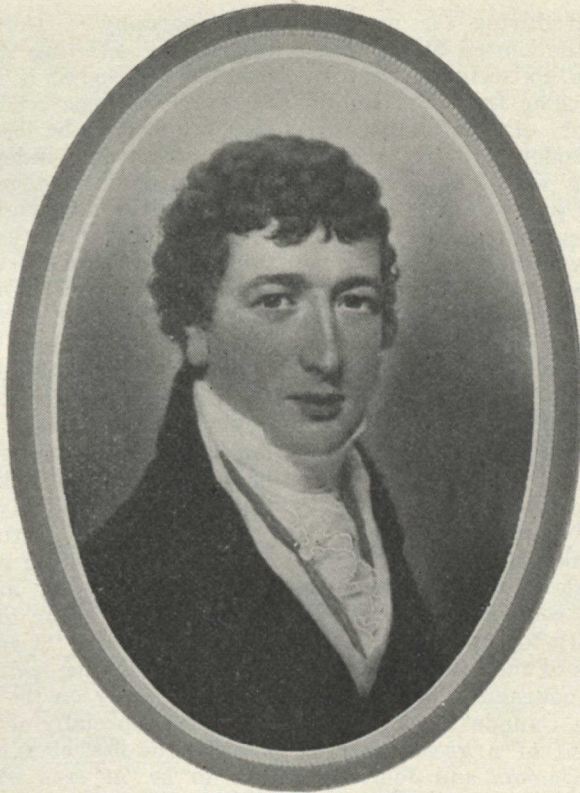
Galt's father destined him for a mercantile life. At an early age the boy entered an office devoted to sale and barter. At the age of twenty-five the wanderlust could not be denied, and he determined to try his fortune in London, whether in business or in literature or in a profession he had no fixed notion. Indeed, his London career was a succession of futile experiments. He did some writing, he tried again a mercantile office, he even entered himself in Lincoln's Inn with a view to being called to the bar. Whatever he took up he prosecuted for the nonce with zeal, but the knight-errantry of youth impelled him to rove, and "the phantom with the beckoning hand" allured.

The chronicle of his travels must be brief. From London to Blenheim, by leisurely stages to Palermo, from Palermo to Gibraltar. At Gibraltar he met Lord Byron, now started on that romantic journey which begat "Childe Harold." He found in

Byron a congenial spirit and they sailed together to Sardinia and Malta. The friendship led at a later day to John Galt's "Life of Byron." From Malta he went to Italy for a season, and then turned his face towards the East. Corinth and Athens were visited, and in the latter city he renewed his intercourse with Byron. The isles of Greece invited him next, and then Ephesus and Smyrna. Returning to Greece he saw Marathon and Thebes, ascended Parnassus, and took care to drink at Delphi of the Castalian Spring. A few weeks later he inspected the Pass of Thermopylae and rode by moonlight through the beautiful Vale of Tempe. His course then turned to Constantinople and Asia Minor. After tenting under Syrian stars he returned to view the archaeological treasures of Adrianople and Philippi. After an absence of three years he came back, by way of Ireland and Greenock, to London. In London he resumed at once his literary labours and soon issued "Voyages and Travels" and "Letters from the Levant." Both books were well received. It was on the heels of these successes that he married Miss Tilloch, daughter of the distinguished journalist Dr. Tilloch. Of this union were born three sons, John, Thomas, and Alexander, of whom more will be said anon.

Galt's thirst for commercial enterprise was not quenched. He crossed the Channel and visited the cotton manufactories of Rouen; and thence, in quest of mercantile ventures, he proceeded to Brussels and Holland. He finally determined that literature, not business, was to be his vocation. "The Ayrshire Legatees" appeared in Blackwood's, followed by his best-known work, "The Annals of the Parish." In the "Annals" we have a succession of realistic pictures of contemporary Scottish character, manners and feelings. This so-called novel was written before "Waverley," although not published until after. The pious Micah Balwhidder, the clergy-





JOHN GALT AS A YOUNG MAN

From a Portrait reproduced by courtesy of Mr. John Galt,  
of Goderich, Ontario, a grandson of the original

man of three wives, is without doubt Galt's greatest creation. The subsequent volumes, "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Entail," "The Steam-boat," "The Provost," with three other novels, all descriptive of the national manners and habits of thought, followed in quick sequence. Many regard "The Entail" as Galt's *magnum opus*, and, indeed, it had sufficient interest to lead Byron and Sir Walter Scott to peruse it thrice each!

"Delta" describes Galt's appearance at this time, when at the height of his literary zenith. He was a man of herculean frame in full vigour of health. In stature he was about six feet, two inches, and showed a tendency to corpulency. His hair was jet black: his eyes were small and

piercing: his nose was straight: he had a long upper lip and a finely rounded chin. He bore a few inconspicuous marks of smallpox. He nearly always wore spectacles. His manner in conversation was measured and solemn, yet animated and attractive. In mixed company he was silent and reserved."

Anxious to educate his three clever sons, now ten, eight, and six years of age, he left London and settled near Musselburgh, Scotland. His grounds were part of the battle-field of Pinkie, and from his study window he could view Prestonpans.

While in London his thoughts were directed towards Canada by letters from across the sea which invited him to act as agent in settling claims for



losses sustained during the invasion of Canada by the United States 1812-14. To him in his secluded Scottish home in 1823 came from Mr. Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer (later Lord Goderich) the suggestion of making an inquiry into the resources of Upper Canada. From this inquiry emanated the conferences and proceedings which gave birth to the famous Canada Company. John Galt was appointed one of the commissioners for the valuation of the lands of the Province. He and four others set out for New York in a man-of-war. Galt sailed up the Hudson to Albany, where he met the Governor of the State, De Witt Clinton. Thence he went inland to "Buffaloe," the Falls of Niagara, "Louistown," and across Lake Ontario to York. When the work of investigation was completed the commissioners returned by New York to Liverpool.

The outcome of the investigation of Galt and his colleagues was the assigning to the Canada Company by the Government of a great tract of land in Upper Canada, and John Galt was appointed by the Company to go to Canada and make arrangements for future operations. Towards the close of 1826 we find him in Little York (the name of Toronto until 1834). A letter of December 18th, 1826, says of Little York: "In a small new town accommodations were not easily found, but I obtained at last a room of about ten feet square for an office, for which I paid a dollar a week, and I was obliged to stay at a tavern." Galt never had a high opinion of Little York; on one occasion he declared of the present busy and brilliant metropolis, "It is provocative of blue devils."

From York he directed an inspection by qualified agents of a tract of forty thousand acres of the Company's purchase for the purpose of finding within it an eligible situation for a town. All reports agreed in recommending the spot where the City of Guelph now stands. In "The

Autobiography" Galt gives his reasons for selecting the site chosen: "Although Guelph is not so situated as ever to become celebrated for foreign commerce, the location possesses many advantages independent of being situated on a tongue of land surrounded by a clear and rapid stream. It stands almost in the centre of the table-land which separates four of the great lakes, namely, Ontario, Simcoe, Huron, and Erie; and though its own river, the Speed, as I named it, is not large, yet at the town it receives the Eramosa, and at a short distance flows into the Grand River, which may said to be navigable from the bridge of Galt to Lake Erie, a distance of nearly eighty miles."

With dramatic instinct he arranged that the founding of the new city of Guelph, named after the royal house, should occur on St. George's Day, April 23rd. "I am well aware," he says, "of the boding effect of a little solemnity on the minds of most men, and especially of the unlettered, such as the first class of settlers were like to be, at eras which betokened destiny." On the 22nd. of April he went to Galt, a town founded and named after him by an old Scottish friend, the Honourable William Dickson, some years before the origin of the Canada Company. At that time the town of Galt had eighty inhabitants, a post-office, one store, one tavern, a grist-mill, a sawmill, a cooper's shop, a distillery, and ten dwelling houses. "This visit of Mr. Galt settled forever the question of the name of the village. Prior to this time it continued to be known as "Shade's Mill," and notwithstanding the selection of Galt as the name of the post-office, the people appeared bent on adhering to the old name. The pleasing manners of Mr. Galt, however, made him quite popular with the villagers, and thereafter the name of Galt met with cordial acceptance."

It was an historic occasion when on the morning of April 22nd, John Galt, author and commissioner, aged



forty-eight; Dr. Dunlop, called "The Tiger" from his triumphant encounter with tigers in India; Charles Prior, and ten or twelve others, including axemen and chain-bearers, starting from the shore of the Grand River at Galt, set out through the primeval forest for a place styled "The Block" in the east of the township of Waterloo, to plant a settlement. The teams accompanying them belonged to an American, Absalom Shade, and were loaded with pork, flour, whiskey, and other impedimenta. The journey began at eight a.m. and the distance of eighteen miles was completed at five p.m.

Near the spot they were in quest of was a solitary shanty which an Indian who had committed murder had raised as a refuge for himself. All around spread a pathless wilderness. When the explorers reached the chosen spot the sun had set and twilight was darkening. They kindled a roaring fire and lay down for the night. On the morrow, April 23rd, the projected ceremony was carried out. John Galt's own words should describe the event: "We walked to the brow of the rising ground and chose a large maple tree. I struck the first stroke. The silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing forever. The Doctor then followed me and then Mr. Prior. The woodman finished the work. The tree fell with a crash of accumulating thunder. After the tree fell\* there was a funereal pause. Then the Doctor pulled a flask of whiskey from his bosom and we drank prosperity to the city of Guelph. The rain which had been suspended during the performance began anew to pour."

The woodmen first opened a glade in the forest about seven miles in length and upwards of a hundred and thirty feet wide, forming an avenue,

with trees on each side "far exceeding in height the most stupendous in England." The highroad to the town lay along the middle of this "Babylonian approach." Early settlers in Guelph identify the present Waterloo road, the continuation of Market Street, with this primitive avenue of John Galt's.

Before August, 1827, one hundred and sixty building lots were engaged and houses were rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the foundations of the town were laid land was valued at 1s. 3d. an acre. Within two years the lowest rate was 15s. and the price in the neighbouring townships was 10s.

Galt's eyes were ever open to the charms and marvels of nature. In a letter from Guelph, dated August 1st, 1827, after describing the operations connected with the building of the new town, he adds: "Thousands of pigeons came in flocks and a doe with her fawn looked over the river marvelling at the work." These pigeons were, of course, the passenger pigeons, a species for many years extinct. It has already been said that Galt was a lover of trees. Here is an arboreal legend difficult to credit: "On the road to Guelph, a short distance from Galt, on the edge of the township of Beverley, I strayed into the woods and came to a tree, the most stupendous I had ever seen. I measured its girth, at the height of a man from the ground, and it was thirty-three feet; above which the trunk rose, without a branch, to the height of at least eighty feet, crowned with vast branches. This was an oak, probably the greatest known, as it lifted its head far above the rest of the forest. I think that it was a scion of the forest which had passed away, as the trees around, though large and massy, were of inferior growth. It was the ancestral predecessor of the present woods."

\*One of the piers of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge over the Speed occupies the spot where stood the historic maple. The new Grand Trunk Railway station and the Winter Fair Building are situated on the site of the old market-place.



The founding of one city in the wilderness of Upper Canada in one year would have satisfied the ambition of most men, but John Galt possessed the huge egotism of the great and had magnificent dreams. The Guelph District was only a small part of the domains of the Canada Company. To the west, quite unexplored, in its virgin richness and glory, stretched sixteen hundred square miles of the "Huron Tract," embracing parts of the modern counties of Huron, Perth, Middlesex, and Lambton. The year 1827 set in motion here the initial activities of the great land company whose directing spirit was John Galt. The undertaking of finding a suitable location for a town in the Huron Tract was entrusted to Dr. Dunlop, who was advised that a harbour on Lake Huron should be sought. From the town of Galt a second time in 1827 set out the founders of a city, a small company of surveyors and woodmen to thread the forests of an unknown region for eighty miles towards the waters of the blue Huron. We are now to accompany Galt himself, who took the easier water route to the West.

In July, 1827, Galt proceeded to York; thence through Newmarket and Barrie to the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron to explore that part of the coast between Cabot's Head and the River Aux Sables, in order to discover if possible a harbour, and to meet at the mouth of one of the rivers the party that had previously set out from Galt. He crossed Lake Simcoe with singing boatmen. Having reached Penetanguishene, he found that His Majesty's gunboat, the *Bee*, had been placed at his disposal by the Admiralty. He embarked there and soon rounded Cabot's Head. In his account of the voyage he comments with fervour on the rare beauty of the scene at Cabot's Head, where he stayed in rapture for four hours. He turned into Lake Huron, and soon began to watch the land to catch a sight of the shore party. He had to

voyage another fifty miles before he descried Dr. Dunlop's location. The historic occasion is best described by Mr. Galt: "We saw afar off by our telescope a small clearing in the forest, and on the brow of a rising ground a cottage delightfully situated. Nor were we left long in doubt, for, on approaching the place, we met a canoe having on board a strange combination of Indians, velvetens, and whiskers, and discovered within the roots of the red hair the living features of Dr. Dunlop. Having crossed the river's bar of eight feet, we came to a beautiful anchorage of fourteen feet of water in an uncommonly pleasant basin."

Thus was the present flourishing and beautiful town of Goderich founded by Dr. Dunlop and John Galt. Nor did the ceremony lack Dr. Dunlop's usual accompaniment on such formal occasions. "Among other things which tended to make our success in finding a haven agreeable was the production of a bottle of champagne," naively confesses Mr. Galt. It was one of two bottles which Dr. Dunlop had obtained the winter before in York and which with much restraint he had preserved intact for a function of this kind. "Next day we explored the river (Galt's "Autobiography" is still quoted), and had the gratification of seeing, as we ascended, several pleasant meadows without a tree, and islands and peninsulas that reminded us of the pleasantest parts of England."

The British gunboat conveyed Mr. Galt to Detroit. From there he took steamboat across Lake Erie to Buffalo. A short sojourn at York was followed by his return to Guelph, where Mr. Prior had been left in charge of the operations and improvements. Rumours and hints now reached Mr. Galt from various quarters that the directors disapproved of his extensive proceedings at Guelph. Insidious machinations were undermining his influence and this caused him much chagrin.





JOHN GALT

From the Painting attributed to Samuel Lover. The Painting was bought from a London dealer many years ago by the father of the present owner, Mr. Howell, of Galt, Ontario.

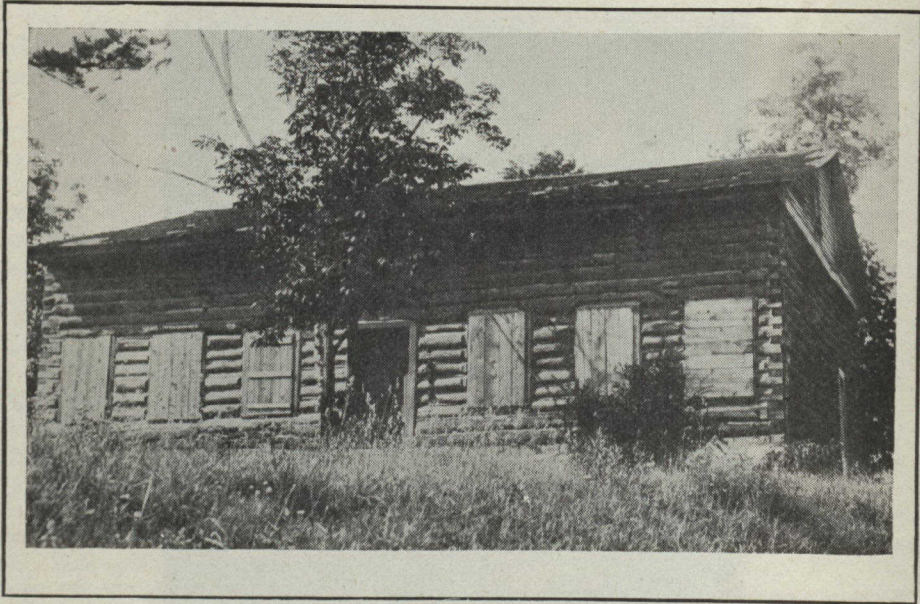
On the twelfth of August he initiated a kind of fair in the new town, invited a number of his friends, and gave a public dinner in the market-house to the inhabitants. The twelfth of August was chosen as being the King's Birthday, and as the anniversary of the day on which the Canada Company was instituted.

In a letter written to Scotland in August he discourses on several topics of interest: "I am much pleased with the Canadian summer as it shines forth in this Province. It is warmer certainly than in England, or rather there are more consecutive warm days." "I am laying the foun-

datation of an academy, the Company having allowed me to reserve one-half of the money arising from the sale of the land for that purpose; I have got a school already opened in a shed. We have a regular mail-coach twice a week, a post-office, and they speak already of getting up a newspaper and a bank agency."

Not only were Guelph and Goderich founded with due ceremony, but, more important by far, they were laid out on a definite plan. If you place your right hand, palm down, on a map of Guelph, your wrist at the old "Priory," on the Speed, near the present G. T. R. Station, your thumb





THE OLD "PRIORY," GUELPH

and four fingers will mark out the earliest streets of Guelph. The wide avenue mentioned in the paragraph descriptive of the inception of the city is Market Street, which originally ran to Galt. The thumb of the hand is the road since opened up, called Neeve Street. The other three streets, radiating through south and west, are Waterloo Street (not to be confounded with Waterloo Road), Quebec Street, and Woolwich Street. Maedonel Street, following the radial scheme, was opened up later. Various traditions account for the fan-like conformation of the plan of early Guelph. One legend ascribes to Dr. Dunlop, that strange compound of "bear and gentleman," the suggestion of a lady's fan! The most popular and widespread tradition avers that Mr. Galt fell in the mud near the "Priory," and the mould of his hand designed the plan of his new city. It is too bad to spread infidel notions, but one is inclined, after glancing at the physical features of the place, to suggest that the elbow in the River Speed at the "Priory"

dictated the direction of the streets.

The plan of Goderich is perfectly geometrical, the streets proceeding from the Central Park along the eight main rays of the compass. To this day Central Park, Goderich, is a perfect octagon, and the eight streets have the eight names—North, Colborne, West, Montreal, South, Kingston, East, and Hamilton. If you start from the centre of Goderich to find a given location and take the wrong street, woe betide you! You "drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

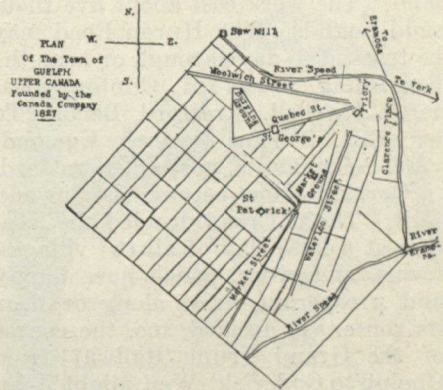
There is a tradition current in both Goderich and Guelph that the plans of the two cities were sketched in London, and were interchanged by mistake *en route*. I have given this story a thorough sifting and find it apocryphal. It is not found in any of the available records of those far-off days, nor is it believed by living descendants of John Galt. The origin of the story is to me quite apparent. In "The Autobiography" Galt tells us that the directors of the Canada Company ordered him to change the name



of Guelph to Goderich in honour of Viscount Goderich, then temporary Premier of England. Galt's reply is characteristic: "The name of the place is not a thing that I care two straws about, but as it has been the scene of legal transactions it would be necessary to get an Act of the Provincial Parliament before the change could be made." At the same time he called the new town on Lake Huron after his Lordship. He heard nothing more from the directors regarding the matter, and Guelph remained Guelph, and Goderich perpetuated the Viscount's memory.

In the spring of 1828 Mr. Galt's family came out to Canada. They first sojourned in a house of the Company on Burlington Bay. In the summer of 1828 Guelph became the family seat, but the boys were soon put to school in Lower Canada. The Guelph home was the receiving house which Mr. Prior had erected for the settlers. The house was facetiously called "The Priory." It was a log cottage of one storey, to which was now added a rustic portico formed of the trunks of trees with the bark, illustrative of the origin of the Ionic order. The ceiling was only ten feet high, and the hall and two principal rooms occupied a space only twenty feet square. The original cost of the building was five pounds! The history of "The Priory" is cherished in Guelph, but all that is left of "The Priory" is sadly neglected. It stood on an elevation on the south bank of the River Speed, about a hundred yards from the spot where the first tree was cut. The main building is about fifty by thirty feet, with a wing (or lean-to) at each end. The south wing was the first post-office in Guelph. Mr. Galt occupied the house for one year. It then was the home of short-term tenants. In 1831 a Captain Strange, from Demerara, took up his residence in it. This Captain Strange was the grandfather of Mr. J. B. Powell, the present collector of Inland Revenue in Guelph. The

Allan family next possessed the historic cottage. After varied vicissitudes the old house was used as a railway station of the C. P. R. It is now unoccupied, portico and wings removed, doors and windows boarded up.



Thus passes away the glory of old days! The traveller from Toronto to Guelph may see "The Galt House" on the right if he looks from the car window when the train begins to slow up on approaching the Grand Trunk Railway station.

Early in the summer of 1828 a gigantic labour was undertaken. The lands of the Company had to be sold as soon as possible, and there could be no immediate settlement without roads to attract settlers. A highway was cut through the forest of the Huron Tract for seventy miles to afford overland communication between the two lakes, Ontario and Huron, and easy intercourse for the settlers westward and eastward. The scheme was carried into effect by Mr. Prior. An explorer led the party; two surveyors with compasses followed; then a band of blazers to mark the trees in line; then the bushmen with their axes to fell the trees. The rear was brought up by wagons laden with provisions and other necessaries. When the whole seventy miles had been traversed even to the shore of Lake Huron at Goderich, the party faced about and began to retrace their tracks, clearing off the fallen timber from the avenue hewed out by the



axes. This was the birth of the famous Huron Road. For the undertaking Galt was allowed three thousand pounds, a sum very inadequate for so stupendous a task. So the men were paid part in money and part in land. The work cost about five thousand pounds. The Huron Road may be tracked to-day through or near the flourishing towns of Clinton, Seaford, Mitchell, Stratford, Berlin. To be exact, it runs through Egmondville, Sebringville, north of Stratford, to German Mills, between Berlin and Galt. The old road decided the location at a later day of all the villages, towns, and cities, which now, happy and prosperous, exist along or near its route. It decided, too, the course of the Grand Trunk Railway from Guelph to Goderich. Well might John Galt, after founding two cities and opening up this pathway for the pioneers who were soon to swarm over the fertile Huron Tract, record his *non omnis moriar* thus confidently: "These transactions will be memorable in the history of what must be a great country. Nothing can prevent my humble name from being associated with the legends of undertakings at least as worthy of commemoration as the bloody traditions of heroic lands."

While everything was progressing and prosperous at the scene of operations in Canada some malign influences were estranging from Mr. Galt the countenance and support of the directors in London. News arrived in Guelph that the value of the Company's stock was steadily falling—a stock which was destined within five years to be the highest-priced vendible stock in the markets of the world. The great promoter and manager of the Canada Company suddenly fell under eclipse. The directors, without apprising Mr. Galt, ordered the bank at York to cease honouring his drafts. By a remarkable financial device, which cannot be described here, he saved himself from his sore dilemma, and maintained the

honour of the Company. He was, however, fully aware that he was marked out to be a victim. Before leaving the country he determined that what he had accomplished and what he still planned should be inspected and reported on by some competent authority. One of the best available experts in the United States was engaged for the purpose. This man made an actual survey of the lands allotted to the Company, and sent to London a report entirely favourable to Mr. Galt and Mr. Prior.

Before leaving Canada he determined to visit the western settlement at Goderich. He took the road through the forest in winter. After a long and melancholy journey of seventy miles through the snow-clad woods he reached Goderich. The lake was covered with ice and the landscape was bleak. The township had been cleared of trees, the streets of the settlement had been marked out, and several houses had been built. Even the high spirits of "the large, fat, facetious fellow of infinite jest and eccentricity," Dr. Dunlop, failed to cheer his settled depression. After a few days' stay in the log house at "Galt Point" he returned to Guelph.

Of the Huron Tract Galt afterwards wrote: "It was divided into townships, named one after each of the directors. There were three or four over, and these were called after men in office. I confess it seemed to me to proceed from a lurking feeling of unprovoked contumely that I should have been passed over. I am content with having formed the Company, nor am I the first parent that has had unfilial offspring." If the curious reader will glance at the map of the counties of Lambton, Huron, Middlesex, and Perth, he will find the names of the worthies of the Canada Company and their friends embalmed in the preservative of township nomenclature—Bosanquet, Williams, Hay, Stanley, Tuckersmith, Hibbert, Logan, Ellice, and many others. Col-



borne is named after the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and the River Maitland after Colborne's predecessor, Sir Peregrine Maitland.

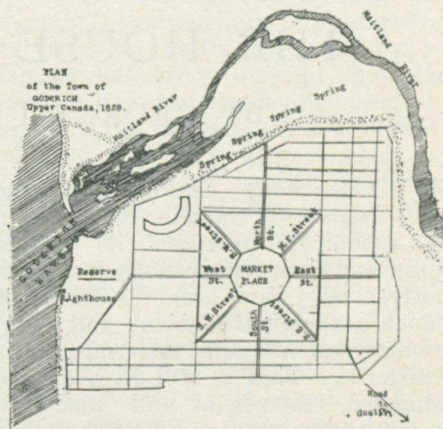
On going to Guelph after his return from Goderich he openly announced his intention of leaving for England. Just before he departed the inhabitants assembled in front of "The Priory" and read to him an appreciative address. The document was signed by one hundred and forty heads of families. Their complete satisfaction with Galt's endeavours was evidenced in every sentence of the address. "By the measures you have adopted our lands in many instances have in the space of eighteen months doubled or tripled in value."

From New York he took ship for Liverpool. There on landing he learned that the Company was to be broken up, as a result of his "lavish and inconsiderate expenditure." He did his best to dispel the sinister misrepresentations which had brought the hopes of the directors to this gloomy pass. The Company, as everyone now knows, lived and prospered exceedingly beyond the dreams of Galt himself. The story of its subsequent operations may be read in the entertaining book of R. and K. M. Lizars, "In the Days of the Canada Company."

John Galt now sat down at his desk in his library with the dogged resolution of devoting the rest of his years to literature. His health gradually failed, and from 1832 till his decease his life was a continual struggle with advancing disease. He breathed his last in his sixtieth year on the eleventh of April, 1839. His remains lie interred in the family grave at Greenock.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to have done so much for their country and their kind as John Galt. As an author he ranks very high, several of his works in their special field being quite unrivalled in English literature. As a founder of cities this monograph endeavours briefly to re-

cord his fame. His is among the bright names of Scotland and of Canada, and will, in this land at least, stand out for centuries as a landmark of the age in which he lived. The wandering emigrants whom he locat-



ed became a happy and flourishing people. Their grandchildren of today hold his memory in honour, and their descendants will surely from generation to generation save his name and his deeds from oblivion.

Three sons of John Galt achieved success in Canada. The eldest, John, Registrar of the County of Huron, an intimate friend of Sir John A. Macdonald, was cut off prematurely in 1866, at the age of fifty-two. The second son, Thomas Galt, was for thirty years an honoured judge of this Province. The youngest son, Sir Alexander Galt, was for a quarter of a century a conspicuous figure in the public life of Canada, and ended his very successful career by acting as High Commissioner for the Dominion in Great Britain. The sons and daughters of these three sons of John Galt are now moving in honoured spheres in various cities and towns of America—in Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg, in Chicago, in Goderich. Numerous great-grandchildren of John Galt are already facing the high concerns of life in Canada, determined to bring no discredit upon the name of their illustrious progenitor.



# THE HOUSE IMPREGNABLE

BY GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND

**E**VER since Confederation the Senate of Canada, its constitution, its functions, its usefulness, and even its necessity as a legislative body have been the theme of much academic discussion, and, occasionally, of attempts to terminate its existence. That it still lives on unchanged, unruffled, and unafraid, pursuing the even and dignified tenor of its way, is striking evidence of the conservative spirit of our people and of the inherent value and necessity of the Upper Chamber.

At the conference which laid the foundations of the Dominion, there was a conflict of opinion as to whether the Senate should be elected, as the Canadian Upper House had been up to the union of the Provinces, or a body appointed by the Crown. The defects of the elective system were manifest in the Legislative Council of Canada, and some of the Maritime Provinces, also, had had some experience of the evils which occasionally resulted from having two elected bodies, each claiming to represent the people, when conflict arose between them; they had had no recent object lesson from which they could learn that an appointed upper house may, at times, prove as obstructive as though it had been elected directly by the people. The Fathers of Confederation, with the British House of Lords before them as a model, therefore decided that the members of the Senate should be appointed by the Crown and hold office for life. At the beginning, the appointments were

made from the members of the old Legislative Council. There were more Councillors than positions and there was a waiting list from which, as vacancies occurred, appointments were made. Thus the defects of the system were not apparent in the early years of the Confederation; it was only when the list of old legislative councillors was exhausted and the government of the day had a free choice that the upper chamber began to assume what has been regarded as a partisan character. At the end of the first seven years, when the Conservative government was driven from power and Mr. Mackenzie formed his cabinet, he found the Senate a decidedly Conservative body. It was exasperating to the Liberals, fresh from the people and with an overwhelming majority in the Lower House, to find the Conservative enemy entrenched in the impregnable citadel of the Senate. Then, for the first time, the upper chamber found itself assailed as "an irresponsible body, obstructing the will of the people" and characterized as "a political Magdalen Asylum for discarded politicians who had been debauched by the Government of the day," and as "a House of Refuge for the senile, worn-out and rejected supporters of a discredited party." There were then, as now, demands for the abolition or reformation of the Upper Chamber; but then, as now, demands grew less insistent as the older senators passed away and their places were filled by stalwart



supporters of the government of the day. Many of the Senators appointed by Sir John Macdonald were old men when they entered the Senate, and the average mortality in the Upper Chamber in the seventies was high; thus it happened that Mr. Mackenzie was able to appoint a sufficient number of his own supporters to convert the Liberal minority into a Liberal majority in the Upper House before he was defeated in 1878. Then followed the long Conservative regime, during which the vacancies, as they occurred, were filled by the appointment of Conservatives, until the party was swept out of power by the tidal wave of 1896. During the eighteen years of Conservative rule, the Liberal Senators had dwindled down to a mere corporal's guard. It was natural, therefore, that a prominent plank of the Liberal platform should be "Senate Reform." During their long sojourn in the wilderness of Opposition, the party had conceived a violent hatred of the Senate, and threatened its abolition; but they found, as their opponents had found under similar circumstances, that to mend or end the Upper House was, at best, a very slow, difficult and doubtful process, and that they could with greater ease and safety await the natural process of reform by the hand of nature, the government filling vacancies, as they occurred in the Senate, with men who had won the confidence of the Liberal party by long and unswerving support. Thus in the course of a few years the Conservative majority in the Upper House melted away and the Liberals increased until, when the turn over of 1911 occurred, they numbered some two-thirds of the Senators. We are all familiar with the attitude of the Conservative party towards the Upper House since then. The defeat of the Naval Bill and the Highways Improvement Bill by the Liberal majority in the Senate has led to an agitation to "mend or end" a

house whose enemies claim that it is unnecessary when friendly and a positive evil when in opposition to the government of the day. Various have been the suggestions to overcome the difficulty, ranging from limiting the Senator's position to a term of years, to the total abolition of the Upper House, but every attempt, however mild or however drastic, has been abortive. The Senate, whether regarded as a necessary, if somewhat defective, safeguard against hasty or ill-considered legislation, or as a dangerous anachronism thwarting the clearly expressed will of the people, continues to-day as it was constituted at the confederation of the Provinces, enjoying an ever-increasing prestige and influence the more it is denounced by its enemies. Other upper chambers dread the consequences of obstructing the impetuous rush of an eager and impatient democracy, but the Canadian Senate remains with powers undiminished. It has seen the House of Lords shorn of some of its ancient privileges and reduced to comparative impotence by a radical majority in the Commons, but when threats are uttered in Canada to treat our Upper House in a similar way, the Senate simply puts its back against the British North America Act, and, with imperturbable good humour, mildly ridicules its enemies. The conviction in the Senatorial mind is strong and well founded that the Commons would have as little power to end or limit the powers of the Senate against the will of the Upper House as the Senate would have to limit or end the powers of the Commons—that any attempt of the kind, even with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, would precipitate troubles more serious and disastrous to the Dominion than anything which could result from continuing the constitution as it stands to-day. Though modelled, as far as our federal system would allow, on the House of Lords as it was in 1867, the Senate holds a much stronger



position than its prototype. It is doubtful if any resolution of the House of Commons could abolish the Senate, or change its constitution unless adopted unanimously by all the Provinces that were parties to the original confederation pact. The Senate had its birth in what was virtually a treaty between those Provinces, and was designed primarily to protect provincial rights. In the weaker Provinces it was felt, at the time of confederation, that the system of representation by population in the Lower House would endanger their rights unless held in check by a fixed representation in the Upper House which could not be affected by more rapid growth of population in the larger Provinces. In less than fifty years we have seen a new Canada developing in the fertile West and Quebec and Ontario adding new territory to their already large areas and rapidly outstripping the Maritime Provinces in their increase of population. As a result, the representation of the Maritime Provinces in the House of Commons has declined as the representation of the larger Provinces has increased, until their influence in the government of the Dominion threatens to become negligible. Their one safeguard against disastrous loss of power and prestige is the Senate, where the three Maritime Provinces, with about one-third the population of Ontario, have twenty-four representatives as compared with an equal number from the premier Province. It is highly improbable, therefore, that the Maritime Provinces would consent to any reform of the Senate which would weaken their influence in the Dominion Parliament. And what has been said of the Maritime Provinces applies with even greater force to Quebec, whose representation in the House of Commons cannot be enlarged under any circumstances without serious and far-reaching consequences which statesmen would hesitate to face. Quebec, with its special

rights and privileges, is deeply, vitally interested in maintaining the constitution of the Senate unchanged as a protection against possible dangers which may threaten them as Ontario and the Western Provinces increase in population. Any attempt, therefore, to abolish or to impair the power and influence of the Senate would meet with opposition from all Eastern Canada and must necessarily fail.

