THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

050
391

## OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. LI.

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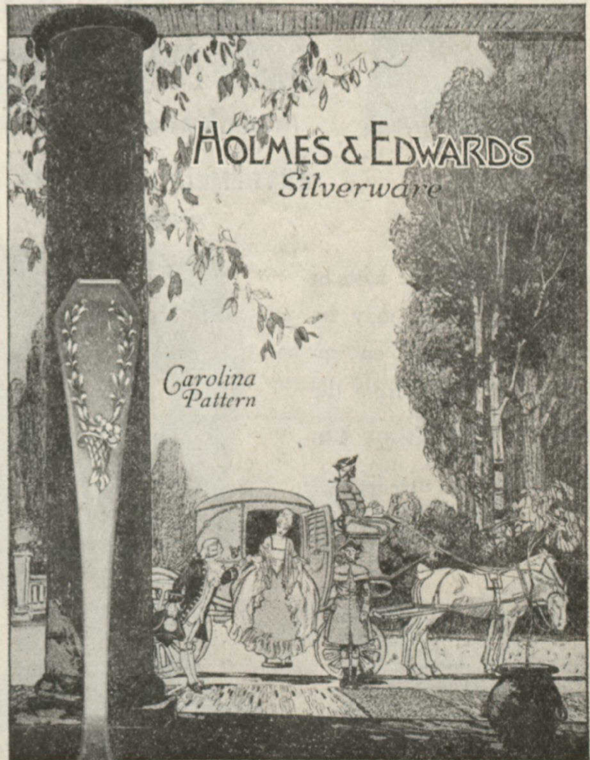


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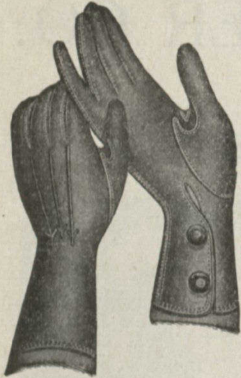

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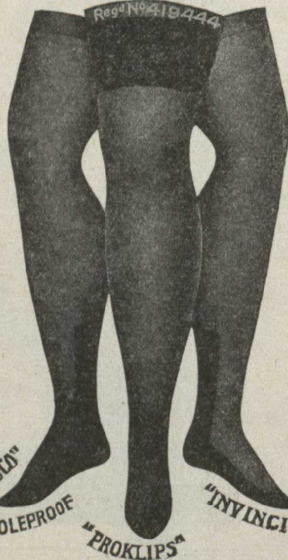


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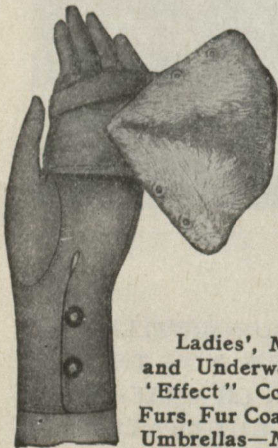

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## Reminiscences Sometimes Make Dry Reading

But, although Sir John Willison refers to the "ruthless extension of the dry area", his personal anecdotes possess at least some of the moisture of good humour. In the chapter "Early Days in Journalism", which will appear in the June Number, he writes :

"Once Honourable A. S Hardy and I were comparing early experiences, not in any spirit of self commiseration or with any thought that we had suffered as other men had not, and I told him that for three months in London I had drawn only $3.00 a week and paid $2.75 for board and lodging. He threw back his head and with a shout of laughter said, "What in h— did you do with the other quarter?"

Some of the men mentioned in the personal reminiscences are James Fahey, Alex. Pirie, John C. Dent, John Cameron, Edward Farrer, E. King Dodds, Joseph Gibson, Marvin Knowlton, A. W. Wright, David Stirton, J. P. Downey, George W. Ross, Edward Carswell, James Dickinson, R. W. Phipps, J. Gordon Brown, and L. K. Cameron.

## Should Children Be Seen But Not Heard?

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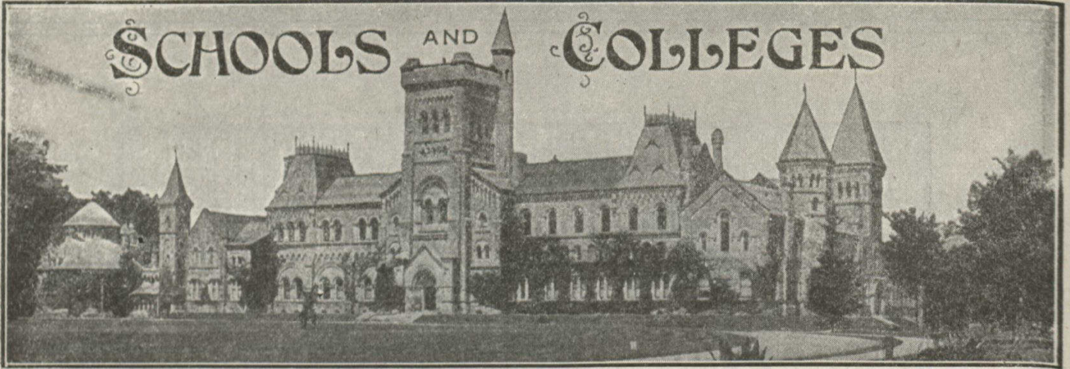


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The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A.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

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

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about $900.

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

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

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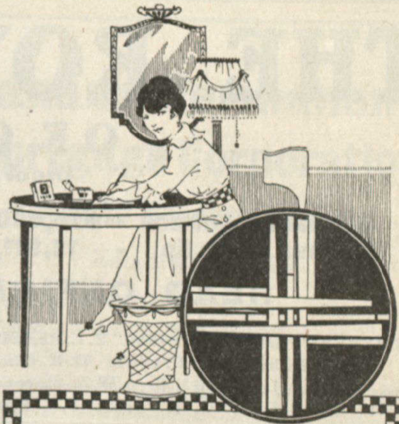

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Courses leading to degrees in Arts, Separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions; and to degrees in Music.

Applications for residence should be made early as accommodation in the College is limited.

For prospectus and information apply to The Warden.

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| **Net Surplus** | **2,774,854.38** |
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A net gain of over Five and a Half Millions in business in force is indicative of the increases made.

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Years of war with its trials and suffering—its stupendous lesson of the uncertainties of the future —have made the people realize more vividly what a rock of protection is to be found in Life Insurance.

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**The Mutual Life of Canada**
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Assistant General Manager—George H. Smith.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Paid-up Capital** | **$6,000,000.00** |
| **Reserve Fund (earned)** | **5,250,000.00** |
| **Unappropriated Profits** | **197,977.41** |
| **Capital and Surplus** | **$11,447,977.41** |
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Associated with the above Corporation, and under the same direction and management is

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## Canada Permanent Trust Company

incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company accepts and executes Trusts of every description, acts as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian Curator, or Committee of the estate of a lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and and prompt attention.

# Lack of Food—Threatens the Battle Line

ONTARIO

"The food wanted by mankind does not exist.
The word 'shortage' is not strong enough.
The whole world is up against a nasty thing, familiar to the people of India, called 'famine.'"

—Lord Rhondda, Britain's Food Controller.

One year ago, only the enemy was on rations.

To-day, Great Britain, France and Italy are on rations.

To-day, Germany controls the wheat lands of Roumania, Russia, Poland and Ukrania.

To-day, the shadows of hunger, famine, disease and death hang over the Allies.

Upon the 1918 crop from Canada and the United States depends the fate of the democratic peoples of the world.

If that crop is sufficient the Allies can be fed.

If that crop is not sufficient the Allies may have to accept a German peace.

### THAT BATTLE-LINE IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS MUST NOT WANT.

Do you realize what a German peace would mean to Canada?

Germany covets our natural resources—our agricultural and mineral wealth, our forests, our fisheries, everything that is Canada's.

Germany won't be satisfied with European territory, with teeming masses, wrangling factions and depleted natural resources. She wants colonies—big, thinly-populated countries in temperate zones for her sons and daughters to go to propagate their kind.

The Kaiser would sacrifice millions of Germans to-morrow if he thought that by so doing he could set foot on Canada's shores as Conqueror.

And what's more, the Germans would offer themselves for the sacrifice, so great is their subjection to the military ideal.

The only thing that balks German ambition is that battle line from the North Sea to Switzerland—and the British Navy.

### THE ONLY THING THAT SUSTAINS OUR MEN ON LAND AND SEA—IS FOOD.

What are we, each one of us, prepared to do to insure that Food supply?

Germany, by her submarine campaign, has seen that great Armada, the British Mercantile Marine, shrink in volume.

Germany has seen South America, Australia, New Zealand, India and far away outposts of the Empire practically cut off from supplying food to the Motherland because of the lack of ships.

Forty million Allied men and women having been put on war work, food production has dangerously decreased in Europe.

These forty million consume more food than when they were in ordinary occupations, and there are fewer men for farming. Hence an increased demand and decreased supplies.

The harvest of France was one-third less in 1917 than 1916, and this year must be smaller still, owing to lack of fertilizers, which cannot be supplied through shortage of shipping.

The world's decrease in live stock, as compared to 1913, is approximately 115,000,000 head.

**The heart of this problem is labour.**

**Without more farm labour more food cannot be produced.
If you really want to serve your Country in a big, practical way, register now for farm labour, or urge and assist your male employees to do so.**

### HERBERT HOOVER SAYS:

"Our European Allies are dependent upon us for greater quantities of food than we have ever before exported. They are the first line of our defence. Our money, our ships, our life blood, and not least of all, OUR FOOD supply, must be of a common stock.

"In pre-war times, Britain, France, Italy and Belgium yearly imported more than 750,000,000 bushels of grain, plus vast quantities of meats and fats. The submarine destruction of shipping has made it necessary to abandon the hope of bringing food from South America, Australasia and India.

"Food must, therefore, be shipped from Canada and the United States—the nearest and safest route.

"Canadian and United States supplies are normally 350,000,000 bushels short of the Allied needs. By greater production and conservation Canada and the United States must combine to increase the export of grain by 150,000,000 bushels.

"The remaining shortage of 200,000,000 bushels must be overcome by greater reduction in consumption in the Allied countries. And this is being done by Britain, France and Italy rationing her people.

"From two and a half years of contact with the German Army I have come out of the horror with the complete conviction that autocracy is a political faith and a system that directly endangers and jeopardizes the future of our race—that threatens our very independence. It has, however, been able to command complete inspiration of devotion and self-sacrifice in its people to the interest of their nation. The German farmer, in the name of the Fatherland, supports a nation two-thirds as large as the United States and threatens to subject the world from an area one-half the size of Ontario.

"My vision of War is not of an academic problem to be solved by discussion. To me it is a vision of brave, dying men and suffering women and children, for service on whose behalf the greater exertion of the Allies' farmers comes in a direct necessity and a direct plea. The Canadian and the United States citizen who sees war as I see it, needs no inducement and no inspiration but the thought that every spadeful of earth turned and every animal reared is lessening human suffering and guaranteeing the liberty of the world."

### LLOYD GEORGE'S WARNING.

**"I fear the disciplined people behind the German Army, the rationed family and the determination of wife and sister and daughter and mother to stand and starve—so that their fighting men may be fed —I fear it more than the Imperial German Army itself."**

Britain is now on Food Rations.

France is now on Food Rations.

Italy is on the verge of starvation. Only continuous support from us can enable us to hold out.

Only with a disciplined people behind can we hope to win. The rationed British Nation, blood of our blood, bone of our bone, are proudly paying the price and sharing with France and Italy their limited stock of food. For in this there is mighty pride, a conscious measuring of their glory with the best traditions of ancient Sparta, and of Imperial Rome, for Britons know that upon them rests the burden of saving humanity. The story of their service shall ring and echo forever along the hilltops of history.

# To Send More Food to the Allies is Not Charity

It is war. The Allies have a right to demand it. They have a right to resent the offer of only what is "left over." Those who are fighting the common battle for civilization and for our protection have a higher claim than had Lazarus, to only the "crumbs that fall from the rich man's table."

The Canadian people must recognize that our Allies have the first claim on our food supplies.

As the shipping situation makes the Allies dependent upon the North American continent for food, it is vitally necessary that Canada should increase her production of food in order to take a larger part in providing for the Allies' requirements. This is especially urgent as the maintenance of a large United States Army in the European field will cause a very heavy drain on that country's resources.

There must be no peace without victory.

For nearly four years Germany has been struggling against the powers of law and order. She has failed so far to make good her escape with her booty by superior strength and skill. And now she is attempting by intrigue, suggestion, device and propaganda to divert the attention of her antagonists from the struggle itself, and thus to gain her ends by relaxing the strength and skill of her antagonists.

What she can gain from these tactics is plain to all the world in the sorrowful experience of Russia.

Germany's most dangerous weapon is not her Zeppelin—that is obsolete. Not her submarine—that can be overcome. Not her machine-like army—that has been repeatedly hurled back by the living armies of freemen. Her most dangerous weapon is her propaganda of peace.

While with her hands she murders and despoils, with her voice she invites to parleys.

### WHEN LIBERTY IS IN PERIL THERE IS THREAT OF LASTING DISASTER IN THE VERY WORD "PEACE."

Lord Leverhulme, long known in Canada as Sir William Lever, who knows well the German mind, in a recent interview stated:

**"You will never be able to dictate terms to Germany till she is beaten. The argument you mention is founded on the dangerous fallacy that because Germany is sick of this war she is sick of war in general. She isn't. I doubt if her Government is even sick of this war. You've read the speech of that old brigand, Hertling Is there any sign of repentance in that speech? Is it a chastened speech? Is it the speech of a statesman who wants disarmament and a league of nations? No! Germany is back in her mood of 1914. She believes she is winning the war. She believes she has won now. And if we talk of peace to her she HAS won it. Why, it would be better a thousand times that every man in England should be dead than that Germany should issue from this war with the feeling of a conqueror. You hear people use the phrase, 'to the last man, and the last shilling,' and you think it is only a bit of rhetoric, but to my mind it's the most solemn and absolute truth. I mean when I say it that it would in very truth be a million times better for the people of these islands to be dead, every one of them, rather than live on as the serfs of a triumphant Prussia."**

How can any lover of liberty remain insensible to this peril?

Food means Victory and the world made safe for democracy—

Lack of food means disaster and subjugation to Germany.

### THE CITIZENS OF ONTARIO MUST LEAD THIS MIGHTY CRUSADE FOR GREATER FOOD PRODUCTION.

They did it last year and will do it again.

As the greatest food-producing Province, Ontario must maintain her leadership in America. Great are our opportunities—our responsibility is tremendous

Upon every man and woman, boy and girl, rests a personal obligation to serve. Every pound of food produced, in whatever form, is a contribution to the Cause of Freedom.