But apart from the impregnable position which the Senate holds under the British North America Act, upper chambers, even without such protection, often exhibit remarkable vitality. It would be difficult to find any reason for two houses in a provincial legislature, yet some of those provinces which at confederation adopted the bicameral system have been unable to get rid of a costly encumbrance. Thus it happens that Quebec and Nova Scotia, with a population considerably less than that of Ontario, have four legislative bodies, while Ontario is well governed with a single chamber. The absurdity of such a multiplication of legislative machinery is quite understood and appreciated, and time and again Nova Scotia has tried to get rid of its Legislative Council. The first serious attack on the upper house was made in 1879—just twelve years after the union—when a government measure to abolish the Legislative Council passed the Lower House and was defeated and supported in the Council by every supporter of the dominant party. At that time the Government had made three appointments to the Legislative Council, and announced that no gentleman had been appointed who would not agree to support such a measure, and in fact the three Councillors on that occasion did vote for abolition.

When the Longley Government came into power they announced that they had adopted their predecessors' policy and would appoint nobody who would not give a written pledge



of his willingness to support a measure to abolish the Council. As soon as they believed that there were enough gentlemen so pledged in the Legislative Council to carry such a measure they introduced a Bill in the Assembly where it was carried by an overwhelming majority. The Bill was then sent to the Legislative Council where it was promptly strangled, one of the excuses given for such action being that it was discourteous to the upper chamber to originate the measure in the Assembly, and that it should have originated in the Legislative Council. The following session the measure was again introduced, on this occasion in the upper house, only to meet with the same fate, many of the pledged councillors voting against it. The Government, whose policy had been endorsed by the electorate, thus driven to bay, appealed to the Imperial authorities to intervene and help the people of Nova Scotia to get rid of their incubus. Lord Ripon's reply, is dated 3rd December, 1894, and is as follows:

"I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of Sir H. Strong's despatch No. 229 of 12th October, forwarding approved minute of the Dominion P. C. on the subject of the petitions of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia in regard to the abolition of the Legislative Council.

"The question has received the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government, but they consider that, as the Province has power to alter its constitution if it sees fit to do so, a resort to Imperial legislation would be inexpedient except in circumstances of urgent necessity. They are, consequently, very reluctant to take such a step in the present circumstances and trust that the matter may ere long be settled by the Province itself."

In the 1897 session of the Legislature, the following resolution was introduced by Mr. Campbell in the House of Assembly:

"Whereas it is admitted by a large majority of the people of this Province that the Legislative Council has ceased to be a necessity as a branch of the Legisla-

ture, and that particularly since the union of the Provinces it has absolutely become unnecessary;

"Resolved, then, that this House during its session do pass an Act to abolish that branch of the Legislature, allowing them a small retiring allowance, equal to three years' sessional indemnity."

The resolution did not carry, and from that time the movement against the Upper House lost its force and soon disappeared from the arena of practical politics. Mr. Campbell arraigned the Legislative Council in the following language:

"During the last eighteen years every new Parliament elected to serve in this House has passed resolutions unanimously to abolish the Legislative Council, but with no favourable result. It was marvellous to him how patient and longsuffering the people of this Province were. The machinery of Government was out of all proportion to the work required, while we had to keep up our roads and bridges on borrowed money. It was most ridiculous to continue institutions altogether unnecessary."

The fairness of his arraignment was not questioned, but the cumbrous, expensive and unnecessary machine remains and, to all appearances, is liable to remain as long as Nova Scotia continues to be a Province of the Dominion. With such a record before them, well may the Senate of Canada smile at the threats and assaults of its foes in the House of Commons and the country. The Legislative Council of Nova Scotia is an admittedly useless body of gentlemen, representing nobody—not even the Government to which its members owe their appointment, and many of whom had actually violated their written pledges in order to preserve their positions—a body condemned by the people of the Province and their elected representatives and without an excuse for their continued existence as a branch of the Legislature except on purely selfish personal grounds, yet it lives on, defying governments, assemblies and public opinion. What hope, then, can the enemies of the Senate of



Canada have of success in their efforts to abolish, or to materially change, the constitution of a body which is admittedly the safeguard of the smaller provinces and of provincial rights throughout the Dominion, whose record of useful service has won the commendation of men like the late Honourable David Mills (who at one time had been loudest in calling for its abolition) and whose preservation is absolutely essential to the continuance of the Dominion?

To denounce the Senate as a useless body is to ignore its long record of useful service to the Dominion. That it has, on many occasions, justified the wisdom and foresight of the Fathers of Confederation in constituting the Upper House, is conceded by all who are familiar with its history. Through its rejection of the Marine Electric Telegraphs Bill, which, if enacted, would have fastened a cable monopoly on the Dominion, the Senate enabled Canada to give Marconi much needed encouragement in establishing wireless telegraphic communication between Europe and America.

It is admitted that the rejection of the first Drummond County Railway Bill enabled the Government to make a better bargain by which the Dominion was saved over a million dollars.

Opinions differ as to the wisdom displayed by the Senate in refusing to sanction the deal with Mackenzie and Mann for the construction of a railway through the Yukon wilderness from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake, but the arguments with which the Senators backed up their judgment seemed strong enough to convince the Government with whom it originated that the scheme should be abandoned.

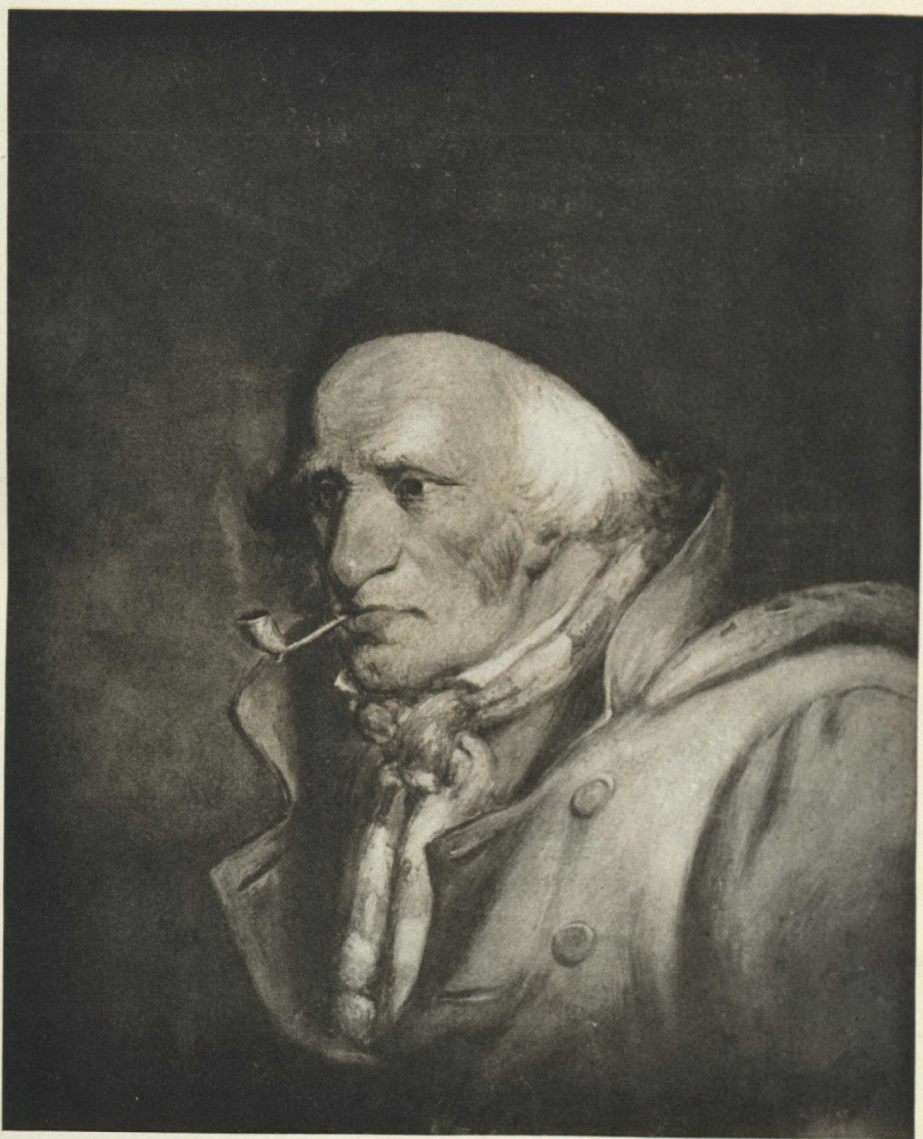
By defeating what was popularly known at the time as the Tuckersmith Bill, a measure designed to so change the Huron ridings as to ensure the

re-election of the late M. C. Cameron, who had been unseated after the general election, the Senate established a precedent which ensures the stability of the decennial redistribution of constituencies called for by the B. N. A. Act. At the time, the defeat of the Bill gave rise to violent attacks on the Senate and demands for its abolition, but nobody to-day regrets the decision of the Upper House on that occasion, and it is not unreasonable to anticipate that, in the light of history, other decisions of the Senate which have been attributed to partisanship, may appear more as the result of that "sober second thought" which the second chamber was intended to exercise for the protection of the public from being stampeded into the adoption of policies which, if entered upon without due deliberation, might entail serious consequences to the future of the Dominion.

The Lancastrians may rave and imagine a vain thing, but the Senate will continue the even tenor of its way, doing its work quietly and effectively without making demagogic appeals to the constituencies. It is exasperating, no doubt, to a government fresh from the people, feeling that it has the confidence of the public and eager to put its policy on the statute book of the country, to find its measures emasculated or rejected by a hostile majority in the Senate, but the evil is one which does not endure for many years, and it is an evil which has its root in the life tenure of the position and the system of giving the government of the day power to fill all vacancies.

It is reasonable under the circumstances, that no radical change is likely to be effected in the constitution of the Senate, nor is any step to diminish its power and influence likely to be effective, unless it originates in the Upper House and meets with the approval of a majority of the Senators.





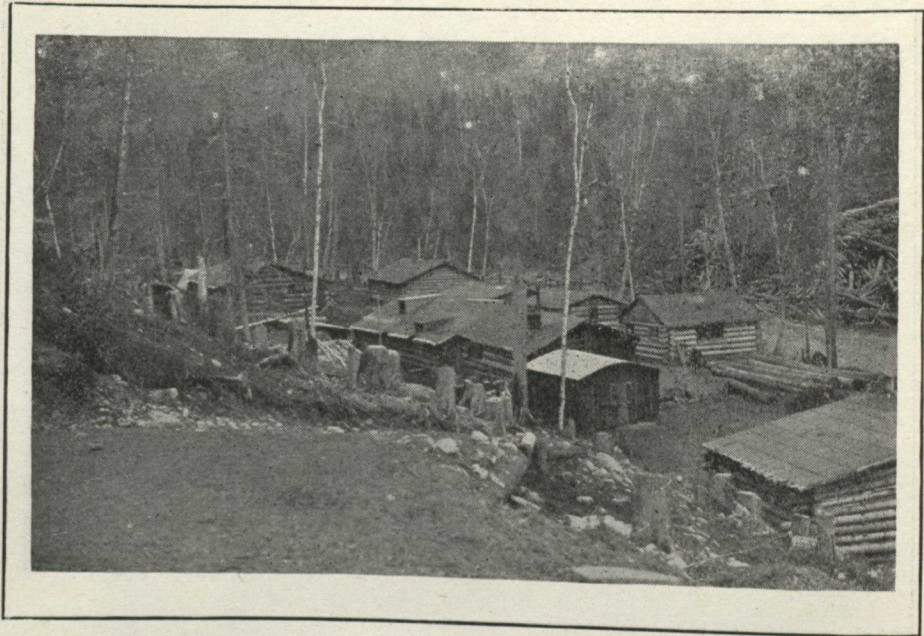
From the Painting by  
Krieghoff. Owned  
by Mrs. H. S. Mara

OLD  
HABITANT



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE





A TYPICAL LUMBER CAMP ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

## THE WARNING

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN

Last summer there were:  
 Seventy-three forest fires caused by clearing land.  
 Sixty-seven forest fires caused by campers.

Thirty-seven forest fires caused by logging operations.

Besides railway and other fires.  
 \$140,000 of public money was spent in fire protection.

One bad fire cost \$90,000 to fight.

Fine timber was wasted, houses were destroyed, payrolls and trade went up in smoke. Several men were ruined.

WHY?

Just because some one neglected his clearing fires.

Just because some one left a camp-fire smouldering.

Just because some one broke the law when using steam machinery.

Our forests yield \$2,600,000 to the Government.

Natural resources provide the money for developing British Columbia.

Lumbering circulates \$24,800,000 a year among our people. YOU BENEFIT.

The best fire law in America was passed

last winter at Victoria. HELP YOUR GOVERNMENT TO ENFORCE IT.

W. R. ROSS,  
 Minister of Lands.

**I** LOOKED at Cook, Cook looked at me, and we both looked at the notice board.

"Do you know," Cook said ruminatingly, taking his pipe from his mouth as he spoke, "that the lumber output of British Columbia is about a billion and a quarter feet a year?"

I shook my head.

"At the present rate of cutting," he went on, "making no allowance at all for annual growth, it would take the lumber industry of British Columbia nearly 250 years to use up the timber now standing. The annual growth of the forests of British Columbia is now, before they are even adequately protected (he pointed with his pipe-stem to the proclama-





PILING LOGS ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

tion above) from fire and from waste, not less than five times the present annual cut."

I had never heard Cook say so much before all at one time, and, to say the least, I was surprised.

"You ought to be a publicity commissioner or an industrial agent," I laughed, "or secretary of a Board of Trade, or a Salvation Army speaker, or something of that sort. Say, by the way, what is the distance of the moon from the earth?"

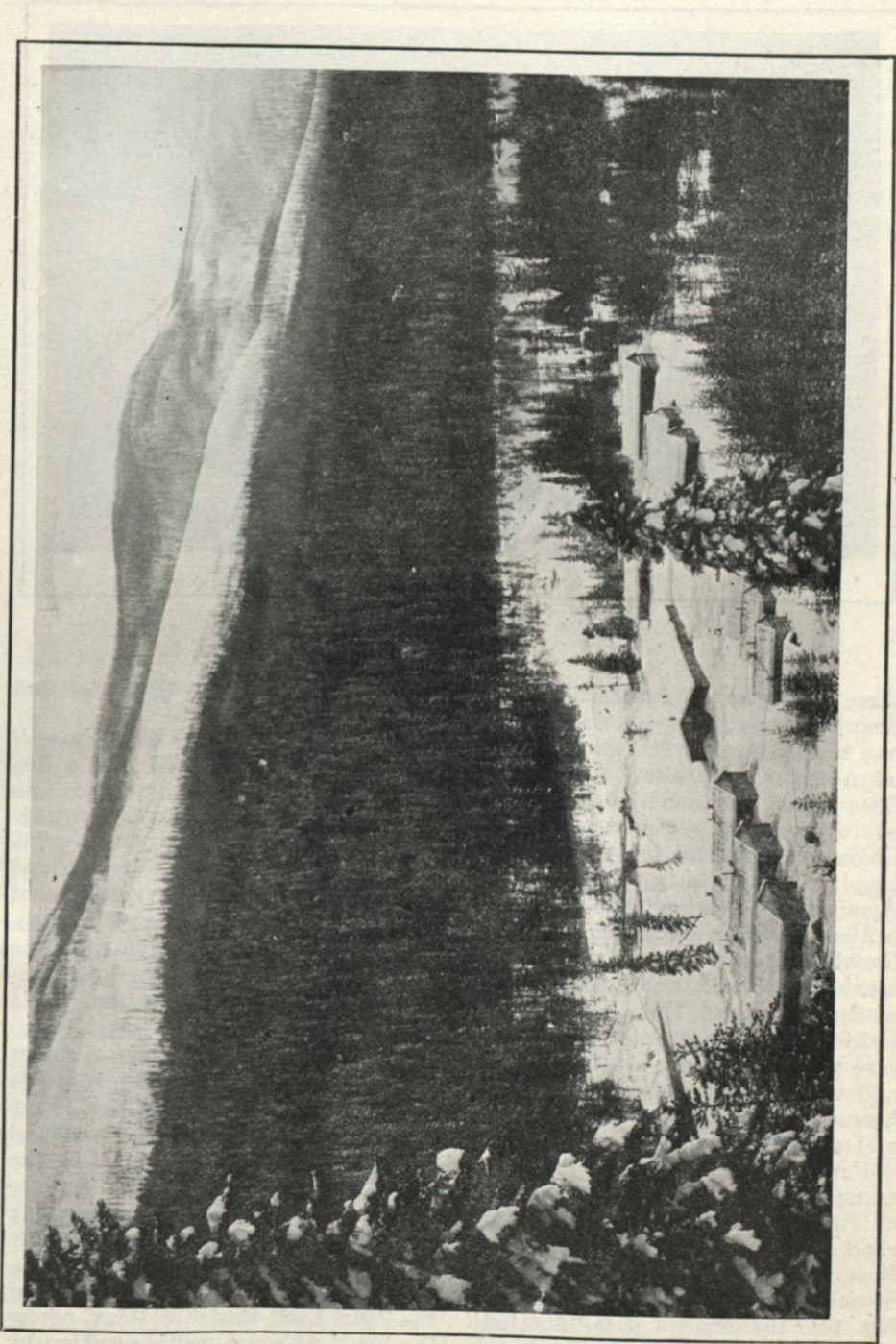
He was smoking and thinking again, and didn't trouble to answer; I saw an unsmiled smile, however, creeping out of the corners of his eyes and mouth, and knew he appreciated the joke.

"Come on, let's be going," he urged, and suiting the action to the word, took up his camera. I tagged in behind, and we hit the trail together. It was a glorious trail, too, zig-zagging up the steep mountain-side, winding round big boulders and through cool green glades. Then it would burst into a little clearing

through which the eye could fathom a tiny stream hurrying seawards, a thousand feet below. I should have liked to be a tramp with nothing to worry over but a meal, and I'd have crept in under a tall and shady palm tree, and, doubling beneath its perfumed branches, would have sunk into the kind of dream that only a tramp can imagine and a tramp enjoy. But no, we had our work to do, and the joys of the "Knights of the Road" were not for us.

Cook and I, with a moving picture camera and a couple of other common or garden cameras, were "doing" the Bull River Reserve and lumber camps. A perfect companion for a jaunt of this sort was good old Cook. He'd begun in "dear ol' Lon'on," and knocked around the world so continuously ever since as to be thoroughly cosmopolitan. I believe he began by walking through Normandy into Finistere; then jumped over into Switzerland, where for a year he entertained the aristocratic residents of the Hotel des Avants; leaving





A BRITISH COLUMBIA LUMBER CAMP IN WINTER





A LOG JAM ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

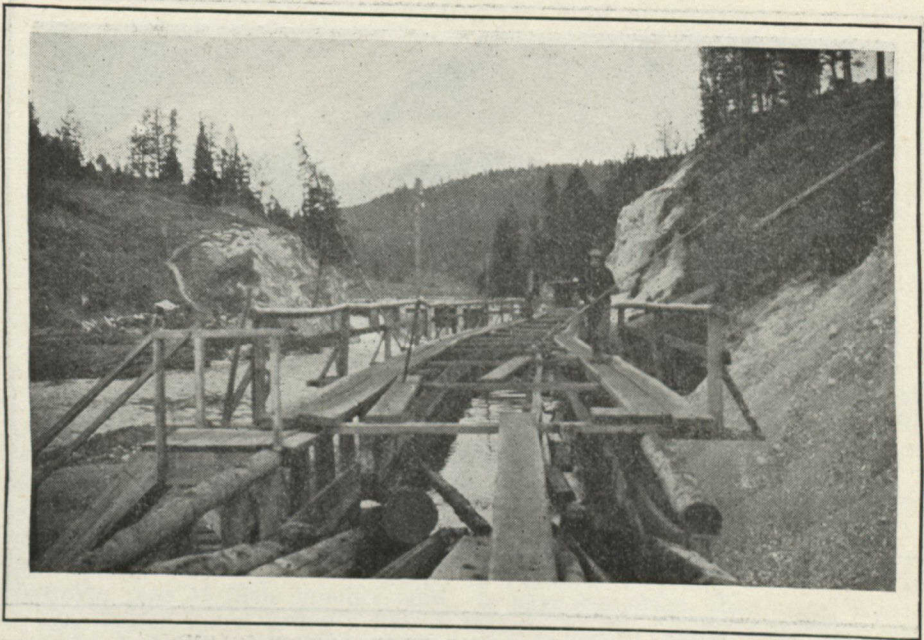
there (engaged to be married to Lord Somebody-or-other's daughter) he had next taken service as an overseer on a sugar plantation in Jamaica, from which position he had emigrated to street railway construction in Demerara. He had fought the "yaller Jack" and mosquitoes up the Amazon; gone through the Cuban rebellion; helped build the Panama Canal; fillibustered in Hayti, and fled Mexico with Diaz, finally hooking up with the Edison Film Company in California. At any rate, you may be sure that having done all these things, and visited all sorts of queer places, his conversation was redolent of spicy and amusing anecdote.

For the past week we had been tramping the country in the vicinity of Bull River, having left the railroad at Wardner, on the Crow's Nest. Now we were nearing the end of our ramble; every evolution of the log from the moment it is "spotted" in the forest, until trimmed and squared as a tie, or round and smooth as a post, or flat and square as a

board, had been photographed and registered.

We had learned the soft "coo-ey" of the axeman's warning that a forest monster is about to topple; we could tell the broad from the scoring-axe or the double-bitted, and a pike-pole from a boat-hook. We had held our breath as the heavy logs shot down the greased skids into the rushing river, and gazed fascinated as the iron "nigger" punched the huge timbers into place for execution. We had thrilled from top of head to tip of toes as the rushing saw-carriage screamed through great logs, while its demon drivers swung strange levers and the mill reeked with sawdust and noise. And at night-time, after the day's work in the camps, when the horses were tranquilly munching hay and the men sat quietly round the log-house doors, smoking and "chinning," I heard many a pretty tale of the "girl back East" or "just across the line" who was waiting anxiously. "Jack" had enough "big round ones" gathered together to bring her out.





LOG CHUTE FROM DAM TO MILL ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

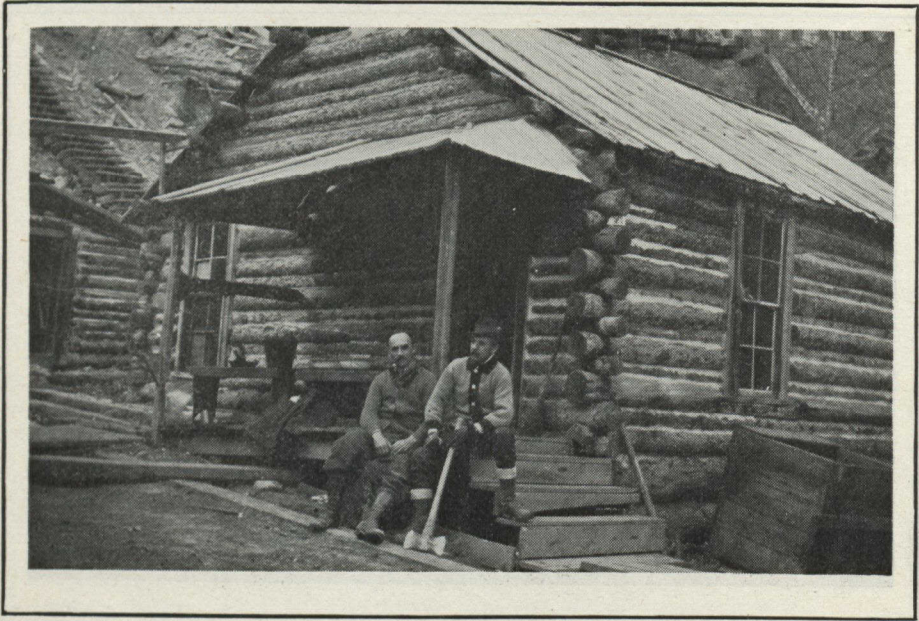
I had always imagined the lumber-jack to be "wild and woolly," overflowing with malice and mischief, ripe for any devilment, and while that may be true of the jack who periodically comes into town for "a good time," with six months' wages burning his jeans and a determination to "cut loose," the exact reverse is the case in camp. The lumber-jack in town on a holiday and the lumber-jack in camp are two distinctive persons, perusing sundry, separate aims, and nowhere in Western Canada will you run across a better-behaved, harder-working, more earnest lot of men. I take off my hat to them, be they walking boss, buck-beaver, swamper, roller, or axeman. And well informed, too. One man volunteered the information that out of every four dollars in the Provincial Treasury one of them was provided by forest revenue. He probably had read as much in the *Annual Forest Branch Report*, but no matter; the fact that he had remembered it speaks volumes. Another told me that of nearly 10,000

fire permits issued last year, only eight fires burned away. "And," he added, "that was going some."

A young fellow from Minnesota, who had come to me six months before with an empty pocket-book and an introduction, met me at one of the camps and showered me with blessings. He had been a bit of a dandy when he applied for the job, and the walking boss rather hesitated about employing him, but he had made no mistake; he was the happiest man in camp, ragged, burnt the colour of an old sorrel horse, but overflowing with good spirits and joy.

"Go back to town?" he asked, when I spoke to him. "No, not for mine, I won't. Just a little tent or a little shack for me right here, with the bears climbing in the backyard o' nights kind o' friendly-like, and the ole river rushin' busy down below to lull me to sleep; later on, p'r'aps," and he blushed, "p'r'aps a little girl from back Minnesoty way to share the shack and the bears with me. It's great-out-o'-doors places fer me."





A LUMBERMAN'S HUT ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The figure on the right, holding the axe, is that of the author, Mr. Rankin

The lumber output of British Columbia is about one and a quarter billion feet a year, and the Forestry Branch is making every possible effort to secure the support of the public, the lumber companies, and the railroads in the prevention of forest fires, of which bush fires, matches, cigarettes, and cigar-ends, unscreened logging engines, coal-burning locomotives, and such things are the causes.

Six fire launches patrol the coast waters, one each on the Kootenay and Arrow Lakes, and in many other ways are the Government endeavouring to prevent fires. In this the Government have the hearty approval and co-operation of the Western Canada Irrigation Association. And so Ross's Forest Act has this in it:

Every donkey-engine and locomotive must be equipped with an efficient spark-arrester and with devices which will prevent the escape of fire from ash-pans and fire-boxes.

Every donkey-engine and locomotive must be provided with a sufficient supply of water and with a pump capable of forcing water to a height of twenty-five feet, 150 feet of hose, ten six-quart buckets, six shovels, three axes, three mattocks, all in good repair for fire-fighting.

All dead trees and snags within 200 feet of any donkey-engine at work must be felled.

A watchman must be kept on duty at every donkey-engine under fire during the noon hour, and for two hours after operations have ceased for the day.

A sufficient space around all camp buildings must be cleared of brush and other fine combustible material.

Lighted cigars, matches, cigarettes and pipe ashes must be completely extinguished before being thrown away.

Foremen, engineers, and all men working in the woods, as well as contractors, operators, and owners, are responsible for the carrying out of these regulations.

And always remember that the annual growth of the forests in British Columbia is more than five times the present annual cut.



# DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

IN every generation there are a few delicate souls who believe, with the great French aesthete, Joseph Joubert, "it is better to be exquisite than ample." Delightful amateurs of art, they have given the world some of its most refined work. Sir Thomas Browne, the Norfolk physician, was of their number, and so was Walter Pater, living a life of exquisite fragrance in Oxford, with its thousand subdued charms, a gray green city half as old as time. In their English company is Fitzgerald and Joseph Shorthouse, the Birmingham Quaker, who lived the dream life of John Inglesant, before he wrote it.

And Canada, in the person of Duncan Campbell Scott, has one of this band, who in delicately thin verse and a few exquisite short stories, almost unheeded, at certain intervals has broken silence. Austerity is the keynote of all such work; it suggests so much more than it actually performs. But then austerity, too, has her glories that steal on souls who have taken and kept the vow of passionate refrainment, and in their abnegation often surpass those who are prodigal of song. Such souls, by necessity, of their own nature, and not in obedience to any external command, have chosen the things of art that are more excellent, deliberately moving along upon a high plane of thought and feeling, because it is there alone that they find their true atmosphere. It needs a rigorous standard to exert this rejection of so many sweet things, to achieve which,

one must daily make a great refusal, and its reward is the praise of silence—the most perfect applause of all.

Its crown is a certain delicacy of vision. For such refinement can be maintained only by an unyielding rejection, by a delight in ever seeking to have less rather than more. Where others bluster along and fume and rant and waste themselves, these finer souls go on distilling their thoughts, until the essence alone remains in their slim little books, that have the premanence and perpetuity of the elder classics. Their message so brief and simple thus gains a monumental permanence appealing to the most susceptible minds of every age. And such in its own way is the work of Duncan Campbell Scott.

The facts of his life are exceedingly simple. It moves in one atmosphere, hardly an energetic one, the leisurely atmosphere of the Civil Service at Ottawa. The son of a Methodist minister, he was born at Ottawa in 1862, and educated in the public schools and at Stanstead College, Quebec. He entered, in his seventeenth year, on December 15th, 1879, the Department of Indian Affairs; in which, last year, he attained to the highest rank, that of Deputy Superintendent-General. A limited life, if you like, devoid of any adventures save those of the spirit, but at least free from anything irksome or disturbing, full of the quiet necessary for really permanent belles-lettres.

In appearance, he has the analy-



tical ascetic look of a professor, say of logic, rather than the Bohemian aspect of a poet. The long nose, the thin, straight lips, the sharp lean features with the be-spectacled piercing eyes, might be those of some prime university lecturer. Remove the spectacles and you have one of those wan, gaunt faces the pre-Raphaelites loved to paint. Yet after you have been with him a little while, you begin to realize that the tone of his voice and the haunting kindness of his eyes could only be those of a poet. But everything denotes the austere intellectualist, nothing the fleshly poet of langorous loves. Indeed there is something almost puritanical about his rigid face and ways, that makes one think that for the poet at least sometimes the things of beauty burn with an evil light. The sensuous either in colour, or sound, or touch, must almost have for him that dreadful charm which sin has for others.

He did not pen a line of verse until he was twenty-five. Poetry had always interested him, but music was his first love. His prose work came last of all; and it is there, in the short story form, to my mind, as I shall endeavour to show, Mr. Scott works best. I shall keep this order.

Save a few uncollected poems like *The Globe* prize poem, "The Battle of Lundy's Lane," all his verse has been issued in four small plaquettes.

The year 1893, when Duncan Scott published in England his first volume of verse, "The Magic House," was rather a remarkable year in Canadian literature. Sir Gilbert Parker's first novel, "Mrs. Falchion," appeared, and Bliss Carman's magnificent volume, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," also saw the light.

"The Magic House" was a modest enough volume, without pretention, just the garnered up songs of a young man possessed of a delicate fancy. Immaturity is written over every line of it; but, it is a charming and fresh immaturity that has promise in its quiet restraint. There is no riot here

of roses and wine and dancing girls, no poses or startling and dazzling ideas. The poet is not quite yet master of his material; and, sometimes, it has a crudely broken-up music; but, it is never a discord of thought, only of sound. For occasionally a patch of prose in the text retards its small pellucid rill of verse. But the thought is always there. Save for two poems, I would almost call it a volume of delightful minor verse.

It is imitative, to a certain extent like the work of all young poets. Their fancies and dreams are naturally shot through with the magnificent colour tones of the greater poets, who have intoxicated their brains and impregnated the ivory cells of gray matter with the unheard melody of vision. Here and there we notice a touch of Tennyson as in the title poem. "Above St. Irénée" is a study of Wordsworthian mode. A Pre-Raphaelite note rings through "In the House of Dreams." His meditation in one of the little countryside church-yards of Ontario is a study after the manner of Gray's immortal elegy tuned in the key of Matthew Arnold's wistfulness without the latter's doubt. Death is the eternal leveler of everything, and this hackneyed idea is wrought out in rather tame purple phrases. But it must not be thought that Duncan Scott is merely an imitator. These echoes are really not worth a second consideration. He is, when at his best, purely himself.

Again, another influence, I seem to trace at work in his early poetry, is that of his friend and fellow civil servant Archibald Lampman. Lampman was only a year his senior; but he was by far the more precocious of the two, and, perhaps, the more passionately poetical. But his verse is often too thick, while Duncan Scott's has the uncapturable lucidity of the lyrical lark's thin lapse of liquid music. Lampman had written more and perhaps more ably up to the time of which I speak. His first volume, "Among the Millet," was published





DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, POET



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



locally in Ottawa five years prior to Scott's. Consequently, I think, he overshadowed Scott's work. In fact, it was only after Lampman came to Ottawa that Scott cultivated his muse. Further, the charming lines written in a volume of his poems by Scott have the eulogistic strain of an admiring junior. Poems like "A Summer Storm" remind me, too, of Lampman in their treatment of nature. Again, such lines as "In an Old Quarry" are full of Lampman:

And as gloom grows and deepens like a  
psalm,  
This broken field which summer has pass-  
ed by  
Has caught the ultimate lethean calm,  
The fabulous quiet of far Thessaly,  
And though the land has lost the bloom  
and balm,  
Nature is all content in liberty.

The tedious descriptive quality of Lampman's heavy Dutch landscapes, however, was not to be the *métier* of Duncan Scott. Even in this volume he shakes himself free of the seductive sweetness of his friend's work. For he has agreed "to choose a beauty puritan and stern." As a contrast, indeed, with Lampman, his creed, it must be admitted, is more active, less drugged with narcotic thoughts, more nimble and æsthetic:

Let your soul grow a thing apart,  
Untroubled by the restless day,  
Sublimed by some unconscious art,  
Controlled by some divine play.  
For life is greater than they think,  
Who fret along its shallow bars;  
Swing out the boom to float or sink,  
And front the ocean and the stars.

For Scott seizes on the human interest of life and is un lulled by the heavy murmur of the bees and heady flower-scents. Like an athlete, his verse at its best carries no superfluous weight, and in this little volume we find him at his best in "At the Cedars" and "The Reed Player." The latter poem is a most splendid piece of music:

And now unseen along the shrouded mead  
One went under the hill;  
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,  
That trembled and was still.

In "At the Cedars," in short, irregular, abrupt, lithe verse, which he affects, Scott chronicles an incident at a log-jam on a river—an incident peculiarly Canadian. This is the first occasion on which he treats of French-Canadian themes, that, afterwards, with the Indian, form the body of his best work.

Five years after "The Magic House" Duncan Scott issued in Boston "Labour and the Angel". This second volume reveals a marked growth, a larger vocabulary, a firmer and stronger grip on life and a deliberate study of Meredith and Browning. The poet's mind has developed, has studied the psychology of a young man's day dreams and gone down to the market-places of life. He has suffered. He has rejoiced. Life has taught him something of her cruel lessons, her mystic secrets and hidden raptures. Above all, the philosophy of Browning and his method seem to move the poet in this volume. Perhaps this is in no wise strange. The passage of a soul from the dream-wrapt palaces of the poets of beauty to the jostling throng of Browning's men and women is a natural evolution. Many souls have found this way.

The technic, too, of this volume is more varied, more self-reliant than his first timid verses. The influence of Browning is here also very evident in this poetic expansion. We shall even find ellipses and short-cuts to profundity in the style of Meredith's "Woods of Westermain". There are, too, short, gasping, breathless, abrupt lines, whose disconnection is appalling. In "Stone-Breaking," for instance, we have a baldness of phrase that is repellent. But several of the poems stand out as works worthy of detailed consideration.

"The Labour and the Angel" is a poem with a message, not, however, deliberately didactic. It rather follows the rule of Browning in his "Men and Women". It presents a picture. It is a great poem in the



sense many of the poems of Emile Verhaeren are great. It employs the old style of poetry in a modern way. It is not merely language in the state of a crisis, like so much of our modern verse, for it has also an incisive criticism of life. How can existence and work be harmonized? How can a man still preserve his soul and at the same time earn his daily bread? On all of us is laid the burden of work and nowhere more so than in a young country like Canada:

Down in the sodden field,  
A blind man is gathering his roots,  
Guided and led by a girl;  
Her golden hair blows in the wind,  
Her garments with flutter and furl  
Leap like a flag in the sun;  
And whenever he stoops, she stoops,  
And they heap the dark-coloured beets  
In the barrow, row upon row.

This verse, you will say, is literal to the verge of the prosaic. But wait one moment. This frugal and sparing use of poetic luxuriance is the very essence of Duncan Scott's restraint. These plain figures in the light of a common day symbols of humanity; for the man is all mankind and the girl beside him is the "Angel of Labour", and without her all his striving and work would be blind and purposeless:

She offers no tantalus cup  
To the shrunken, the desperate lips;  
But she calms them with lether and love  
And deadens the throb and the pain. . . .  
For labour is always blind,  
Unless as the light of the deed  
The Angel is smiling behind.  
"Effort and effort," she cries,  
"Up with the lark and the dew,  
Still with the dew and the stars,  
This is the heart-beat of life.  
Feel it athrob in the earth."

It may be urged that this is but a versified version of Carlyle's gospel of work. I prefer to regard it, however, as a manifestation of the times and tendencies of a nation which glories in workers and has nothing but contempt for the leisured classes, the drones of the social hive. A somewhat similar theme is developed in

"The Harvest". What if the reapers were to hold back their sickles and the millions of women "learned in the tragical secrets of poverty" and of men wild-eyed and gaunt-throated with but a vestige of manhood were to demand the self-annihilation of humanity? It is like a dreadful nightmare of the French Revolution, of the rising of those creatures described in a memorable passage by La Bruyère.

This volume also contains an extraordinary excursion, absolutely unique for the restrained verse of Duncan Scott into the sardonic world of Pope and Swift. I refer to the poem entitled "The Dame Regnant". This is nothing more than a savage onset against what the French call *bavardage*; in other words, Lady Tittle-Tattle—Scandal. It flames with almost rabid rage. It sweeps on like the pent-up fury of a man who has suffered a wrong. No other poem of Duncan Scott has this spirit of *saeva indignatio*, of Juvenalian flash. Its style is strongly reminiscent of Browning; but it has a lurid light that is Swift's:

And but give the wizard crone  
Two small juttings in the air,  
Spiderlike she weaves her web,  
From her ancient ventral store,  
Till the whole great house is meshed  
With her legends, grim and hoar.  
Or she starts a quiet mouse,  
Feeding in the native cheese,  
And a wolf springs from the rind,  
Bloated out to what you please.  
What she does not say she thinks;  
Crafty, with a few dry winks,  
Drops her poison in the eye,  
Watching while it works and sinks;  
When the eye is diamond clear,  
Comes she with a slimy sigh,  
Bred to catch the dullard ear,  
Opening with the formula,  
Stereod to the devil's phrase  
In the human words, "They say";  
Then the burden of the tale  
Crawls in after like a snail.

Personally, I consider this mental writhing alien to Scott's work; but the poet himself, strangely enough, considers it "One of the best things I have ever done".



As absolute poetry, if I may borrow that expression from musical critics, I prefer a work like "Adagio", for in "Adagio" a music-lover speaks in a poem not unworthy of place beside Browning's supreme and deathless "Abt Volger". Its conception is pure Keatsian:

The permanence of beauty haunts thy dreams,  
 And only as a land beyond desire,  
 Where the fixed glow may stain the vivid flower,  
 Where youth may lose his wings but keep his joy,  
 Does that far slope in the reluctant light  
 Lure thee beyond the barrier of the hills.  
 And often in the morning of the heart,  
 When memories are like crocus-buds in spring,  
 Thou hast up-built in thy crystal soul  
 Immutable forms of things loved once  
 and lost,  
 Or loved and never gained.

And one line is worthy of Arthur Rimbaud himself:

Four viols build the perfect cube of sound.

In 1905 appeared the third volume of Scott's poetry—"New World Lyric and Ballads". The whole volume demonstrates that Scott is purely a lyrical and not a dramatic poet. The Indian theme has now become predominant. The ballads relate mainly to incidents in the Far North and are strictly not ballads at all. The old ballad note cannot be recreated. It is dead and Duncan Scott has succeeded not one whit better than any other member of the numerous band who have essayed to revive it. There is no grip in them such as we find in any collection of old ballads. The life is out of them. They are children of art while the old ballad was essentially a child of life.

We can never succeed in forgetting this as we turn over the pages. For example, take the piece entitled "The Mission of the Trees". A small northern tribe suffer much from famine. The witch doctor ascribes this to the fact that one of their number

and his son are Christians. The little boy is sick and he tells his father he will never be well again until he hears the Mission bell. So the father binds on his snowshoes and with the child on his back starts on his way to "The Mission of the Trees". Of course, he never attains it. A snow blizzard and hunger overwhelm them. The whole is cast in the ballad quatrain; but it is a legend, not a ballad. Again in those irregular ballads "On the Way to the Mission" and "The Forsaken", we have two little brutal incidents of Indian life that are essentially dramatic and consequently marred by a lyrical singer. In a harsh way he strains himself to be dramatic in the *vers libre* form he employs; but, the result is unconvincing, and blurred like a smudged charcoal drawing. While a third poem of this style, "Catnip Jack", is possibly the worst poem he has written since maturity. It is horror overdone. The whole atmosphere is as impossible as it is ridiculously repulsive. "The Forgers," on the other hand, is watered-down Schiller. Again he falls back into the fatal rut of the Ontario poets' endless yards of description and reflection in a few poems like "The Rapids at Night" and "A Nest of Hepaticas".

However, the volume is saved by a few lyrics which have a beauty in them that Duncan Scott never before attained. It is here we note the poet's increased power, otherwise we might be forced to hail the volume as a temporary relapse. The prelude and epilogue are furnished by two exceptionally beautiful little outbursts of lyrical song. Vague and bizarre almost like the early poems of Maeterlinck, they have a strange ethereal music. In "The Sea by the Wood" we have a strange, out-of-the-world atmosphere of weariness. It is the sea beyond the world and the poet touches a fanciful lute above its spirit waters. In "The Wood by the Sea" we are in a magic land of unimagined bird and flower where



stray the dreamers of all day-dreams.

His last volume of verse is a kind of glorified Christmas card. This is "Via Borealis," which appeared in 1906 in green paper covers with decorations by A. H. Howard, R.C.A. It contains seven poems. The longest of these, "Spring on Mattagami," is in some respects the sweetest poem Duncan Scott has written. It should be called "Love in a Wilderness", for it is clearly modelled after George Meredith's "Love in a Valley". The poet fares by canoe to the northern wilderness, the land of quintessential passion. He ponders the ways of his maid as poets only do, yearns for her presence, and finally pours out his whole heart's tale:

Here in the wilderness less her memory  
presses,  
Yet I seek her lingering where the  
birches shine,  
All the dark cedars are sleep-laden like  
her tresses,  
The gold-moted wood-pools pellucid as  
her eyne;  
Memories and ghost forms of the days  
departed,  
People all the forest lone in the dead  
of night.

The highly sensuous imagery of the verse rushes on at a fine pace. There is a fuller elation, a wider ecstasy, a happier buoyancy here than one finds in Duncan Scott's other work. Every now and then gushes forth pure music:

Here beyond the silver reach in ringing  
will persistence  
Reel remote the undulating laughter of  
the loons.

The only other poem worth consideration here is a particularly illuminating psychologic study of the mentality of "The Half-Breed Girl". It is perhaps the most powerful thing he has written in verse of this description:

She is free of the trap and the paddle,  
The portage and the trail,  
But something behind her savage life  
Shines like a fragile veil. . . .

But she cannot learn the meaning  
Of the shadows in her soul,  
The lights that break and gather,  
The clouds that part and roll,

The reek of rock-built cities,  
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,  
The gleam of loch and shealing,  
The mist on the moor. . . .

The whole poem should be read to appreciate its beauties of introspection.

This completes up to date the poetry of Duncan Scott. Our next consideration is his prose. And if I may express a personal opinion, I believe it is by this he will live. It has all the perfection of delicate porcelain ware. I do not refer to his volume in the Makers of Canada Series, or to his long essays on the Indians of Canada, but to his short stories. They are superior to even his best poems. They are more subtle, more finished, more vital. For though he has the poetic temperament, it is more vital in these little dainty prose sketches than in the fetters of verse. His colour sense, his careful choice of words move more easily in poetic prose than in the ethereal world of verse.

I remember reading several uncollected stories of his, which makes one hope that he may be induced to add another little slim volume to "In the Village of Viger". There are several mordant little tragedies of the North, some even unpublished, which should see the light in volume form. Among them three remain vividly in my memory, two written in the form of a Hudson's Bay Company factor's diary, "The Vain Shadow" and "Labbrie's Wife", while the third is "Vengeance is Mine". The collected stories have a bewitching grace, that is, however, something deeper than mere prettiness. They form a series of vignettes in the life of an imaginary French-Canadian village. Down the streets of Viger, that cluster round the slim steeple of St. Joseph's, move both tragedy and comedy. The Lombardy poplars that shade the lit-



the stream of *Blanchè* are not too far from the encroaching arms of a Montreal, say, not to see the advent of more curious visitants than the robins and bobolinks of spring. It is a scene of some strange little tragedies and a comedy or two of rural life. But as a rule the tragic note prevails; the irony of fate, the futility of human hopes are repeatedly made evident in these ten sketches. In a few pages we are given an incisive little tragedy, a grim peep into human hearts. Moreover, the brevity of these sketches adds to their intensity; and we rise from reading them purged in the same sense Aristotle meant when he spoke of the effect of tragedy on the auditor. For there is nothing mean or sordid in these village dramas. It is always the fall of some noble element in commonplace hearts.

There is the little milliner, who drops down from the great town into the sleepy high street of Viger. And when Madame Laroque, who made clumsy dresses and trimmed hats badly, saw the newcomer's sign, she cried: "Ah! the bread is to be taken out of my mouth!" There is the history of the girl who lived with her consumptive brother at No. 68, Rue Alfred de Musset, and who said: "I must live, I was made to". There is the idyll of the bobolink and the tragedy of the seigniory. But above them all one stands out as a work of supreme excellence. We will consider it in some detail.

At the Inn of Viger, which Paul Arbique, the old French soldier born at Sedan, kept, the German watchmaker of the village, Hans Blumenthal, was a regular habitué. In fact, he was Arbique's best customer till the Franco-Prussian war came. "When the war excitement broke out, Arbique expected to see no more of him. . . . But instead he returned again and again to his place at the little table by the window, peering through his glasses with his imperturbable, self-absorbed expression,

not seeming to heed the wordy storms that beset his ears."

Arbique pastes a map on the wall and scrawls beneath it a French Chasseur, "A Berlin!" But Hans simply sticks pins in it with red and blue pieces of wool to show the positions of the armies. Arbique takes to drinking, and wants to fight someone; but, everybody in Viger agreed with him, except the German, and he kept silent. He had serious thoughts of challenging him to a duel, if the opportunity offered. The whole village, indeed, are against Hans, and when the Germans begin to win after Woerth, the lads hoot him and someone flings a stone through his shop window. He drinks his beer quietly and goes home earlier, that is all. One night the village toppers made a compact to go out when it is late, break into his house and beat him. But Latulippe, Arbique's ward, hears of the plot and warns him.

The state of Arbique, as the news of the French reverses arrives, is terrible. Although he could manage to deceive himself by a false enthusiasm, sometimes, the truth would stab the old soldier of France's heart like a knife, and he would tremble as if he had the ague, for the honour of his country was the dearest thing to him in all the world. But the impertrubable German simply advances the pins on the map towards Paris. Arbique goes on drinking and has to take to his bed.

Coming down one day he finds the German with his finger on Sedan, his own birthplace. This is too much. He broke out: "No, not there—here," his voice trembling with rage. "Here we will fight—you for your abominable Prussia, I for my beautiful France." But Hans never moved. Arbique faints and is carried off to bed. When the German learns that he is dying with grief, because France was beaten, he says, "Brave Soul!" There is no page in Canadian prose so perfect as the conclusion of this story:



"It was September, and around Viger the harvest was finished. The days were clear as glass; already the maples were stroked with fire, with the lustre of wine and gold; early risers felt the keen air; the sunsets reddened the mists which lay light as lawn on the low fields. But Paul Arbique thought and spoke of Sedan alone, the place where he was born, of the Meuse, the bridges, of his father's farm, just without the walls of the city, and of his boyhood, and the friends of his youth. His thoughts were hardly of the war, or of the terror of the downfall which had a while before so haunted him.

"It was the evening of the day upon which the news of the battle had come. They had resolved not to tell him, but there was something in Latulippe's manner which disturbed him. Waking from a light doze, he said: 'That Prussian spy, what did he say?—they must fight there—between Mézières and Carignan? I have been at Carignan—and he had his hand's paw on Sedan.' He was quiet for a while; then he said, dreamily: 'They—have—fought.' Latulippe, who was watching him, wept. In the night his lips moved again. 'France', he murmured, 'France will rise—again.' It was toward the morning of the next day when his true heart failed. Latulippe had just opened the blinds. A pale light came through the willows. When she bent over him she caught his last word. 'Sedan,' he sighed, 'Sedan.'"

Such is the sum total of Duncan Scott's work up to date. Possibly

there is a vein of limited prettiness in much of it that will destroy his ever attaining the glory of anything but a side-scheduled niche. But, at any rate, it will be all his own. It will be stamped with a certain refinement that never swerved to popular idols in an age of half-silk-hosed chorus girls, of fiction purveyors with "best seller" climaxes, and of poets who celebrate their vespers in brothels. As a poet he often forgets his tune because he is too fascinated by his vision. He keeps a severer guard on his words, a closer watch on his lips than any other Canadian poet. He comes to us not arrayed in the divine flame, but with the smell of it about his garments. Beauty has been a very living experience to him. As a short story writer he is the most artistic Canada has produced, and, some day, his work will come as a revelation to those who love all beautiful things. It is in this line he works in pure gold. Yet I cannot help thinking that the man is greater than the artist. For there is always a sense throughout these volumes that, though the artist may not reveal the whole man, and though the poems may not reveal the whole of the poetry, these works, like broken rose petals about a garden doorway, tell us of a world of perfect colour and perfume within. Finally, his mind is one of that imaginative kind to which, as Rossetti once said, works of the condensed and hinted order are so dear. You see that in his poems and, above all, in his stories.





# CALLA AND LILY

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL", "JACK CHANTY", ETC.

ONE seldom thinks of Coney Island in the winter time, and if one does it is with a shiver, for the idea of the bitter Atlantic gales searching out the crannies in the flimsy structures which compose the City of Fun is anything but a warming one. Yet, though the hoarse invitation of the barkers, the rumble of the scenic railways and the shrieks of the female passengers are stilled; though the scent of popcorn, sausages, and stale beer no longer rises on the air, life in Coney Island is not extinct even in February. Hilgenreiner's is open all the year.

On the coldest nights couples scurry down Surf Avenue past the great plaster goddess who, with the scantiest of draperies to cover her through the winter, mounts guard at the entrance to Morpheus Land, and around the corner into the dark Bowery, where the loosened planks spring under foot and the wind plays hob with the remains of last summer's decorations. Midway on this deserted boardwalk a single building rays light from every aperture. It is "Hilgenreiner's Dancing Palace," the destination of the hurrying couples.

The O'Heraghty twins (born on Easter Sunday nineteen years ago, and in honour of the day christened Calla and Lily) journeyed to Hilgenreiner's every Saturday night. They liked the place because it was "respectable," they told each other; and respectable it was in the full sense

of the word as applied in Coney Island; but it was a stronger attraction than that which drew the twins and other youngsters so far. In the summer, Hilgenreiner's, like all the surrounding resorts, was given over to the indiscriminate mob, but in the winter it possessed a character quite its own; in no other place was so much gayety consistent with such undoubted respectability. Among the decorations at Hilgenreiner's was a large china doll which hung suspended in a swing under the smoky ceiling. It might have been likened to the Spirit of Youth smiling down at the bright-eyed, red-lipped youths and maidens, so frankly pleased with themselves and with one another.

None of the boys had ever asked Calla or Lily to dance. In fact, though they were far from suspecting it, the twins were a sort of joke at Hilgenreiner's. They were so little, so grave, so comically alike; they wore such elaborate, old-fashioned little dresses and hats (which they constructed themselves). In asking them to dance the boys suspected they would become laughing-stocks. Moreover, in some way their botanical names had become known and were the inspiration of many a Hilgenreiner joke. So poor little Calla and Lily, like two dolls out of the same batch, always waltzed and two-stepped together, followed by smiles. They both wore, for propriety's sake, an expression of forbidding indiffer-



ence, so that no one ever knew how their hearts began to beat every time they approached the place where the young men waited for partners, and sunk as they passed by and no signal was given.

During the week, sitting side by side at the table where they filed cards, Calla and Lily planned in whispers for Saturday night and what they should wear. In the evenings they sewed. As a result the twins possessed a wardrobe which, as they often told each other, rivalled in size many a lady's who rode in her own carriage. They had imbibed from their mother strong ideas on the propriety of dress which were not to be lightly shaken by the passing vagaries of fashion. They quite looked down on the store clothes of the other girls at Hilgenreiner's. They possessed a single soul halved in two bodies; since their birth they had not been parted for a day, and now that their parents were dead they sufficed to each other. And yet they *did* want a young man. They had spirited discussions about the youths they saw from afar at Hilgenreiner's, for whom they had invented names to suit themselves. They always thought of one young man between them; one apiece would have suggested an unimaginable division of their interests.

One Saturday night, clad in their latest effort of dressmaking, which they referred to as "our red," Calla and Lily were sitting at a little table by the rail which surrounds the dancing-floor at Hilgenreiner's, drinking "pear cider," their invariable tippie. They did not in the least enjoy pear cider, but it was a custom of the place to which they deferred. They made two glasses apiece last out the evening which, with five cents to the waiter constituted their expenses. They had not as yet experienced the sensation of having some one else pay for their drinks. The evening was half over, and so far their "red" had not been any more successful than

its predecessors in making a conquest of the swains. The twins hid their disappointment well; promptly upon the sounding of the first note for each dance they took the floor with a businesslike air and danced right through as if there was no such thing as a young man.

Suddenly they were conscious that some one had stopped in the aisle beside their table and was looking at them. Instantly they stiffened into self-consciousness and looked stonily ahead. Their hearts began to beat with quickened strokes.

"Good evening, ladies," said a man's voice.

The twins turned their heads simultaneously with an air of cold surprise which each admired in the other.

"Good evening," they murmured stiffly.

But the young man (he was young, but not quite the "swell dresser" they had dreamed of) was not so easily put off.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," they said together. A chair stood by Calla and another by Lily, and the twins experienced a moment of harrowing suspense. But he took neither. He seized another chair and sat at the end of the table. The girls exchanged a glance of approval.

"What'll you have?" he asked politely, as the next step in their acquaintance. The twins hastened to decline any further refreshments, but he called the waiter and ordered two lemonades. The twins exchanged a look of delighted horror at such extravagance. They simply adored lemonade.

For a while conversation languished. The young man did not seem to be especially gifted in that way, and while a close observer might have discovered that the twins were not quite so chilly as at first, they did not encourage him openly. But their cheeks got red, their eyes began to shine, and their mouths made ready to smile in the corners, in spite of them. Lily was sorry to see Calla



giving herself away so completely, and Calla had precisely the same thought about Lily. Those passers-by who were accustomed to see the twins on Saturday night were surprised to discover all at once that they were very pretty. As often as they dared, they darted little glances at their new acquaintance. He appeared to be a muscular lad, well hardened by physical labour; a little under the average height, but quite big enough and dangerous enough to the twins. At the present moment he had an air nothing less than ferocious; but at Hilgenreiner's that is a well-known cover for bashfulness. Young men were assorted by the twins into three great classes: "swell," "steady," and "fresh." This one was undoubtedly of the middle kind. They telegraphed their thankfulness across the table that he was not of the third division, while secretly reserving a little sigh that he did not come under the first.

Presently, with a preliminary moan, the band overhead slipped into one of the slow waltzes beloved of Hilgenreiner's. Each twin felt a tightening in her breast and looked steadily at her glass. What would he do next? For some precious moments he did nothing—but squirm uneasily on his chair. Finally he blurted out:

"Well, here's a fix! Who'm I going to dance with?"

"Calla," said Lily instantly.

"Lily," said Calla just as quickly.

"I don't care to dance," added Lily.

"I'd rather watch," said Calla.

"It'll be over before we decide," said he. "We'll have to toss for it! Heads I dance with Calla, tails with Lily!"

He produced a quarter from his pocket and flipped it onto the table.

"Tails it is!" he cried. "Come on, Lily!"

She got up slowly, as she had seen the popular girls do, and, giving her skirts a shake, walked languidly to

the dancing floor with a hand to her back hair. He grasped her firmly, she laid her face comfortably against his shoulder and they swept out into the throng.

How different it was from her uncomfortable self-conscious circlings with Calla. Far from being put out if people stared, now she hoped they were staring. For the first time there was no need for her to trouble herself about their course through the crowd; with a strong arm to support her and a pilot at the helm she could close her eyes and give herself up to it. Lily was glad it was a waltz. As she told Calla afterwards, she floated away on its slow notes like a speck of dust in a sunbeam. It seemed to her as if the ugly common things of every day were made over and made right; Hilgenreiner's became a palace of the stage with her for leading lady and her partner for the hero.

As they approached the end of the dance it again became an agitating question what he would do next. If he evinced a disposition to leave her, Lily was prepared to hang on to him and insist, in the interest of fair play, on his dancing the next dance with Calla. Fortunately it was not necessary, for when the music stopped he accompanied her as a matter of course. They had more lemonade in spite of a protest from the twins, and when the band struck up again the young man and Calla were among the first couples on the floor. As she watched them appearing and disappearing in the shifting throng, Lily lived it all over again; and when they compared notes on the way home the twins found that, allowing for the difference between two-step and waltz time, Calla's sensations during her first dance with a young man were exactly the same as her sister's. They learned his name on parting—Burton Shevlin. He was a shipper at Mandle & Cohn's big department store. He pronounced his name "Buyton," just as the twins said "Cuytainly" when he asked them if they would be



at Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday.

The twins had little sleep that night; time after time as they were about to drop off, one or the other would remember something and turn over in bed with eyes shining in the dark.

"You know, I always said red was our colour, Lily."

"So you did. Isn't it good we hadn't bought our new dress goods before this happened?"

"He paid me a compliment about it. When we were dancing, says he, 'Your dress is just the colour of your cheeks.'"

"He said that to me, too. We had a good colour to-night."

"All our own, too; not like some I could mention down there!"

"But he isn't the kind to be caught by anything like that."

"We wouldn't have him if he was, would we?" And so on through the whole story for the dozenth time!

On the following Saturday night the twins appeared at Hilgenreiner's early, but there was no sign of Burton on the floor, and as the evening sped by without his reappearance their disappointment was heavy. Just as they were thinking of starting for home he turned up with a shamefaced air and flags were raised in the twins' cheeks again. He danced once with each. The Saturday after that he stayed longer with them and gradually in the course of weeks he came to constitute himself their escort for the whole evening. He lost his whipped air in their company and was on the alert for any covert smiles behind the twins' backs. One night he arose suddenly from beside them and, crossing the floor energetically, had high words with a young gentleman whom he repeatedly invited to come outside. The young gentleman declined to do so and an exchange of blows was averted. Burton maintained a watchful, warlike air during the rest of the evening, which secretly delighted the twins, though they

scolded him. He refused to explain the cause of the quarrel.

Before this Burton learned to distinguish between Calla and Lily. There was a certain droop to Lily's eyelashes and a fall in her voice which affected him powerfully—made him want to fight some fellow. He could not understand how he had ever thought them so much alike. But in spite of Burton's predilection for Lily he found himself much more at his ease with her sister and was able to exchange repartee with Calla in the best manner of the young men of Hilgenreiner's. As this went on, in the twins' endless talks about Burton, Calla began to assume a little air of proprietorship and to treat her sister with just a shade of condescension. Lily, so far as one could tell, was satisfied. If there was any change in her it was that she began to think more of Calla's appearance on their weekly journeys to the Island than of her own.

One night when Burton and Lily were waltzing, Burton's tongue, usually tied when he was alone with her, seemed to be released. This was the more surprising since dancing at Hilgenreiner's is a serious matter and conversation while the music lasts is not considered the thing. Burton appeared to be anxious to unburden himself about his family affairs, to which he had never before referred.

"My sister's going to be married next month," he began. "Her fellow's a floor-walker and they've raised him to be a buyer for the notions. They're going to take a swell flat and they've offered the old woman a home. That lets me out." This was a long speech for Burton. On the face of it, it seemed like an ordinary communication, but something made Lily's heart start thumping in a most surprising way.

"I'm soon due for a raise, too," he continued. "I'm in line for the head shipper's job down at the store." This confirmed Lily's fears. She knew instinctively what next to



expect. They waltzed awhile in silence.

"Lil," he suddenly blurted out, his heart in his voice, "I'm just crazy about you. I want you for my steady."

"Oh, stop," she murmured.

They dropped out of the dance and stood by a pillar at the lower end of the hall where there were fewer people.

"You spoil it all!" she complained. "Why can't we go along as we are?"

"I can't go with the two of you. It makes me look like a fool!"

"Oh, if you're ashamed of us—"

"I'm not!" he protested. "And you know it. I asked you to dance the first night because the fellows dared me to and I've been glad ever since. I'll knock any fellow's block off that laughs at you. But I can't talk to you when she's around. I don't want her to hear what I've got to say to you!"

By this time Lily had managed to draw a long breath and collect her wits; besides there was that in his last speech which brought anger to her aid. To his astonishment she faced him indignantly.

"How dare you say such things to me!" she cried. "Are you trying to turn me against my own sister? What do you mean by making up to her all this time and then asking me to keep company with you? Do you know what you've got to do? You've got to go over there this minute and ask *her*!"

Burton closed his mouth obstinately. "I'll be hanged if I do," he said, without heat.

Lily drew herself up to the full of her small height. "Then never speak to either one of us again!" she said, impressively.

"Oh, all right!" he said, sullenly, and marched off.

Lily's ordeal commenced when Calla naturally demanded to know what had taken Burton away so suddenly. He had been very faithful

of late. Lily explained it somehow. She felt it necessary at any cost to keep Calla in ignorance of what had happened, though the task of playing a part with her twin, with whom up to this minute she had shared every thought in her head, was a staggering one. Lily's pillow was sprinkled with a good many tears that night and the nights which followed; but she succeeded. Calla never guessed.

Contrive as she would, Lily could not bring up a reasonable excuse for their remaining away from Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday. It had become so much a thing of course in their week that Calla would have been astounded at such a suggestion. Moreover, this was the night on which the new dresses were to be shown. Lily knew that no pretext of illness would deceive her twin. It was either confess the truth or go ahead as if nothing had happened. She chose the latter plan, relying on the belief that Burton would not dare show his face after what had happened. She underestimated that young man's pertinacity and resourcefulness. He, too, was making preparations during the week—"laying pipes," he said—for Saturday night.

By one pretext and another Lily managed to delay their departure, and the evening was well advanced before they arrived at the dancing palace. Burton was not immediately in evidence, but Lily enjoyed only the briefest of respites. They had scarcely seated themselves and ordered two glasses of pear cider when she saw him at the far end of the hall pushing through the crowd with a dogged set to his shoulders which told her he was coming to have it out with them. Lily lowered her lashes to hide the resentful tears which would rise. What had been the use of her painful struggle to keep the truth from her sister, she thought, if Burton was coming to make trouble between Calla and her.

"Good evening, ladies," said Bur-



ton, as on the first night. His tone conveyed a portentous formality, but was otherwise mild. Lily breathed more freely.

"Shake hands with my friend, Mr. William Dolan," said Burton.

It was their first intimation that Burton was not alone. He stepped aside to allow his friend to come forward. In spite of their manners, the twins' eyes opened very wide and they could not forbear exchanging a glance of astonishment; for Mr. Dolan was a wonderful sight, perfect in every detail, the embodiment of the swell dresser they had dreamed of before Burton appeared on their horizon. He was about Burton's size, but younger, and according to the standard of the twins, extremely good looking. Poor Burton looked as heavy as a day labourer beside him.

After duly shaking hands with the twins, Mr. Dolan seated himself beside Lily, while Burton took the chair next to Calla. Lily was conscious of a double irritation with this arrangement. She was annoyed because Burton allowed the newcomer to sit beside her instead of taking that seat himself, and she was annoyed again because she could not take in the details of Bill Dolan's make-up without turning rudely in her seat. Calla was free to gaze openly at the splendour.

Burton sent back the pear cider and ordered lemonade for the twins. Lily felt that she ought to be angry with him, but to her shame she found herself admiring him instead for the cool way in which he had ignored her command never to approach them again. Bill Dolan did not talk, but his actions were eloquent. He blew his nose into his mauve handkerchief, he shot his cuffs, he unbuttoned his coat the better to display a startling waistcoat. Bill ran to purple; handkerchief, shirt, and cravat were of a shade. The twins were dying to see if he had on purple socks as well. Bill's hair was brushed to a degree, and an odour of violets permeated

the atmosphere every time he shook out his handkerchief. He accepted the twins' admiration as a matter of course; Bill was delighted with himself.

When the band struck up Bill asked Calla for a dance, and Lily and Burton were left together. They avoided each other's eyes.

"Will you dance with me?" asked Burton, in a guarded tone.

"If you wish," returned Lily, no less non-committal than he.

They two-stepped solemnly through the number in Hilgenreiner's best manner, without exchanging a single word. Naturally the dance broke the ice and thenceforth the quartette got along famously. Calla and Lily scarcely recognized each other, they became so gay and talkative. Mr. Dolan proved to be as entertaining as he was decorative. Only Burton seemed to have a secret anxiety. After a number of dances Bill Dolan started a sort of oration.

"Although I ain't had the pleasure of knowing you young ladies for long," he said, mopping his face a good deal and glancing nervously at Burton from time to time, "I feel like I was an old friend, being as I—that is because I—"

Bill stopped and gazed anxiously around.

"He seems to be stuck," remarked Burton scornfully. "I guess he wants to say it's because he heard so much about you from me."

"Sure! That's it!" cried Bill, taking new heart. "My friend Burton can't talk about nothing else. Why when he gets going about the O'Heraghty twins he gets so—so—I mean so elegant—"

"Eloquent," interrupted Burton.

"Well, eloquent, then," said Bill, glaring back. "What's the difference? If you want me to go on—"

"Can't you keep still, Burton!" said Calla severely. "It's a perfectly dandy speech. Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Dolan."

"Well, the long and short of it is,"



continued that young man, visibly cheered by encouragement from this quarter, "I wanted to ask if you wouldn't mind if I made a regular fourth at this here party?"

Calla and Lily assured him they would be delighted.

"And, what's more," Bill went on, getting very red and fidgety again, "I wanted to find out, that is to ask in a way, meaning no offence; I wanted to ask Miss Calla O'Heraghty—in the presence of her sister—if she would keep company with me."