Ontario farmers should sow 500,000 acres of spring wheat.

Every Ontario farmer whose land is at all suitable should put an extra five acres into wheat, even at the expense of another crop.

### WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP.

At all costs production must be maintained.

That's why farmers and farmers' sons are being exempted from military service. Working on a farm is equivalent to service in the Second Line Trenches.

To enable the farm to do the work two factors are essential. The first is Time. Whatever we are to do must be done at once. Nature waits for no man. The second is Labor. Many farmers cannot plant the acres they would because they cannot get the necessary help. Many are afraid to increase their acreage because they fear they would not be able to cultivate and harvest an unusual crop after they had raised it.

The burden is not one to be placed solely upon the farmer. Neither can it be placed upon the townsman. It is a personal obligation upon every man, woman, boy and girl, in every farm, town and city home in the Province of Ontario.

AWAY WITH CRITICISM—CO-OPERATE! Mr. City Man, don't say that the farmer should do so-and-so, and thus allow criticism in this hour of our Nation's peril to cripple your effort.

Mr. Farmer, don't hastily underestimate the value the city man can be to you.

### GET TOGETHER IN THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

Let us not lament what MIGHT be, but earnestly face what MUST be.

Fifteen thousand boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen must be organized as "Soldiers of the Soil" to work on Ontario farms this season.

Farmers can get one or more of these boys by applying to their District Representatives or to the Public Employment Bureaux at Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton or London.

Unmarried men, exempted from military service, are urged to take up farm work. Married men who have had previous experience on a farm are urged to resume farm work for a season. Employers of labor are asked to assist men to take up farm work.

We urge the farmers and the townsmen to get together for greater production in the interests of a free people and democracy.

Let the Organization of Resources Committee, your District Representatives or the Public Employment Bureaux act as your intermediaries.

When we have done our best, the cry for food cannot be wholly met.

For the rest—our Allies are tightening their belts.

**ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE,**
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

CHAIRMAN: His Honor Sir John S. Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. VICE-CHAIRMEN: Honorable Sir William H. Hearst, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Ontario; William Proudfoot, Esq., K.C., Leader of the Opposition. SECRETARY: Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph.D.

**The only thing that balks German ambition is the Battle Line in France and—the British Navy. The only thing that sustains our men on land and sea is Food.**

# Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Boys

RUSHING "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respectors of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded", too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man. Close beside the dressing station the good generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

."In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity!"

The Y.M.C.A. is **everywhere.** You first met the helpful manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen — the King!

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least $2,250,000 from Canada. For your boys' sake be GENEROUS!! If no committee has been organized in your community to raise funds, write to the National Director at address below for information about how to organ e.

**Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A.**

**Y.M.C.A.**

## Red Triangle Fund

**$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9**

*Canada-Wide Appeal*

## "Earn and Give" Campaign

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars ($10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means $60,000 in all! Splendid! Five thousand dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China: another $5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and $50,000 to help big brothers in khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

## National Council, Young Men's Christian Association

**Headquarters: 120 Bay Street, Toronto**

**John W. Ross, (Montreal)**
National Chairman of
Red Triangle Fund Campaign

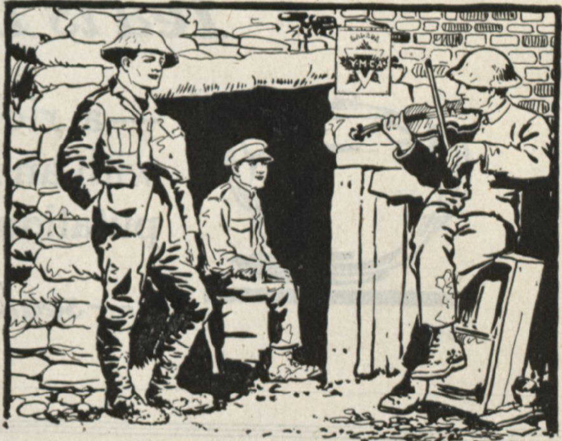
**G. A. Warburton, (Toronto)**
National Director of
Red Triangle Fund Campaign

# They are Fighting—Dying for YOU What are You Doing for THEM?

IF only you could be in France, close to your boy, think of the comforts you could send him into the lines, how you could hearten him for the supreme ordeal of battle.

But no—thousands of miles separate you! Not for you are his furloughs, no visits to camps for you, no privilege of visiting your boy in hospital, if need be. Few and far between are the comforts you can send across the wide seas!

Would that you had a friend over there to perform these offices for you! Thank God, **you have that friend.** The Y.M.C A. is ever at your boy's side—in camps, trains, boats, in the streets of the big city, in hospital, behind the firing lines—and often right into the trenches,—everywhere!



**A Y M.C.A. Dugout at the Front**

**Y.M.C.A.**

**Red Triangle Fund**

**$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9**

*Canada-Wide Appeal*

"Right on the heels of the dashing Canadian soldiers at Vimy Ridge the Y.M.C.A. men were serving out biscuits and chocolate to the tired men", said the dispatches. The General was enthusiastic and recommended one of the Y.M.C.A. men for the Military Cross.

Think of the tremendous cost of building and maintaining hundreds of huts with all the thousand and one comforts that must be provided. What will you give to show that you care for your boys' welfare? At least $2,250,000 is needed. For the sake of your precious boys, be Generous!

**War Work Summary**

There are:
—96 branches of Canadian Y.M. C.A. in France.
—79 branches in England.
—Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dugouts in forward trenches under fire.
—Over 100 pianos in England and France: also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.
—Y.M.C.A. helps boys in hospitals.
—More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, $48,000.
—150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost $15,000.)
—$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.
—Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenence. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.
—Service to boys in Camp hospitals.
—Out of Red Triangle Fund, $75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

**National Council, Young Men's Christian Association**

**Headquarters: 120 Bay Street, Toronto**

**John W. Ross, (Montrea**
National Chairman of
Red Triangle Fund Campaign

**G. A. Warburton (Toronto)**
National Director of
Red Triangle Fund Campaign

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# "SALADA"

*Tea is Delicious*

—a rich fragrant tea with an international reputation for fine quality

*—sealed packets only*

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# BANK OF HAMILTON

Established 1872.

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| Capital Paid Up - | 3,000,000 |
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LI TORONTO, MAY, 1918 No. 1

# REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

HE house in which I was born in the township of Stanley, in Huron county, stood in a "clearing" of a few acres, and all around was bush, in which no axe had ever swung. As a child I often wandered among thick underbrush and picked wild flowers along streams that ceased to murmur long ago. The trees were beech and maple, ash and elm, basswood and hemlock. But chiefly that was a maple country, where the sap ran in the spring and sugar-making was a happy, if mysterious, festival. In the summer there was something intimate and companionable in the forest. One thinks of climbing moss and trailing vine and tangled thicket. The woodpecker beat his tattoo. The squirrel chirped and gambolled in leafy branches. Plaintive voices whispered from the underbrush or came faintly from the tree-tops. The birds sang the songs that are never new nor ever old. There were open spaces where the sun shone upon a stretch of natural meadow or shimmering water. Near was the great tamarack marsh where we gathered cranberries. We knew that the bush could be loud and angry, for we had heard the great trees wail and seen them thrash their arms in the storm. But for the most part we looked into deep and friendly silences. We saw the earth, unspoiled by human artifice, as when "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good".

In those days the sound of the axe was heard all through the winter. The great trees were felled, the brush piled in heaps for burning, and the trunks cut into "lengths" for logging. Blazing brush heaps across many acres like "the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps", revealed as did nothing else the ruthless warfare of the pioneers against the forces of nature. In the "logging bee" there was as much of sport as of conflict. "The

captains of tens" strove against one another, and that "gang" which first logged its width across the field turned homewards in triumph.

I fear there was a "grog boss", whose jug was not neglected. Rude times, perhaps, but men were neighbourly, limbs were strong, and hearts were sound. How women bore and reared children, and did the cooking and choring, the making and mending of those days, only God who pities and strengthens understands. This is not so much a man's world as it was, and no doubt men toiled long and hard to make homes in the bush, but when one thinks that women nursed babies, washed dishes, swept and scrubbed, cooked and served, milked cows and fed calves and pigs, spun and wove, made and mended for all the household, and sometimes helped with the harvest, one feels there was an unequal division of labour and bows the head in reverence for the women of half a century ago. But whether men or women, the pioneers of Upper Canada fought the battle of the wilderness with high courage, endured and conquered. They sleep well in their quiet beds on the hillsides, and we "enter into their labours".

But one may love the woods and the fields and not like farming. I got away from the farm as soon as I could, and I have not wanted to return. Nor have I ever heard that there was any desire that I should. It is often said that a good farmer has been spoiled to make a poor lawyer or a poor doctor. Whether or not I am a good journalist, no one who knows will suggest that I was likely to become a good farmer. The fashion changes. It is a sure word of prophecy that the movement towards the cities has spent itself. Moving pictures, rural mail delivery, good roads, motors, bathrooms, house furnaces, and many other devices to save labour, enhance comfort and relieve isolation make the country ever more desirable, and better prices give the farmers an increasing but still inadequate return for their labour. In a democracy rooted in the soil lies the sanity and the stability of human institutions. But we cannot all be farmers, and to many of us a call comes that will not be denied. And whether we go to town or country, still blessed is he that findeth himself.

For thirty-six years I was engaged in political journalism in Canada. During all that time my pen was my only means of income. All my earnings were derived from reporting, editorial writing, or the editorial direction of newspapers. I have never bought a share of stock "on margin" or speculated in real estate. I have never received payment for any service done for a political leader or a government. So far as I know I have had no unholy alliance with "the interests". It is not pretended that there is any demand or justification for these Reminiscences. They are an intrusion, but they may be entertaining, possibly instructive. At least no journalist can have any ground of protest. All journalism is more or less of an intrusion, and even writers of history have no commission from the state or the public. But neither journalists nor historians need to justify themselves any more than do those who paint pictures or fabricate ornaments. If it be said that only great men may write Reminiscences it may be pleaded that a close, even if accidental, relation to great men or great events may give equal or better qualifications for dispassionate dealing with the forces by which events are directed or controlled, social and political institutions fashioned, and the destinies of peoples determined.

Unless Reminiscences have the flavour of egotism they illuminate nothing. Such a book must be a "human document", much as I dislike the phrase, and gladly as I would punish the author if one knew where he could be found and how put to shame and silence. There is a tradition that one must not write the life of a man

still living. This is why there is truth in the old judgment that "history is a lie". In time we shall discover that contemporary writers speak with such knowledge and authority as later historians cannot possess. Many of the decisive facts and incidents which determine the course of human affairs are not contained in any documents that go down to posterity. There is much that the contemporary writer cannot divulge; but he is less hampered by reticence than will be the writer of fifty years hence by ignorance. I think of events within my own knowledge of which I can say little or nothing. Of the real pith, motive and bearing of these events neither this nor any other generation can have full or exact knowledge. What is not disclosed by contemporary writers will never be disclosed. Hence history never can be a true record, and the exact relation of public men to the causes in which they are concerned never can be determined. If there is reticence in the present and ignorance in the future, at best we can have only light in the darkness. The law from which no man can escape is that what he learns in a confidential relation he may not disclose to the discredit or injury of men still living, and that he is bound to observe a decent discretion even when death has removed the actors from the stage where we all appear so often with painted faces and borrowed costume. Subject to this law these Reminiscences will be frank and open, but, I trust, free from temper or malice, from detraction or adulation.

As long ago as 1872 I attended my first political meeting. I had walked four miles from my home near Hillsgreen, on the boundary between the townships of Hay and Stanley, in Huron county, to the village of Varna. I was just fifteen years of age, and to me Varna, with two general stores, a shoemaker, a blacksmith, a wagon-maker, a tavern, two churches and an Orange hall, was a considerable community. This day a rough frame hustings stood at the crossroads by the village tavern. A group of men sat upon the platform, and in front and around were a crowd of people with eyes fixed upon a man who was speaking.

I knew at once that it was not a camp-meeting, for there was no suggestion of the fervour and solemnity which distinguished such events. There was occasional laughter and cheering, but I thought that some of those who listened did not like the behaviour of their neighbours. I was interested in the statement of the speaker that wherever he had gone throughout the county he found that someone else had been there, and that many calves and steers had been bought at very high figures. Who was this mysterious person? Why should he buy calves and steers? Why should be pay such high prices? Finally the speaker sat down to much clapping and cheering. Another man arose, and there was even more cheering. As he spoke it was remarkable that he agreed with nothing that the first speaker had said, while those who had been silent now became happy and demonstrative. But the light was breaking. I recalled many a fireside controversy, and almost instinctively I knew what game they were playing.

Before the second speaker had finished a buggy, turning from the Bayfield road in a cloud of dust, stopped on the edge of the crowd, and a heavy figure, with flowing mutton-chop whiskers, under a wide soft hat, jumped to the ground and made his way to the platform. In a moment there were wild shouts of "Speak now", "Big Thunder", and a tempest of booing and cheering. When he rose to speak the cries of "speak now" were renewed with noisy and angry vehemence, and apparently by those who did not seem to be willing that he should speak at all. I could not understand, but probably I alone among those who stood around the hustings needed enlightenment. I gazed at the bulky figure on the plat-

form, I noticed that he had lost one arm, that his dusty white vest was buttoned unevenly so that one side hung below the other, and that in the teeth of the shouting he was indomitably calm and unperturbed. Finally the man who had first spoken made an earnest appeal to the meeting to give the obnoxious stranger a hearing, and the clamour subsided. And he spoke. His voice thundered out over the cross-roads. His words came with stormy fluency. There was tremendous volume and vigour. The conquest was complete. He had not gone far before there was tumultuous cheering. He seemed to sway the crowd as he would. Instead of division, there was unity; instead of dissent there was eager assent and a fervour of enthusiasm. Even "Big Thunder" could have had few greater personal triumphs on the platform.

The meaning of all this I had to learn later. But not so much later. From the day that I stood in the cross-roads at Varna forty-six years ago I have loved political debate. I have had no interest in life comparable to the study and discussion of public questions. It seems to me that I had an instant birth into "politics". From that hour I saw the way along which I must go. Even now I can recall as many sentences spoken at that meeting as at any other that I ever attended, and no other political event is so clear and vivid in my memory. The man whose voice I first heard from the platform at Varna was Mr. Thomas Greenway. He was standing as the Conservative candidate for the House of Commons for South Huron in the second election after Confederation. The Liberal candidate was Mr. M. C. Cameron, for so long the chief political figure of Huron county. In later years I knew both men well, and we were comrades in many a political contest. Mr. Cameron, who was returned for South Huron at Confederation, defeated Mr. Greenway in 1872, and again in 1874. He was, however, unseated, and in 1875 Mr. Greenway succeeded to the representation of the constituency. Although he was a Conservative candidate in two contests, and is described in *The Parliamentary Companion* for 1875 as an "independent Conservative", he gave a guarded support to the Mackenzie Government, and gradually established a working relation with the Liberal party. In fact, there was an agreement before he was returned by acclamation that he would support the Administration. He was one of the leaders in the movement of population from Huron and Bruce to Manitoba. Unable to resist the lure of politics, he entered the western Legislature and eventually became leader of the Liberal party and Premier of the Province.