The twins looked hard at the table and blushed in unison, but for a different reason it may be hazarded. Calla was the first to look up. She glanced shyly at Burton.

"If he doesn't mind," she said.

"Bless you, my children!" said Burton sheepishly.

"Well, that's settled!" exclaimed Mr. Dolan with great satisfaction. "And here's a waltz to clinch the bargain. Come on, Cal."

Lily continued to stare at the table. She was of three minds, whether to scold, or cry, or laugh.

"Well?" questioned Burton experimentally, when they were left by themselves.

She looked at him with deep reproach. "It was all a put-up job!" she said.

"What of it?" said Burton doggedly.

"It isn't square to Calla!"

"Ain't he a good sort of chap?"

Lily was constrained to admit that he was.

"Earns first-class wages for a kid, too," added Burton.

"I'm afraid he spends it all on his back," suggested Lily.

"Ah!" growled Burton with his most hang-dog air. "I set up his clothes. Them are what I bought for myself."

"Oh, Burton Shevlin!" she cried, horrified. Nevertheless she let him take her hand under the table.

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## SPRING

By BEATRICE REDPATH

IN deepest woods there is a vernal stir,  
 While earth is quickened with the tender green;  
 Blue waters rend their crystal sepulchre  
 And there is life where death like sleep hath been.

Bird voices haunt the golden lighted days,  
 And snowdrops glimmer whitely 'mid the grass,  
 While in the twilight of the hidden ways  
 All greenly veiled Persephone doth pass.



# IN GREEN PASTURES

BY HAROLD SANDS

HOW THE HERDING OF SHEEP ON SAN JUAN ISLAND IN 1855 AND THE  
INDISCRETION OF A HOG IN 1859 ALMOST PREVENTED THE  
CENTENARY OF PEACE ABOUT TO BE CELEBRATED

**I**MPORTED sheep and a thoroughbred hog which had the distinction of voyaging on the first steamer that ploughed the Pacific came close to preventing Canada, Great Britain and the United States from indulging in a celebration in honour of the one hundred years of peace. The countries were nearly embroiled in war in 1855 over a flock of sheep owned by the Hudson's Bay Company which were pastured on San Juan Island in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The Hudson's Bay Company occupied the island in 1845, but the United States claimed it under the Oregon boundary treaty of 1846. No attempts were made to enforce this claim until the years 1854 and 1855, when officials of the United States visited the island to collect customs dues on the sheep. Their authority was disputed by servants of the fur company and the matter was referred to Downing Street and Washington.

Diplomats smoothed over the trouble, but the San Juan difficulty blazed out again in 1859 when Lyman A. Cutler, an American squatter on the island, shot a valuable hog belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This porker, being unacquainted with international affairs, showed an undue fondness for Cutler's potato patch. After killing the animal Cutler informed Hudson's Bay Company

officials that he would mete out the same fate to any other of the company's stock that trespassed on the land of which he had taken possession.

Neither Canadians nor Americans had forgotten the trouble over the sheep, and this episode of the pig, ludicrous as it appears after the lapse of time, revived the smouldering animosity. American troops were hurried to the island, and as soon as this act became known at Victoria, British warships were despatched to San Juan. Viscount Milton, writing on the subject, declared that it was entirely due to the temper and judgment of Governor James Douglas that a collision did not at once ensue.

As the San Juan Island dispute became acute shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War, it has been asserted that Southern conspirators helped to foment it. General George E. Pickett, the Confederate officer whose name was immortalized through the grand charge which he led against the Union Army at Gettysburg fifty years ago, was mixed up in the excitement and so was the Southern-born General W. S. Harney. General Harney was in command of the military district of Oregon and had won more or less renown in engagements with Indians. The wild guerilla war in which he had been engaged, consisting chiefly in destroying bands of Indians whenever he



met them, says Viscount Milton, had evidently caused him to forget the lessons in international law which he learned at West Point, and he appears to have considered that a British colony might be "improved" off the face of the earth as easily and with as little ceremony as a tribe of Indians could be "suppressed".

In those pre-Confederation days Vancouver Island was a Crown Colony and was ruled from Downing Street through a local Governor. Washington Territory (now State) was a long way from Washington, D.C., and it took as many days as it does minutes now for happenings there to be made known to the President and his advisers. Therefore General Harney was, for a time, a little king, and he acted for all the world like a despot of the middle ages.

Without waiting to communicate with the Colonial authorities or with Washington, General Harney ordered Pickett to occupy San Juan Island with his company of infantry then stationed at Bellingham Bay. The ostensible object was "to protect the inhabitants of the island from the incursions of northern Indians". But Harney instructed Pickett to also bear in mind the "more serious and important duty" of affording adequate protection to American citizens in their rights as such, "and to resist all attempts at interference by the British authorities residing on Vancouver Island". General Harney further ordered four companies of artillery to San Juan Island and then wrote a bellicose letter to Governor Douglas at Victoria informing him of what he had done.

Admirable restraint was shown by Governor Douglas and by Admiral R. L. Baynes who was in command of the British fleet at Esquimalt. Although they could easily, by force of numbers, put the Americans to rout they preferred not to complicate a difficult situation. Therefore they made no attempt to land British troops on the

island until they had first communicated with the Foreign Office in Downing Street. The United States forces on the island numbered 461, and they had eight 32-pounders. The British had within easy summons a command so much larger that Pickett admitted in an official letter that "they have a force so far superior to mine that it will be merely a mouthful for them".

Despite this disparity the fire-eating Americans all but dared the British to fight, and the forbearance and tact of the Governor and the Admiral in the face of great provocation alone prevented a resort to arms. United States military authorities afterwards gallantly admitted this fact, and President Buchanan recalled Harney and expressed great regret and surprise at his "unauthorized and unjustifiable" action.

Nowadays both Canadians and Americans can afford to smile at the pother over a dead pig and a small island with a few dozen inhabitants. It should be remembered, however, that the island was a bone of contention between the British and United States Governments for no less than twenty-five years. Nor should it be forgotten that, to the people of Victoria, the San Juan controversy was a matter of moment.

Some of the early residents of Victoria were just as eager as Harney and Pickett to go to war over the island. Those old-timers did not view with any enthusiasm the peace policy of Governor Douglas who adopted the waiting policy since used so conspicuously by William Jennings Bryan in his capacity of Secretary of State at Washington. The Provincial Parliament met at Victoria when the trouble was at its height and the legislators were able to let out considerable steam in the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne. One ardent orator declared that the "position we occupy to-day would make the iron monument of Wellington weep and the



stony statue of Nelson bend his brow”.

Douglas remained as cold as iron and as immovable as stone. He calmly carried out his peace policy in the face of the adoption of an address in reply to the speech which contained sentences out of the ordinary run of such documents in Canada.

“The House would most earnestly impress upon your Excellency,” the address read as finally adopted, “to enforce upon her Majesty’s Government the necessity of demanding from the Government of the United States not only the immediate withdrawal of troops, but also strenuously, and at all risks, to maintain her right to the island in question, and also to all other islands in the same archipelago, now so clandestinely, dishonourably and dishonestly invaded.”

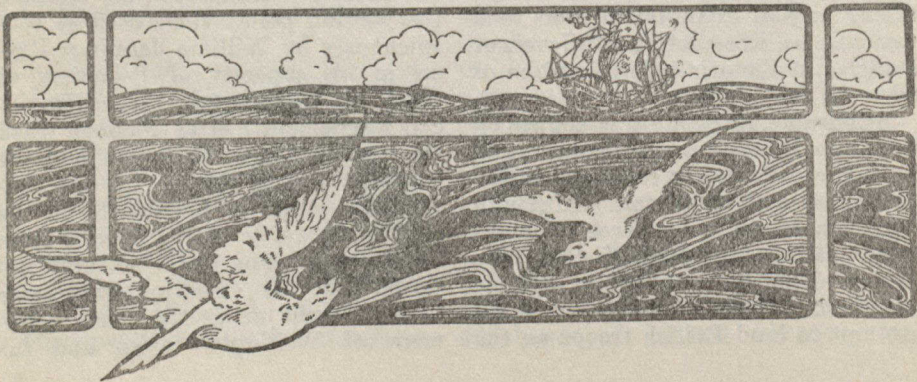
While the people of Vancouver Island were thus, through their representatives in the House of Assembly, forcibly expressing their opinions, the inhabitants of the Territory of Washington were not at all backward in upholding the actions of Harney, Pickett and other United States officers. Both Americans and Canadians were willing, and some desirous, of settling the matter at the bayonet’s point. Harney, in fact, authorized a call for volunteers if such action should be considered necessary by the Governor of Washington. The latter expressed himself willing to make the call if the need arose, and added:

“In such an event I have an abid-

ing faith that the citizens of this Territory will, with enthusiastic alacrity, respond to any call necessary for the defence of individual rights, the rights of their country, or their country’s honour.”

Happily the demonstrations were confined to oratory and letter writing. It is worthy of note that throughout its early tempestuous history this little island of San Juan engaged the attention of men of world-wide fame. Lord John Russell, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lyons, Lord Palmerston, Lord Stanley, and Lord Clarendon were among the British statesmen who at one time or another wrote State papers in regard to the island. On the American side three presidents, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan, had a hand in the trouble, and the historian, George Bancroft, Secretary of State Seward and others devoted considerable attention to the island.

After General Harney had been well and properly “called down”, a joint occupation of the island was agreed upon, and finally the question of whether it was British or United States territory was referred to Emperor William I. of Germany for decision. In a letter to the Emperor in 1871 Bancroft pointed out that of sixteen members of the British Cabinet and all the American statesmen who had been concerned in the matter all save himself were dead. The following year the Emperor announced his award, which gave the island to the United States.







The Painting by Glyn  
Philpot in the National  
Art Gallery of Canada

MORNING  
PRAYER



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# SABA: AN UNKNOWN ISLAND

BY LESTER RALPH

WITH the opening of the tourist routes and the ever-increasing facilities for those who can afford it to escape from the rigours of the Canadian winter, the West Indies are becoming yearly more popular as a holiday resort. But, delightful as it is to sojourn for a while in those sunny climes, where cold is not and a gray sky is a phenomenon welcomed as unusual, their very popularity is beginning to spoil them for those who look for a real holiday, as well as a change of scenery and temperature. In the less frequented islands the accommodation is terribly limited; in the more known it is better but expensive. Rare indeed is that holiday "bourne from which no traveller returns" disillusioned.

But such a place exists, practically unknown except to its inhabitants, and its name is Saba.

Such information as can be gathered about that happy land from guide-books is scanty and almost entirely erroneous. Sir Frederick Treves in his fascinating work "The Cradle of the Deep" gives a very picturesque account of the island and of the strange industry of its natives. Unhappily, there is hardly a word of truth from beginning to end of that portion of his narrative. He has relied, apparently, on the brief note devoted to Saba in Aspinall's "Guide to the West Indies," wherein that otherwise most estimable author makes the following series of astounding statements:

The tiny Island of Saba (five square miles) to the northwest of St. Eustatius, also belongs to Holland, having been occupied by the Dutch in 1640. Little more than a rock rising sheer out of the sea and very inaccessible, Saba was the last stronghold of the Buccaneers. It has three towns or villages: the Low Town, 900 feet above the sea; the Middle Town, 1,200 feet, and the Upper Town, 1,900 to 2,000 feet above sea-level. The male population almost without exception follow the sailor's profession, and they are great boat-builders. The boats are built in the highlands and shot over into the sea below when they are ready for launching. At the landing-place in a small cove are the remains of many warehouses which testify to the former importance of the islet. Access from the landing to the lower town is gained by a path cut out of the hill in irregular steps, up which the ponies take the travellers in perfect safety. The inhabitants have fair complexions and rosy cheeks, showing that they have not intermarried to any extent with the negroes.

Now, Saba belongs to the Dutch, and most Saba men are sailors, moreover the figures are fairly accurate. The rest of the above account, except the unhappy touch on the "inter-marriage," was taken as a great joke when shown to those sailor-men. The part that particularly amused them was the passage about boat-building.

And yet the place presents peculiarities enough for the journalist in search of copy, unadorned; enough even for a king's surgeon seeking to turn with his pen guineas as golden as any he ever turned with his scalpel. The fact is that neither Sir Frederick Treves, nor Mr. Aspinall, nor as far as I can learn any writer of note whose work remains ever saw Saba.



Saba is the home of anomaly. It has been a Dutch island for almost three hundred years; yet hardly one per cent. of its inhabitants can speak anything but English. Its islanders are a race of seamen, and one of its few important functionaries is the Harbour-Master; yet it has no harbour. It supports at least three distinct varieties of the Christian Faith; yet, except for the pastors of the varieties, few members of any of the congregations would be able to state with exactness to which denomination they belong. The inhabitants are, with very few exceptions, the direct descendants of the original colonizers, intermarrying to an extent that is hardly credible; yet the type shows practically no sign of degeneracy. The area is five square miles, almost wholly volcanic rock, and vegetation of an edible kind is well-nigh non-existent; yet it contains a population of 2,000 among whom want is unknown. Still more wonderful: Saba alone in the world seems to have solved the colour question which vexes the profoundest intellects of the Western Hemisphere; and almost passing the bounds of credence, it has been left to Saba to solve the wider question of education of the masses with no corresponding discomfort for the ruling class.

After this such minor peculiarities as follow scarcely arouse comment. The little island boasts of a standing army of one man, and a police station with a lock-up which has held but one prisoner since it was built—a member of the police force arrested and incarcerated by the other member. It has no liquor laws, and no Temperance Society; but the drunkenness is as rare there as trees are. The name of the principal town, which one attains after a tiresome ascent of 1,000 feet, is Bottom; and a locality known as Hell's Gates has been chosen as a site on which to erect the favourite chapel dedicated in the Roman Catholic Faith. There is one piano in the land. The amount of

modern abominations of which there are none is still more astonishing. Politics interest them not: and as there is but one season all year round, and water never fails, that other topic, the crop, leaves them unmoved. In religion they have reached that wide tolerance that welcomes it in any form, and is as cheerfully resigned to the loss of any particular branch as it is to its occasional re-appearance.

It is the home of peace and rest girt by the immensity of the Atlantic and canopied by the infinity of a sky that is always blue.

It is approached (I use the word respectfully, for in some weathers landing is impossible) from the easily accessible island St. Eustatius either by the schooner which plies between that island and St. Martin, or by sloop. I thoughtlessly chose the latter, and only ceased to regret my choice when actually on land at my destination. To describe adequately the horrors of that short passage would expand this article to the dimensions of a temperance pamphlet. Suffice it that the flimsy coffin in which I suffered was manned by Statia (short for St. Eustatius) men, than whom there are no worse sailors in all the world; just as there are no better than their neighbours, the men of Saba.

It was growing dark as we rounded the windward end of the island and escaped from the cauldron that boiled in the straits between; and towering above us with never a light and never a trace of human habitation, the great rock, sheer from the white breakers to its black height of 2,500 feet, was grim enough.

In relief, perhaps, at having once more cheated the sea of its destined victims, one of the idiots who mishandled our sloop most of the afternoon insulted the mighty precipice before us with a conch shell, whose mournful bray was echoed and re-echoed through the fastnesses of the old volcano which composes the island. He continued making this



senseless noise as we crept along in the lee of the rock for what seemed an interminable time, till another idiot suddenly put the helm hard over and we made straight for the shore, with ahead of us nothing that I could see but that black wall and the white fringe at its base. Then, just as suddenly, when destruction seemed imminent, and I had resolved that if I had to drown, the man who lost our only jib shortly before should drown with me, round we swung hard a' starboard again and lay to within fifteen yards of the shore.

Then I noticed for the first time a great crack in the side of the crater, and at its base a tiny shelf of beach with a rough shed half concealed by rocks to one side of it. After much blowing of conch shells and the firing of a gun, there appeared round the shed — of all things unexpected—a policeman, in a semi-military uniform. He was the Brigadier, I was told, and my fellow-travellers seemed to find the explanation perfectly satisfactory. The Brigadier shouted something to which our crew shouted something in reply, and then departed at the double, to reappear presently with what was presumably his Brigade, who were carrying a rowing-boat. This they launched with the ease and rapidity one associates with the Picture Palace. I bundled in and we were literally carried ashore by the surf. The helmsman stood controlling our course with extraordinary dexterity by means of an oar over the stern, and shouting directions to the rowers, which they obeyed like machines. I learned the necessity for this afterwards. There is only one gap in the reef which masks the landing-place, and that is barely wide enough for two boats to pass through; moreover, immediately before the gap, on the seaward side, there is a sharp rock that has to be mounted at almost right angles. Outside that reef the depth has not yet been sounded.

I was glad to be on shore.

We were now at the foot of what the Guide-Book describes as "a path cut out of the hill." It is in reality a gigantic crack in the wall of the crater, through which no doubt the lava once wound down to the sea. A docile horse had been provided for me, and the serpentine ascent is indescribably beautiful, as it passes through the almost perpendicular sides of the ravine over a road that is in parts the natural track of the lava, and here and there has been helped with rough artificial causeways. The wilderness of the place and its loneliness remind one irresistibly of stage "scenery" (Act II, "The Brigands' Lair"), and one expects at every moment to see "supers" with "property" rifles issue from the rocks on either hand. But they do not; and unless one happens to be overwhelmed by a landslip, or picked off by one of the lumps of rock that frequently come bounding down from above, one arrives at length at the principal town, Bottom, and perceives at once that this is an alpine village cleaned up for tourists, and not the West Indies at all.

Bottom exactly fills the circular space inside the crater; as neatly as an egg fits its cup: and each of its little houses might have been constructed by a cabinet-maker with plenteous leisure. No two houses, one had almost said chalets, are quite alike. Each stands by itself in its own tiny garden-plot, surrounded by its own neat little fence with the ridiculous little gate that fits, as everything in this sailor-built place fits, like the draw of a Japanese toy. There are two things that sailors learn to love of necessity,—paint and clean wood-work—therefore are their houses here painted as to the outside like the hull of a battleship and fitted within with unvarnished panelling and floors speckless as the decks of an old-time seventy-four. And Saba grows no timber. Every foot of it is painfully imported, or, rather, is brought home with loving pride by



Mr. Saba-man when he means to build a nest worthy of the future Mrs. S.

But there is no need to speak of the young husband generically as Mr. Saba-man. Everyone in Bottom except the Government officials and the clergy has the same name—Simmonds. In the other little town at the windward end of the island dwell the Hassells and the Johnsons; and a clan called Every, with a small admixture of Johnsons, live midway between, at a village named St. Michaels. Nor will a Simmonds lightly marry a Hassell, nor a Hassell without very sufficient reason marry a Simmonds. When therefore Mr. Simmonds has built his house, he marries Miss Simmonds, whom he has known from the time she first breathed, establishes her in his red and white doll's house, deposits with her the other treasures he has collected on his travels, and goes to sea again to earn money for any future little Simmondses that may happen along. It is possible that the old houses are allowed to stand sometimes; but from all appearances, inside and out, each little pill-box in the collection has just been taken from its tissue paper and dusted and set in its place.

In the biggest of all the doll's houses, eminent with six windows in a row and two storeys and planted in the very centre of things, lives the Governor, a most cheery and hospitable Dutch gentleman of leisure whose name I will not attempt to spell. Near this are two churches, delightful examples of patient chip-carving, the school-house and offices of the Government. On the outskirts of the circle, jammed against the rock, is a ring of shacks given over to the coloured population, who number barely two hundred as against eighteen hundred pure whites, a proportion that is startling to those acquainted with the West Indian conditions. On this point the Guide-Book has got within arm's length of the truth, though for once it overstates the fact. There may be a dash of

white here and there among the coloured, but there is no trace of colour among the whites. This again is exceptionally rare in these latitudes. Here the two races live on friendly terms, but the relation is always that of master and dependent. A coloured man may rise as high as second mate on a Saba schooner, but he never attains to the proud position of Captain, and no Saba white man would ever work under the direction of a coloured boss. The difficulty attending a disproportionate increase in the numbers of the negroes is solved automatically by the limits of the island. Saba will not hold more than a certain number, and the whites want all the room they already possess for themselves. Consequently the superfluous coloured population must emigrate and fill up other islands. There could never be any question of their dispossessing the white land owners, even if they had the opportunity to save the necessary wealth. Nor is there any of that discontent among the lower classes which is the modern product of universal education. The Dutch Government has provided and equipped an excellent public school to which all little Saba citizens must go, irrespective of colour. The teachers are very efficient, and there is no lack of funds to make the education system a success. Unhappily for the aims of Holland, who would have all her subjects Dutch, and happily perhaps for Saba, which is determined to remain English, the regulation ordains that public instruction shall be in Dutch and that all the teachers shall hold Dutch diplomas. No Saba boy, therefore, learns anything whatever at school except something of the three r's, which he picks up in spite of his instructors: and that is all the lay knowledge he requires. His serious education begins out of school hours under the direction of a retired seaman, who teaches the rudiments of navigation and a mysterious branch of mathematics locally known as "x



chasing," and is completed at the rope's end.

This "finishing academy" is the first house reached from the ravine, and its owner was the first hospitable Simmonds to welcome me indoors and stay me with cold meats and excellent bottled beer. They have their comforts these islanders. It was now pitch dark outside except for the lighted windows that compassed and crossed the crater hollow in every direction, and twinkled here and there up the side of the cliff toward Windward. On the other sides blackness, more than tropical, up and up until the jagged lips of the funnel zigzagged against the spangled sky. In a very short time—for they are early to bed here—the stars alone lighted my way to the Doctor's house and the comfortable bed that awaited me.

On waking next morning I was not surprised (two or three years in the West Indies deaden that faculty) to find a horse breathing on me as I lay in bed. Half asleep, I wondered vaguely that the Doctor did not keep his live stock in its appointed place, and whether the tiny object that the open window revealed to me away up on the cliff was a goat or a cat; and then turned out in quest of my host. The adjoining room was untenanted save by the hind quarters of the friendly horse, but just then their owner, as I rightly conjectured from his riding-breeches, entered from the opposite door with a cheery grin and two bottles which he waved at me in additional greeting. He explained that he was the parson from Windward: had seen my boat coming in the evening before, and had ridden over to see who I was. Strangers are very rare in Saba. He had just met the Doctor in the village. He hoped Polly had not alarmed me. The stable was locked and she would do more harm in the garden than in the dining-room. Did I know where the Doctor kept his sugar? He recommended the Doctor's beer. So we

anchored the mare (the parson's expression) to a table leg, and I gathered much store of information.

The fortunes of Saba have followed those of its neighbour Statia. The island is too small, too unfertile and too inaccessible for its inhabitants ever to have been able to subsist independently. In the old buccaneering days it can have served only as a last refuge and a safe depository for the spoils of the pirates driven there from the other islands, when the palmy times of piracy were over. Having no vestige of a harbour, or even a safe roadstead, the buccaneers had to careen their ships, as their descendants do to this day, in the Virgin Isles, a day's sail to the north. But once landed in Saba they were safe from any attack, however well concerted. The ravine would be a veritable death-trap for an invader, defensible with ease by a few determined men lying among the rocks to each side of the narrow defile. The only other gateway to the stronghold is appropriately called "The Ladder," and consists of more than a thousand steps, steep and narrow, leading from the water almost perpendicularly up the cliff at the western end of the crater. Sealing this rock ladder, even under the easiest conditions, is a feat by no means easy or pleasant: and a single man at the top with two rifles could stop an army from advancing a dozen paces. But, as if even this were not enough to render these desperadoes safe in their last resort, a circular depression at the very highest point in the island commanding an outlook on all sides has been roughly strengthened where the only track across runs near it, and testifies by its name, "The Rendezvous," to its former purpose. Midway between the two towns, it was here that the last stand would have been made by the men of Bottom and Windward, English and Dutch, combined for once in the face of danger.

Small as it is, Saba has already



been the home of two distinct parties, and the types are distinct even now. The men of both are English-speaking to-day, but it would be impossible to take one of the dark-skinned, long-limbed Simmonds for a Hassell, "bluff in the bow and broad a'beam" and square-headed as a Dutchman should be. The difference in breed is noticeable even among the women. Just as Miss Simmonds affects a certain up-to-dateness in dress and conversation, with aspirations toward "culture" and the wider life of Statia and even farther afield: so shall you seldom find a Miss Hassell elsewhere than home, stolidly polishing brass and wood-work and little sisters, and looking ahead complacently to a home of her own and a generous maternity.

And here the rough ancestors of these Saba men hoarded their plunder unmolested, long after Teach was a mutilated corpse, and Morgan's respectable Governor of Jamacia: whereas Statia was attacked by English, French, and Dutch in turn, though never subdued, till wearying of it all, they asked Holland to take them under her flag, which to-day, with a cabbage-palm in the corner, is their national emblem: and with Statia went Saba.

Space forbids an account of the entertainment at "Government House," where fully twenty assembled guests danced Dutch and Spanish dances to the accompaniment of an organ, a fiddle and a "shock-shock" (this last onomatopoeic contrivance of canvas, grit and broken shells); and where the "Army" justified his existence by appearing in full regimentals to hand round the refreshments. It was on this occasion that I made the acquaintance of the Anglican Rector of the island (the owner of Polly had been superseded by him some months before, but like most visitors to Saba, was reluctant to go), and he, I hate to think it was due to pure malice, lent me the sardonic equine on which I essayed

to go to Windward on the following day.

The track winds up the least precipitous side of the crater, and is admirably adapted to young and reckless goats. We, the Rector's horse and I, had achieved some five hundred feet of precipice, when the brute stopped dead, and on remonstrance turned his wicked head and laughed at me. From where I sat I commanded an unbroken view of the Rectory stable roof immediately below my left foot: my right leg was securely wedged between the horses flank and a particularly nubby portion of the mountain-side. For some time we stayed thus, immutably determined on contrary directions, till the horse began walking backwards. Short of going ahead, against which he was firmly resolved, it was the only thing he could do, unless he elected to remain where we had halted, indefinitely. I had no voice in the matter, but I did have the good sense to scramble out of the saddle when the face of the cliff to my right receded slightly and gave me the chance. And there we parted company. I presume the horse backed all the way home; for he eventually reached his stable, and that not by the shortest route, perpendicularly, as in my anger I had prayed he would.

Under a pitiless sun, and with sore feet protesting against the canvas shoes I was foolishly wearing through my rash confidence in the borrowed beast, I gained the edge of the crater and the little village of St. Michaels which looks down on Bottom like an eagle from its eyrie, though it is barely visible from below. Up here it is a different world, where the prevailing influence is the Trade Wind which blows steadily from the north-east with little change in velocity for three parts of the year. Down in Bottom the outlook is brown rock on every side, with a glimpse of hurrying clouds above. On the heights there are no bounds to the eye ex-



cept the great circle of the horizon, and the general impression is that of infinite blue distance.

It was on the path to Windward from St. Michaels, where the track skirts the edge of the island and seems to overhang the breakers, so sheer is the fall of the rock, that I found the very house for an ideal honeymoon of the romantic novelist. Just round a bend which hid St. Michaels, some visionary had built it with weatherstained wood and infinite pains, had screened it with scarlet and crimson and pink hybiscus, and then, in despair of ever finding a mate dainty enough for such a bower, had presumably dived over the cliff in front of his little front gate. For there it nestles coyly, simply and therefore beautifully furnished, with never a tenant, and the rent is four dollars a month. How it remains untenanted by living flesh is merely one more mystery in this land of paradox.

For about a mile farther the path winds on with the summit of the "Rendezvous" on one hand, and on the other the deep blue, sobbing and moaning and roaring in the caves it has hollowed out some two thousand feet below. Then it takes a sharp rise over rough steps that almost made me regret the four-footer egoist I had left behind, and one has reached Hassell land. Windward is Bottom over again with the walls down except on one side where a huge buttress of rock breaks the force of the easterly gales. It also possesses two little churches and the most important store in the island, owned by Captain Ben Hassell, the uncrowned king of Windward. He was at sea when I visited his domain, but my new friend, the superseded parson, was there to welcome me, and perched on his highly-trained mare I was carried up and down stone ladders till I had seen many dozens of Hassells and Johnsons and been seen of many more.

And then I was taken to the goal

of my pilgrimage, Hell's Gates, and into the presence of Father Jenessens, another dispossessed cleric, but one of a different type, who rules in these simple hearts with a sway surpassing that of kings, a very Pope among his children. Some years ago his Order, the Dominicans, shifted him to Curacao and a more important cure, as a tardy promotion for one who had worked faithfully and well for a period longer than the life-time of the ordinary man. But the old priest could not bear to be parted from his sailors—his children as he considers them—so these children of his built him a little church all for himself, and support it for him and flock there to see him whenever they return home from sea. No one knows quite how old he is, and tradition says that he lives on Schnapps, snuff and prayer exclusively. He is supposed, also, to keep a supply of the two former in a little cupboard under the alter-table. If this be so, he must feel secure in the approval of his Lady: for She knows he is but an old man of simple faith who could mean no slight to Her who has had his absolute devotion all these years.

However that may be, no saint had ever a niche more beautifully situated than his—in the wildest and most lonely part of the island, where a big rock has been cleft in two to frame his little white church with its pink roof against an azure background. He lives in a tiny house built off the church and furnished like the cell of an anchorite; and when I visited him he was holding a little court. In attendance was his successor, a gigantic young priest in the coarse white girdle cloak of the Dominicans, who was helping the guests to the famous Schnapps.

I have to admit that his Schnapps is good; I am proud of few things so much as the fact that I have had a pinch of his snuff; and I should dearly like to think that I may be some day remembered in the prayers of that old man.



# NEIGHBOUR

BY KEENE ABBOTT

THE deputy sheriff had come. Cautiously he opened the wooden gate as though he wanted to take someone by surprise. He did not allow the latch to click, but all the same the rusted hinges creaked a dismal warning.

The officer would find no one at home; twice before this day his calls had been fruitless, and now, as formerly, a funereal silence wrapped the little weather-beaten house which seemed utterly deserted. And yet the existence which was hiding there could not wholly conceal itself. From the stub of brick chimney, above the sagging roof patched with tin and tar paper, bluish vapour was rising, very thin wisps of vapour as though the smoke were also trying to be invisible that it might not betray the master of the house into having a summons from the court of equity served upon him.

The visitor knocked, politely at first, then louder, then louder still, and his blows on the door resounded from the echoing emptiness within. At the back door the result was the same; no answer. But the deputy sheriff did not go away; he examined the hoe, rake and other garden tools leaning against the house wall, saw that fresh dirt adhered to the spade, and then began to look in at the windows. Green house plants on the sills with white lawn curtains behind them; geraniums red and pink glowing in the sunlight, and between the flower-pots, a gray cat asleep, with paws tucked lazily under him.

Surely someone must be at home. Again the man rapped, but still the house remained both deaf and dumb. Very well, he would wait. Utilizing the bottom side of a bushel basket for a seat, he resignedly began his watch, refilling his pipe as often as he smoked it out. A long, long time he sat there, and finally concluding that it might be well to see whether any one were hiding in the coal shed, he started away, striding through the garden where row on row of broad-leaved rhubarb spread its wealth of green to the brilliant sunshine. He was not careful how he went, and as he plodded diagonally through the rich, verdant growths, his feet were breaking down many a tender stalk, when suddenly he was commanded to halt. An excited voice, quavering and shrill, had penetrated the deep prevailing hush.

"Hey, you, stop! You're trompin' down my pieplant!"

The kitchen door had been jerked open, and a spare old man under a great straw hat, had come charging out into the garden, his thin, quivering face all one pucker of brown wrinkles, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows and his slim arms gesticulating like an automatic scarecrow.

So it came about that the deputy sheriff found opportunity at last to serve an order of the court upon Old Man Pieplant.

The following day the veteran gardener called at the office of the Martin Realty Company. Nearly every morning since they had first refused



to accept the lease money he offered for his plot of ground, he had been coming here. Obstinate and patient, he had been repeatedly offering the sum of eight dollars, unfastening the dirty bit of string from about the squeezed mouth of a grimy shot-bag, counting out the change coin by coin, sighing because no one would pay any more attention to him, but still unwilling to believe that the acre patch where he lived had been sold and that he would no longer be permitted to stay there.

Sell the land? How could they do that, when he had been having the use of it these thirty years and more? It seemed almost to belong to him; he had lived there so long, and always he had been punctual with his money. They could not find fault with him for that; he knew it.

Twice the situation had been explained to him. The city had been growing, spreading out, crowding in upon him. Formerly his acre plot of ground was almost waste land; now it was valuable. On one side of it a fashionable apartment house had been built; on the other side, a handsome residence, the home of the wealthy Mrs. Wilfred Carroll. Surely Old Man Pieplant could not expect to live there, in such a neighbourhood, in that crazy, sag-roofed shanty of his.

"I could . . . maybe . . . fix it up a little," he faltered.

But no, that would not do. The land had been sold. He would have to go some place else to raise rhubarb for the market.

He did not believe it; he thought there was merely a question of wanting him to pay more money for the land, and he offered more, but the lease was not renewed.

Then he was seized with alarm. Perhaps, after all, the law was going to drive him out, and finally, when he realized this he was ill of it all night long.

The next day he was scarcely able to do the least bit of work in the

garden. The bundles of pieplant he had gathered early in the morning were only withering in the sun, and realizing that he could not go to market, he lowered them in their basket deep into the well to keep them fresh.

Afterward he went into the house, locked himself in, and when some one knocked repeatedly and insistently at his doors he did not show himself. And yet, in the end, the notice of eviction had been served, and now that the old man saw how utterly impossible it was to get his lease renewed, there remained nothing for him to do but to employ a lawyer and then show in court that they had no right to drive him off his land.

But they did have a right; that was the trouble. The lawyer said so. He advised his client to move; that was it—get out! A dreadful shock! The old man stammered with choking protests.

Get out? He? Why—why, he would do nothing of the sort, never! Thirty years, more than thirty years he had been living there, and now get out! Well, say, how could he do that? Where could he go? How would it be possible to earn a living, since pieplant, that single acre of pieplant, was all he had?

He sought counsel with other people, and their recommendation was the same as that of the lawyer: he must give up the land.

Well, then, maybe he could find some other place. But where? How, in his brittle old age, could he have the courage and the strength to begin all anew? The thought of it frightened him, shook him with a dread of his incompetency, assailed him with a sense of tremendous obstacles, and most of all, filled his mind with that grim and haunting spectre—the poor-house!

Always he shuddered to think of that, but now that it seemed the inevitable; now that he would no longer have opportunity of supporting himself with the labour of his hands he felt how dangerously near to him



was that institution for the destitute and he tried to resign himself to the notion of being a pauper—a bitter thought, but perhaps, in the end, he might get used to it.

As he went scuffling homeward that day, lurching sadly along with the twisted handle of the large, earth-stained wicker basket hooked upon his arm, it seemed to him that he would never be able to reach the house, he was so strangely enfeebled, stiff, heavy and crippled in every muscle, as though his heart as well as his body had at last grown old, old, ever and ever so old.

Finally, at the end of his long walk, he reached the wooden gate and dejectedly dragged it open. As he did so his big gray cat came bounding toward him, came bounding with his usual feline daintiness and pliant ease over the green and even ridges of the broad-leafed rhubarb. With arching back the animal rubbed himself against his master's leg, purred continuous content, and with upraised tail waved a cordial welcome. Then, as the man laboriously stooped down, the household pet gracefully leaped to his shoulder, proudly perching up there under the brim of the wide straw hat that he might be carried on into the kitchen for his noonday allowance of milk.

"What a big, nice cat you have there!"

Those words, spoken by a well modulated contralto voice, were unexpectedly addressed to him by a woman in a fawn-coloured gown with a few fluffy lavender blossoms in her girdle. Quite like a scene on the stage, she had appeared from behind a flowering lilac bush, and the old man, being so taken by surprise, stammered uneasily

"A nice cat? Well, yes—yes, he is."

What should this woman be doing here? Some neighbour, perhaps, who had come for a bundle of pieplant. The old man waited for her to state her errand, and then, as she began

to stroke the soft fur of the animal on his shoulder, he said to her:

"You would like a cat?—such a cat as this?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied with that complacency of tone suitable for humouring a child, but to her abashed astonishment the old man said:

"Well, you can have him."

The woman quickly withdrew her hand from the back of the purring animal.

"Yes," he added, "you take him. And see here, now, what tricks he will do." His basket, a thing of heavy wicker, polished on either side from rubbing against his body, he held at arm's length, and his pet leaped gracefully into it. He put the cat on the ground, made a hoop of his arms, and after a few moments of obstinate refusal, the animal lithely bounded through. "Take him," the old man repeated. "I give him up." He was holding his bent elbow toward her, with the cat upon it, and the woman twice cleared her voice before she contrived to say:

"Of course I should like the cat, but—"

The old man thought it was out of pity for him that she hesitated, and he made haste to add:

"That's all right; take him; you mustn't think about me." He was speaking with husky gentleness, and his hand went on stroking the animal's back. "I have to get along without him. Of course it's going to be hard, a little hard at first, but I will get used to it. For now, you see, now that I have found a good place for my cat, I won't have to worry about him."

"But why should you give him up?" the woman inquired, and the old man grew red, very red. He had so little blood in his body and all of it apparently, had come running into his face.

"They are driving me . . . I mean, I am going away; that's it; I'm moving out. It isn't good to live so long in one place."



He swaggeringly spat aside to show that he did not mind it much, this moving out. But now, of a sudden, his expression changed, for the front gate had creaked open, and a person with a derby hat, a pudgy little man, was coming in.

Then two thin shoulders gave a shrug of contempt, and a thin old voice abruptly exclaimed:

"That Dutchman again! A landscape gardener he calls himself; he says the soil here needs a chemical fertilizer, but did you ever see such soil? Only look how everything grows! I make it that way."

A brown hand was proudly waved toward the green lines of pieplant drowsing in the sunlight, the white sunlight which was all a-quiver there. The garden was so slumbrously hushed that with the slightest whiff of air the leaves gave forth a papery whisper.

The woman, after examining the ribbons of dark, rich earth which stretched to the end of the garden between the even rows of rhubarb, quietly observed:

"A rose arbour might flourish here, I should think."

And the old man replied:

"Yes, it would; anything would thrive in such ground as that."

At the approach of the man with the derby hat the woman inquired:

"Are you well acquainted with him, this landscape gardener?"

"He works up yonder." The old man jerked his thumb in the direction of a steep green terrace surmounted by a modern residence with wide, pillared verandas garlanded with honeysuckle. It was a red tiled house with several gables and a conservatory on one side whose arching roof of glass flamed in the sunlight like polished metal. "A widder lives there, alone, all alone in that great big place."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and they tell me that she's bought this place, too, that old widder."

"Has she indeed?" the woman questioned with a self-conscious smile. "And is she so old?"

"I dunno; I guess so," he answered, and hostilely scrutinized the new arrival who had bared his head and was ceremoniously bowing.

With a slight nod which stirred the billowing lavender plumes of her hat, the woman greeted the pudgy gardener, and then said to him:

"Some other time will do for us to talk about the rose arbour. I shan't need you to-day."

Her words somewhat abashed the rotund visitor, who quickly consulted his watch.

"Am I late?" he asked.

"No, I think not, but that will be all for to-day."

The round, florid face of the heavy little man grinned with fat perplexity, but his employer, being a woman, was of course not to be understood. He therefore stammered a "good afternoon," and withdrew.

Meanwhile the old man was staring at the woman. He wiped his face on his sleeve, knocked off his hat and picked it up again.

"Well, well, to think of that!" he gasped. "You are the widder, you!"

"The *old* widder," said the woman, and in truth her hair was turning gray, but her face, the sad, calm face of one who rarely smiles, was unmarred by even a trace of wrinkle.

"I was coming to see you," the old man added, "to see you about . . . to talk about the lilac bush yonder, and those trees. I set them out. In the big one, over there, that's where the children used to have their swing. Nobody must cut down those trees. You will see to that, won't you?"

"Children?" said the woman. "You have had children?" There was a certain wistfulness in her tone, and she spoke softly as though her voice were an echo from that great house up there on the terrace, that beautiful residence which was so full of fine things—and loneliness.



"I got their pictures in the album," said the old man. "And if you want to see them . . ." he hesitated, smiling shamefacedly as he added: "Their ma always used to say that I bragged a tiresome lot on our boys, but she was awful proud of them, too, and bragged the same as me. And they *were* fine boys. They used to come home every Christmas time, but of course it made a difference when their ma was gone. They never forgot their old dad, though; no, ma'am, they didn't! Only . . . you see . . . one of them, you see . . . one of them went for a soldier, and the other one, Henry . . . well, I'm a-hungerin' yet and a-waitin' to hear what's become of Henry. 'Most every year I used to get a letter from him, but it's been five years, now—yes, ma'am, five years, two months and three days since I got my last letter from him."

"I should like to see a picture of your boys," said the woman.

Shortly afterward she was seated in a wooden rocking chair in the house of her neighbour. For over two years she had been living within a hundred yards of him, but to-day was the first time they had exchanged a word, and as often as she had looked down with offended eyes from her windows upon the patched roof of this ugly old shanty, she had never supposed that the interior of such a dwelling could be so neat, that the floor could be scrubbed so white, that the rag carpet and oval rugs of the front room and the chintz-covered furniture, with prim tidies upon the chairs and sofa, could have a charm so homely and quaintly picturesque.

And he babbled garrulously of all the years he had been raising pieplant, of how he had built this house himself. Between the lawn curtains, above the blossoming geraniums on the sill, she was looking out through the open window at that residence up yonder on the smooth green terrace, *her* residence, designed by the city's most eminent architect, a place of

tinted walls and softly harmonizing colours in which to house Oriental rugs, stately tapestries brought from Europe, rich brocades, furniture wrought by master craftsmen, lovely and costly trifles of every sort chosen by her ultra refinement of taste.

The old man was still talking, but suddenly she interrupted him. She looked into his faded eyes, and said brusquely, almost harshly:

"Stay here. I don't want you to go away."

"Don't?—don't go 'way? But I got to go. They say I must get out."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody." The old man, with a sweep of the hands, seemed to indicate the whole world.

The woman slowly closed the red plush album, snapped the big copper clasp, arose with a whispering rustle of her gown, and then said with quiet emphasis:

"The land is mine . . . No, yours—as long as you live it's yours."

The old man had a confused notion that he had not heard correctly, and he bent forward, with hand scooped about his ear, but of a sudden he recalled that this woman, and not the Martin Realty Company, was now the owner of that garden plot. Then, in his bewilderment of joy, he began to stammer:

"Sure nuff; it's your land. Yes, that's so. Only think of that! I plum forgot." With one hand squeezing his other hand he wistfully added: "You say . . . I'm to stay here?"

The woman had opened the door to go out, but she paused upon the threshold, surprised by the white splendour of sunshine asleep out there in the garden where drowsed the fresh-faced green of all the well-kept pieplant rows. She looked at them and then turned to look once more at the old man, and impulsively she stretched out her hand toward him.

"I want you for my neighbour," she said.



## CURRENT EVENTS

THE House of Representatives at Washington, by a decisive majority, voted in favour of the repeal of the clause in the Panama Canal Act which would give to vessels engaged in the United States coasting trade free passage through the canal from ocean to ocean. But before the repeal becomes effective it will have to be sanctioned by the Senate. At this time of writing, it is under debate in that final court, but whether or not it receives the sanction of the Senate, its passage by the Representatives marks a decisive victory for the President. Apart altogether from the merits or demerits of the case, it cannot be denied that had not Mr. Wilson himself, personally, taken a determined stand in favour of repeal, the whole measure as passed by Congress last year would have stood on the statute books. While this attempt to do justice to Great Britain can be laid almost entirely to the credit of the President, it should not be forgotten that no less a champion than the Honourable Elihu Root fought with telling ardour against the Bill when it came up in the Senate last year. His remarkable speech, the text of which appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* for March, is regarded as an unanswerable statement in favour of equal tolls to all vessels entering the canal.

Opinion at Washington forecasts a victory in the Senate for repeal. Men like Senator Lodge, for instance, who would grant United States vessels engaged in coasting trade some measure of preference, are in favour of this repeal. Their opinion is that if the

United States Government wish to give some advantage to American vessels they should give it in some other form than a breach of an international treaty—they might grant a subsidy.

The repeal by the Representatives of this clause in the Act is another instance of the dominance of the President in United States politics; for there is no doubt whatever that the change in sentiment as well as in Act is due to the personal interference of Mr. Wilson himself. Mr. Roosevelt dominated Congress by brute force; his rule was known as the rule of the Big Stick. In Mr. Wilson's case the power is intellectual. His fine scholarly attainments, his mastery of constitutional history, his broad outlook, his evidences of culture and humanitarian consideration all have had a pronounced modifying effect on national tendencies. The human impulse to get the better of the deal at all costs has been checked, and the people of the United States at this time of social crisis are beginning to realize that there are other things to consider besides their own national interests. It remains to be seen, however, how the Senate will act in this instance; but, with Lodge and Root in favour of repeal, with the great conscience of the people awakened by their President, it is altogether likely that Congress will finally undo, to the credit of the nation, legislation that has shamed them before the world, notwithstanding the best that can be said for it, has shamed them before the whole world.

Poetry seems to be coming into its



own again in England, for quite apart from the great interest that centres in the political arena the people are taking time to buy books and poetry and listen to poetry being read. Publishers report remarkable increases in the sale of poetry, and there are several instances where books of verse have been almost among the "best sellers." The coming of Rabindranath Tagore from Bengal to read and translate into English his own works aroused a great deal of interest, as a result in part at least of the introduction given by Mr. W. B. Yeats. The mystic personality of this Bengal poet had something to do with the arousing of public curiosity, but his work seems to increase its hold upon his readers, and some of it, particularly "The Gardener," has had a big sale in the United States.

The work of Mr. Alfred Noyes has sold in large quantities, but one need not wonder at that, because Noyes is, if anything, a popular poet. His recent visit to Toronto, when he came as an apostle of peace, under the auspices of the International Polity Club, revealed a marked contrast in personality, temperament, and style to Mr. Yeats, who had just preceded him, and who had appeared in Toronto under the auspices of the Gaelic League. In these two men we had the antitheses. Yeats is a poet of poets; Noyes is a poet of the people. Someone asked Yeats what he thought of "Drake," by Alfred Noyes, but Yeats confessed that he had never read it. Then in turn someone asked Noyes what he thought of Yeats, but as the answer was to be regarded as confidential all we can say is that he did not class him with the major poets.

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Yeats set out to establish his thesis that all real art is a result of conflict, of warring elements in the human mind. In other words, he would not look for art in the well rounded life. But from the man who

for some reason has been deprived of the thing for which his soul has craved he would look for art to issue. That is an interesting thesis, and may be carried further, even to a practical demonstration. For example: There are readers who say that because of the extremely pathetic scenes depicted by Dickens, Dickens himself must have been very responsive, very sympathetic; in other words, must have had a kind heart. But there is a reason to believe that the very opposite is the fact, that Dickens was by nature hard-hearted and unsympathetic, with the result that when he undertook to depict something pathetic it had to be extremely pathetic in order to make him think it worth while depicting. So that we have in a sad scene by Dickens sadness that moves the universe.

Yeats talked much about beauty. Beauty, to him, was the purpose of art. Noyes, on the other hand strove not so much for beauty as for revelation. He is regarded as an optimistic spirit, and he concerns himself more with giving a message to the people than with supplying to the few cause for æsthetic delight. His latest poem, "The Wine Press," is an example of his tendency, and it was because of this poem's terrible arraignment of war that the International Polity Club, which is organized to promote peace, selected him to address them.

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We might find several causes for the revival of interest in poetry in England and yet not find the greatest cause. One is undoubtedly the recent practice of having poets read their own poetry to whoever wishes to go and hear them. That practice has been carried on in particular at the Poetry Bookshop in London. Then again there has arisen in England a band of young poets who are now known as the Georgian poets, distinctive, we presume, from the Victorian and earlier poets. Of their number



is Mr. John Masefield, whose ballads have become immensely popular, although many critics say they are not so good as his earlier work.

Will there be a similar revival in Canada? Canadians respond naturally to poetry, and we should be loth to think that as a nation, we could turn lightly away from the fragrance of the poetic muse.

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The war scare now has been changed so as to involve Russia and Germany. Despatches from abroad refer with mild alarm to a recent secret conference between the heads of the Russian Government and leading deputies of the Russian Parliament. The conference was for the purpose, it is supposed, of increasing the enormous strength of the Russian army. All the leading members of the Russian Government were present, as well as all the leaders of the political parties in the Duma that are considered to be loyal to the Empire; with the result, as indicated in the press, that a demand will be made for an addition of five hundred thousand men to the standing army, together with the sum of five hundred million roubles, which is equivalent to about two hundred and sixty million dollars. This vast addition in men and money is supposed to be needed to complete the readiness of Russia for any conflict they might have with Germany. Germany as well is stirred up to the seriousness of the situation. A bone of contention is the partition of Poland, and it will be interesting to see how the Kaiser's "Russian Friend," the Emperor of Russia, will requite Germany's guarantee against the worst effects of the Japanese war and the Terrorist Revolution. According to the Berlin newspapers, the persecution of the Polish residents of Prussia continues, notwithstanding the wishes of the saner German people. The London *Outlook*, having translated the reports from the German news-

papers, gives this account of a recent incident:

An abominable instance of the all-pervading oppression with which Prussian administration follows and persecutes the Poles in every aspect of their national existence was afforded by the action of the authorities in Berlin itself a few days ago. The Prussian Government forbids its Polish subjects to employ their native language even in the services of their own religion within their own houses of worship and prayer! Just imagine a body of London police, the B. division or the C. division, being let loose upon a congregation of British Catholics, whether Irishmen or Canadians, who dared to say their prayers in French or Gaelic within a Catholic chapel in the Metropolis.

Even imagination would be too weak to call up the picture of such an impossible monstrosity. Yet only on Sunday last the entire congregation of a Catholic church in Berlin—where there is a resident population of more than seventy thousand Poles—were driven, with the utmost violence, by a body of sworded and helmeted police, out of their own church, in the midst of the celebration of the important rite of Confirmation, merely because Polish prayers were used by a body of Polish people. The Poles in Prussia must pray in German or they may be silenced and dispersed by a charge of police, or soldiers, if necessary!

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Mr. John Galsworthy, whose literary standing is as high as that of anyone writing in England to-day, has addressed a letter to *The Times* charging Parliament with neglect of duty. It is not often nowadays that a literary man interferes with politics, but when we read Mr. Galsworthy's letter, part of which follows, we wonder whether his indictment would apply with equal force in Canada:

I am moved to speak out what I and, I am sure, many others are feeling. We are a so-called civilized country; we have a so-called Christian religion; we profess humanity. We have a Parliament of chosen persons, to each of whom we pay £400 a year, so that we have at last some right to say: "Please do our business, and that quickly." And yet we sit and suffer such barbarities and mean cruelties to go on among us as must dry the heart of God. I cite a few only of the abhor-



rent things done daily, daily left undone; done and left undone, without shadow of doubt against the conscience and general will of the community:

Sweating of women workers.

Insufficient feeding of children.

Employment of boys on work that to all intents ruins their chances in after-life—as mean a thing as can well be done.

Foul housing of those who have as much right as you and I to the first decencies of life.

Consignment of paupers (that is, of those without money or friends) to lunatic asylums on the certificate of one doctor, the certificate of two doctors being essential in the case of a person who has money or friends.

Export of horses worn out in work for Englishmen—save the mark!—export that for a few pieces of blood-money delivers up old and faithful servants to wretchedness.

Mutilation of horses by docking, so that they suffer, offend the eye, and are defenceless against the attacks of flies that would drive men, so treated, crazy.

Caging of wild things, especially wild song-birds, by those who themselves think liberty the breath of life, the jewel above price.

Slaughter for food of millions of creatures every year by obsolete methods that none but the interested defend.

Importation of the plumes of ruthlessly slain wild birds, mothers with young in the nest, to decorate our gentlewomen.

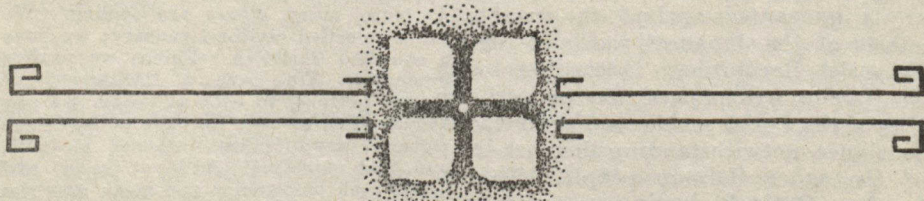
Such as these—shameful barbarities done to helpless creatures—we suffer among us year after year.

\*

The putting into practice of democratic government in Cuba, following the general elections of 1912, has been watched with much interest by students of political economy. That it has not attracted wider attention is a tribute to the peaceful and eminently satisfactory manner that the change was received by the people.

The new President seems to be a man raised for the position. Here is an appreciation of him written by Mr. Sydney Brooks:

President Menocal stands almost as much apart from and above the ordinary run of Cuban politicians as President Wilson stands apart from and above the ordinary run of American politicians. Cuban-born, educated in the United States, a fiery and daring guerilla leader in the war against Spain, by profession a civil engineer, for many years the working head of the largest sugar estate in the island, and at all times an indefatigable sportsman, General Menocal has long enjoyed the affection of the mass of his countrymen and the confidence of the business interests. The President has the priceless asset of character. He is the very opposite of a self-seeker. Not even in the reckless gossipings of the Havana cafés has it ever been suggested that he sought the Presidency for what he could make out of it. There is a vein of genuine altruism in his nature; he is, I should say, an exceedingly difficult man to move when convinced that he has right and justice on his side; and his devotion to Cuba bears the stamp of a complete disinterestedness. He has pondered those deeper problems of her life and conditions that find, as a rule, so small a place in the polemics of party. He has studied and understands her permanent needs; he is thinking of Cuba while most of those around him are thinking of jobs and concessions and the petty manœuvres of "politics." Whether these characteristics are the ones that are most helpful in the special circumstances of Cuban public life, time alone can prove. But already it is clear that the accession of a President of General Menocal's manifest integrity and high-mindedness has had a wholesome effect on the political atmosphere. There is very little talk of "graft" in Havana nowadays. People feel that, so long as General Menocal is in the Palace the Government will be honestly run, concessions will only be granted on their merits, and every effort will be made to give Cuba a clean, stable, and economical administration.







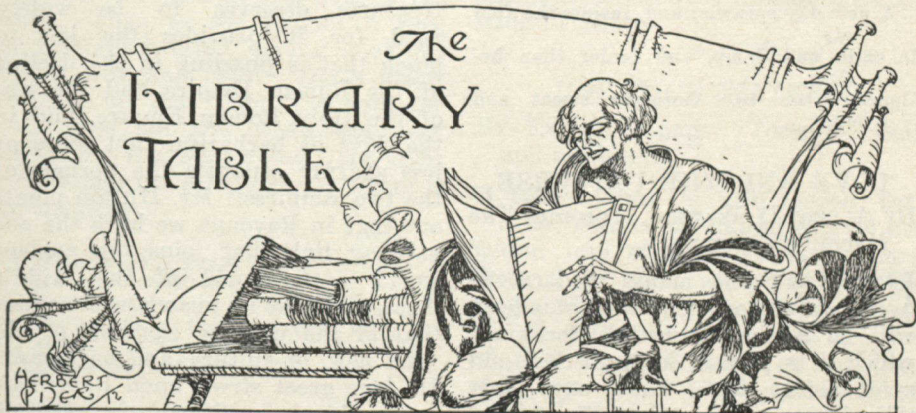
RUINS

From the Painting by Giardi in the Art Museum of Toronto



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE





## STORIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR. Toronto:  
Wm. Briggs.

**I**MPRESSED with a sense of its divine purpose, its final mission to humanity, as the end for which the shoot of Saxon freedom planted in British soil has grown into the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, the author of this instructive volume has written it with a view to instructing the youthful mind with a sense of certain significant facts in connection with this great mission. The author is a well-known Canadian writer, with several books to her credit. In this instance she has selected some of the inspiring incidents throughout English history and she has re-told them so that the youthful mind can understand and fully appreciate them. She begins with "Britain and its first people," "Boadicea and the Romans," and ends with "Mary, Queen of Scots." This long interval furnishes her with an opportunity to introduce a fine line of imposing heroes and heroines.

## POEMS

BY RUPERT BROOKE. Toronto: J. M.  
Dent and Sons.

**W**E have had opportunity of late to refer to the exquisite poetry of this young Englishman, who is one of a group of "younger" poets who in England are styled "The Georgian Poets." His first volume has reached a third edition, and the reputation of the author is extraordinary for one whose work has been for so short a time before the public. We should like to quote "Second Best," "The Song of the Beasts," "Blue Evening," but we take only this sonnet:

### DAWN.

(On the train between Bologna and Milan; second-class.)

Opposite me two Germans snore and sweat,  
Through sullen swirling gloom we jolt  
and roar.

We have been here for ever: even yet  
A dim watch tells two hours, two aeons,  
more.

The windows are tight-shut and slimy-  
wet

With a night's fœtor. There are two  
hours more;

Two hours to dawn and Milan; two hours  
yet.



Opposite me two Germans sweat and  
snore. . . .

One of them wakes, and spits, and sleeps  
again.

The darkness shivers. A wan light  
through the rain  
Strikes on our faces, drawn and white.  
Somewhere

A new day sprawls; and, inside, the foul  
air  
Is chill, and damp, and fouler than be-  
fore

Opposite me two Germans sweat and  
snore.

\*

### LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE

BY ALBERT D. WATSON. Toronto: The  
Macmillan Company.

PERHAPS to many readers the most interesting part of this book will be Katherine Hale's foreword, which is in part at least poetical and symbolical. Miss Hale says that "Evolution and idealism, liberty and law, God and laughter, soul and body, the mating of these in perfect accord becomes the fabric of this poet's vision, a vision which he has set vibrating in clear song and has rimmed about with the wholesome and lovely colours of the woods, the waters, and the sky." The very heart of Dr. Watson's message she finds in these lines:

Oh, for a love like the air,  
So infinite, soundless, and broad,  
That every child of the earth may share  
The joy of the heart of God!

As we have not discovered in the volume anything that inspires partiality, we accept for quotation Miss Hale's choice of the sonnets:

God is eternity, the sky, the sea,  
The consciousness of universal space,  
The source of energy and living grace,  
Of life and light, of love and destiny.  
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,  
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered  
place

Amid the stars that move before His face  
In robes of hurricane and harmony,  
A light that twinkles in a distant star,  
A wave of ocean surging on the shore,  
One substance with the sea; a wing to  
soar

Forever onward to the peaks afar,  
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,  
A child of the eternal—such is man.

### RAVENNA: A STUDY

BY EDWARD HUTTON. Toronto: J.  
M. Dent and Sons.

MR. HUTTON'S admirable review of the history of Ravenna and of its unique architectural treasures deserves to be widely read, for it provides the key to much that is puzzling in the decline of the Roman Empire and the rise of the Holy Roman Empire, and in the days of barbarism that more or less sharply separate the periods of the two Empires. Mr. Hutton points out that in Ravenna we have the one existing link that joins the ancient world to the world of the Middle Ages, and that its history summarizes that of the warring elements of old and new, of culture, and barbarism. He lays great stress upon Ravenna's geographical position—a position that, whenever Italy was threatened, gave her the immense importance of an impregnable city commanding the pass between Cisalpine Gaul and Italy directly that pass was threatened. Contrary to the opinion of Gibbon, Mr. Hutton asserts that Honorius was wisely advised to retreat from Milan to Ravenna, and that, so far from this retreat being a flight, it was a consummate strategical and political move, and he certainly makes out a good case for his assertion.

\*

### THE WINE-PRESS

BY ALFRED NOYES. Toronto: The  
Copp, Clark Company.

ONE almost agrees with this poet that a new dawn is breaking, when one considers the significance of a popular English poet using all the clangour of his muse to inveigh against the horror of war. The book is dedicated to Colonel Denison and Principal Hutton and all others who believe that peace is the spoiler of nations. It is described as a tale of war. It is indeed a tale of bloody war. The recent conflict in the Bal-



kans is the scene; but first there is a prologue in which the angel Sandalphon reports to God that the East is praying:

O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword  
Destroy our enemies, Lord.

and that the plea of the West is the same. Then we see Johann, a Bulgarian wood-cutter, saying good-bye to his wife and child. He is about to leave for the "front" to fight for—he does not now what—but very likely for the Fatherland. He takes us through the campaign, and here is an incident:

Before Johann a young face rose  
Like a remembered prayer:  
He could not halt or swerve aside  
In the onrush of the murderous tide,  
He jerked his bayonet out of the body  
And swung his butt in the air.

He yelled like a wolf to drown the cry  
Of his own soul in pain.  
To stifle the god in his own breast,  
He yelled and cursed and struck with the  
rest,  
And the blood bubbled over his boots  
And greased his hands again.

Faces like drowned things underfoot  
Slipped as he swung round:  
A red mouth crackled beneath his boot  
Like thorns in spongy ground.

Slaughter? Slaughter? So easy it seemed,  
This work that he thought so hard!  
His eyes lit with a flicker of hell,  
He licked his lips, and it tasted well;  
And—once—he had sickened to watch  
them slaughter  
An ox in the cattle-yard.

And then, after Greece and the Balkan States have been successful, they quarrel, and Johann finds himself fighting against the ones who so lately were his comrades of the line. He does not know why. Why? Let the poet answer:

—“Fight? Fight? For what?”—“Why  
don't you understand  
What war is? For a port to export  
prunes,  
For Christ, my boy, and for the Father-  
land!”

The poem is a vivid, terrific pic-

ture of the horrors of war, but it is optimistic, for in the epilogue “The Dawn of Peace”, a new era, is discovered. As the poets heretofore have taken no small part in spreading the spirit of militarism, this poem is recommended to those institutions and individuals that uphold the doctrine of peace.

\*

### UNPATH'D WATERS

BY FRANK HARRIS. Toronto: Bell  
and Cockburn.

THIS volume is well named, for Mr. Harris has indeed carried his fiction into strange waters. Apart from their great merit as masterpieces of short fiction, these stories are of extraordinary interest because of their very daring. In the first story, for instance, the author takes Christ (at least, we assume that the character could be none other than the One who was crucified on Calvary) and treats Him as an everyday human being. The action takes place after the crucifixion, and we are introduced to a humble wayfarer who settles down because of the allurements of a woman, whom he at length marries. He listens to the praises of his friends, who go nightly to hear the wonderful preaching of a man named Paul, but he scoffs and says Paul garbles the saying of the Saviour. In time he dies, and when they prepare him for burial they find the marks of the nails and the sword. It is the suggestion back of all this that makes the story striking and exceedingly daring.

\*

### FIFTY CARICATURES

BY MAX BEERBOHM. William Heinemann.

IN England it is almost a trite saying that to be caricatured by Max Beerbohm is to be put at once on the high road to fame. Quite certain it is that this extremely subtle caricaturist, himself doubly famous, has



helped the "de-ah public" to take an interest in some persons that are now almost national idols. To mention only a few: The King, Sir Edward Grey, Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, John Macefield, Sir Edward Carson, Premier Asquith, Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Colonel Seely, George Gros-smith, George Moore. The Balfour "frieze," a going, going, gone sort of treatment, is delightful. But these are drawings to be looked at in the book.

\*

### APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN HELSTON. London: Wil-  
liam Heinemann.

WE confess to a liking for this poet's work, even though critics have found some of his product ornate. It is ornate—not always; but ornamentation is not a quality to be consistently condemned. For there are in this volume many ornate yet beautiful lines, such, for instance, as:

By midnight's massed momentous  
quietude,

which is well worthy of poets whose names are known where Helston's has never been heard. In the poem "Lonicera" there are many splendid passages, but we select the following:

For I remember how you went with me,  
One morning, down the middle of the  
year  
The long road yet comes gray across the  
hill  
By dense dark woods and shine of ruddy  
wheat,  
Where ruddier poppies hide or take the  
sun,  
And purple knapweeds darkling dream  
across  
The variant gold of bird's-foot trefoil  
days.  
Swifts, like spent arrows, glancing from  
the clouds,  
Drift down the wind, high over us: and all  
The ways of little streams are half re-  
vealed  
By fragrant methods of the meadowsweet.  
But most the honeysuckle I recall.  
It is a land whose likeness mocks our  
own;  
Where August comes to meet us from the  
hills.

This is your kingdom left you at the last—  
Your last of love, where once you had  
held sway  
From my horizons northward, to the south,  
And from the sunrise, out beyond the arch  
Of the half-sunken sun to solemn things  
That have their home behind a sunseting;  
From star-dawn on the sapphire slopes of  
night,  
By midnight's massed momentous quietude,  
To lovely latitudes where morning moves  
In orient twilight putting out the stars. . .

Of a minor order there is "A  
Child's Song":

Down by the mill-pool,  
Ere the swallows come,  
Where the water tumbles  
Ever into foam,  
Blooming in the springtime,  
Long before the swallows,  
Brave and bold,  
Full of gold,  
See the sunny shallows!  
Down by the mill-pool,  
When we're fast asleep,  
Men with lighted lanterns  
Round the shallows creep.  
Catching 'em in hundreds—  
Some as big as swallows!  
Shaking moths  
Into cloths,  
All along the shallows!

\*

### HERE ARE LADIES

By JAMES STEPHENS. Toronto: The  
Macmillan Company of Canada.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, this is a Stephens book. It is unlike any of his others, but, then, it is unlike any other book by any other author. It consists of a series of short sketches which appear under the headings of "Three Heavy Husbands", "Three Women Who Wept", "Three Angry People", "Three Young Wives", "Three Lovers Who Lost", and "Three Happy Places." They are all subtly and irresistibly Irish, with fine touches of real Hibernian wit and philosophy. They cannot be classed as short stories, for some of them are in form at least merely single incidents or conversations. But all are extremely suggestive. Towards the end of the volume there are some



chapters under the general heading of "There is a Tavern in Our Town", in which are given the quaint opinions and odd observations of a frequenter of the place. The book will be immensely enjoyed by those who know good humour and keen characterization.

\*

## THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.  
London: Constable and Company.

WHEN John Bright, at the age of sixty-six, was speaking at the unveiling of a Cobden statue, he referred to an incident in connection with the death of his first wife when he himself was but thirty years of age. The incident was connected with Bright's first acquaintance with Cobden. When Cobden saw Bright lamenting his great loss, he put his hand upon the other's shoulder and said: "There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed." And Bright went, and they never did rest until they had seen that and other corn laws repealed. In this volume you get close to Bright and to the great events and reform movements in which he took a prominent part: the Factory Acts, the Franchise Reform, the Crimean War, the American War, the death of Cobden, office under Gladstone, and Home Rule. It is a great biography, such as one might expect from the author of "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith."

\*

## COLLECTED POEMS

BY E. A. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

E. A. (GEORGE RUSSELL) is regarded as the poet *par excellence* of Ireland, and now that this volume of his work has appeared he is being more than ever talked about. His

work is notable for its splendid poise, fine natural quality, exquisite colour and admirable dignity. There is about the very euphony of this couplet a compelling flavour:

Above the misty brilliance the streets assume  
A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom.