In 1882 I met Mr. Greenway in London. He had established a weekly newspaper at Crystal City, in Manitoba, and was looking for an editor. The negotiations terminated when it was intimated that the editor would be required to furnish some capital. I met Mr. Greenway again in 1895 when he was Premier of Manitoba and I was editor of *The Globe*. For a day or two he was my guide throughout southern Manitoba. At his side I first looked wide and far across leagues of wheat yellow to the harvest, and knew that the confusion of the pessimists was at hand. For it was the year of the first "great crop", and the efflorescence of faith in the West. By the way, during that visit to the West my wife and I had to stay over night in a village near the "end of the track". Mr. George Ham told us at Winnipeg that there were two hotels in the place and that "if we stayed at either we would wish we had stayed at the other". He was right. There were flies enough around the supper-table for a second visitation to the children of Egypt.

The third speaker at the Varna meeting, so long ago, I never saw again. But I soon came to understand the significance of "speak now" and "Big Thunder". The orator whose

swift and sounding sentences reduced the hostile element in the meeting to subjection was Honourable E. B. Wood, of Brantford. He had been Treasurer in the Sandfield Macdonald Administration, which held office during the first Legislature under Confederation. But for reasons which have never been fully disclosed, perhaps partly personal and partly political, but not necessarily discreditable, he joined hands with Honourable Edward Blake against the sardonic, intractable, petulant, obstinate, incorruptible politician, who was incautious enough to meet the House with a group of constituencies unrepresented and confident enough in his own integrity to neglect the "fences", which, if properly guarded, would have protected the citadel against successful attack. Defeated by one vote on the Address, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald sought to adjourn the Legislature for a fortnight, but he could not prevail against the forces which had manœuvred so dexterously to accomplish his destruction.

During the contest in Ontario Sir John Macdonald was engaged in the negotiations which produced the Treaty of Washington. The Conservative leader was anxious to have the election delayed until his return to Canada, but Sandfield would not be advised, nor would he delay calling the Legislature together until the vacant seats were filled. In Pope's "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald" there is a letter from the Federal leader which shows how fully he understood the situation in Ontario. "I hope," he said, "that nothing will happen to Sandfield or his Government. I am vain enough to think that if I were in his place just now, and had his cards, I could carry him through the first three weeks of the session (wherein alone there is any danger) triumphantly. I am not so sure that he will be able to manage it himself." Sir John Macdonald would have used the surplus which Sandfield had accumulated, have created two or three new portfolios, and have delayed the session until he had a complete Parliament. But his advice was not taken. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald resigned, Mr. Blake took office, and for more than thirty years thereafter the Liberal party enjoyed an unbroken ascendancy in Ontario. All this because the counsel of the most consummate political strategist in Canadian history was rejected.

We do not know the exact relation of Honourable E. B. Wood to these events. We do know that he broke away from Sandfield Macdonald and united with Blake and Mackenzie to bring in a Liberal Administration. During the debates preceding Sandfield's downfall, a vigilant Conservative collected and pieced together the torn fragments of a note which Mr. Blake had sent across the House to Mr. Wood, and which said only "speak now". There is no need to elaborate an incident with which students of the period are familiar. It is clear there was an understanding between Mr. Blake and Mr. Wood and that Wood was ready to take the floor when his speech would be most destructive. He spoke, as has been said, with tremendous power and volume. Hence the sobriquet of "Big Thunder". It is curious that so many of the orators which Brant has produced or harboured had voices hardly less powerful than that which Mr. Wood possessed. Honourable A. S. Hardy was known as "Little Thunder". Honourable William Paterson could thunder as loudly as either Mr. Wood or Mr. Hardy. It is said that when Mr. Paterson first spoke in the House of Commons he was eager to have a word of commendation from Honourable Alexander Mackenzie. No man could have had less vanity than Mr. Paterson, but he courted his leader's approval. When the House rose he got alongside Mr. Mackenzie and whispered, "Do you think they heard me?" "Aye," said the Prime Minister, "they heard you at the Russell Hoose." The Russell House was three blocks away.

With that doubtful compliment Mr. Paterson had to be content. Mr. Mahlon Cowan, who died the other day, with distinction at the Bar and in public life riper than his years, had, too, the voice and manner which seemed to be the peculiar product of Brantford. In this characteristic, however, they have no immediate successors. For the time the Grand River keeps its secret.

Many stories cluster about the name and fame of Mr. E. B. Wood. He lived in a less arid time and was not always neglectful of his opportunities. It is said that he and Mr. Edward Farrer were once opposing speakers at a series of political meetings. At one of these meetings a voice shouted as Mr. Wood was going in the full sweep and majesty of deliverance that he had been "drunk" the night before. Mr. Wood paused and uttered a grave and feeling protest against the accusation. Turning to Mr. Farrer he said: "There sits the man who has been opposing me from many platforms. He cannot desire to shield me, but I have faith that he will not do me injustice. After last night's meeting we spent the time together until we retired. We are opposed politically, but we respect each other and have friendly personal relations. I ask Mr. Farrer to answer my accuser." Mr. Farrer arose and declared with adequate emphasis that Mr. Wood had been just as sober as he was. The story, which may be purely apochryphal, although it is supported by the probabilities, is not revived to the discredit of either. Those days were not as these. It is true, too, as Dr. Johnson says, that all dealers in anecdote are tainted with mendacity.

Mr. E. B. Wood's speeches were freely garnished with Scriptural references and sounding passages from the orators and poets. He was not without learning, but his speeches gave an impression of learning greater than he possessed. Still, behind his roaring sentences and furious fluency there was diction and logic that was moving and effective. When Mr. John Charlton was elected for North Norfolk, in 1872, he sent this congratulatory message: "Sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

There is a vagrant story that Mr. Wood and Mr. Charlton were once holding meetings in Norfolk. For some days they had been in hostile territory and were depressed by the hardness and impenitence of the unbelievers. Argue and appeal as they would they felt that all was as "a wind that passeth away and cometh not again". Driving outward from this inhospitable neighbourhood after midnight one cold, dreary morning, over roads deep in mud and behind a horse as weary as the passengers, Mr. Charlton was struck in the ribs by the stump of Mr. Wood's missing arm and roused from fitful, uneasy slumber by the shout, "Wake up, John, wake up! We're back in God's country. Here's a Baptist church". Thus they were refreshed and proceeded on their journey. During one of the elections in South Ontario, in which Honourable T. N. Gibbs was the Conservative candidate, Mr. Wood is reported to have said from the platform: "I entered my bedroom and went down on my knees, and before the open Bible declared that justice would have departed from the earth if T. N. Gibbs should be elected."

Mr. Wood was appointed to the office of Chief Justice of Manitoba by the Mackenzie Government. It is, however, as an advocate rather than as a judge that he is distinguished. He was an incident rather than an influence in the life of Canada. But one feels that he had the native strength to rise higher and the gifts to achieve a more enduring reputation.

During the general election of 1874 I lived near the village of Greenwood, in South Ontario. I had begun to read *The Globe* and *The Mail.* At home we "took in" *The Toronto Lead-*

*er,* which had all the respectability and at times all the dullness of orthodox Toryism, and *The Daily Telegraph,* which was neither so dull nor so respectable. In *The Daily Telegraph* Mr. Phillips Thompson appeared as Jimuel Briggs, a graduate of Coboconk University. For a time he reported the proceedings of the Police Court in verse. Here is a sample which I cannot forget:

John Brown
Went down
Thirty days;
Couldn't raise
Three dollars,
Peeler hollers,
You clear
Out of here;
In that room
Wait your doom.

What curious fag-ends repose at the back of one's memory. As parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph,* Jimuel Briggs described a debate on prohibition. He said that when the House rose the members descended to the restaurant below, where they "put down the curse of the country with great success". *The Daily Telegraph,* which ran from 1866 to 1872, was one of Mr. John Ross Robertson's ventures, and during its too short life displayed vigour, courage and originality. When I returned home in 1876, after an absence of four years, my father said that he was glad to have me back, but the fact that I brought a copy of *The Globe* did not add to his pleasure. This I submit as definite and final evidence that my father was a Conservative.

I found a treasure-house in the Greenwood Mechanics' Institute. Looking backward to those days, I have wondered if Mr. Andrew Carnegie would not have served the world better if he had endowed village and township libraries. We are too willing to carry water to the springs when it is needed in the parched places. From the Mechanics' Institute at Greenwood I had all the English poets, and no one ever read Pope and Dryden and Campbell and Goldsmith, Tennyson and Longfellow and Whittier, and even Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook more faithfully or with greater reverence of soul. There, too, I had Don Quixote, and that was a task; Dickens, whom I still love, sneer the intellectuals as they may, Thackeray, who is not for youth, and Scott, who is for all ages and for all time. This village library had also a few standard biographies and histories, and somewhere I got Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" and Samuel Smiles's "Self Help". Upon that last book we now bestow a smiling and tolerant patronage, but many a thirsty youth has had the first draughts of the water of life from its pages. I recall, too, that at this time I found in an upper room of the farm-house where I lived two or three volumes of *Harper's Weekly,* with Nast's cartoons, much serious and instructive reading, and a noble poetical tribute to Garibaldi, verses of which never have been erased from my memory. One doubts if there is now a weekly periodical in America of higher standard than was *Harper's Weekly* under the editorship of Mr. George William Curtis fifty years ago. This at least I know, that none of its issues ever were read more greedily than those which I discovered in the farm-house at Salem's Corners. Henceforth *The New York Ledger* and the dime novels of Beadle and Munro were treated with "salutary neglect". But who would forget "Hardskull, the Avenger" and "The Terror of the Gulch" or the dread fascination of desperate adventures in "The Dark and Bloody Ground". Who would deny his devotion to Richard Lewis, and Mrs. Southworth and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior; to Fanny Fern and John G. Saxe. Milk for babes and meat for strong men. If we do not take the milk the appetite for meat may not develop.

There was a happy day, long ago, while I was still under my father's roof, when with a dollar in my pocket I walked fourteen miles to Clinton,

bought ten dime novels, had another "thrown in" because I took so many, and walked all the way home again, richer than I have ever been in all the years that have since settled on my head. As was his habit, my father scolded his erring son, made his choice out of the collection, and one by one read first all the "trash" that I had accumlated. This is a digression, but Reminiscences are chiefly digression and disconnection. No man serves a youth so well as he who lures him into reading what wise men have said, and foolish men have thought and vain men have dreamed. I think with gratitude of Mr. Fred. Meen, who established the Mechanics' Institute at Greenwood, as I confess a lasting debt to Honourable David Mills and Mr. Edward Farrer, who opened to me the books out of which they drew strength and inspiration, and which at least I have loved for their solid counsel, their beauty, authority and integrity.

In 1874, when I lived at Greenwood, the country was convulsed by the "Pacific scandal". Even the village school was broken into factions. Reared in a Tory household, and in worship of John A. Macdonald, I clung to the faith as it was received from the fathers. But I fear that I wavered as I found life-long Conservatives falling away from the standard. At school those who held to the Conservative leader were denounced as "Charter-sellers". I cannot recollect that the taunt was supported by fact or argument. Nor was there any better support for the retort of youthful Conservatives that all Reformers were "rebels". But if there was comedy in the schoolyard, there was an element of tragedy in the position of many Conservatives. Grieved to the soul over the "scandal", they turned sadly from the leader who had commanded their complete sympathy and devotion. This was long before we had manhood suffrage and many of those who deserted Sir John Macdonald were old men whose loyalty to the leader and the party had become a tradition and almost a religion. Not only did they forsake the old allegiance, but they became active working members of Liberal committees. There is nothing in the political history of Canada to justify the notion that Conservatives submit more readily than Liberals to the bondage of party.

The Conservative candidate in South Ontario in 1874 was Honourable T. N. Gibbs, who had been admitted to the Cabinet in 1873, a few months before Sir John Macdonald resigned office. Of fine presence and high character, and with influential social and business connections throughout the riding, he was formidable in the canvass and on the platform. It was Mr. Gibbs who defeated Honourable George Brown in 1867, in a contest in which, if rumour was not unjust, there was expenditure of money as lavish as ever fertilized a Canadian constituency. The charge of corruption always lies against the victor, but there is reason to think Mr. Brown was not empty-handed. Thought of that achievement still brings a flush of pride to the furrowed cheeks of Conservative veterans in South Ontario. But I think of more than one gray-haired Conservative who resolutely resisted Mr. Gibbs's personal appeal, and of at least one woman who shed bitter tears over the contumacy and recreancy of her husband. Honourable Malcolm Cameron, of Perth, famous in early political battles in Lambton and Kent, was brought into the riding to oppose this strong local candidate. He was called "The Coon" in contemporary political writing. Once when Honourable George Brown appeared as a candate in Kent, Mr. Cameron wrote a letter urging the "clear Grit" wing of the Liberal party to give Mr. Brown "a coon-hunt on the Wabash". From this he was "The Coon" while he lived. A pioneer temperance agitator, Mr. Cameron had many anecdotes which he told with good effect. At Brough-

am, referring to the regard in which Mr. Gibbs had been held by Conservatives throughout the riding, and declaring that he had forfeited this esteem by adherence to an unworthy leader, the Liberal candidate emphasized the contention by the story of a shepherd who had two sons, one wise and one otherwise. The foolish youth had a pet lamb, and when the shepherd came to divide his flock he put the pet lamb in one enclosure and all the rest of the sheep in another. Then he called upon the foolish one to choose between the lamb and the flock. At once "the saftest of the family" ran to the lamb, put his arms about its neck and sobbed, "I loved you, Billy. We have had happy days together, and parting is painful. But you have got into bad company and I must leave you there." And he chose the flock.

Mr. Gibbs was not unequal to the occasion. Recalling that Mr. Cameron had been imported from outside the constituency and brought back into public life from a retirement which became his years, to contest South Ontario, Mr. Gibbs said he was reminded of the farmer who sternly but unsuccessfully opposed the construction of a railway across his farm. He had a favourite bullock, which, under the impulse of instinctive sympathy, got on the track and braced himself to meet the inaugural train as it came rushing across the country. The consequence, as Mr. Gibbs said, was "a dead bullock". The farmer solemnly contemplating the carcase and looking sadly after the disappearing train, said, "Buck, I glory in your spunk, but d—— your judgment". Mr. Gibbs reminded the meeting that the people of South Ontario had not heard Honourable George Brown, and as long ago as 1854 had rejected Mr. Abram Farewell, of Whitby, and he quoted St. Luke, 16:29-31: "But Abraham saith: They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one go to them from the dead they will repent. And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rise from the dead".