We quote this poem:

## DESIRE.

With thee a moment! Then what dreams  
have play!  
Traditions of eternal toil arise,  
Search for the high, austere and lonely  
way,  
The Spirit moves in through eternities.  
Ah, in the soul what memories arise!

And with what yearning inexpressible,  
Rising from long forgetfulness, I turn  
To Thee, invisible, unrumoured, still;  
While for Thy whiteness all desires burn.  
Ah, with what longing once again I turn!

\*

—*Poetry and Drama* for March contains poems by Maurice Hewlett, Ezra Pound, Godfrey Elton, and James Elroy Flecker; articles on "The Repertory Theatre," by William Archer; "Reviewing: An Unskilled Labour," by Edward Thomas, and on "Translating Poetry," by Wilfred Thorley. There are also a "Dramatic Chronicle," by Gilbert Cannan; a "French Chronicle," by F. S. Flint, and a paper on "American Poetry," by Louis Untermeyer and Charles T. Ryder.

\*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

—"Overland Red," (anonymous).  
Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

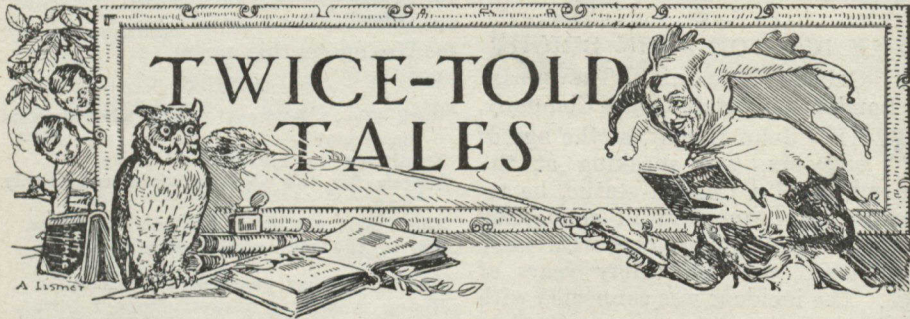
—"The Gardener," by Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Marriage of Cecelia," by Maude Leeson. Toronto: E. P. Gundy.

—"In the Heart of the Meadow," by Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: William Briggs.

—"The Foundations of International Polity," by Norman Angell. Toronto: William Briggs.





#### IT HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN

Great Picture Buyer (to hostess)  
—What do you think of an artist who painted cobwebs on the ceiling so truthfully that the servant wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?

Hostess (a woman of experience)  
—There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a servant.—*Tit-Bits.*

\*

#### RETORT COURTEOUS

Every one has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another, "Who is that old frump over yonder?" and got the reply, "She is my wife." But the story doesn't go far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

#### STUMBLING INTO SOCIETY

Architect — "Now, where would you prefer the drawing-room, sir?"

Mr. Strukile — "Look here, young man, I've let you put up a music-room, when I couldn't play a mouth-organ; a nursery, when I ain't got no nurse; and a pantry, when I don't pant. But I'm goin' to draw the line at a drawin'-room, when I couldn't even draw a straight line."

\*

#### BAD FOR THE DIGESTION

She was a plump widow, with two charming daughters. She had been a "relict" just a year, and was beginning to wear her "weeds" lightly. All the same, when the new curate called upon her she sighed: "Ah, I feel the loss of my poor, dear husband very much. I never have any appetite for anything now."

The curate was all sympathy, and, in the endeavour to cheer her by pointing out what a comfort to her her daughter must be, replied:

"I can quite understand that, but you are solaced in—"

"Si-r-r!" interrupted the indignant lady. "Allow me to inform you that I am not laced in at all."





MR. CALLAHAN (reflectively): "Ash Wednesday—Shrove Tuesday—Good Friday—say, this is a new one on me!"  
—*The Masses*

#### THE WHY OF IT.

"Yes," mused the old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

\*

#### A PLAN TO FOOL ST. PETER

A group of men were discussing their probable chances of entering the heavenly gate. Some were extolling their virtues and religious zeal, and felt sure they could not be ignored. Several were willing to take chances when the situation presented itself.

One said he had his plan mapped out and, when pressed for details, said: "Well, I intend to walk up the golden stairs and take hold of the door and keep opening and closing it, making as much noise as possible, till I get St. Peter good and peeved; and then he will say: 'See here, either you come in, or stay out.'"

#### MAIDENLY MATURITY

The unmarried woman of questionable age waxed exceedingly wroth when the census man asked the number of her years.

"Did you interview the girls next door?" she stormed, "the Hill sisters?"

"Most certainly," replied the census man.

"And did they tell you their ages?"

"Yes."

"Well," she chirped, as she slammed the door in his face, "I'm just as old as they are together."

"Oh, all right," responded the census man softly to himself and he made an entry in his book: "Sarah Smith—as old as the Hills."

\*

#### COURTSHIP IN BULUWAYO

In Buluwayo a young couple presented themselves one Saturday afternoon on the Magistrate's tennis lawn and interrupted the game by demanding to be married. The magistrate refused; declared he would not have his only holiday spoiled; his office was closed for the day. The lovers were insistent; they were trekking at once to take possession of a farm a hundred miles up country and must be married before they set off. "Why on earth," said the magistrate, "did you not come to me this morning?" "But please, sir, we only met at lunch for the first time."—*London Chronicle*.

\*

#### GRANT HIM KEEN SIGHT

A frightfully henpecked man was summoned to the bedside of his dying spouse. For forty years she had made his life a burden.

"I think I am dying, David," she said; "and before I leave you I want to know if I shall see you in a better land."

"I think not, Nancy," he replied—"not if I see you first."



## THE WRONG PRESCRIPTION

Lewis Waller, the actor, who recently returned from a successful season in America, tells a story of a very old Irishman who one day astonished a friend by announcing that he was about to get married.

"Married!" exclaimed his friend, "an old man like you!"

"Well, ye see," the old man explained, "it's just because I'm gettin' an ould bhoy now. 'Tis a foine tring, Pat, to have a wife near ye to close the eyes of ye whin ye come to the end."

"Arrah, now, ye ould fule!" exclaimed Pat. "Don't be so foolish. What do ye know about it? Close yer eyes, indade; I've had a couple o' thim, and faith, they both of them opened mine!"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

\*

## THE JUSTICE OF IT

An old north country farmer visiting London put up at one of the big hotels. He had barely turned in on the first night when a boy turned on the electric light, exclaiming:

"Make haste, sir! Get up! The hotel is on fire!"

The old man slowly raised himself on one elbow and, fixing the boy with a determined look, remarked:

"If it burns down, I no pay for the bed."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## WOMAN'S PLACE IS—?

In a meadow half a dozen young women were practising putting. They looked very smart in their trim golf suits, their skirts of rough homespun, and their scarlet jackets. As I watched them, an old farmer and one of his farm hands approached.

"Boss," grumbled the farm hand, "them girls in the medder is scarin' our cows."

The old farmer shook his head and sighed.

"Ah, Timothy," he said, "times is changed since I was young. In them days the cows scared the gals."—*London Labour Leader*

## SURPRISED

A Scotchman landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal-black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally, he had a burr on his tongue.

"Hey, mannie," said the pink Scotchman, "can ye not tell me wheer I'll find the kirk?"

The darkey took him by the arm and led him to the corner. "Go right up to yon wee hoose and turn to yr're right, and gang up the hill," said he.

The fresh importation from Scotland looked up at him, in horror. "And arre ye from Scotland, man?" he asked.

"Right ye are," said the darkey. "Aberdeen's ma hame."

"And hoo lang have ye been here?"

"Aboot two year," said the darkey.

"Lord save us and keep us!" said the new arrival. "Whaur can I get the boat for Edinboro?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

\*

## PARSIMONY

They were discussing many people and during the course of the evening all manner of little acts of stinginess were described.

Then the silent man began to speak.

"I once knew a woman," he said, "who had a cat. She went out shopping one morning and ordered a few cheap groceries, together with a pennyworth of meat for the cat.

"The goods had to be delivered three miles away. But as the van was about to leave, late in the afternoon, a servant rushed into the shop in a state of great excitement.

"Missus's things gone yet?" she asked anxiously.

"Just going," replied the assistant.

"Well, you must change the order," gasped the breathless girl. "Don't send the meat. The cat's just caught a bird."—*London Answers*.



# WHAT AND WHY IS THE INTERNAL BATH?

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the everpresent, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may

be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the sys-



tem and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and to obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs

must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrell, M.D., Room 219, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in *The Canadian Magazine*.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.



WRITING to the agent entrusted with the purchasing of the stores for the forthcoming Imperial Trans-Antartic Expedition, Sir Ernest Shackleton uses these words:

"I consider the question of the concentrated beef supply is most important—

it must be  
**Bovril**"

Men who trust their lives to their food take no risks, and Sir Ernest Shackleton, planning this expedition with as intimate a knowledge of stores as of ice and snow, has recognized the scientifically proved value of Bovril.

The independent scientific investigation

which proved the **Body-building Power of Bovril to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken** was carried out by one of the foremost physiologists of the Kingdom on behalf of a Government Department, and the results obtained applied to Bovril and Bovril alone.

**Even were it double the price, Bovril would still be an economical and indispensable article in every home.**

*Of all Stores, etc., at*  
1-oz., 25c.; 2-oz., 40c.; 4-oz., 70c.; 8-oz., \$1.30; 16-oz., \$2.25.  
Bovril Cordial, large, \$1.25; 5-oz. 40c.  
16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), \$1.20.

S.H.B.



For the  
Children's Lunch—  
**Ingersoll**  
Cream Cheese

is just the thing Light—  
tempting—nourishing. Give  
them 'Ingersoll' sandwiches.

Spreads  
like  
Butter.



In Packets  
15c &  
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Ask your Grocer

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PACKING Co. Ltd.  
Ingersoll, Ont.

THE thing we enjoy most  
is the thing we can share  
with others. That is one  
more reason why women  
find especial delight in the  
gift of *Snyder's* Bonbons and  
Chocolates. It is the one  
gift sure to please that can  
be secured wherever you  
are.

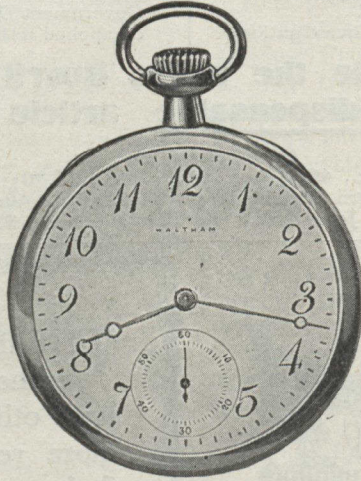
*Snyder's*

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Sales Agents Everywhere



# Waltham Watches



Waltham is the name of the best-known and most widely-used watch in the world. Waltham is the index to all that is desirable in a watch—accuracy, beauty, inbred quality, faithful service. Waltham on a watch means high quality, but not necessarily high price. There are Walthams for as low a price as will buy a good watch, and up to as high a price as any one should pay.

At leading jewelers everywhere

Waltham Watch Company, Montreal



## Morning After Morning

Thousands of homes are made  
brighter and cheerier by

# Post Toasties

These crisp, sweet bits of Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown and always with the famous "toastie" flavour, make a most delicious "starter" for the morning meal.

Toasties require no cooking—no bother. Just pour what you want into a bowl, add some nice cream or good milk, and there you are.

With a bowl of Post Toasties and cream—some fruit, a poached egg, crisp buttered toast, and a cup of Postum—

There you have about the best kind of breakfast to carry one well-fed and clear-headed until lunch time.

You are invited to visit the big, clean factories at Battle Creek, where Post Toasties, Grape-Nuts and Postum are made. There's much to be seen, and there's a welcome!

# Post Toasties

—sold by Grocers everywhere.







Praised  
on every  
hand

# Williams' Shaving Soaps and Toilet Preparations

The more particular you are about your Shaving Soap and toilet articles the more likely you are to insist upon Williams'.

Send 4 cents in stamps for a miniature trial sample of any of the articles shown above

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,  
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.





*Directions  
and  
Suggestions  
for easy  
House  
Cleaning*



**SCOURS**  
 CHIPPED WARE  
 POTS  
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 PLASTERED WARE  
 STEEL  
 COPPER  
 BRASS  
 IRON  
 BATH TUBS  
 BRICKS  
 MARBLE  
 CHINA  
 GLASS  
 WOODWORK  
 LIME  
 OIL  
 PAINTS

**CLEANS**  
 BATH TUBS  
 SINKS  
 REFRIGERATORS  
 TABLES  
 CHINA  
 MARBLE  
 WOODWORK  
 PAINTS  
 OIL  
 PAINTS

**Directions**  
 Wet the article to be cleaned  
 and sprinkle lightly with  
**Old Dutch  
 Cleanser**  
 Scrub with brush or cloth and take up  
 excess for general lichen use apply to  
 the surface of clothing cloth or leather

**AVOID CAUSTIC AND ACIDS**  
 Old Dutch Cleanser is more economical  
 and convenient than scouring  
 acids; it contains no caustic, and  
 is harmless to the skin, and  
 will not scratch

Made only by  
**CUDAHY SOAP WORKS**





**Enhance the natural beauty of your figure**

by wearing one of the new models of D & A Corsets. Without undue compression, nor loss of natural beauty they give the correct lines insisted upon by fashionable dress makers,

We recommend No. 808 as illustrated, for evening wear, its lines being specially graceful and texture very light and cool — It sells at \$1.50 and compares favorably with imported models costing 50% more.

Popular stores everywhere sell D & A Corsets.

**Dominion Corset Co., Quebec.** Manufacturers.  
Makers also of the **LA DIVA Corsets.**

7-14

*NON RUSTABLE*

**D & A**

**CORSETS**

No 808



## The Rodgers' Trade Mark

on any one piece of cutlery is an assurance of good steel, well fashioned and well tempered.

For over two centuries "Rodgers'" Cutlery has been increasing its reputation of excellence.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

*Cutlers to His Majesty*

SHEFFIELD - ENGLAND



# “Play Ball”



To do it effectively—in sport, business or any other game of life—one needs a vigorous body controlled by a clear brain.

## Food Plays a big part

Many play a losing game because their food doesn't contain the elements necessary to build up strong bodies and healthy brains.

Most white flour foods are lacking in these elements—the vital mineral salts—so necessary for mental and physical balance.

## Grape-Nuts FOOD

admirably supplies this lack.

Made of choice whole wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts retain the mineral salts and other nutritive values in just the right proportion, as grown in the grain. It is an ideal food for winners in any game.

Grape-Nuts come in tightly sealed packages—perfectly baked and ready to eat with cream or good milk. Fresh, crisp, and delicious!

**“There's a Reason” for Grape-Nuts**

—sold by Grocers everywhere.





There's a reason why so many

## EUREKA REFRIGERATORS

are being used by Butchers, Grocers, Creameries, Hospitals, Restaurants, Hotels, Etc. Etc., in all parts of the Dominion. The Patented System of dry air circulation is superior to anything else in use, and 28 years of experience is a strong guarantee. All Eureka Refrigerators are as dry as a sideboard, and food stuff is kept in the best possible condition, perfectly dry and wholesome.

Eureka Refrigerators are made to last a lifetime. Handsomely finished, lined with odorless Spruce coated with pure orange shellac, or white enamelled, or lined with white porcelain. They are sold only direct from the Factory eliminating middlemen's profits. Showrooms 31 Brock Ave. Telephone Parkdale 513. Write for catalogue.

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*Eureka Refrigerators are Canadian  
Made by Canadian labor.*

Ask your stationer for

## FRENCH ORGANDIE Empress Note

with Envelopes to match.

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The most exclusive and most delightful  
NOTE PAPER for society correspondence.

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Made only by

**BARBER-ELLIS, Limited**  
TORONTO BRANTFORD WINNIPEG VANCOUVER CALGARY

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Write to Brantford and let us send you a generous sample, sufficient for six long letters.



**"That's  
Great"**



# A Rarity Without Any Extra Price

Among oat lovers, all the world over, Quaker Oats is known as a rarity. Even Scotch connoisseurs send here for it.

Because Quaker Oats is always made from big, plump, luscious grains. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pound of Quaker.

These picked-out grains may have twice the flavor of puny, half-grown grains. And

that flavor—kept intact by our process—has won the world to Quaker.

Now there are millions, of every race and clime, who insist on this Quaker flavor. The demand has grown to a thousand million dishes yearly.

And now this mammoth output lets us give you this rarity without any extra price.

## Quaker Oats

*Flakes Made from Queen Grains Only*

If you think Quaker Oats important to the welfare of children, this flavor is also important. It is flavor that wins them, and keeps them, and causes them to eat an abundance of Quaker.

And each dish means energy and vim. Each supplies a wealth of the elements needed for brains and nerves.

Don't let children grow away from this food of foods. And don't, if your vitality is taxed, grow away yourself.

As a vim-producer, as a food for growth, all the ages have found nothing to compare with oats.

That is the reason for Quaker. Its flakes are big and inviting. Its flavor makes this dish delightful.

You make a mistake when you don't get this Quaker flavor.

### Now a 25c. Size

**We now put up a large 25c. package in addition to the 10c. size. It saves buying so often--saves running out. Try it--see how long it lasts.**

*10c and 25c per Package, Except in Far West.*

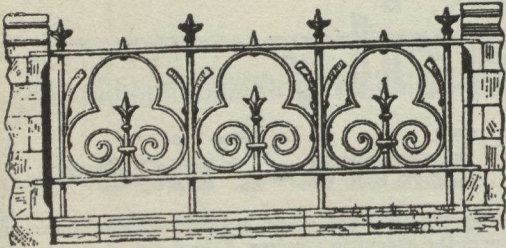
**The Quaker Oats Company**





# That Garden Fence

Spring brings us birds, blossoms, bugs and bugbears. Old fences look passably well while half hidden in the winter's snow but when Spring uncovers the garden's lifeless mud and that ramshackle old fence shows up like a last-year's bonnet all you can call that fence is a gardener's bugbear.



Our business is making ornamental iron fences, gates and garden furniture, in designs to suit any garden and to harmonize with any surrounding. We will send you an illustrated catalogue and, a quotation on a fence you can be proud of.

**Dennis Wire & Iron Works Co., Ltd.,**  
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**THE EXTRA TOUCH—**  
Delicate Finish in Flavor

In cool, dainty desserts that tempt the appetite, is given with

## Mapleine

Mapleine Bavarian, mousse, parfait, ice cream, frosty cakes,— these are a few suggestions for refreshing dishes with this idyllic flavorfuling.



**2-ounce bottle, 50 cents.**

*Get it from your grocer, or write*

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Send 2-cent stamp for Recipe Book. Dept. H.



# The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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## The Diminishing Dollar

The dollars you get are just as large as they ever were, but they are smaller in purchasing power than ever before. The problem is how to make a dollar go as far as possible in purchasing the necessities of life. For a dollar you can get one hundred



## Shredded Wheat Biscuits

and that means a hundred wholesome, nourishing breakfasts. If you add coffee, milk and a little cream, a deliciously strengthening and satisfying Shredded Wheat breakfast should not cost over five cents. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the whole wheat prepared in digestible form. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.



Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness. For breakfast serve with hot milk and a little cream, adding salt or sugar to suit the taste. Deliciously nourishing for any meal in combination with sliced bananas, baked apples, stewed prunes, or canned or preserved fruits. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat wafer and is eaten as a toast with butter, cheese or marmalade.

**"It's All in the Shreds"**

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited,  
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TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON ST., E.



# A DELIGHTFUL TREAT For Every Occasion



## COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

(NAME AND DESIGN REGISTERED)

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EVERYWHERE

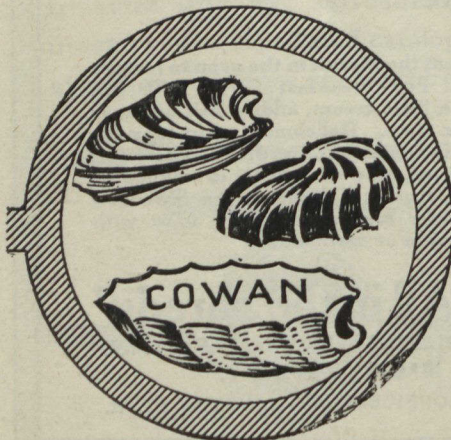
**E**VERYBODY'S Children  
love Maple Buds.

The little ones because  
they taste so good.

The older ones (and there's no age  
limit), because nothing but the pleasant  
memory lingers after indulgence in these  
dainty and easily digested sweets.

*Pure chocolate, pure milk and pure  
sugar. A delicious solid chocolate con-  
fection. Could anything be better?*

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED,  
TORONTO, CANADA







## Look at These Tempting Grains

These toasted, steam exploded grains—crisp, brown, inviting—puffed to eight times normal size.

Shaped as they grew, but changed, by this strange process, into thin-walled, airy bubbles.

The very sight of Puffed Grains is enticing.

One wants to taste them. Then these fragile morsels, with their almond flavor, reveal an unforgettable delight. The taste is like toasted nuts.

### Mark Their History

Then think that each grain was puffed

in this way by a hundred million steam explosions.

Inside of each granule a trifle of moisture was turned to super-heated steam. This was done in huge guns, then the guns were shot. And every food granule was thus blasted to pieces.

Not to create these myriad cells. Not to make grains which fairly melt in the mouth. But to make every atom digestible. That never was done before. And that is the sole object of this curious process invented by Prof. Anderson.

Beyond all their fascinations lies the fact that these are the best-cooked cereal foods ever created.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in  
Extreme  
West*

Note the facts which make these foods unique.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible. One may eat them any hour without tax on the stomach.

Served with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit, they have delicious crispness and a nut-like taste.

Served in bowls of milk, like bread or

crackers, they are dainty wafers, toasted, porous, thin.

And they are used like nut meats in a dozen ways—in candy making, in frosting cake and as garnish to ice cream. Or, crisped in butter, children eat them dry like peanuts.

Every day, in some way, let your folks enjoy one of these two delightful foods.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(539)



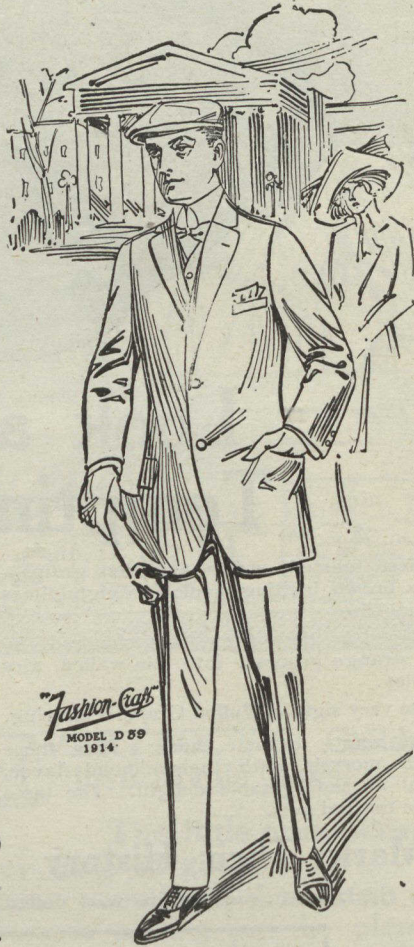
# Model D59

**F**ASHION-CRAFT Tailoring shows at its best in this Spring Model Suit—D59.

Maximum Style plus maximum service were in the designer's mind when he conceived and perfected it!

A great favorite with men to whom quiet style and inconspicuousness are preferable for business hours.

Better tell the salesman "D59" and judge for yourself! It's price is \$18 to \$35 according to the quality of material you select.

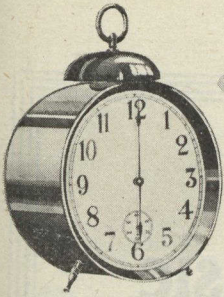


SHOPS OF

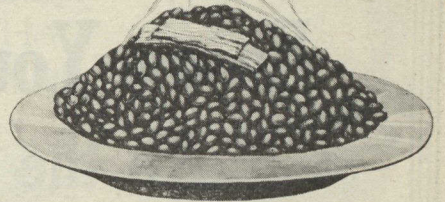
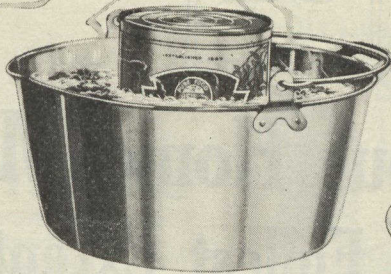
# "Fashion-Craft"

In every Important  
Town and City in Canada.





*An On-Time  
Meal, In  
Least Time*



## We Take Time to Give You Leisure

Just heat Heinz Baked Beans while the table is being set. Then serve.

Without bother or fuss, without the hours of preparation, you give your family *real* baked beans with *the real* flavor that comes only when beans are baked by fire in an oven. The hard work is all done for you in our famous kitchens.

# Heinz Baked Beans

One of the 57 Varieties

are baked the slow, painstaking way, the one way that produces the flavor and makes beans most satisfying and nourishing.

There are quicker, easier methods of cooking beans, but we are not looking for quick or easy ways. From the start of our business, our one aim has been to make only the best.

That's why we issue the broad guarantee for all our products, "Your money back if you're not pleased."

*There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:*

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce  
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style  
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian)  
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

*Others of the 57 Varieties are:*

Spaghetti—cooked, ready to serve, Peanut Butter, Cream Soups  
India Relish, Olives, Tomato Ketchup, etc.

## H. J. Heinz Company



*More than 50,000 Visitors Inspected the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Last Year*



GH

# Enjoy Your Home Music To the Fullest Extent

What all poetry and prose suffers if read by a discordant voice, all music suffers through rendering by a strident, harsh, unmusical piano.

Inversely, a beautiful voice increases many fold the enjoyment of a recitation, and in quite the same way a sweet, melodious instrument develops a quality in music which otherwise could never be known.

## The Gerhard Heintzman

### Canada's Greatest Piano

with its wonderful tonal quality, is a music interpreter. If you desire a piano at all you naturally desire the best procurable. Surely you cannot really be content with anything less than a Gerhard Heintzman.

Let us give you a demonstration of this instrument ; or if not in the city we will gladly send you the Art Booklet containing fullest particulars upon request.

Your present instrument taken as part payment at a fair valuation and convenient terms arranged.

Our only Toronto Salesrooms are  
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 BABY IS VERY COMFORTABLE AND  
 LAUGHS DURING THE TEETHING  
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**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**SOOTHING SYRUP**

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 Blame the  
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Supply  
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**THE "UPTON" FLAVOR**

in Jams and Jellies is the most delicious that can be obtained, because these Goods are made from only the purest of Fruits under the most hygienic conditions—The natural flavor of fresh fruits.

Try an order of UPTON'S  
 on your next Grocery List.

**THE T. UPTON COMPANY, LIMITED**  
 HAMILTON • ONTARIO





# VICKERMAN'S SERGES WEAR WELL NEVER FADE

All men wear clothes of some kind. Men of good judgement insist on the Fabrics where the maker's name in full is found along the selvage.

## Blacks—Blues—Greys



Reg. Trade Mark—The Maker's Name.

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## "THAT LOOKS GOOD"

When the appearance of your letters awakens the above comment you have established yourself as a live concern in the eyes of the reader.

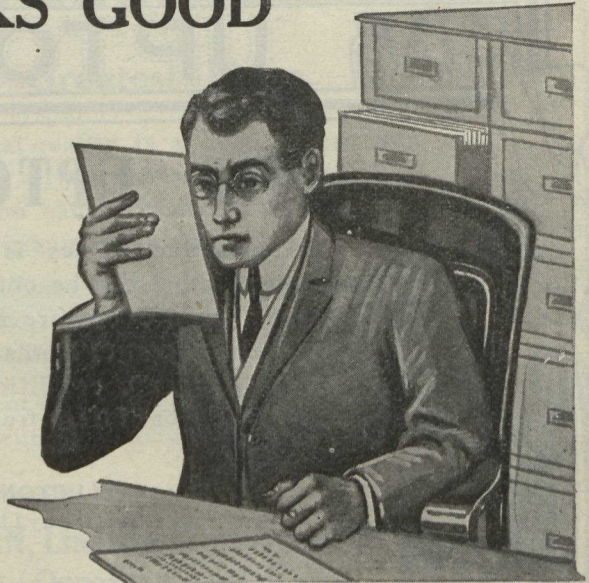
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Their excellence is due equally to the skill of the makers and the quality of their materials.

They are unconditionally guaranteed and are not affected by any climate.



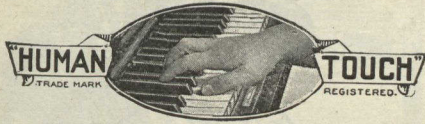
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Address.....  
**PEERLESS 'SAMPLER'**  
Clip this coupon and send 50c. for the "convenient Package" of 13 sheets of Peerless Carbon paper to test in your own office.



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## Player-Piano



**Pass Like the  
Natural Hand.**

The problem of manufacturing a Player-Piano which is not mechanical has been solved. Listen from a separate room to the same selection, played first by the natural hand and then by the "Human Touch" Player, and you cannot distinguish the difference. This test has never failed to convince even the most skeptical. Miniature catalogue of all our designs, and full particulars mailed on request.

*You are invited to our daily demonstrations.*

THE  
**NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC Co., Ltd.**  
Head Office: - 15 King St. E., Toronto  
Branches and Agencies throughout the Dominion.



### A Shoe for Particular Men

You cannot be too "fussy" about your footwear. And the more particular you are, the more likely is your selection to rest upon our shoes.

You cannot make any mistake in selecting a shoe that comes from the quality shoe factory of the Minister Myles Shoe Company—and the

## BERESFORD SHOE

is one of the most noteworthy

A gentleman's shoe, in every sense. Smart in appearance, full of staunch wearing qualities, and fits like a glove.

Worth trying at several shoe shops to find the Beresford—but as a matter of fact, the first shop you ask at is likely to have it.

#### Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass



Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price, 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. to cover cost of engraving, postage and packing.

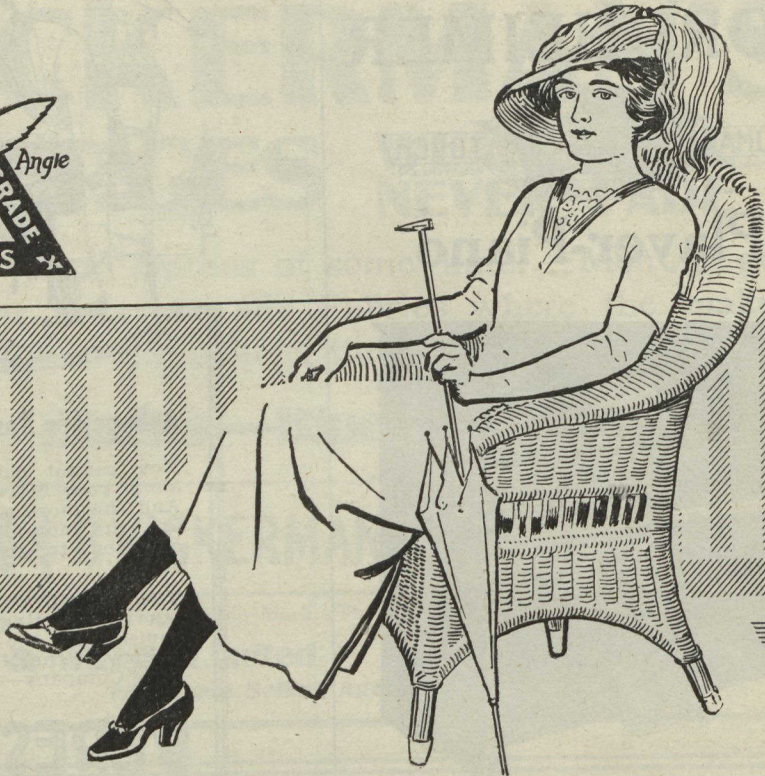
The  
**BERESFORD**

**Minister, Myles  
Shoe Co., Limited  
109 Simcoe St.  
TORONTO**

Send  
me a  
Vanity  
Hand Glass

Name \_\_\_\_\_





THERE'S *an air of quiet elegance* and good taste about *Penmans Hosiery* which men and women of refinement are quick to note.

*Penmans Hosiery is knit to form—without-a-seam—the Penman way, which insures velvety comfort, longer wear and lasting shapeliness while it makes ripping and darning mere memories associated with ordinary hose. You can buy this vastly better hosiery at the price you'd have to pay for common hose.*

# Penmans Hosiery

is made for men, women and children in cotton, cashmere silk and lisle—any weight and all popular colors. *Look for the trademark!*

**Penmans Limited,**

**Hosiery, Sweaters,  
Underwear**

**Paris, Can.**





**The General says:-**

There are many plausible "tests" of roofing, but there is only one true test—the proof on the roof.

Therefore, roof your buildings—every building on the farm—with

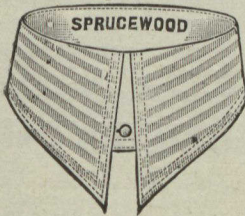
## **Certain-teed** **ROOFING**

—the roofing with a 15-year-service-guarantee. The three biggest roofing mills in the world are behind it, to make that guarantee good.

Your dealer can furnish **Certain-teed** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturers, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

# EW

**RED MAN**



### **A Long Point Sateen Madrass Collar**

20c. or 3 for 50c.

The last word in this very popular style of collars. No collar we make possesses to a higher degree the distinctive style which differentiates the Red Man Brand from all others. This collar will be very popular this season.

For Sale by Canada's Best Men's Stores.

**EARL & WILSON - New York**

Makers of Troy's Best Product.

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Prevented by

# CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. They do so much to allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, McLean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.  
Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



Blue Jay



# Ends One-Half the Corns

Do you know that nearly half the corns in the country are now ended in one way?

**Blue-jay** takes out a million corns a month. It frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. In 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no soreness.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it, and it brings only brief relief.

Don't use old-time treatments. They have never been efficient.

Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay**. It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

## Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

**Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York**  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

### RIDER AGENTS WANTED

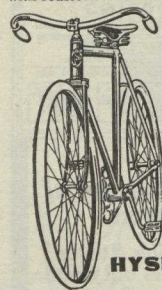
everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.

**We ship on approval** to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL**. It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

**DO NOT BUY** a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

**ONE CENT** you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. **Do not wait. Write it now.**

**HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited**  
Dept. G. TORONTO, Canada



### WRITING

The short-story, the novel, the play, the photo-play, and all minor literary forms, may be learned during spare time at home. Send for free "Program of Work," telling how you may *master* the technique of writing.

We also edit and sell MS. of all kinds.

**SCHOOL of LITERARY CRAFTSMANSHIP and AESTHETICS** Washington, D. C.



Washburne's Pat. Adjustable Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home.

Made of Brass and nickel-Steel, 3 sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100. Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢.

Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free. **YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION.**

**THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N.Y.**

### INVESTING FOR PROFIT FREE

**FOR SIX MONTHS.** It is worth \$10 a copy to any one intending to invest any money, however small, who has invested money unprofitably, or who can save \$5.00 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of investing for profit. It demonstrates the **real** earning power of money, the knowledge financiers and bankers hide from the masses. It reveals the enormous profits bankers make and shows how to make the same profits. It explains how stupendous fortunes are made and why made, how \$1,000 grows to \$22,000. To introduce my magazine, write me **now**. I'll send it six months absolutely **FREE**. **H. L. BARBER, Pub. R 176, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.**

### COLLECTIONS



**DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE.** No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B. C.

### BOW LEGS UNSIGHTLY



Those afflicted with bow legs should wear the "Perfect Leg Form" and overcome this deformity. Trousers hang perfectly straight. Made of the highest grade aluminum. Light, sanitary, durable and inexpensive. Easy put on and adjustable to any size. Highly recommended by tailors. Send for our booklet showing photos of men wearing our improved forms and as they appear without them.

**"THE PERFECT SALES" Co., Dept. 7**  
140 No. Mayfield Ave., Austin, Chicago, Ill.



# \$60 A WEEK AND EXPENSES

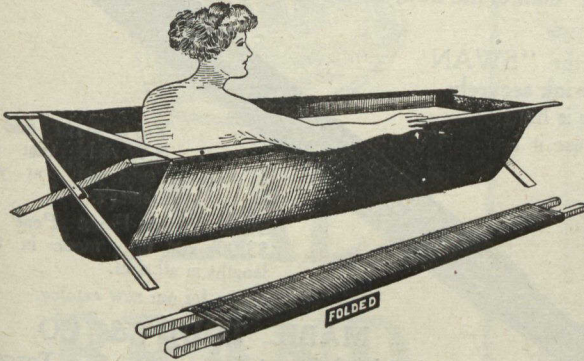
to any Canadian man or woman with red blood in their veins.

I want representatives in every part of the country for the liveliest, most honest, and most efficient proposition ever offered. No experience needed.

It solves the bathing problem. No plumbing. No water-works required. A boon alike to country and city dweller. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella.

Now, I want YOU to handle your county. Demonstrating tubs on liberal plan. I'm positive you can make more money in a week than you ever made in a month before.

## Two Sales a Day—\$300 a Month



That's what you should get every month. Needed in every home—badly wanted—eagerly bought. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales, immense profits. Look at these men. Smith, Ohio, got 18 orders first week; Myers, Wis., \$250 profit first month; Newton, California, \$60 in three days. You should do as well. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.

### DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED

I grant you credit—back you up—help you with live, appealing sales talks.

Hundreds of delighted buyers and sales agents bear testimony to the value of my folding bath-tub and to the squareness of my business methods.

Write to-day for full details. Send no money. Just hustle a post-card for free Tub offer.

C. A. RUKAMP, General Manager

THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., 131 Sandwich Street, Walkerville, Ont.

## "The Home"

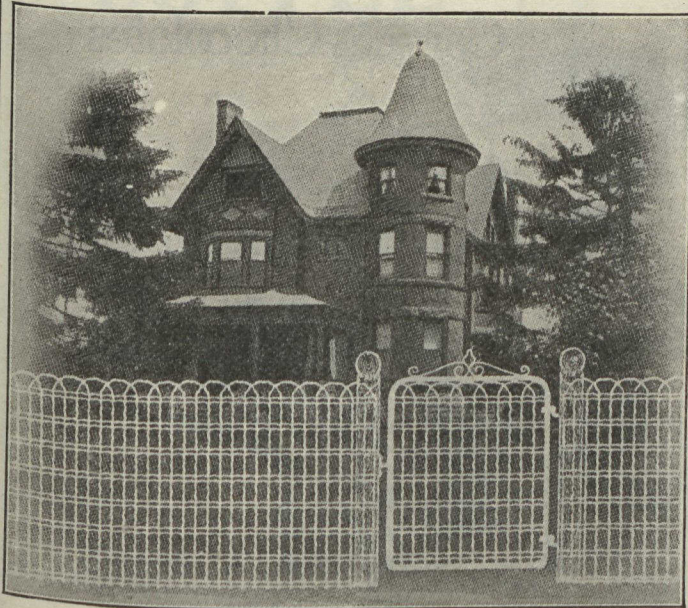
"As pretty as a picture." That's what one said of a home enclosed with "IDEAL" LAWN FENCE. And with good cause too, for surrounding a magnificent house was a beautiful garden and lawn unmarked by the rampages of small animals yet bathed by the glorious sunlight.

### 'Ideal' Lawn Fence

casts practically no shadow which gives the flowers along the border the direct rays of the sun.

Well kept lawns surrounded with "IDEAL" LAWN FENCE and GATES not only add to the appearance of "The Home" and the value of the property, but they make "The Home" more attractive, more artistic. "IDEAL" is not expensive and can be erected by anyone. It's cheaper than iron or wooden fences and better than either.

We will gladly send you Catalog No. 144 on "IDEAL" LAWN FENCE and other "IDEAL" LAWN ACCESSORIES.



The McGregor Banwell Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.



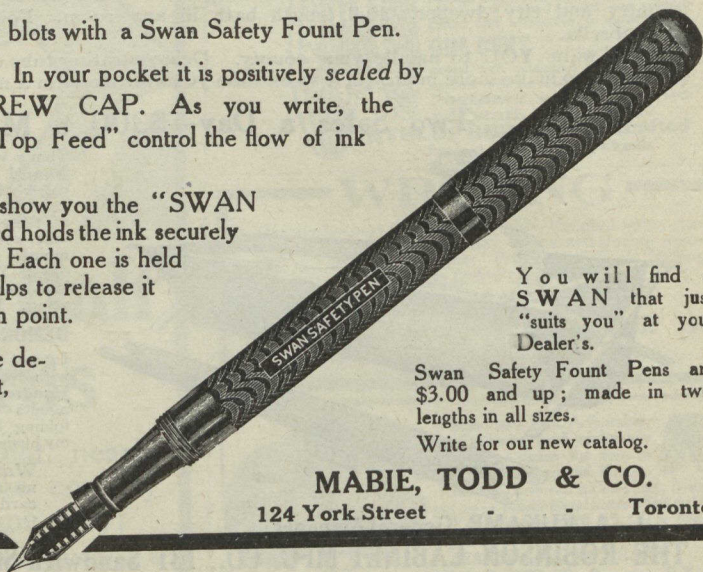
# SAFETY FIRST! —a feature of the "SWAN" SAFETY FOUNT PEN

You need never fear leakage or blots with a Swan Safety Fount Pen.

The "SWAN" cannot leak. In your pocket it is positively sealed by the SWAN SAFETY SCREW CAP. As you write, the "Ladder Feed" and "Gold Top Feed" control the flow of ink so perfectly that it cannot blot.

A glance at the illustration will show you the "SWAN LADDER FEED". This Feed holds the ink securely in tiny drops, which cannot fall. Each one is held until the "Gold Top Feed" helps to release it on pressure being put on the pen point.

This *Safety* feature, plus the delightfully smooth writing point, durability and simplicity of the "Swan Safety Fount Pens" give them an unequalled prestige.



You will find a SWAN that just "suits you" at your Dealer's.

Swan Safety Fount Pens are \$3.00 and up; made in two lengths in all sizes.

Write for our new catalog.

**MABIE, TODD & CO.**

124 York Street - - Toronto



Ganong's Chocolates

The best surprise is always Ganong's



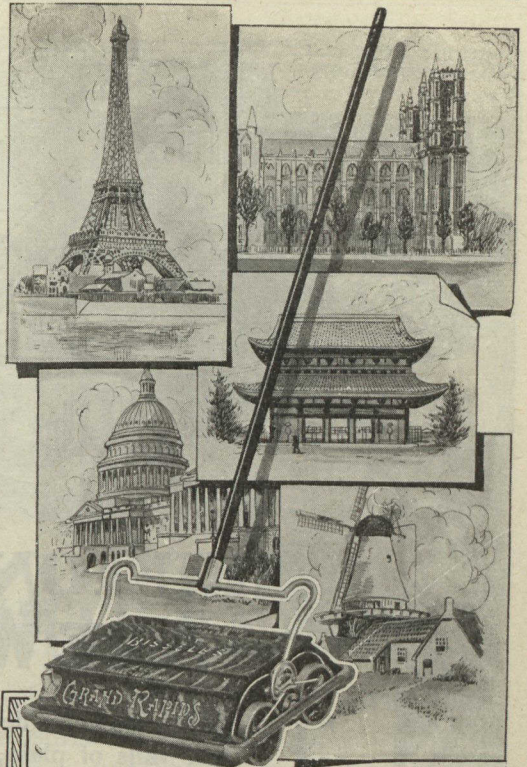


# SEAL BRAND COFFEE

The  
Finishing Touch  
To A  
Perfect Meal

CHASE & SANBORN  
MONTREAL

147



## "WE SWEEP THE WORLD"

IN every civilized country where carpets and rugs are used, the Bissell sweeper is sold and, upon merit alone, commands the bulk of the business both at home and abroad.

## BISSELL'S

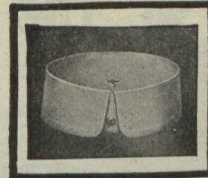
"Cyclo" BALL BEARING

### Carpet Sweeper

occupies this position of prestige because of its mechanical superiority over other makes and no other cleaning device can take its place in meeting the daily and hourly needs of the home. The Bissell is clearly the most handy, inexpensive apparatus for every-day use. It runs easy, sweeps thoroughly, and confines the dust. Double benefits are obtained through the use of two sweepers—one for upstairs and one for down. Sold by nearly all good stores. Prices \$3.00 to \$4.75. Booklet "Easy Economical, Sanitary Sweeping" mailed on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont.



### CHALLENGE COLLARS

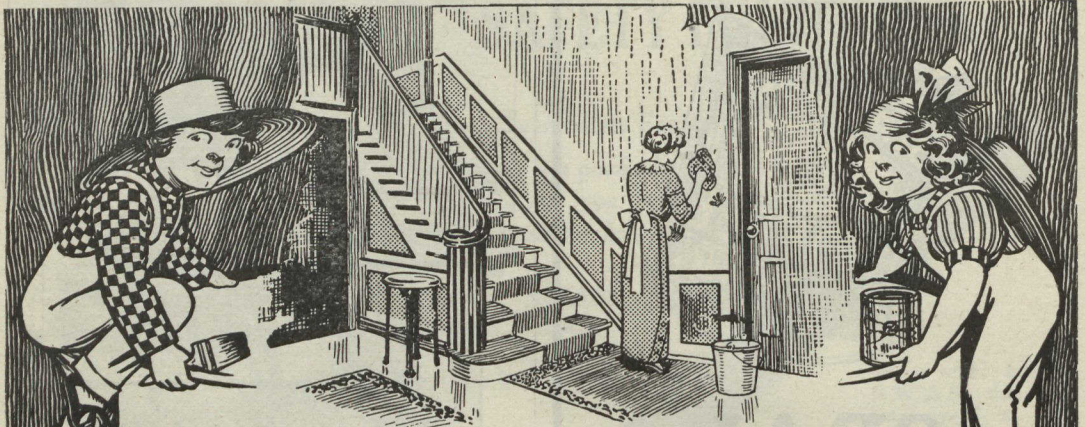
Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO.  
of Canada, Ltd.

58 FRAZER AVENUE  
TORONTO







## "NEU-TONED" WALLS ARE WASHABLE.

**T**HERE is no home decoration more pleasingly simple than walls of plain, soft color tints. And there is no wall covering more sanitary than the washable, durable "Neu-Tone" Flat Paint.

"NEU-TONE" is the modern finish for halls, stairways, bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens—or in fact, for any Plastered Wall, Ceiling, Burlap, Wood or Metal Surface.

"NEU-TONE" is easy to apply, as it takes care of itself—works well under the brush—flats perfectly without a trace of laps or brush marks—producing a subdued flat finish of a soft velvety effect and with great depth of tone that is pleasing and restful to the eye.

"NEU-TONE" is also most economical because it gives you walls that are easily cleaned. When a "NEU-TONE" Wall becomes soiled, a sponge or soft cloth and lukewarm water, will remove dirt and finger marks and renew the soft velvety appearance of this finish.

Write for our beautiful book, "Harmony In Neu-Tone", one of the most elaborate books on home decoration ever issued—free for the asking.

**The Martin-Senour Co.**  
Limited  
**MONTREAL.** 28







# LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL

To the woman of taste the white enameled room makes a strong appeal. She delights in its atmosphere of cheery, dainty brightness. Not only in her boudoir, bedrooms and bathroom, but in the living rooms as well.

Luxeberry White Enamel produces a rich, deep, snow white effect unequalled by any other finish. A Luxeberry surface is smooth, satiny and durable, and may be left either a soft dull, or brilliant as the finest porcelain.

Luxeberry White Enamel won't turn yellow, chip or crack and cleans in a jiffy with soap and water.

In snow white rooms the natural wood floors should be protected and beautified by the finest

floor varnish. Liquid Granite has all the toughness its name implies. It brings out the beauty of the wood, multiplying its attractiveness. Liquid Granite floors have a durable elastic surface that withstands the wear of grown-up feet and the romp of playing children—a surface you can wash without fear of turning it white—even boiling water has no harmful effect.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes have been the first choice of home owners, architects and decorators for over fifty years. Ask your dealer about them or write us direct for varnish information of special interest to home owners.

Member of



**BERRY BROTHERS**  
(INCORPORATED)  
World's Largest Varnish Makers

Walkerville, Ont.,

Branches in principal cities of the world.

Established 1858

# LIQUID GRANITE





# The DOMINION PIANO.



"Of all the arts beneath the heaven,  
That man has found or God has given,  
None draws the soul so sweet away,  
As music's melting, mystic lay;  
Slight emblem of the bliss above,  
It soothes the spirit all to love."

—HOGG.

And of all the noble instruments of melody, none is more softly inspirational than the Dominion Piano.

For nearly 50 years, in every country of the British Empire, these Canadian-built Dominion Pianos have brought melody and good cheer into over 80,000 homes.

It is hard to appreciate the artistic beauty of this instrument unless you have had it demonstrated to you.

If you are about to purchase a piano and will write to us for a catalogue, we will send it to you and tell you where the instrument may be seen.

The Dominion Piano costs, as a rule, nearly \$100 less than a professionally commercialized instrument of equal merit. That is one more reason why you should investigate it. Write for the catalogue now.

**The DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO Co., Ltd.**

(Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player Pianos)

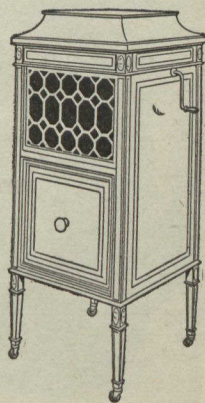
BOWMANVILLE, CANADA



# Have you been waiting for an Edison Disc Phonograph?

The man who made sound reproduction possible—Thomas A. Edison—has now produced a Phonograph that plays Disc Records. He has put into this new instrument all that 35 years of study in sound reproduction has taught him.

The result is a Phonograph of rich, mellow tones and lifelike fidelity. If you want real music, if you want permanency in your reproducing point, if you want records that can be played for years without injury, if you want a cabinet that is beautifully designed, if you want every improvement and refinement that Mr. Edison has been able to work out—then you want an Edison Disc Phonograph. There is a model at your price. There is a demonstration at your service any time.



**Edison  
Disc Phonograph**  
Cabinet in Oak, Drawer  
room for 36 Records, Dia-  
mond Point Reproducer,  
Automatic Stop, Powerful  
Silent Spring Motor with  
Worm Gear.

*Thomas A. Edison*  
INCORPORATED

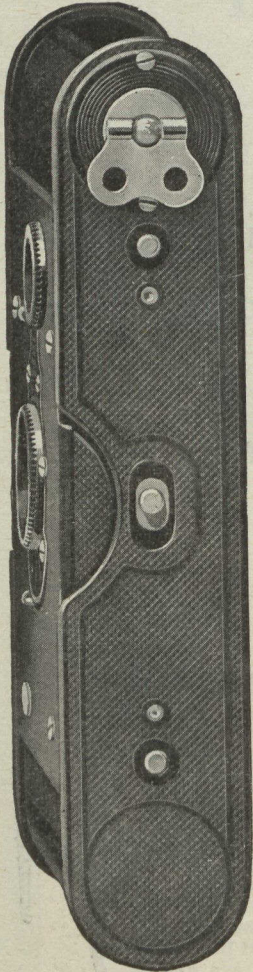
6 Lakeside Avenue

Orange, N. J.



# The Vest Pocket Kodak

*"As right as a watch."*



*Actual Size.*

SO small and smooth that it is pocketed without annoyance; is instantly ready for business without focusing. Fitted with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter, Autotime scale, reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges of eight exposures. Pictures  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

So accurate is this little camera that enlargements can be made from the negatives to any reasonable size, and at small cost—to the post card size ( $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ), for instance, at sixteen cents.

*Furnished with three different lens equipments:*

Vest Pocket Kodak, with meniscus achromatic lens,	- - -	\$ 7.00
Do., with Kodak Anastigmat lens, Speed <i>f.</i> 8,	- - -	13.50
Do., with Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat lens, Speed <i>f.</i> 6.9,	- - -	22.50

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED,

TORONTO.

*Kodak catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.*



# "Here comes our Columbia! On with the DANCE!"

All the music of all the world when you want it, as long as you want it. There is no one thing that gives as much real pleasure, to so many people at so little cost, as a Columbia Grafonola.

Just go, write or 'phone to your nearest Columbia dealer and ask him to send you any model Grafonola that you may select (the price range is \$17.50 to \$650) together with your personally selected list of records. He will gladly make terms of payment to suit your convenience.

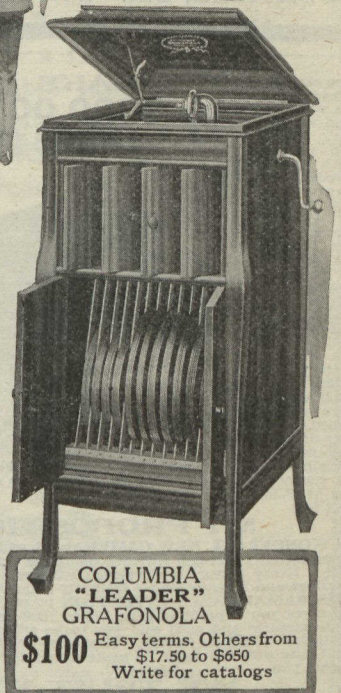
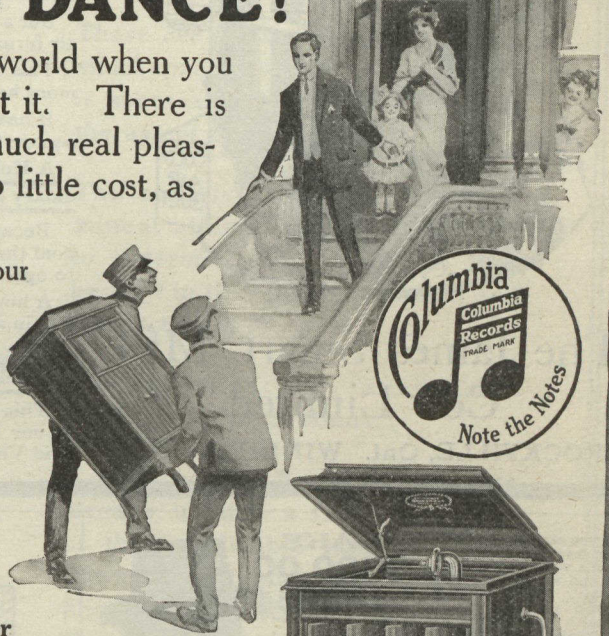
New Dance Records just issued—as usual recorded under the supervision of G. Hepburn Wilson, M. B., master of the modern dance. Vernon Castle himself dances to Columbia Records in Castle House. He says they're the best he has heard.

Send us 25c in stamps or coin and we will send you one special sample Columbia record which will play on your machine no matter what make it is—until you have heard Columbia Records you have not yet realized the full possibilities of the best music.

### Important Notice

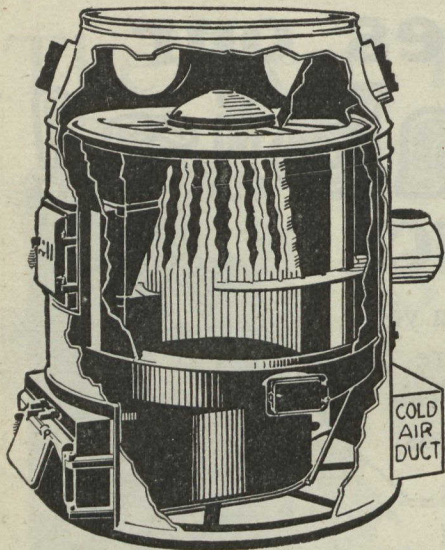
All Columbia Records can be used on your disc talking machines (if any standard make).

**COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.**  
TORONTO, ONTARIO



Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write today for full particulars





# The Extra Weight

in a KELSEY

# Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

## The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

If you are making less than \$50 a week you should write us today. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan; you can work when you please, where you please, always have money and the means of making plenty more of it.

**JUST LISTEN TO THIS.** One man traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He stayed at the best hotels, lived like a lord wherever he went and cleaned up more than \$10.00 every day he was out. Another man worked the fairs and summer resorts, and when there was nothing special to do, just started out on any street he happened to select, got busy and took in \$8.00 a day for month after month. This interests you, don't it?



**MAKE \$200.00 A MONTH**

### MY PROPOSITION

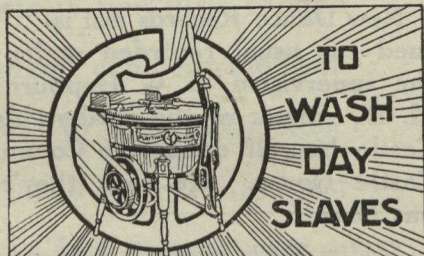
Is a **WONDERFUL NEW CAMERA** with which you can take and instantaneously develop pictures on paper Post Cards and Tintypes. Every picture is developed without the use of films or negatives, and is ready almost instantly to deliver to your customer. **THIS REMARKABLE INVENTION** takes 100 pictures an hour and gives you a profit of from 500 to 1500 per cent. Everybody wants pictures and each sale you make advertises your business and makes more sales for you. Simple instructions accompany each outfit, and you can begin to make money the same day the outfit reaches you.

### WE TRUST YOU

**SO MUCH CONFIDENCE HAVE WE** in our proposition that we **TRUST YOU** for part of the cost of the outfit. The regular selling price of the Camera and complete working outfit is reasonable. The profits are so big, so quick, so sure, that you could afford to pay the full price if we asked you to do so. But we are so absolutely certain that you can make big money from the start that we trust you for a substantial sum, which you need not pay unless you clean up \$200.00 the first month. **FAIR ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?**

Do not delay a minute but write us today for our free catalog and full particulars.

**L. LASCELLE, 70 Lombard St., Dept 3 Toronto, Ont.**



Women were slaves once. Some of them have never gotten over it, particularly on wash day.

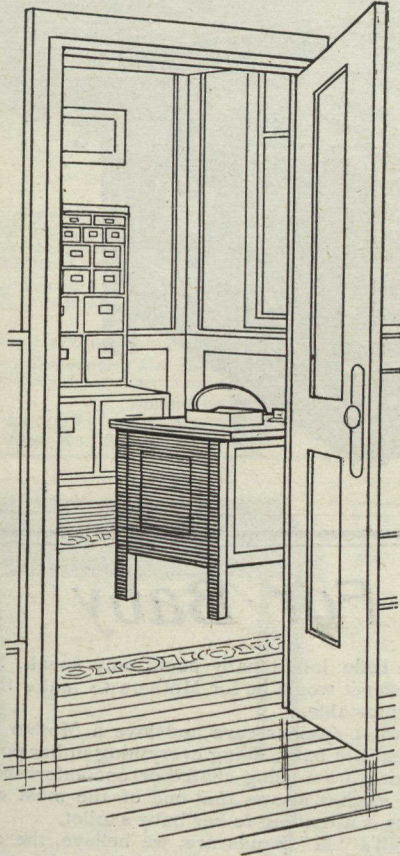
If **YOU** are still bound and shackled by wash day slavery, investigate the "Playtime" Washer. Do not confuse it with the old-fashioned Washers that you have heard of. As a power machine it is specially adapted for the country where gas, gasoline, steam engine or windmill power is available.

See the "Playtime" at your dealer's or send to us for full information.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL, Ltd.**  
206 Hamilton, Ontario



# Make the Most of Small Office Space



These are days of large rents and small space—conditions which make it necessary to study economies in the use of office space.

The records naturally receive prominent attention, and the problem to determine is: "How can they be kept in the most convenient and compact form?"

The answer is: "By using Office Specialty Filing Systems."

A great army of Business men have already learned a full appreciation of the inestimable value of Office Specialty Systems in classifying and filing their business information. You will experience that same satisfaction if you write us today, outlining your requirements.

*A Filing Cabinet for every Purpose.*

*A Filing System for every Service.*

Ask for a copy of our Filing Equipment Catalog.



Head Office:

97 Wellington St. W., TORONTO

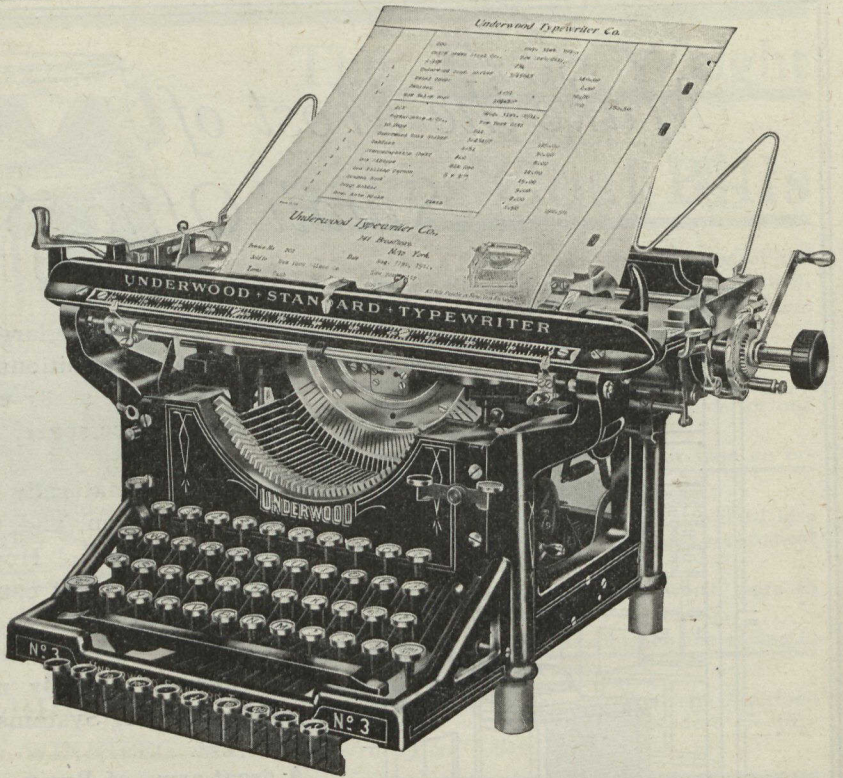
Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Representatives: St. John, Quebec, Hamilton, Saskatoon, Victoria.

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A Condensed  
Billing  
Underwood  
Typewriter  
will often save  
its cost in a  
few months.

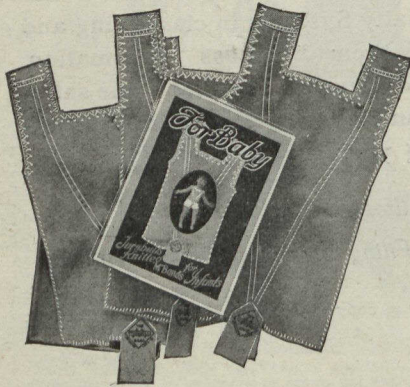


United  
Typewriter  
Company, Ltd.

In all Canadian Cities

Head Office:

Toronto.



## For Baby

If the little infant baby could only speak, how much easier it would be for Mothers to make them more comfortable.

With what anxious care and love a Mother will watch her little baby, doing everything in her power to prevent it from being chafed or uncomfortable.

Every mother knows that one of the most difficult tasks is attending to her baby's toilet.

Turnbull's "M" Bands are, we believe, the only article made that will give the baby real comfort when wearing a diaper.

Turnbull's "M" bands are made from only the softest and cleanest Australian Merino Wool. They are put on next the skin and underneath the vest.

You will notice in the illustration how tapes are attached to the linen tabs on the front and back and go over each shoulder. This absolutely prevents the garment stretching when the diaper is pinned to the tabs.

This keeps the diaper in proper place, no matter how active the baby may be. Prevents all chances of accidents, soiled clothes, and keeps the little one comfortable and happy. They are a comfort to the baby and a delight to the Mother. Three garments in each box, mailed post paid for \$1.00 per box. Buy a box to-day. From your dealer, or

**C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited, GALT, ONT.**

Manufacturers of Turnbull's famous "CEETEE" Underclothing, Turnbull's high class ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children, Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants, and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.

**A Box of "M" Bands makes a most appreciable gift.**



**"The Star"  
ASBESTOS  
TABLE PAD**



For protection of polished table top against damage by hot dishes or moisture.

Made of especially prepared asbestos covered with heavy double faced cotton flannel, soft and noiseless.

Made for round, square or oval tables. Special sizes to order. Folds to convenient size to be laid away.

The Best Pad Made.

Better class of dealers sell our goods or can get them for you.

Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats, size 5 to 18 inches; Round, square or oval. Look for our trade-mark "Star"

Booklet on Request

**KERNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

163 West 62nd Street

Chicago. Ill.

**A Perfume for the  
Most Refined Taste**



A leader amongst leaders.  
After being in use for

NEARLY A CENTURY

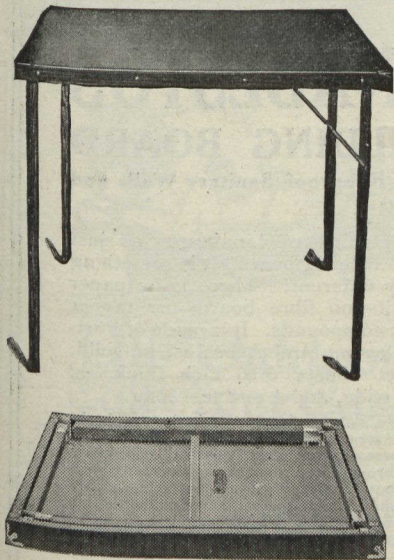
**Murray & Lanman's  
FLORIDA  
WATER**

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

**I**t is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!



**A Table Wherever You Want It**

The ACME Folding Table is one of the most beautiful, graceful creations ever offered in furniture, yet do not think of it as merely an ornament, but as a staunch, serviceable, real table for the hardest kind of every day use in the home, on the porch or lawn—anywhere.

As for convenience—the ACME can be folded or unfolded in an instant, hidden in a closet, tucked under the arm and carried to chosen nook in house, verandah or lawn. A child can carry it, yet it is strong and firm and is held perfectly rigid by steel braces when opened. Cannot wobble or shake.

Its strength is remarkable.

**A table wherever you want it**—in the tea room, card room, sewing room, library, verandah or lawn.

Let us send you our Catalog "C" which describes this table fully and also your nearest dealer's address so that you can see the table for yourself.