But they did hear him who rose from the dead, and Mr. Gibbs, with many another gallant man, fell on that cold 22nd of January, 1874. It was not long, however, before he recovered his kingdom. Mr. Cameron died in 1876, and in a memorable bye-election Mr. Gibbs defeated Mr. J. D. Edgar and returned to the House of Commons. I was among those who gathered in the telegraph office at Greenwood on the night of the general election of 1874, when the Mackenzie Government carried the country by an overwhelming majority. It was known at an early hour that all the Toronto seats had been taken by the Liberal party and until midnight disaster followed disaster. There was a faint cheer from the stricken Conservatives when it was announced that Sir John Macdonald had carried Kingston. The incident of the night which I chiefly remember was the picturesque declaration of a gloomy and profane Conservative when this news was received, that he hoped not another candidate of the party would be elected since "John A." alone would be a match for all the d—— Grits that could be crowded into the Parliament Buildings. It is curious now to recall the settled conviction among Liberals that Sir John Macdonald never could rise again. For the moment he was discredited, and almost dishonoured. There is reason to think that his removal from the position of Parliamentary leader was considered. But he had the patience, the wisdom and the resource to repair his broken fortunes. He had not wholly alienated the affection for himself which lay deep in the hearts of Conservatives, while among the stable elements of the country there was always a strong reserve of confidence in his prudence and patriotism. In Canadian history there is no other such illustration of the charm of a man, the resource of

a politician and the camaraderie of human nature as the restoration of Sir John Macdonald affords.

In the summer of 1875 I drove alone from Greenwood to Markham, across twelve miles of country, to attend a Conservative demonstration. Since I had begun to think that I was a Liberal I was not inspired to make the journey by devotion to the Conservative party. But among the speakers announced were Dr. Charles Tupper and Honourable William McDougall, and I was anxious in those days to hear the political leaders of both parties. As I stood in the street at Markham and for the first time saw the leaders ride by in cabs, followed by marching men and bands of music, I have no doubt I felt as did Tom Sawyer at church when the minister told of the blessed day when the lion and the lamb should lie down together and a little child should lead them, and Tom said to himself that he wished he could be that child if it was a tame lion. I remember nothing of what was said that day by either Dr. Tupper or Mr. McDougall. I have no better recollection of what was said by Mr. T. N. Gibbs or Mr. Matthew Crooks Cameron, the leader of the Conservative party in the Legislature, who were also among the speakers. Dr. Tupper had come from Nova Scotia to address the meeting, and I do remember *The Globe* said next day that there was nothing surprising about the event, except that the "Warhorse of Cumberland" should have come so far to say so little. These were the only political speeches that I ever heard from Mr. McDougall or Mr. Cameron, although a year or two afterward I heard Mr. Cameron, who had become Chief Justice of Ontario, charge the jury at Guelph in a famous trial for abduction. It was not the fortune of Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron, who was a high Tory, nor of his successor, Sir William Meredith, who was a progressive radical, to command a majority in the Legislature, but for private virtue and public integrity there are no more shining names in the political annals of Ontario.

The speech at Markham which made the chief impression upon my mind was that delivered by Honourable William McDougall. In his comparatively unfruitful career I have had a deep and enduring interest. His contemporaries agree that he was a speaker of singular charm and lucidity. He had distinction of style; he was clear, impressive and logical. Those who read his address before the Reform Convention at Toronto in 1867 must admit that he gave reasons for remaining in the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, after Confederation was accomplished, as convincing as the arguments which Honourable George Brown advanced to justify his own withdrawal. But in a convention hostile to Macdonald, embracing Liberals who at best gave a sullen sanction to the project of union, exulting over Brown's separation from Macdonald, eager to reunite all elements which had constituted the Liberal party before Brown entered the coalition, and submissive to the great personal authority which Brown exercised, it was, perhaps, inevitable that judgment should go against McDougall. Still even if George Brown was right, McDougall was not necessarily insincere nor guilty of any deliberate betrayal of the Liberal party. Sir John Macdonald himself admitted in Parliament that Brown and McDougall were among the first advocates of the incorporation of the Northwest Territories into the Dominion. They were influential advocates of Confederation before Macdonald regarded the project as politically practicable, and there is ground for thinking that Brown saw the light through the clearer vision of McDougall. Much of the legislation of the Mackenzie Government was foreshadowed in *The North American*, which McDougall edited before he and the paper were absorbed by *The Globe*. George Brown said that McDougall

was indolent and unreliable; Edward Blake said that he was unstable. But he was more of a prophet than either, and like other prophets was not greatly honoured in his own time and has had scant justice in history. Even if one feels that McDougall made the bed upon which he rested so uneasily the notion persists that there is quality unrecognized and honour withheld. It is the fate of the journalist, and McDougall was pre-eminently a journalist, to praise Caesar and feed Caesar and take the crumbs and the boards.

Forty years ago joint political meetings were common throughout Canada. I have understood that Honourable Edward Blake, after he succeeded to the leadership of the Liberal party, set himself against the custom. He issued no edict, but the impression became general among Liberals that he doubted if such meetings produced the best results. Even if he was right, one may still envy the fathers who were less grievously afflicted by the amenities of a higher civilization. I remember "one crowded hour of glorious strife" in South Ontario. Upon the death of Honourable Malcolm Cameron, a bye-election became necessary. Honourable T. N. Gibbs, as I have said, was again the Conservative candidate, while Mr. J. D. Edgar, later to be Speaker of the House of Commons and to receive knighthood, was the choice of the Liberal Convention. In the throes of a severe commercial depression, the country was disposed to hold the Mackenzie Government responsible for the ordinances of Divine Providence. The Conservative party was moving towards the "National Policy", and all the conditions were favourable to the propagation of protectionist teaching. A Government upon the defensive is a Government in distress. The Opposition, under Sir John Macdonald, displayed singular resource and energy. There has been nothing in Canadian politics more effective than the "demonstrations" which the Conservative leaders organized throughout the country. They were continually on the platform, exploiting the "existing discontents", establishing or manufacturing "scandals", charging extravagance and maladministration, and producing unrest among the industrial and agricultural classes. "Reciprocity of trade, or reciprocity of tariffs", which was the Conservative watchword, made its appeal to the workers with low wages and scarcity of employment, to the farmers whose products were fetching low prices, to the manufacturers who were exposed to the destructive competition of American industries, and to the producers who were excluded by high duties from access to American markets. Whether or not the Government understood, the "Conservative reaction" was flowing strongly when Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Edgar appeared as the protagonists of the parties in South Ontario.

But I am not so much concerned with the issues which entered into the contest as with a joint meeting in Whitby, at which the speakers were Honourable Alexander Mackenzie and Honourable Dr. Tupper. As arranged, each spake for an hour, while the Liberal Prime Minister, who spoke first, had fifteen minutes in which to answer the arguments of his opponent. On the night before the meeting at Whitby Dr. Tupper had met Honourable L. S. Huntington at Oshawa and achieved a signal triumph. Mr. Huntington had a face and head as classic as the model of a sculptor. His voice was melodious and resonant. He had a gracious dignity, the language of a scholar and the studied deliverance of an actor. Except Sir Wilfrid Laurier I have seen no finer or more impressive figure on a political platform in Canada. But Mr. Huntington's addresses were laboured and polished. He was as concerned for the form of the message as for the message itself. He was not supple in controversy. He was easy in smooth water, but troubled in the rapids. Over such an op-

ponent, before an eager and excited meeting, the vehemence, confidence, daring and energy of Dr. Tupper were bound to prevail. Moreover, Conservatives never forgot that Mr. Huntington had secured the private letters which produced the "Pacific scandal", and they pursued the man with savage joy and merciless ferocity. How often in politics the author of an "exposure" dies, while the victim survives.

Many of those who saw Mr. Huntington overcome at Oshawa attended the meeting at Whitby. The Conservatives were happy and exultant, the Liberals depressed and anxious. But Mr. Mackenzie had resource in debate such as few men of his time possessed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said that when he was "on his legs" he had no peer in the House of Commons. There was little or nothing of the finish of oratory in his speeches. There were few ornate or elegant sentences. There was no elaborate preparation or dependence upon memory for felicitous phrases or orderly sentences. His strength was in facts, simplicity of statement, and complete knowledge of the subject. Of stern aspect and without natural gaiety of spirit, he yet had a penetrating humour and was fertile in illustration and anecdote. If he was austere he was just, and seldom sour or intemperate. Mr. Mackenzie's first speech was a quiet, orderly, logical defence of the acts and policies of his Administration. There was frequent cheering, but the Prime Minister's statement did not lessen the desire to hear Dr. Tupper. Nor did Dr. Tupper face an audience in which there was a predominant feeling of personal or political hostility. He was well received and quickly won the favour of the meeting. In those days Dr. Tupper was in full physical vigour. He spoke with tremendous energy. His vocabulary of denunciation was equal even to his own conception of the ineptitude and depravity of his opponents. On this occasion he was—himself. He held the Government responsible for drought and blight, for excessive heat and extreme cold, for the blasted corn and the barren fig-tree. The Conservatives warmed by degrees into sympathy, jubilation and confidence. Long before he had finished the meeting seemed to have gone hopelessly against Mr. Mackenzie. But the Prime Minister had fifteen minutes for reply. As the last word fell from Dr. Tupper's lips he sprang to the front of the platform. He stood, stern and unsmiling, while the long cheering for the Conservative spokesman died away. Then with swift, impetuous sentences he fell upon Dr. Tupper. He wasted not a word or a moment. He struck blow after blow with such direct force that the whole structure which Dr. Tupper had reared with such superb assurance and confidence seemed to fall column by column into ruin. I have heard many speeches since that day, but nothing so trenchant and destructive. Of what was said by either speaker I have little recollection. I know that Dr. Tupper was merry over the inconsistencies and "broken pledges" of the Government, and that Mr. Mackenzie met the accusations with the history of a measure that Dr. Tupper had fathered and abandoned. He was guilty, Mr. Mackenzie said, of "the horrible crime of infanticide". He had "not only slaughtered his own child, but trampled on the remains". I was young when Mr. Mackenzie and Dr. Tupper met at Whitby so long ago. To youth wonder and enthusiasm come easily. But, I repeat, that I have heard nothing since from any platform as powerful, destructive and overwhelming as Mr. Mackenzie's reply. Conservatives around me who never had and never would cast a vote for a Liberal candidate rose to their feet and cheered with delight over the performance. That I have seen once only. Recalling such a glorious encounter one regrets that joint political meetings have been abandoned.

Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names
are sunk,
But of a single combat fame speaks clear.

Once again I heard Mr. Mackenzie before the day of his strength had passed. I drove—again alone—from the home of my boyhood to Clinton to hear the Prime Minister, Honourable L. S. Huntington, Honourable Oliver Mowat, and Honourable T. B. Pardee. Two things said at that meeting have lived in my memory. Mr. Huntington, then Postmaster-General, was defending Mr. Mackenzie's purchase of steel rails on what was thought to be a rising market, and out of which transaction the Conservatives developed a "scandal", when a voice from the audience asked with rough asperity, "What about the post-office?" Mr. Huntington retorted to the confusion of the heckler and the joy of the Liberals, "The post-office is an organization for the transmission of intelligence to men who can read and write. I don't suppose you can do either". Justifiable, perhaps, but the blow that wounds is best withheld. I remember also Mr. Mackenzie's grave warning, spoken so the elect would not be misled, that "the heart of the average Tory was deceitful above all things and desperately wecked". I knew Mr. Mackenzie well when his frame was wasted by disease, and a faltering tongue could seldom give expression to the strong and restless spirit which the eye revealed. But during the years that I was in the Press Gallery he did not utter half a dozen sentences in Parliament. There was pathos in his patient, faithful, enduring attendance upon debates in which he could not engage.

Mr. Mackenzie was attacked with unrelenting vigour and often with sheer malignity. Of all the charges urged against his Government not one will command the respect of posterity or would now receive serious consideration by any dispassionate judge or jury. No matter how confident he may have been in his own patriotism and integrity, the Prime Minister must have been deeply wounded by the tongue of slander that would not be still and the vindictive savagery of continuous attack. But the Mackenzie Government, like all other Governments in Canada, had greedy mercenaries hanging upon its skirts, bent upon pillage and crafty beyond the wit of man in devising means to get at the treasury by dubious contracts or skilful alienation of the public resources. In 1896 *The Globe* published a letter by Mr. Mackenzie, to Mr. Thomas Hodgins, master at Osgoode Hall, and the Liberal member for West Elgin in the Legislature from 1871 to 1879, whose name, however, was not disclosed, which shows how sorely he was beset by the spoilsmen and how sternly he resisted their demands.

"Friends (?) expect to be benefited by offices they are unfit for, by contracts they are not entitled to, by advances not earned. Enemies ally themselves with friends and push the friends to the front. Some attempt to storm the office. Some dig trenches at a distance and approach in regular siege form. I feel like the besieged lying on my arms night and day. I have offended at least twenty parliamentary friends by defence of the citadel. A weak minister here would ruin the party in a month and the country very soon."

Mr. Mackenzie did guard the treasury, but the struggle was unceasing and the strain beyond endurance. The fault of the Liberal party was voluble virtue. It actually believed that it was the "party of purity". All its organs and leaders pursued Sir John Macdonald as the arch-master of electoral corruption, but after 1874 twenty or thirty Liberal members who had cried to the gods against the "Pacific scandal" were unseated for improper practices. Men scoffed and forgot that the masses of the Liberal party were wholesome and sincere people and their leaders able and faithful public servants. But Mr. Mackenzie's letter reveals that in the Liberal party, as in the Conservative party,

the forces of interest and plunder are never asleep and the records of the courts show conclusively that one party is as good or as bad as the other. It was not because the Liberal party was excessively virtuous that Canada had honest government from 1874 to 1878, but because its leader had the resolution and the courage to require honest administration by the public departments and frugality in the public expenditures.

For his resistance to protection Mr. Mackenzie gets more praise than he deserves. He was ready to raise the duties from seventeen and one-half to twenty per cent. So were Honourable George Brown and Sir Richard Cartwright and Honourable Edward Blake, and other leading Liberals of Ontario and Quebec. Principle does not concern itself with percentages. If Honourable A. G. Jones and the near-sighted, contumacious, anxious Liberal group from the Eastern Provinces, who were possessed by the delusion that they could not carry their constituencies if duties were increased, had not gone into revolt against Mr. Mackenzie he would have raised duties to twenty per cent., and once committed in Parliament and on the platform to the defence of higher customs taxation who can be certain that the Canadian Liberal party would not have become entrenched in the fortress of protection. There is reason to believe that if the Mackenzie Government had committed itself to higher duties the Conservative Opposition would have adhered to low tariff. The common story is that when Sir Richard Cartwright arose to deliver the budget speech of 1876 it was not known if he would declare for or against higher duties, while Sir Charles Tupper, who was to follow, knew only that he would not agree with Cartwright.