**HOARD & COMPANY, LIMITED,**  
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,  
London - - Ontario.



**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of  
Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.  
**Wood Rollers**      **Tin Rollers**

**WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE  
TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



# Clark's Pork and Beans

The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetising form is however a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

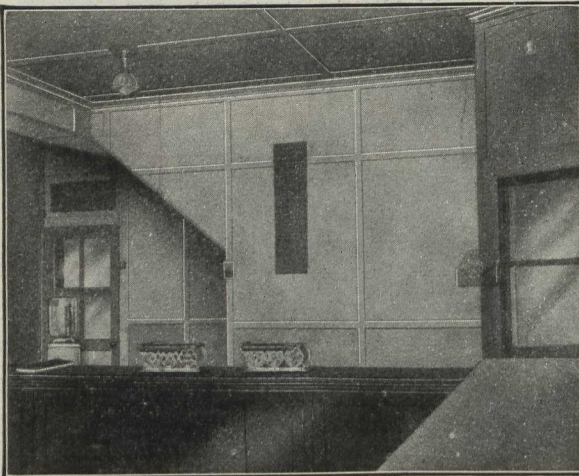
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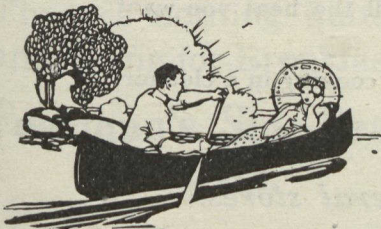
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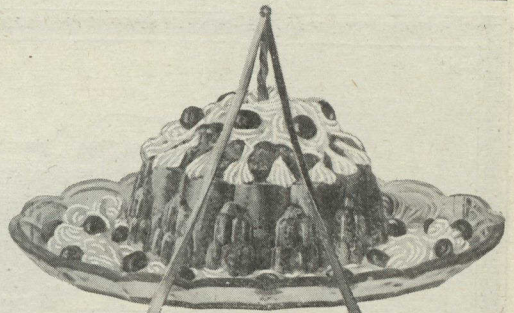
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# KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

to make six plates of  
Cherry Sponge

- 1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
- 1/2 cup cold water.
- Juice of one lemon.
- 1 1/2 cups cherries.
- 1 cup cherry juice.
- 1/2 cup sugar.
- Whites of two eggs.

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in the hot cherry juice. Add Cherries (stoned and cut in halves) and lemon juice. When jelly is cold and beginning to set, add whites of 2 eggs beaten until stiff. Mold and when ready to serve turn on to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream, putting chopped cherries over the top.

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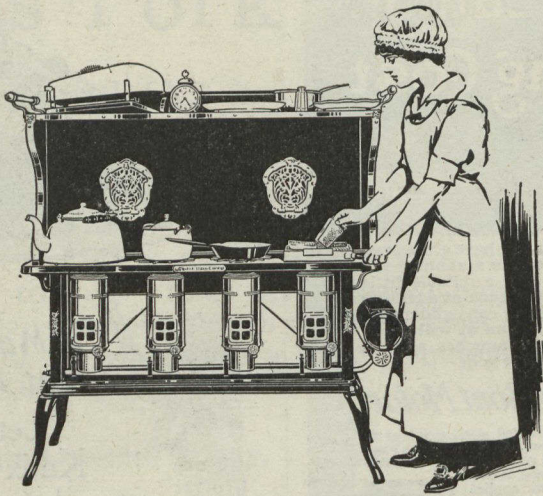
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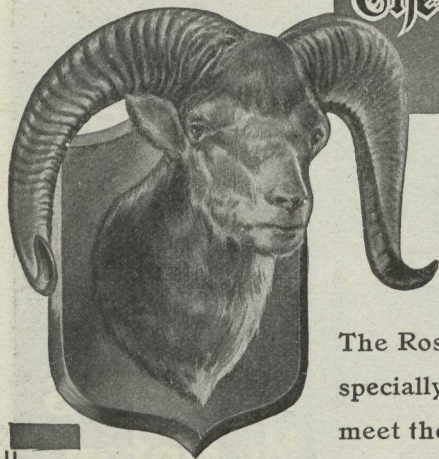
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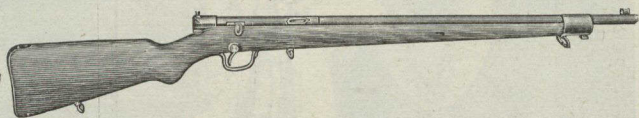
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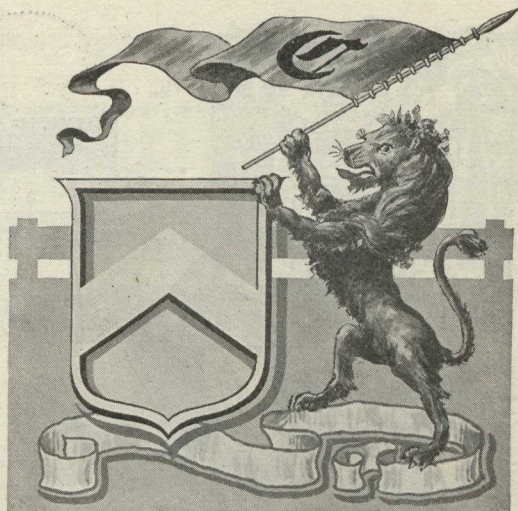
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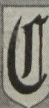
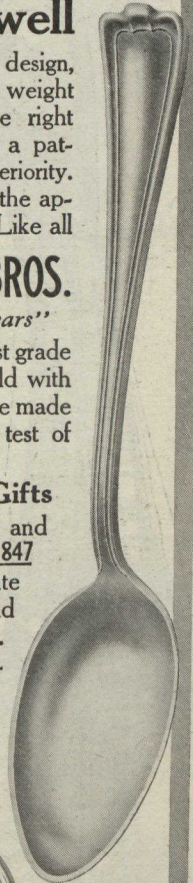
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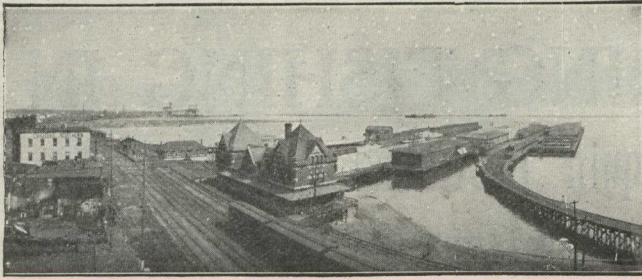
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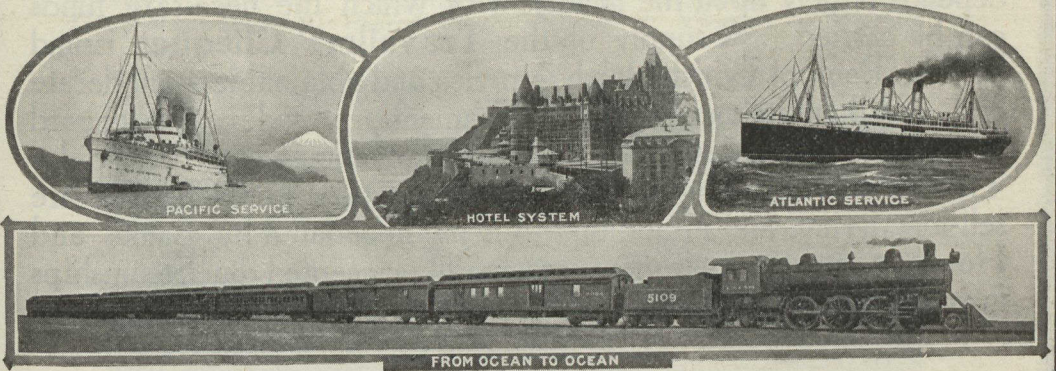
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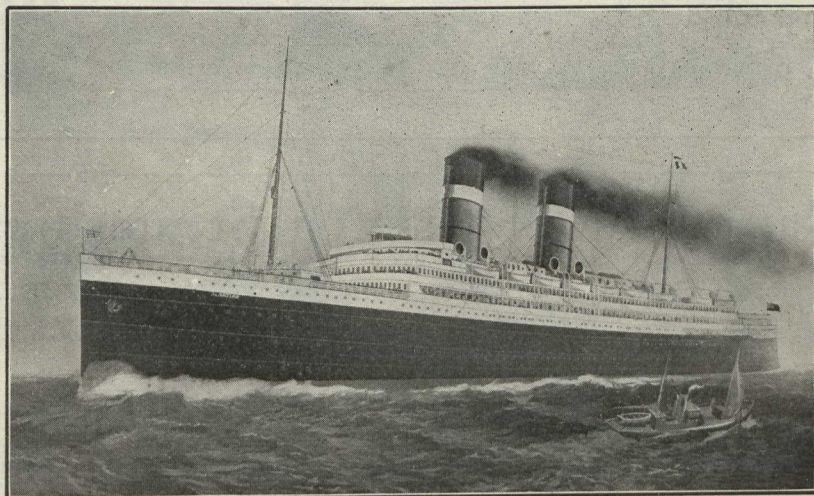
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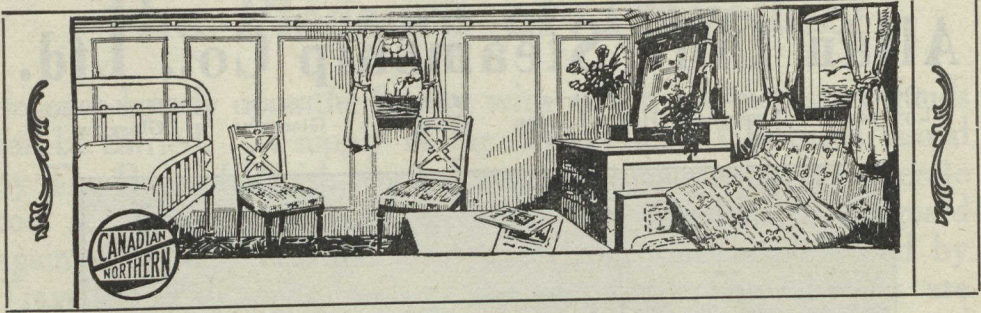
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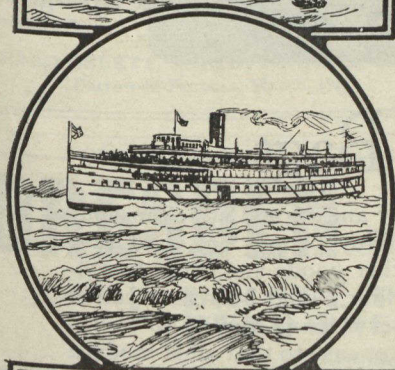
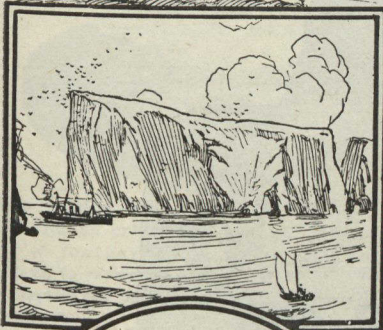
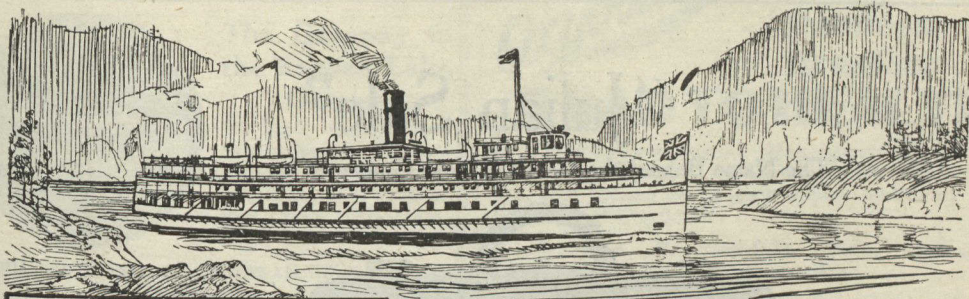
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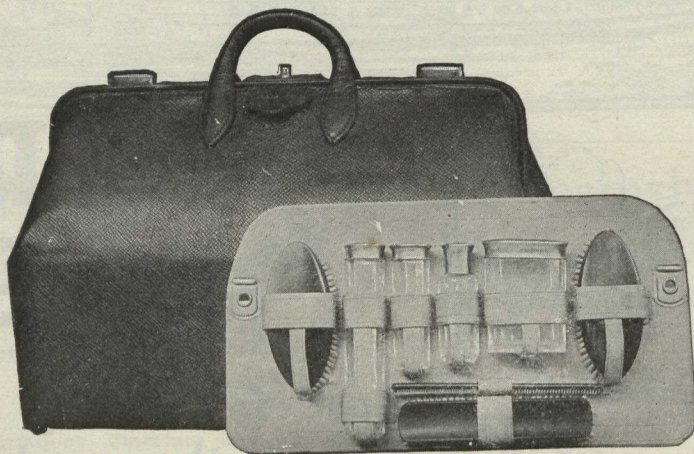
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Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn-out feeling and regain robust health by use of Oxydonor.

Mr. Geo. P. Goodale, Pres. Detroit Free Press, writes:

"Not for a deed in fee simple of Greater New York would I forego the use of Oxydonor. It cured me of Spinal Neurasthenia."

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

*Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.*

WRITE TO-DAY!

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.  
Dept. 11  
364 St. Catherine St. W.,  
Montreal, Canada  
489 Fifth Ave., New York  
1749 Woodward Ave.,  
Detroit.

*Oxydonor*  
TRADE MARK

# DRESDEN - HOTEL BELLEVUE

UNIQUE POSITION, WORLD RENOWNED, VERY SELECT

All modern and Sanitary Comfort

APARTMENTS and SINGLE BEDROOMS with private baths and toilet attached

The favorite home of English and American Society

AUTO GARAGE

R. RONNEFELD, Gen. Manager

TARIFF and BOOKLET can be obtained from

CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL DEPT. TORONTO

## CANADA and the CONTINENT OF EUROPE

IMPROVED SERVICE

Daily via Harwich-Hook of Holland Turbine Steamers

Every Week-Day via Harwich-Antwerp Twin Screw Steamers

Apply personally to office of this paper for Book of Tariffs. Details and illustrated pamphlets from the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Agent, 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Jack Sondon

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 dozen., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and college. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to J. & J. CASH, Ltd., 301 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

Cash's Woven Names





# A RUSSELL-KNIGHT for \$2,975

Ever since its record-breaking test at West Toronto, we've been deluged with demands for a \$3,000 RUSSELL-KNIGHT.

Every man seemed to want this wonderful motor.

Men who had been offered cheap Sixes—

Men who had been considering other good Fours—

Men who appreciated QUALITY, but felt that \$3,000 was their limit—

Men who refused to pay for imported cars 35 per cent. more than their actual worth.

All united to demand a car of RUSSELL Quality—with the famous RUSSELL-KNIGHT

Motor—at a lower price.

But—could we lower RUSSELL price without lowering RUSSELL standards? And

RUSSELL standards must be maintained at any price!

Finally, the solution came to us through one of the very men who started the demand.

"I want a car like your '28," he said. "I want your Knight motor, because I KNOW it's the best in the world. But \$3,000 is all I can afford to spend. More, in fact, than I originally planned. Now—I don't need ALL the equipment that goes with your car. It's '\$5,000-car' equipment. I could do with considerably less. Leave off some of the extra 'trimmings'—and sell me a \$3,000 RUSSELL-KNIGHT."

Logical—simple—like all things, once you know how.

We worked out that plan. Eliminated some items of equipment—luxuries on \$5,000 and up cars. They're the accessories you won't find on any other car but the RUSSELL-KNIGHT. (And if you afterwards think you'd like to have them, they can easily be added at regular cost.)

So that here—at last—is a RUSSELL-KNIGHT

—the car with the World's Champion Motor—

—the most comfortable car in the world—

—the car of unequalled flexibility and economy—

—the cheapest car of its size and class to maintain—

at about the same price as you figured on paying for a car of lesser value and lower grade.

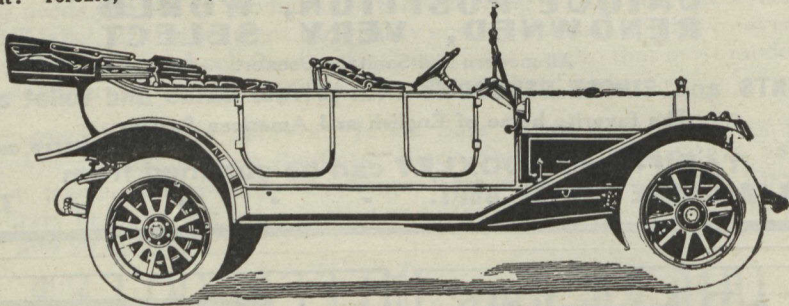
**EXAMINE—before you believe. Let RUSSELL superiority convince you that THIS IS THE BEST BUY IN CARS.**

Not to see this car to-day is to risk the loss of an early delivery date—perhaps to even miss entirely this opportunity of getting the BEST CAR VALUE ever offered in the Canadian field.

## RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office and Factory: West Toronto

Branches at: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, and Melbourne (Australia.)



### SPECIFICATIONS—RUSSELL-KNIGHT "28"

**MOTOR**—Russell-Knight, with Russell electric starting and lighting system. Mea high-tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system.

**TIMKEN**—Axles and bearings.

**SPRINGS**—Front, half-elliptic, 2½-inch x 37-inch; Rear, three-quarter scroll elliptic, 2½-inch x 56-inch.

**CONTROL**—Left-hand drive and centre control.

**EQUIPMENT**—

- Full aluminum body.
- Power pump.

—Foot rest.

—Roof rail.

—Demountable rims, with one spare rim.

—Extension Pantasote top with side curtains.

—Top envelope.

—Tire holders.

—Combination speedometer and clock, with electric light attached.

—New style electric horn under the bonnet.

—Full kit of tools.

**COLORS**—Royal Blue or Brewster Green (free option).

**PRICE, \$2,975.00 F.O.B. FACTORY**



# Doctor, Merchant, Farmer, Manufacturer

It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things—SAFETY, SERVICE.

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads, you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the "Most Envied Tire in All America."



66  
Cubic  
Inches  
Larger

Never  
Did  
Rim  
Cut

**Speed for the Doctor**  
**Reliability for the Merchant**  
**Comfort for the Farmer**  
**Durability for the Manufacturer**  
**Safety for All**

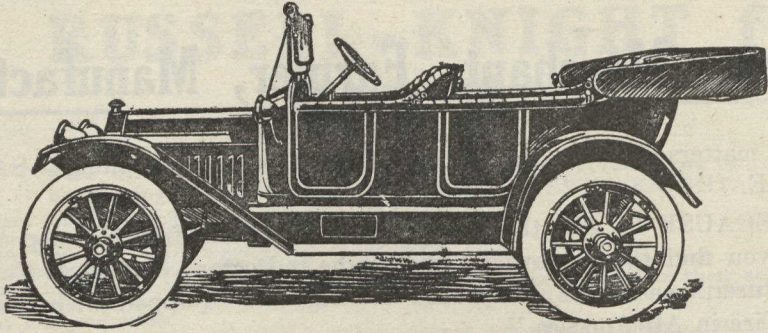
And these hosts of motorists, not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about loosened treads, rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.

There would be no need for the newly organized Safety League, if all motorists would use Dunlop Traction Tread Tires.

---

**The Dunlop line consists of Tires for Automobile, Motor Truck, Motor Cycle, Bicycle and Carriage; Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling, and General Rubber Specialties.**





## The Best Car in Motordom

The man with \$1,650 to invest in a car cannot find a more substantial proposition than the McLaughlin-Buick Model "3."

We say "substantial". What other word could describe the quality that makes a car just as comfortable, easy-riding and reliable after a few thousand miles travel as it was when new?

**Model "3" at \$1650 Has More Life  
in it Than a Good Many Higher  
Priced Cars. We Can Show You Why.**

In the first place, it has the McLaughlin-Buick unit power plant—proven to stand up under years of service—full 32 h.p. for very low fuel cost. Such a motor will be a smooth-running machine when many another is ready for the scrap heap.

The body has wide U-shaped doors. It rides easy on extra long springs fitted with rebound snubbers. The tires are large (35 x 4.) This car will not jolt you or the machinery. It keeps its good appearance.

Model "3" has electric lights all round, canopy light under cowl, and extension trouble lamp. It is equipped with Gray & Davis Electric Starter, clear vision built-in windshield, mohair top with dust hood, besides the usual accessories, tools, etc.

**\$1650**

f. o. b. Oshawa

*By all means have a good look  
at Model "3"—the best \$1650  
worth we ever offered.*

**McLaughlin Carriage Co., Ltd., Oshawa**

12 Branches throughout Canada



# Overland



## \$1250

*Completely  
equipped f. o. b.  
Toledo.  
Duty paid.  
\$1425—With  
electric starter  
and generator,  
f. o. b. Toledo.  
Duty paid.*

## The Most Suitable and Sound Investment For The Whole Family

**R**IGHT now thousands of families are daily depriving themselves of an endless chain of economical pleasures, comforts and benefits that could be theirs just as well as not. Get a big handsome Overland touring car into the very midst of your family, and you increase the pleasures and broaden the viewpoints of everyone in the house.

Taking everything into careful consideration, the Overland is the most practical all-year-around-family-car on the market. It is not too large, nor is it bulky or cumbersome. On the other hand, it is not small, dinky or stunted—but just the right size for the full comfort, and the complete and everlasting enjoyment of every member of your home circle.

And the price—

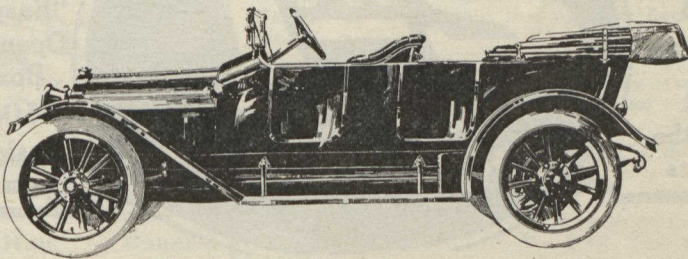
Other cars of similar specifications cost a great deal more. How much? That varies. But in practically every case a careful comparison will prove to you that an Overland costs a full 30% less than any other similar car made.

In view of this can you afford to pay more for some other car that does not give you as you can get in the Overland?

Remember the cost is 30% less.

Spring is here. Get your family out of doors all you can. There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up today. Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4.

### The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



*Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.*

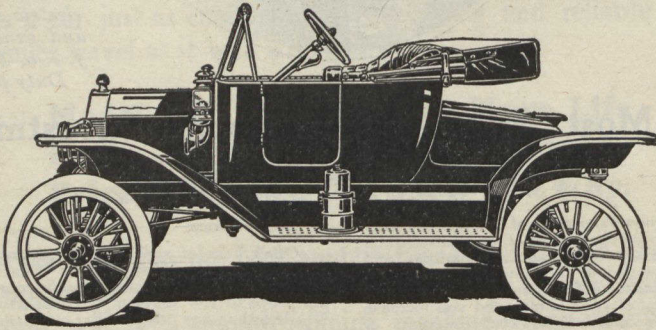




The Ford—the Lightest, Surest,  
Most Economical—the very essence  
of automobiling—and all Canadian

Model T \$600  
Runabout  
f. o. b. Ford,  
Ontario

Get particulars from Ford Motor Car Company,  
Ford, Ontario.



Black  
Tan  
and  
White

Best  
for the  
Shoes

**2-1-1**  
**SHOE**  
**POLISHES**

In new  
patent  
"Easy  
Opening  
Box"

10c  
Easiest  
to use



You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

**NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers**

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

121

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



## FOR HOME BUILDING

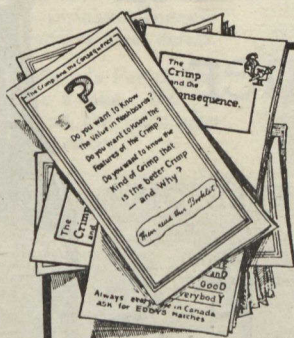
Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

**MILTON BRICK****"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."**

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.****MILTON, ONTARIO***Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide Street W.



## "The Crimp and the Consequence"

is the Title of a Mighty Interesting Little Booklet on Washboards that has Just Been Issued.

It explains, in a Straight, Every-day Way, the Value of the Crimp in Washboards—the Features of the Ordinary Crimp—and the Features of the Better Crimp

And it tells the Kind of Crimp that is the Better Crimp—AND WHY

If You are Interested, a Post Card will Bring This Welcome Little "Eye-Opener" to You at Once May We Send You a Copy?

**The E. B. EDDY  
Co., Limited**

**Hull, - Canada.**

Here since 1851





## ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

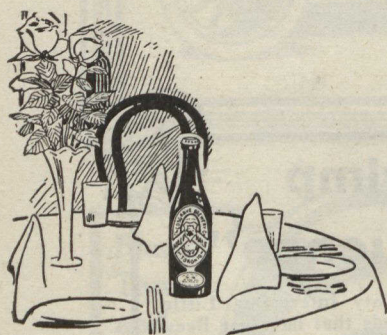
gets the credit for the health,  
of this family of eleven. . .

**MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL**

## Read what this Mother says :

"I am the mother of eleven children, and have brought them all up on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,  
12 Mount Ash Road,  
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,  
London, England



## With Your Dinner

A NICE BOTTLE OF

# COSGRAVES

MILD (CHILL-PROOF)

## PALE ALE

'Twill add a keen zest to the meal.  
ORDER FOR HOME USE FROM YOUR DEALER.

Also on sale at all hotels.



The ONLY  
Chill-proof Beer.



# The greatest enemy of your skin

In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the *outside* enemy?

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime.

Examine your skin closely. If it is rough, sallow, coarse-textured or excessively oily, you are providing the very best soil for the thriving of these bacteria.

## How to make your skin resist this enemy

Begin this treatment tonight: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Then with the tips of your fingers rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin using an upward and outward

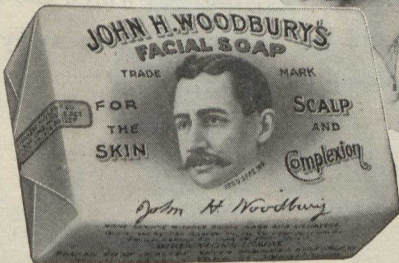
motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment for ten nights and you will see a marked improvement. If your skin should become too sensitive, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use it regularly in your daily toilet and *keep* your skin clear and fresh, free and healthy, and its insidious enemies will invariably meet defeat.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after* their first cake.



You can make your skin what you would love to have it.



Write today to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples

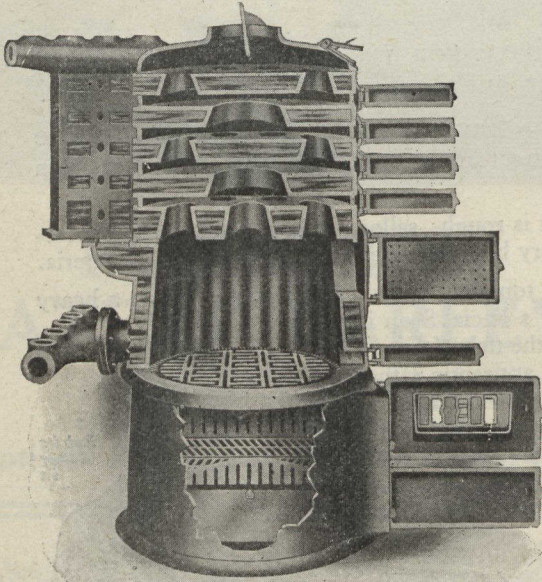
For 4c we will send you a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury book and Samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 109 F Perth, Ontario.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap



# One Regular Size "Sovereign" is Equal to "Twin" Hot Water Boilers



*The Large Flared Flues are an improvement exclusive with the "Sovereign."*

The new model 1913 - 1914 "Sovereign" hot water boiler has a double efficiency. It is practically two boilers in one; a hard coal burner, and a soft coal or wood burner.

When the winter weather is mild and the smaller of "twin boiler" would be sufficient to heat a house, the new model "Sovereign" may be put on soft fuel. No necessity to waste fuel keeping alive a heavy fire of hard coal.

The reason the old style hot water boilers will burn hard coal only is because the flues, the vents in the boiler sections, through which the heat fumes pass into the chimney-pipe, are made too narrow to carry away the dense smoke that arises from soft coal and free burning fuel.

The new model "Sovereign" is an improvement upon the old standard designs.

"Sovereign"  
Radiators

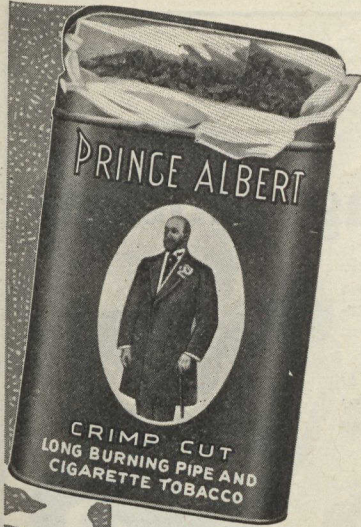
**TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED**  
Head Office and Foundries: Guelph, Canada

"Canadian"  
Steam Boilers

Toronto—1088 King St. West  
Vancouver—1070 Homer St.  
Quebec—Mechanics Supply Company  
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Limited, 622 Ninth Ave.

Montreal—246 Craig St. West  
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water Street  
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works, Limited  
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.





## P. A. makes men pipe hungry

Just you get a whiff of "the national joy smoke," and it's dollars to doughnuts you beat it to the nearest store that sells tobacco and stock up. The flavor and aroma of Prince Albert has sure got 'em all backed off the boards.

Just figure on *that*, then realize P. A. *can't bite your tongue*, because the bite's cut out by a patented process. No other tobacco can get in the same class with

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

You go to P. A. just like a baby puts its little hand out for candy, *natural like!* It's so delicious that you smoke it all day and all evening—and *there's no comeback!* You make a mental note of *that!*

P. A. is sold everywhere in the famous tidy full 2-oz. red tin.

Copyright  
1914 by  
R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.

*Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A. and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the world.*

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.





# Let Us Help You With Your Spring Clothes

Why not solve the Spring Clothes puzzle easily? Recolor your last year's suits and gowns with **DIAMOND DYES**. A new color, a few alterations, and perhaps a little trimming will make them as pretty as when new.

Sit down now and write for the **DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL** and **DIRECTION BOOK**, also samples of dyed cloth. See our offer at the bottom of this advertisement.

Mrs. D. J. Crowell, writes in part:—

*"Your very valuable book has been of great service to me. It helped me get my Spring wardrobe complete at very small expense. For example, the photograph I enclose shows a last year's cloth skirt which I dyed blue. It was gray and had faded badly. I ripped up an old silk dress and dyed the material orange. Then I made it up into the new style coat blouse.*

*"The result of my use of DIAMOND DYES is that I have a complete wardrobe of Spring Clothes and have not worried one scrap over the Spring Clothes problem."*

Mrs. John Burnett, writes:—

*"My daughter Mary's old rose serge dress faded badly. I dyed it black with your magical dyes and trimmed it with a new black silk girdle. Mary is so delighted with it that she insisted upon having her picture taken in it and sending one to you."*

Old Rose Serge  
Dyed Black.

Gray Cloth Dyed Blue and Silk  
Dyed Orange.

## Diamond Dyes

**"A child can use them"**

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

### Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool and Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool or Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

**DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.**

**Valuable Book and Samples Free.**—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED  
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA



Famous  
for  
Flavor-

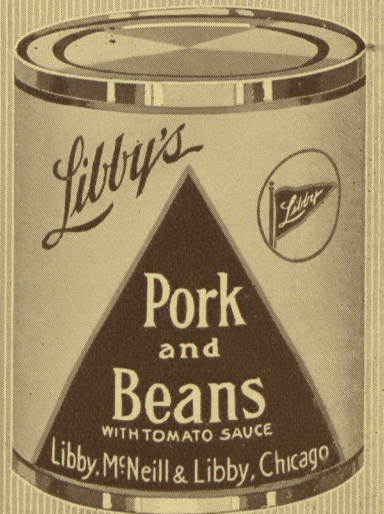


# Libby's

Pork  
and  
Beans

Splendid  
in  
Savor

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
CHICAGO





## There are Advantages in being Well.

A change from tea and coffee to well-made

# POSTUM

will tell its own tale—

*“There's a Reason”*

Postum comes in two forms.

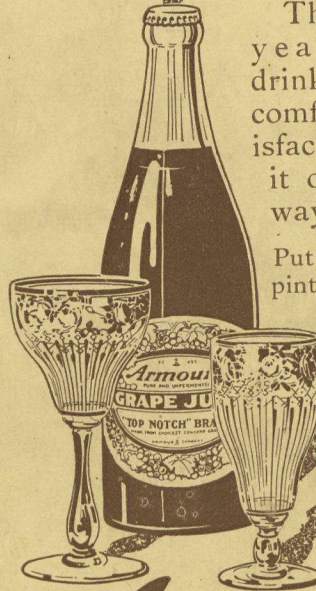
**Regular Postum**—must be well-boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

**Instant Postum**—doesn't require boiling, but is prepared **instantly** by stirring a level teaspoonfull in a cup of hot water. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

The all-the-year-'round drink for health, comfort and satisfaction. Keep it on hand always.

Put up in quarts, pints and splits.



Armour and Company  
Chicago

## Armour's GRAPE JUICE

# O-Cedar Polish

gives all furniture and varnished wood-work new-like appearance and lustre. More than that, it cleans as it polishes, making the furniture hygienically clean.

The hard, dry, durable lustre it gives never becomes foggy or hazy, sticky or gummy, or dust-collecting, but is hard and dry.

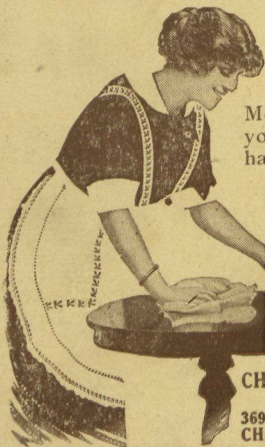
Most economical, because you use half O-Cedar and half water.

Read directions on the bottle

Your Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

25c. to \$3.00  
Sizes at  
All Dealers

CHANNEL CHEMICAL CO.,  
Limited  
369 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
CHANNEL CHEMICAL Co., Chicago



## ECONOMY WITH COLGATE'S STICK

When the one you now have is nearly used up, wet it and press it on the end of the new stick. It stays—you use every bit instead of having to throw away the last half-inch or so as usual.

# COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

At all good Druggists' and Stores.

If you prefer, send us 4c. in stamps for a trial size—enough for a month's use.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. P., Coristine Bldg., MONTREAL  
W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL  
Sole Agent for Canada