In a speech at St. Mary's in 1893, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy said: "There is no doubt in the world that we were out of power and by going in for the National Policy and taking the wind out of Mr. Mackenzie's sails we got into power. We became identified with the protection policy, but if Mr. Mackenzie had adopted the protective policy we should have been free-traders." Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., whose father was one of the most convincing writers of protectionist literature at this period, has said that Sir John Macdonald was "timid unto death of protection", and "had to be bullied into it, led into it, committed to it by others". Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that when he warned Sir John that "Protection would never do for Canada" he was assured, "You need not fear that I am going to get into that hole". One does not understand how Mr. Goldwin Smith could give any such warning, for he was opposing the Mackenzie Government, petting Honourable Edward Blake as the repressed believer in a more liberal commercial policy, and cultivating close personal and political relations with the Conservative leader. In a letter to *The Toronto News* in 1901 Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin said:

> "Now as regards Sir John Macdonald's opinion, he is on record quite early in his career on the side of protection. On the other hand, in 1876, I was in "The Mail" office talking to the late Mr. Charles Belford, who was then editor under Mr. Patteson, who was manager and editor-in-chief, when Sir John Macdonald entered and said: 'Belford, what do you mean by that article on protection? I'm not a protectionist.' Belford replied: 'It doesn't commit you or the paper. It is marked "communicated". But that policy is taking hold of the public mind, and that is the question on which you will have to go to the country.' The policy of protection was preached on platforms and advocated in "The Mail" before Sir John Macdonald took it up heartily. He had undoubtedly gone over to free trade with the Disraelian Conservatives, and was fully aware what a hold belief in it had taken of the public mind. He, however, took to studying protectionists' books, and when he began to advocate protection he brought to bear on its popularization his fine power of illustration, sometimes homely, sometimes whimsical, always effective. It is the good fortune of the leading statesmen to get credit not only for the work, but the idea, whereas they are never the first to conceive the idea."

What Mr. Davin, Mr. Maclean and Mr. McCarthy have said Mr. T. C. Patteson, who was the editor of *The Mail* during that period, often admitted and emphasized. But if it was the fortune of Mr. Mackenzie to take the wrong turning, this was not so much through devotion to low tariff as through submission to a wing of the Liberal party which by high concern for principle or through zeal to save itself gave the whole position to the enemy. After the turnover in 1896 the common injunction among Liberals was to remember "Mackenzie's mistakes".

**In the June number Sir John Willison will write about "Early Days in Journalism".**

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## THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By GORDON STACE SMITH

THAT stumpy farm—I see it now—
My sturdy father at the plough;
In crooked drills the virgin soil
Would register his daily toil.
Old Dox, the cow, in the corral,
The startled tinkling of her bell—
Her calf—contrary, gorged and plump—
Tethered to a birchen stump.
The wooden trough wherein I'd keep
Great water-creatures that do creep;
With brothers there, on business terms,
For hours I'd sit and barter worms.
Ten slimy leeches I would trade
For an Indian arrow-head;
And, should it have a double prong,
A beetle full three inches long.

My mother and her old sun-bonnet
(A theme itself to weave a sonnet!),
From peep of dawn till dewy eve
Her little tasks she'd never leave.
While we, not dreaming of her cares,
Excelled in mischief unawares;

Or in the river's shallow wave
All day our youthful limbs we'd lave;
Or by some pool whose limpid cheek
Would mirror towering Granite Peak,
We'd run about, with naked toes,
And sun-tanned shins and unkempt clothes,
Save once a week, when we were dressed
And polished in our decent best—
Perhaps on Saturday or Monday,
Uncertain just which day was Sunday.
Wild, primitive, obscure, remote
From carriage, thoroughfare, or boat;
A little world all of our own,
Where visitors were things unknown;
A stranger passing by the gate,
A nine-days' wonder to relate.

The old log house, all ivy-green,
Through twining leaves the doors half seen,
Within whose walls each night (not late!)
To-morrow's plans we would debate;
And when the clock struck drowsy nine,
The good-night kisses passed in line;
On bended knees, around our chairs,
We'd race and rattle through our prayers,
Too thoughtless to know just what about,
Too innocent to dream a doubt.
Then tripping lightly up the stairs
To poppied sleep that knows no cares!—
The attic where, in dreams, I'd span
The period 'twixt boy and man—
A vision, when attained, we find,
Has left a paradise behind.

DAFFODILS

From the Painting by
Elizabeth A. Stanhope Forbes,
Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

# Dahabeah Days

AN ACCOUNT OF A LEISURELY CRUISE ON THE NILE

## BY HELEN M. EDGAR

OUR new dock was near the Zoo, and at night the roaring of the lions made us feel that we were indeed in Africa.

On the afternoon of the 25th of January we literally sailed through the bridge, for a most exciting collision with it occurred. Fortunately our damage was slight, but from the uproar you would have thought all Egypt was involved. It was certainly owing to our bad seamanship, though the Rais had voluble excuses. We carried off a beam of the bridge, which became jammed in our galley, nearly pinning the cook to the opposite wall. Three bridge officials leaped on board, but as we had no name painted on our ship and owned no flag, as the Rais had conveniently forgotten the owner's name, and C. for the time being knew no Arabic, they could not identify us. In lieu of information, copious draughts of coffee and endless cigarettes seemed to adjust matters, for the officials departed, with every sign of respect, at our next stopping-place. Fortunately we were not responsible for damages, but all the same we were relieved to know that we would not have to pass another bridge for some time.

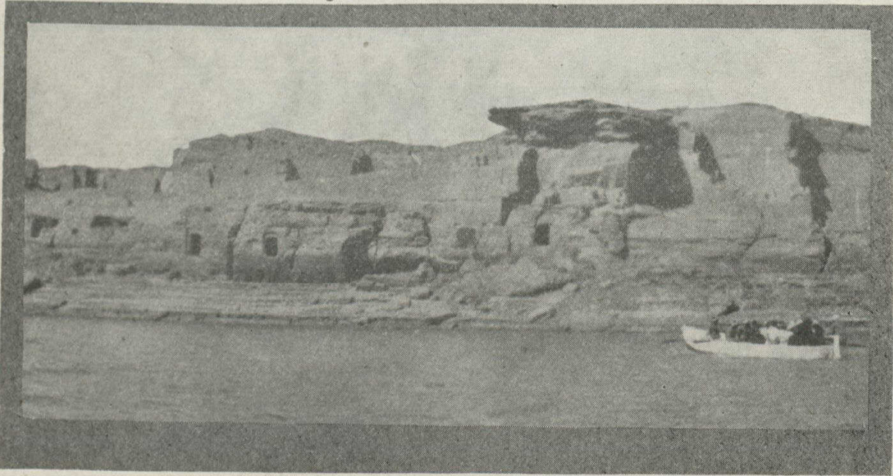
On the eve of the 25th we anchored above Gizeh and watched our men climb the 150-foot spar to furl the sail. They looked like an assortment of gaily-coloured beetles as they swarmed aloft holding the hem of their skirts between their teeth. Coffee and light refreshments finished the crew's work, and we partook of dinner on deck, watching the spires and minarets of old Cairo picked out in gold by the light of the setting sun. The famous rubbish heaps formed a fine background, topped as they were by windmills that Napoleon had built. A letter written home on the 27th will best describe our progress:

Dahabeah Dodo,
Sixty-five miles from Cairo,
January 28th.

We have now had four days, I was going to say straight sailing, but when I consider that three collisions have already taken place I can scarcely call our journey a direct one. The day we passed the second bridge initiated us into Egyptian seamanship.

We rested for the night near Gizeh and continued our journey with a light wind about 11.30 on the 26th. It was delicious, the air balmy, the awnings toning the sun's rays to just a genial warmth. We passed old palaces with sinister staircases leading to the river's brink, and over which many a sack had been carried with its human freight and sent on its unwilling journey to the sea. Nests of villages with low stone or mud buildings were linked together by the never-ceasing journey of laden camels, slow-moving buffalo and veiled and fluttering figures, all silhouetted against the saffron sky. This "frieze" is broken from time to time by a "sakiyeh" with a blindfolded buffalo walking forever round and round. Day and night the wheel is turned and the clay pots dip and rise with soothing monotony. Palm trees, graceful and serene, group themselves at every available spot. To our left stretches the Arabian desert bounded by great limestone cliffs, which we can see pierced by the openings of countless rifled tombs. To our right the Libyan waste is spread, but the immediate bank is green and bountiful with crops of wheat and sugar-cane.

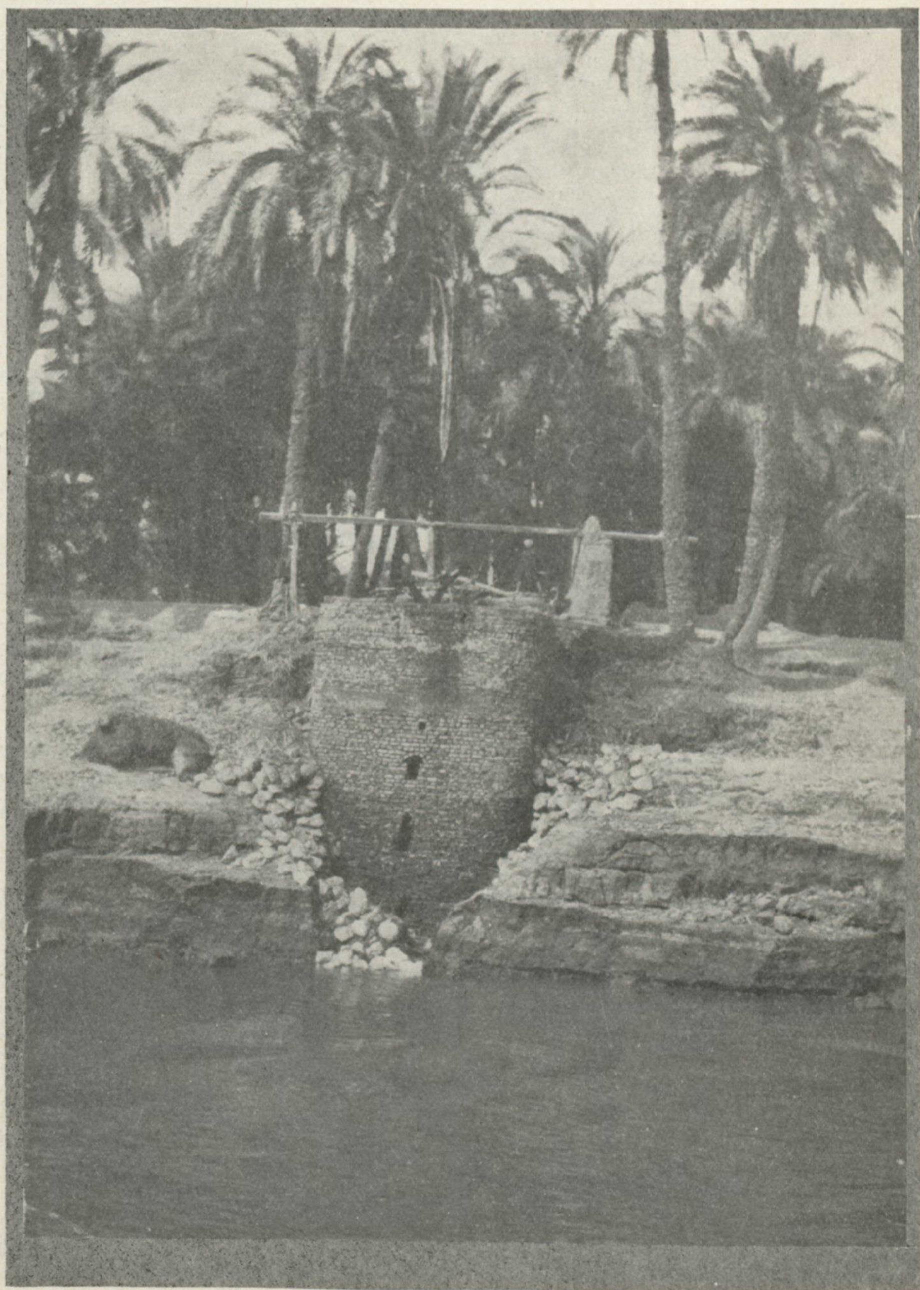
Our second collision occurred rythmically on our second day, and was a mere trifle, but shook our confidence in our Berberee captain, who calls on Allah with uplifted hands and lets the ropes look after themselves. Our second night we rested under a most lovely grove of palms, through which the full moon played hide-and-seek. We dined literally by the light of the moon, for the awning was taken off the shore side and we sheltered ourselves behind the other two and enjoyed the view as well as a very good dinner. Afterwards we wandered through the grove and towards an inland village, but did not attempt to enter, as C. said it would not be safe at that time of night. In the morning the place looked even more beautiful, for added to the scenery was the human interest of watching all the women of the village carrying their huge jars, poised with perfect grace on their heads, to the river to fill and incidentally do their washing.



Some of the Countless rifled tombs along the Nile

Camels came laden with sugar-cane which gave them an ostrich-like appearance, and were unloaded with many groans and snorts of contempt, only to be reloaded with large panniers of Nile mud. In isolated spots stood solemn figures with their best garment spread out before them, kneeling, and smiting the ground from time to time with their heads. This praying seemed to occupy a large part of the native time. Our crew are great adepts, and generally choose the top of the forecastle (or kitchen) to perform their rites. On the palm grove at night, being full moon, we were entertained by an elaborate ceremony, the crew squatting round their Rais and acting chorus to his elaborate compliments addressed to the sky.

Our third day was heavenly. A light breeze had borne us safe and sound to another moon-lit anchorage, over which the



A "Sakiyeh" of the Nile

comet seemed to wave its tail almost to the zenith. We slept like tops, and this morning, a brisk north wind arising, we were off by 7.30. I thought a gondola the most perfect mode of travel, but a dahabeah (when not in collision) is nearer pure delight. We breakfast always on deck. P. and I face the Libyan side, and the C.'s face the Arabian way. Our morning, Mrs. C. now says, was too boastful. We were so sublimely pleased with ourselves and the universe, that we were bound to suffer. A harmless felucca laden with stone was sailing in the opposite direction and, as apparently there are no navigation laws on the Nile, both boats decided to take the same channel. The felucca sails got tangled in our rigging, our upper deck awnings and stanchions were torn away. Our Rais and his helmsman both tugged at the rudder different ways. Don Juan's shipwreck was nothing in volume of sound to what we went through. The Rais spent most of his time describing the ancestry of the helmsman and crew, and a few extra genealogical facts were hurled at the stone-weighted felucca. With C. and P. doing valiant work we finally got free. Then the Rais, in spite of the wind, furled his sails, said his prayers on the poop, thanked Allah for his deliverance, smoked a cigarette and allowed the wind to blow us gently on. His nerves were completely shattered and he wanted to land us at once on a desolate shore, saying he was sure his mast was broken, but as we knew nothing of that kind had happened, we allowed him time to compose his feelings and he then decided to unfurl again. For the next two hours we progressed, and C. induced the shattered crew to take heart and begin repairs. The element of danger on our journey was minimized by the fact that at almost any spot we could wade to shore. The current would be our chief difficulty. We also have a comforting clause in our contract that all damages to the dahabeah while under the Rais's control we are not liable for. That is the reason why even in emergencies the tiller is left in his hands. We do not wish to own the pieces of a dahabeah at the end of our trip.

On the 28th of January we were beyond the Meridan Pyramid. On the opposite bank Aphroditopolis in the distance marks the spot where St. Anthony, the anchorite, took desert refuge. We rested all night by a mud bank in mid-stream and our nervous crew said it was a bad place. Conscious of our revolvers, we slept in peace and had no cause for alarm.

Saturday, the 29th, dawned as beautiful as ever, and the terrifying brigands resolved themselves by daylight into picturesque and apparently harmless fellahin. Men and children sat on their haunches and regarded us for two solid hours in an equally solid way, twisting and twirling camel hair on quaint and tiny spindles.

Late in the morning the Rais consented to set sail, and our only mishap was the forgetting of one of our crew. He, however, ran along the shore and finally reached us *via* a sand-bank and the chicken-boat. His costume had rapidly diminished on his run, his turban and a shred of shirt remaining as tokens of decency. All else was tied up in a blue handkerchief, which contained, I regret to say, our greens, which he had been despatched for. He also had some subtle treasure in a cup which he bestowed on his fellowmen. It must have had miraculous adhesive qualities to remain intact during Abdul's swift run.

The morning was quite uneventful. Hopes were held out of reaching Beni Souef after luncheon, but by reason of the Rais having a nervous attack and letting down his back sail we did not reach the town till 7 p.m., and it was then quite dark. All afternoon we had passed between banks low-lying, and on the Arabian side most desolate and arid. C. and his wife landed for a brief visit to his beloved desert, while the Rais was steadying his nerves with coffee before our start. They returned with humanly worked flints, showing that prehistoric man had journeyed through that spot.

Though it was seven o'clock when we reached Beni Souef, we decided to postpone our dinner hour and visit the town before it was too late to do our marketing. The town lay about a mile from our moorings, and as a preliminary we climbed a steep sand-bank and waded for at least a quarter of the distance through the same substance. A rolling stone may not gather moss, but a few tourists marching in

The Mud Transport

The Rais sulking

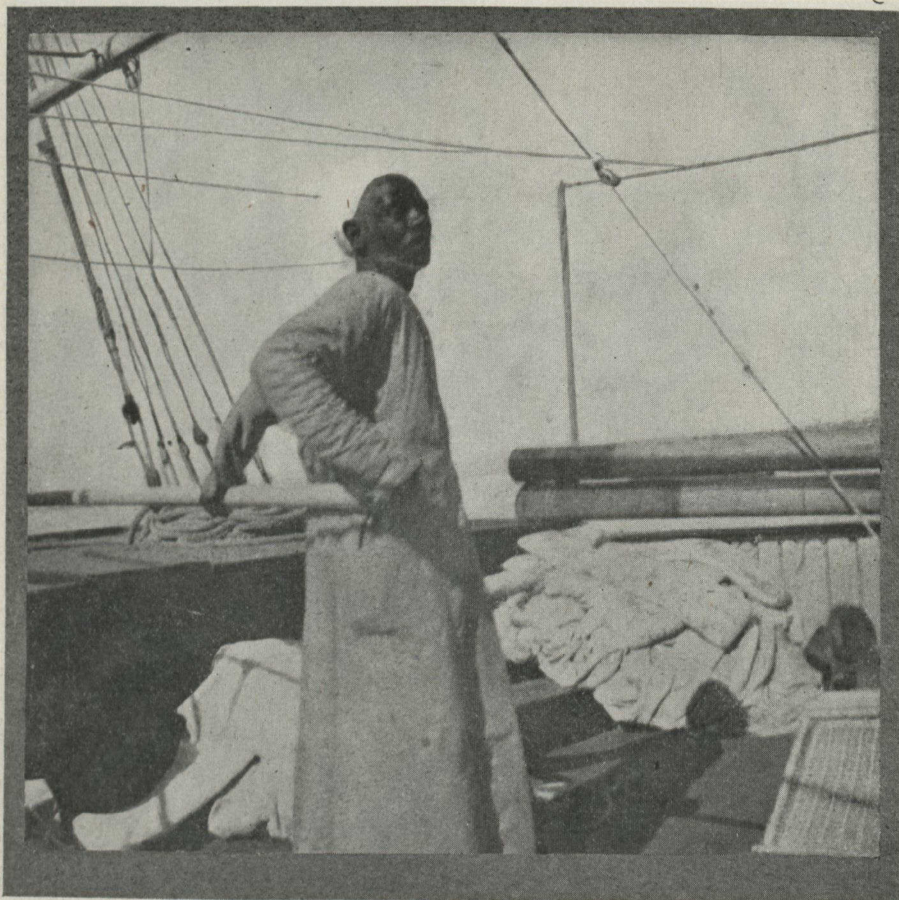
double-file will soon collect all the native population and its accompanying smells and dirt. By the time we reached the post-office we looked like an invading army. A silent but most inquisitive crowd surrounded us, and as many as could squeezed into the post-office to see our stamps affixed. Our next stop was at the bakery, and here the crowd became so dense that the native police had to be summoned. They did not improve matters, for their own curiosity as to our purchases absorbed most of their attention. We had brought our favourite bodyguard, Achmet and Mohammed, to carry provisions, who, however, were so seized with the dignity of the occasion that they hired a native on their own account, piling his basket full of bread and oranges. The bread looked most tempting, for it was in the form of delicious French loaves, and after our week of stale crusts we quite appreciated it. Our procession continued its way to a tinsmith. Our numerous repairs and purchases induced intense excitement in the crowd and volunteers were numerous for the honour of carrying our parcels. The butcher's shop was the first "stand" against the encroaching enemy. The help of another official clad in a long brown garment, holding a wooden wand of office and bearing a huge brass chest-plate, was now enlisted.

A Felucca on the Nile

At this point, for some occult reason our hired bearer was ordered by the policeman to unload, and departed with howls, swathing his turbaned head. The crowd had now become so attentive that P. had to stimulate the policemen's energies by offering them cigarettes. The effect was magical, and a real effort was made to disperse our curious attendants.

Beni Souef has a history reckoned by thousands of years, and now owing to the railroad enterprise is a striking example of ancient and modern Egypt. A café with brilliant lights greeted us as we turned a corner, its patrons sipping their Turkish coffee and reading their papers in most European fashion. In spite of the qualms of the Rais, we remained unmolested all night, except by the fleas, which seemed to have extra strength and energy after our land excursion.

Next morning, the thirtieth, we were greeted by many volunteer protectors, who assured us they had guarded us through the entire night and would now like their bakshish. Their feelings were not at all hurt when we doubted the veracity of their statement, for they finally departed in uncomplaining peace. We unfortunately did not. Till half-past ten we waited for the Rais to marshall his crew (seven was officially our time to



Doubletoes

start), and to our eyes they seemed fairly busy with the stern sail. Suddenly a suspicious quietness occurred, and C. discovered that the Rais and his twelve "merry men" were seated on the lower deck round a most savoury and filling stew. This at ten-thirty, and nothing done towards our departure, was too much. C. insisted on immediate action, so with sulky faces our crew forsook their fleshpot and condescended to unfurl our sails and start us on our way. All went uncommonly well and we were now congratulating ourselves on the magnificent record we would make, when, as luck would have it, the Rais in one of his periodic panics insisted on furling his sails, saying he was afraid of the "gale". We drifted for a couple of hours, and then the Rais's courage returned and we were once more slipping through the wonders of the banks teeming with the life and movement of sugar factories and potteries. We sailed all afternoon, and late at night we drifted to our anchorage opposite Maghag, 106 miles from Cairo. We made an early start and breakfasted as the *Dodo* slipped her moorings. We negotiated some difficult spots, and the usual dispute between the Rais and helmsman broke out. At one time the danger became acute, for a roving felucca complicated matters which were already bad enough with

A Crowded Anchorage on the Nile

the Rais and the Walrus (as we have named the pilot) wrestling with fierceness for the helm. All thoughts of sand-banks and felucca vanished till one or other was master of the situation. How we avoided a shipwreck no one knows. I think it was the forcible language that gave the *Dodo* impetus at the critical moment. We had reached the marmalade stage of breakfast when the excitement happened, and for a time our digestions were the only things that suffered. The Rais was gently removed to the roof of the galley by Mohammed, while the steersman was succeeded in office by Abdul Aziz. The Rais and the Walrus plunged into a wordy conflict which it was lucky for us we could not follow. After a quarter of an hour of vituperation the Rais descended from the forecastle and sat cross-legged on the rail of our deck, looking more than ever like a discontented ape. The Walrus curled himself up on a sail and quietly made up a cigarette, but slow rumblings of smothered thunder still made themselves heard.

That afternoon we passed two large villages, one buried in a palm grove and the other quite a metropolis. As we docked, the felucca ferry was landing some pilgrims from the palm grove, who, with their donkeys, were about to visit their *vis à vis*. A large

A Water-carrier of the Nile

crowd of squatting figures were awaiting their arrival, so that they might pay in turn a palm grove visit. Everyone was successfully landed, the dear little donkeys cleverly jumping on shore. Just as the felucca set sail to return to the palm grove village, a figure emerged from the town wall a mile away. We sympathized immensely with his disappointment. Our concern for him was wasted, for the ferry, though heavily laden, awaited with flapping sail his and his donkey's slow approach. Now, we thought, they are off, but no, another figure was seen running across the sand, followed a quarter of a mile back by two other eager passengers. The felucca started, but in a half-hearted way, and drifted about fifty feet from shore. The first fellah had reached the water's edge, and language, not being sustaining, he proceeded to wade. He waded and waded until the felucca decided to stop midway between its belated patrons and induced them all to wade out to the craft. I was told by C. that this is positively rapid transit for Egypt. The ferryman often tells his passengers when they arrive on board that he would rather not cross until the following day. Our afternoon sped tranquilly, and we passed many a thriving village sheltered under waving palms, the fellahin gathering binding and loading camels with huge bundles of sugar-cane.

Towards sunset we neared the flourishing town of Sheik el Fadhl.

Our intelligent Rais directed our anchorage to a spot where the *Dodo* could just fit in between hundreds of dirty feluccas and the teeming filth of the shore. Native life is interesting, but not under such circumstances. Orders were given to tow us to the opposite bank, or below the town. The Rais and steersman had their usual dispute, which nearly occasioned our most serious collision. As it was, scraped paint and unvarnished language was the only outcome. Our final resting-place was beside a bank from which we could view the inhabitants of Sheik el Fadhl cook their evening meal by the flame of the sugar-cane leaves.

We had now passed into a new province and were reminded of the fact by two of our crew coming to C. and, after delivering the usual string of superlative blessings, demanding £1 as bakshish to be distributed among them. C. compromised on a gift of sugar-cane, and the deputation departed gleefully to purchase it. When they returned we were all treated to an experimental taste of it. P. said his first mouthful was a surfeit, and mine, too, satisfied me, but the others enjoyed a long and luscious suck of the sticky sweet juice.

We awoke on February 1st to be greeted by the usual lovely sky and soft-toned colours of the shore, the desert gleaming like gold in the distance. No wind, so the C.'s and ourselves decided to have a nearer view of the town. We were ferried across the dividing canal by two of our crew, Doubletoes, and the Egyptian, Mohammed. Both, we were pleased to see, had taken advantage of a gift of soap and outwardly were clean. We walked along the busy waterfront, where we saw all manner of strange customs. One man was beating out cotton. He used a harp-like instrument against which to rest a bundle of cotton, and struck the single wire with a wooden hammer, making the cotton fluff and fly against the sunny wall. We made various purchases of fruit and vegetables and refused an equal number of offers to buy uninviting comestibles. A fierce dispute between a party of sailors about a mast greatly amused us and struck a familiar chord to our accustomed ears.

We could not go over the large sugar factories, not having provided ourselves with passes at Cairo, but the polite French official was quite willing to telegraph to headquarters on our behalf. We did not test his kindness. As we passed the sugar factories we noticed bundles of filthy rags, which seemed to have a rhythmic movement. Seeing an occasional dusty foot protruding we realized that we were gazing on thirty or forty fellahin taking a siesta. Huge bags of sugar flew down a shaft to a waiting barge, their journey regulated by an Egyptian hanging by his arms so that his feet could reach a bag and hold it there till the quick descent of the next one shoved the first bag into the barge, an acrobatic feat more interesting, I should imagine, to watch than to perform. On our return to the *Dodo* an hour later the sailors still raged furiously about their slip of a broken mast and the method of mending it. *En route* I stopped in front of a booth made of sugar-cane and shaded by an acacia, to watch a little withered woman arrange her most unsavoury wares. Her jewellery consisted of a pair of silver bracelets and an elaborate nose-ring, a crescent and a star. C. joined me, but when he came the wizened little coquette drew her black veil across her face, leaving only roguish eyes to show us her amusement. P. and I were a little in advance, while the C's bargained for soap at one of the shops under a long arcade. As we passed a tiny shop in the same arcade we heard a monotonous murmur of children's voices, and, stopping to listen, we saw the jet black head of a little Soudanese just on a level with the counter and holding in his hand a sheet of tin covered with Arabic figures.

He was reading in a most absorbed manner. His little swaying body was encased in a wide red and white striped cotton garment, which made him look like an animated sugar plum. When his lesson was finished he disappeared through a black hole, from which immediately issued another infant scholar, who in his turn recited, but not with such self-effacing interest. So the procession continued, but the little Soudanese with his jet black face and red tarboosh had won our hearts and we asked for an encore. After a short delay he reappeared to display his prowess in writing. So absorbed did he get in this accomplishment that flies walked up and down his face and perched on his nose without even causing a wink. His writing finished, he returned his piece of tin to his teacher, who, we trust, gave him much credit, in spite of the inky fingermarks that graced it. We distributed largesse in the form of sweets. Little blackie without his tin slate proved very shy and timidly extracted one sweetmeat from the pile. We insisted on a handful, which he received in an embarrassed way, and immediately disappeared through an enlarged mouse-hole under the counter, that led into the open colonnade. The usual crowd had collected, interested in our interest, and several natives tried to explain the inexplicable, producing brass writing apparatus and reed pen to illustrate some subtle point.

A light wind arising, on our return we decided to set sail. We first rescued the Rais, who, owing to a quarrel with the helmsman, had marooned himself on a neighbouring felucca and was sitting in a gloomy mood on top of a pile of sugar-cane. The wind was light and the sun strong, so we lunched on a canvas-sheltered deck. All afternoon we passed slowly by fertile fields and laden barges of sugar-cane. An impromptu concert from our crew diversified our progress. The songs were weird, yet pleasing, and the voices were accompanied by the beating of a drum made of a skin tightly stretched across a water-jar. Dancing also was provided, a hip dance and a jumping one being the favourites. Out of compliment to us they ended their entertainment with a well-imitated hip-hip-hurrah and a jabbered "thank you very much". We now recognized a phrase that we several times had heard when the crew had greeted us on our return to the *Dodo*. "Thank you very much" had been this polite form of address.

(To be continued).

The City of Montreal, showing the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge, and the Dome of St. James's Cathedral

# MONTREAL

## ONE OF THE GREAT BILINGUAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

## BY CHARLES W. STOKES

"GEE! GUY!" cries the Montreal street-car conductor—both g's hard—and the mono-lingual visitor is puzzled until he recognizes that, the street-car having arrived at Guy Street, the conductor is calling its name in both French and English. If unaware of the fact till then, he realizes that he is in the most markedly bilingual city in the western hemisphere. Montreal is not only the headquarters of the French race in North America; it is also, with all due deference to its detractors, the most successful city in Canada, and bilingual at that.

There are a number of bilingual cities in America, of course. Amongst those of Canada, Quebec and Sherbrooke contain an actual preponderance of French-speaking people. Certain New England cities have large French-Canadian populations. St. Boniface, which faces Winnipeg across the Red River, has a not inconsiderable bilingual element that has lingered since the days of Louis Riel; and New Orleans proudly cherishes its French ancestry and traditions. But St. Boniface and Fall River, Massachusetts, are to a great extent isolated geographical curiosities, and even New Orleans, Montreal's nearest rival, has only 100,000 French people in 350,000. Quebec and Sherbrooke stand a little aside from the impulses of growth. Montreal preens itself as the really successful bilingual city of the new world. More than that, it has a high status amongst the French cities of the world. Seventy per cent. of its population is French; and, ac-

Place D'Armes, showing Notre Dame Church and glimpse of the Maisonneuve Monument

cepting the estimate of Montreal's very rapidly increasing population at 673,000, a calculation reveals about 470,000 Montrealers whose mother tongue is akin to that of Molière and Rostand. Brussels, a somewhat bigger city, is divided between French and Flemish in somewhat the same proportion of seventy per cent. in favour of the former; so that, after Paris, Brussels, Lyons and Marseilles, Montreal ranks as the fifth French city of the globe. This is an item that the Canadian booster frequently overlooks.

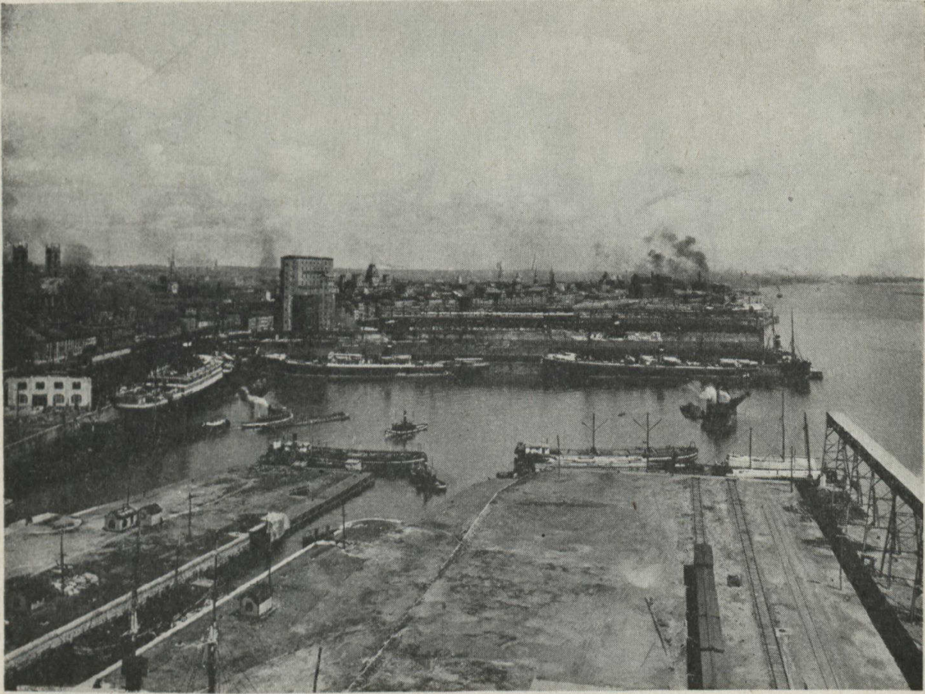
A highly successful bilingual city, one repeats, bearing in mind that Montreal still outstrips any other Canadian city in size, population, wealth and trade. The scorn of Torontonians at everything that appertains to Montreal is, of course, enormous, but the Queen City cannot shake itself free of the shackles of second place. Bilingualism, perhaps, has its drawbacks as well as its picturesqueness and humours; it undoubtedly adds to the cost of doing business. Bilingual signs upon a display of groceries in a shop window, for instance, strike one as going to extremes; but—there is that seventy per cent. who prefer the French language as their medium of expression, and even dislike the alternative. It should be recalled that a French evening paper published in Montreal has the largest circulation of all daily newspapers in Canada. This may be an appropriate place to suggest that, apart from politics, the French-speaking majority of Montreal and the English-speaking minority exist side by side on terms of perfect harmony and understanding. Their mutual feelings may not be violently enthusiastic, but so long as Ontario, Borden, Sam Hughes, Orange Leagues and other popular effigies are omitted from the discussion, there is peace. In commerce, at any rate, French and English dovetail with noticeable ease.

Victoria Square, Montreal, showing in the background an outline of the Mountain

Bilingual bitterness is practically unknown in the biggest centre of bilingualism; any attempt to create dissension originates outside Montreal. Shamefacedly, the English Canadians are the ones who display the least alacrity to master the tongue of the other race.

But in one way, Montreal justifies Kipling. Its East will never meet its West, for, broadly speaking, the east is the French section as the west is the English. Notwithstanding their lack of actual antipathy, the races are not quite so friendly as to exchange visits. It requires more than a high school knowledge of French syntax for the Anglo-Saxon to stray very far east of Bleury Street, just as it involves a greater sacrifice of his militant nationalism than he is prepared to make for the French Canadian to live in Westmount. Westmount is a snug little suburb that enables the English-speaking Montrealer to live exclusively with his own kind; and, oddly enough, although surrounded on all sides by Montreal, it is a separate city, with a charter, a mayor, a city hall, and the standard city departments. Five miles from the Place d'Armes, you are still in Montreal; but two miles away, you are not there—you are in Westmount, and pay different taxes. For Montreal, during its growth, has submerged neighbouring municipalities without being able to suffocate their corporate existences. Within its city limits, Montreal includes the autonomous cities of Westmount and Outremont, and the undefined municipality of St. Jean de Dieu; adjoining it are the cities of Verdun and Lachine, and various towns and parishes, with all of which its relations as to public utilities and so forth are somewhat cryptic. Montreal, in fact, is a veritable archipelago of municipalities.

The word archipelago recalls that Montreal itself is situated upon the island of the same name formed by



The Waterfront, at Montreal

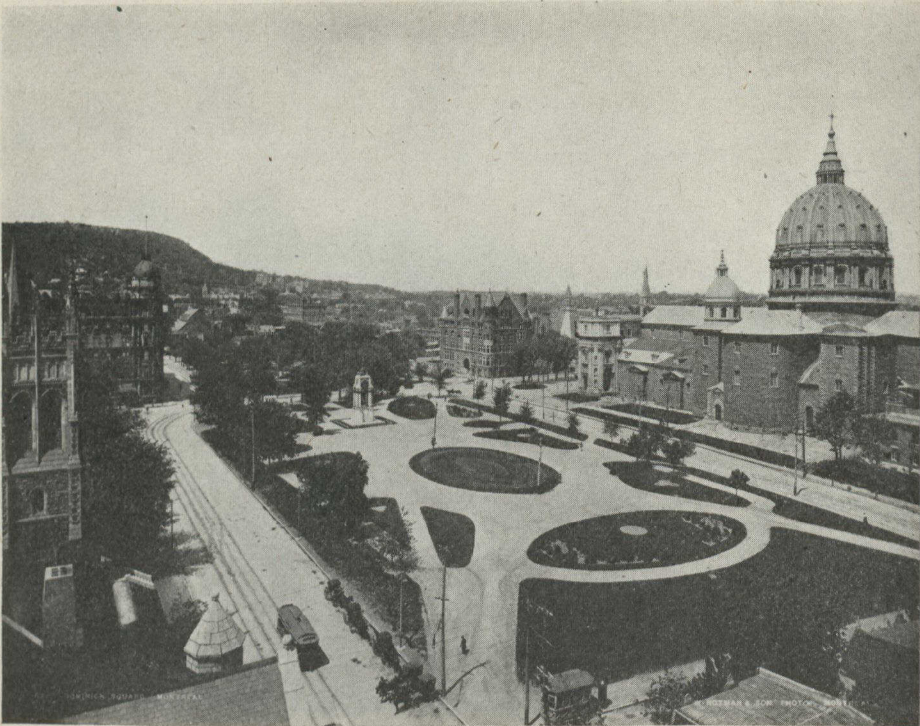
the diversion of the St. Lawrence around it. Famous for its "Fameuse" apples, the Ile de Montreal is seventeen miles broad by thirty long, and there is yet another—the Ile Jésu—between its northern shore and the mainland. For all its width, however, Montreal grows east and west rather than to the north—to the south being impossible because of the St. Lawrence. But to grow towards the north, Montreal has to climb Mount Royal, which, though easy enough, is blasphemy. Far be it from me to speak frivolously of Montreal's celebrated mountain! It is only about twenty feet less in height, anyway, than the Woolworth Building, New York, and certainly has been responsible for more sentiment. The climb up the southern face of Mount Royal, past the reservoir, is sufficient to satisfy anybody short of an Alpinist, even though there is a much easier way that everybody takes. There is also the inclined railway, where you can experience all the sensations of an ascension to heaven for the moderate price of five cents. Once at the top, there is a really splendid view from an observation point on the brow of a sharp declivity that cuts off all the near foreground. Thus poised in mid-air, you can contemplate all Montreal from Beersheba to Dan, or, in other words, from Dominion Park to Lachine.

From this look-out you will perceive an architectural specialty of Montreal's, peculiar to it amongst Canadian cities—its many domes. Biggest of them is that of St. James's Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's at Rome, but otherwise undistinguished. Coming down from Mount Royal, you will notice another feature of Montreal—its lesser streets. Close to the mountain, they are the hushed steeps on which live the *grand monde,* until aristocratic Sherbrooke is crossed; farther into the city, they become the most fascinating and foreign of

The Tandem Club on the Mountainside, at Montreal

all side streets in Canada. At times they degenerate into slums, of which Montreal unfortunately has a plethora; but, by and large, one could spend an interesting holiday speculating on the past of the staunch old buildings that line these narrow and cobbled thoroughfares.

A source of some astonishment for the stranger in Montreal is the confusion of its elements. Big buildings and little buildings adjoin one another indiscriminately. Regal Sherbrooke Street West, which, with its ivy-clad clubs, McGill University, skyscraping apartment blocks, and the homes of the really rich, remind one distantly of Piccadilly crossed with the High Street of Cambridge, with a dash of the Boulevard Haussmann of Paris, tails out into Sherbrooke Street East, appropriated by the Jew and the foreign rooming-house. St. James Street, on one side of Victoria Square, is Canada's Wall Street; on the other, it is a Little Italy and a Little Ruthenia. This olio affords queer contrasts. The non-Montrealer's artistic taste will be outraged by the excessively ugly French "flats", with their flights of outside stairs leading to the second and even third storeys; but it will be soothed by the countless squares, leafy and quiet, and the epic statuary that adorns them. In the last, the French tie is revealed. Montreal has, apparently, a statute limiting the height of its buildings to ten floors, which may or may not be a blessing in disguise; but any modern office building is a striking background for the skirted priests who pass its doors. The Montrealer becomes so accustomed to seeing nuns or monks in his street-cars that only the visitor feels that this is somehow an anachronism. There is a profusion of churches in Montreal. Churches, big and little, face one another from opposite corners as "public houses" do in London. Besides the famous Catholic three — Notre Dame, St.



Dominion Square, Montreal, showing St. James's Cathedral

James's Cathedral and Notre Dame de Bonsecours—there are a number of very notable Protestant churches, including the Anglican Christ Church, said to be the finest example of Gothic architecture in America, and the Methodist St. James.

And since it seems impossible to resist the guide-book style in suggesting the curiosities of this bilingual metropolis, Montreal's renowned cabs must not be forgotten. Montreal is the only big city that I can remember where the horse-cab has not gone into the discard—indeed, here it seems to be one of the most popular methods of locomotion. Three sides of Dominion Square can be seen lined, at almost any hour of the day, with these atavistic high-seated gondolas, waiting in queue; and the fact that in winter the thousands of these vehicles are converted into sleighs tempts one to forget that Montreal is in the same latitude as Venice.

Montreal has no store like Eaton's, but then Toronto has no street like St. Catherine. A twelve-mile ribbon that threads narrow Montreal like beads, St. Catherine at its western end bursts into a luxuriance that is strikingly reminiscent of Old Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix. Such a jumble of the smartest, brightest, expensivest little shops, purveying the latest and most costly of hats, shoes, jewels, furniture, you never saw elsewhere in Canada. Yonge Street is dour in comparison. Torontonians, however, reply with contempt concerning the scattered ensemble of Montreal. Accustomed to a mixture of everything at once, centering round their City Hall, they say that Montreal has no centre.

In this they are approximately correct. Montreal has no centre because it has three—each sharply different. One is English, the corner of St. Catherine West and Peel—the heart

Bonsecours Market, Montreal, with a glimpse of Jacques Cartier Monument

of the shopping district and the true "up-town". A second is French, the corner of St. Catherine East and St. Denis—jocularly known, because of its proximity to Laval University, as the *Quartier Latin*. The last is Business—the real "down-town" of the Place d'Armes. In many ways, the Place d'Armes, a rectangle between Notre Dame Street, St. James Street, St. Sulpice Street, and another unnamed, is unique for a business centre. On two sides of the busy square are examples of Montreal's suppressed skyscraperism; on the third is the massive head office of the Bank of Montreal; on the fourth, faced by a statue of Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, is the twin-towered Notre Dame.

The biography of Montreal is written in this square, its vicinity, and its names. This was where Jacques Cartier, exploring the St. Lawrence in 1535, found an Indian settlement called Hochelaga, where Champlain landed in 1611, and Maisonneuve in 1642. At one corner of Maisonneuve's statue is the figure of an Indian—an Iroquois. No name so dreaded in those misty days of Canadian history as "Iroquois"! Montreal was the pivotal point in the long struggle for supremacy with these fierce, implacable aboriginals, just as, later, it was here that the final scenes in the struggle between English and French were enacted. One very interesting survival of the French régime is preserved in the Château de Ramezay, which, built for the residence of Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, in 1705, has, after many vicissitudes, ended as an antiquarian museum. Benjamin Franklin, coming with other envoys to Canada to influence the French Canadians to join the American colonies in the revolt against British rule, stayed at this château in 1776; and a very diverting story is told that

he published a newspaper—as would have been expected from him—for propaganda purposes. This newspaper was *The Montreal Gazette*, of which the present great daily of the same name is the direct descendant. You can see the room where the press stood, anyway, even if B. F.'s editorials have gone the same way that yesterday's have already taken. His errand, of course, was fruitless, and Montreal gradually wresting the leadership of Canada from Quebec, became the most important strategic point in the warfare between the Americans and British, which ended, so far as Canada was concerned, in a *status quo ante*.

Notre Dame Church—it is only a parish church, whilst the smaller St. James is a cathedral—is the pride of all French Canada. This vast and imposing edifice, built by the priests of St. Sulpice, who in pre-Single Tax days took the precaution to possess themselves of all the real estate that was then available—which was considerable—has a seating capacity of ten thousand, and is decorated in a most lavish if somewhat gorgeous style. Notre Dame, incidentally, recalls the pleasant custom of building down-town churches which flourished in a past decade. It illustrates, naturally, the accretive gregariousness of past generations, who preferred to cluster round the parish church rather than spread themselves more thinly over the thousands of acres they might have chosen; but our newer communities are not able to lift their eyes from their ledgers to the church spire across the street. They banish their big churches to the ostentatious residential suburbs.

Life in Montreal is expensive. In that regard it is said to be surpassed only by New York—where, in fact, life can be as cheap as anywhere in the world if the liver restrains his appetite for white lights and the usual trimmings, whereas in Montreal there are no substitutes. Either you pay the highest conceivable rents and the highest comprehensible prices for all commodities, or you must relinquish your ambition to live in Montreal. There is a tendency on the part of Montrealers to boast of this—Heaven knows why.

Montreal's population increases more quickly than any other city's in Canada. One reason for this, obviously, is the amazing fecundity of the French Canadian, which, celebrated in song and story—especially in story—needs no elaboration here; another is Montreal's situation as the setting-off point for immigrants. It is inevitable that a certain percentage of immigrants, arriving in Canada with the vaguest plans and the thinnest purses, repeat in Montreal the process which operates in New York and remain where they land. Statistics of Montreal's foreign-born population, in fact, stabilize this theory. The sharply ascending curve of Montreal rents suggests that a price has to be paid for cosmopolitanism.

There is a smaller contributory to Montreal's rapid growth, insignificant in volume but not without interest as to its quality. Montreal is the headquarters of Canada's two leading railways—one of them one of the biggest railroads in the world. All first-class Canadian railway men regard Montreal as their ultimate goal. Sooner or later they who make their reputations "down the line" achieve their hopes; and once arrived, they are permanent. They rent apartments in already tightly packed Westmount, or houses on Pine Avenue, according to their new salaries, and, after a six-month period of drawing invidious comparisons between their adopted home and "out west", they become worse "Montreal fans" than the native-born.

A final word as to Montreal's rich. Montreal seems to adhere rather to the old tradition of wealth as a thing to which nobody has a right except the wealthy. It contains a number of men who control enormous economic interests and can set in motion exceedingly powerful influences; but the big

Interior of St. James's Cathedral, Montreal

Interior of Notre Dame Church, Montreal

things are not done in Montreal, as they are in business literature and the West, with "pep" and "ginger". They are done in the old-fashioned style by men who, coming down to "work" from ten-thirty to three—including a two-hour lunch with other Big Interests at the club—say "No" in the exact knowledge that the result will not be "Yes". For a city of recently new millionaires, Montreal assuredly has an aristocratic atmosphere. "Well groomed" is nowhere else so entirely appropriate as of Montreal's rich business men. One will meet here a larger pro rata number of white or iron-gray moustaches and spats than elsewhere in the Dominion—and white or iron-gray moustaches and spats, as everyone knows, are the infallible signs by which the rich always can be recognized in middle age.

Montreal's millionaires break out in one particular direction. They become art patrons, the favourite dissipation of the powerful since the days of the Medicis. They establish extensive private collections of the most expensive masters, whether old or new being immaterial so long as they are masters, like their owners. Or, buying these for themselves for the price of a coal-mine or a branch railroad, they lend them in quasi perpetuity to public exhibition. The donors of Montreal's art gallery have become almost a roster of Canada's financial dukes. To recur to the note struck at the beginning, it may be pointed out that art is bilingual, or perhaps, poly-lingual. Montreal is artistic in its leanings, whilst Toronto is literary. Montreal has produced practically no literature; but it is a very generous patron of painting and of sculpture. Perhaps in this can be found the true difference between it and Toronto. Literature, to a great extent, implies discipline and dogmatism, whilst painting implies relaxation. Toronto, in the matter of personal liberty, is inclined to bigotry and surveillance; Montreal is tolerant, and its moving picture theatres open on Sunday.

# SPRING IN SASKATCHEWAN

BY H. H. PITMAN

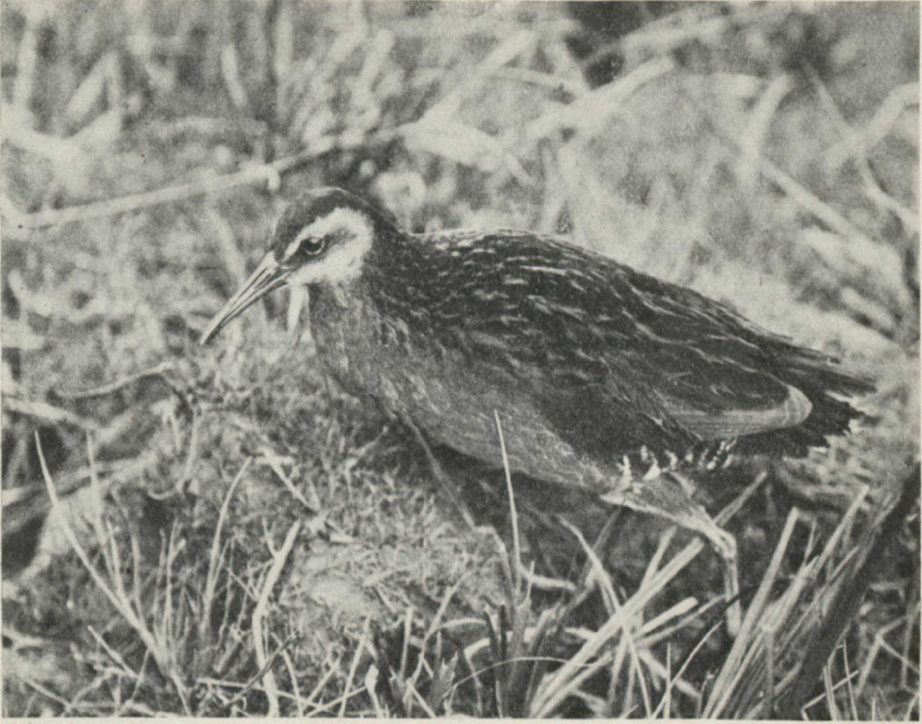
T is difficult to fix a definite date on the prairie as the first day of spring, but as a rule during March King Winter's strength begins to wane, although he is often loth to abdicate, and makes many attempts to regain his former power. But towards the end of the month these struggles are noticeably weaker, and in April we may confidently say, "Spring is here!" Occasionally March is fine all through, but generally mild days and stormy ones alternate, though the temperature gradually rises, and the low places fill with snow-water. The term "many weather" has been applied to this month, and is very suitable, for every day is different. Of the many old sayings connected with it the truest of all is that "if March comes in like a lion it goes out like a lamb".

After so many months of snow, it is pleasant to feel bare ground under foot again, to see the first blades of new grass, the awakening insects and animals, the arrival of birds and other things which go to build up the pageant of spring. Not only on the prairie, but everywhere where migration occurs on a large scale, the country-man derives one of his greatest pleasures from watching the return of the birds, and in listening to their notes. One of the earliest songs in our own language of which we have any record deals with the arrival and singing of the birds in springtime.

The first indication of better times to come is the singing of the prairie horned-larks, which sometimes starts as early as the third week in February, for these little birds are very hardy and delightfully optimistic. By March 10th they are singing from every knoll, so that this is the first—and so the most important—of our songs. It is quickly followed by the calls of the sharp-tailed grouse, which, in the early mornings, lend a cheerful touch of life to the sunrise.

During the last week in March some new shoots of grass show in places that have been grazed over. Although they come so early, it will be summer before the prairie is green, because the dead grass of the previous season is thick and tall. This, perhaps, is why the females of many of our birds are so soberly clad, their neutral brown colour harmonizing with the surroundings. The males are gayer and conspicuous, because their work is to draw attention away from the nests. Most of our animals, too, are brown of one shade or another, so there is no doubt that on the plains this is the colour which gives greatest protection when protection is most needed. If the end of March is warm enough, the first Richardson's gophers appear, but not in the numbers that will be about the following month.

April is one of our pleasantest months, for the weather is mild, and there are none of the insect pests which are sometimes so troublesome later on. New birds arrive almost every day, some to stay with us and others on their way to more northerly



The Virginia Rail

The Striped Gopher

Wild Ducks at Rest

homes. New flowers and butterflies appear, and the farmer is able to start work upon the land again. The earliest birds are the wild geese, but, as there is no large body of water to tempt them where I am writing these notes, they are merely passers-by. They are closely followed by the ducks, great numbers of which stay with us, taking advantage of every slough. The brilliant pin-tails and shovellers look very beautiful when watched standing beside some little snow-water pool on ploughed land.

The crows come next, and then hawks of several kinds. The great sandhill cranes follow, sometimes in flocks of several hundreds. They stay on the cultivated land in large parties, feeding in the stubble, before pairing off and scattering to breed. Small flocks of western tree sparrows and slate-coloured juncoes appear everywhere, sheltering by the buildings and brush-piles during the occasional storms. Western meadow-larks arrive during the first week, singing sweetly from the fence-posts, whatever the weather, as though glad to be back. Then we get the Brewer blackbirds, and by the 10th the vociferous killdeers are everywhere, and the frogs have started their merry chorus round the sloughs. The bush-rabbits and jack-rabbits are still white, although the latter are beginning to change colour.

Up to April 12th a note-book would chiefly have contained references to the weather and the birds, but now one has other interests. By the 13th we find our first flowers, the beautiful pale-blue prairie anemones, or crocuses as we call them. By the middle of the month these flowers, which spring up everywhere, are plentiful, and by this time the early butterflies which have hibernated from the previous year are about. The bush-surrounded sloughs have a striking red-

Richardson's Gopher

The Jack Rabbit (young)

dish brown tinge—just as if a mist of this colour hung over them—due to the swelling buds, while the so-called pussy-willows are everywhere. Nature has awakened! The air is filled with the songs and calls of birds, and the cheerful trilling notes of the frogs. The plants hasten to thrust up their leaflets, and the earth is carpeted with anemones.

By the 21st the second flowers are found; small yellow buttercups, and then new ones may be seen daily. About the 24th the dainty striped gophers come out. They seem more delicate than the common species, and do not awaken until nearly a month later. Then the sleek sedate cowbirds arrive, and one notices that many farmers have finished sowing wheat. The weather is generally mild, but variable, frosts at night are common, and there are often powerful winds and a little rain, but on the whole, this is a month during which one feels that it is good to be alive.

In May the weather is more settled. The days are long and sunny, flowers are plentiful and birds in every bush. Surely there is no one whose pulses

The Pintail

The Marsh Hawk

The Swallow

would not be stirred by a drive across the prairie in mid-May. Music is everywhere, for both birds and insects contribute and try to voice their happiness, and one cannot help a feeling of elation in response.

The swallows, black terns and delicate nighthawks come this month, now all danger of frost is past, but not before the sandhill cranes and crows have eggs. The small birds pair and commence building, and the great plains are merry with their calls.

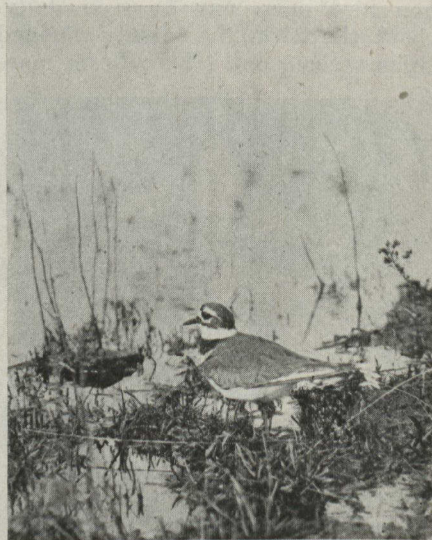
> "Every tongue of nature sings,
> The air is palpitant with wings!"

Shortly everything will quieten down, for once the young are hatched the males of many species cease singing. The rabbits have resumed their brown coats, and both young bush-rabbits and young jack-rabbits can be found.

But now with the arrival of the nighthawks our pageant is over. Princess Spring has developed into Queen Summer. The prairie is becoming green, the little trees and bushes are in leaf, many birds have nests, and everything is gradually settling down to the peacefulness of summer. Not to have passed a spring on the prairie is to have missed one of the pleasantest of experiences. The very immensity of everything creates a feeling of awe and peace which those accustomed to life upon a smaller, narrower scale never know. The following lines which I quote from memory express well the sentiments of the average dweller on the great plains:

> "Would I change with my brothers in office chairs?
> No! Not for their gold would I."

For every one of us there are a few days at this season when the hands of time seem to have turned back, and for a little while we feel as we did twenty years ago, recapturing for a brief period the exhilaration of youth. Children are especially susceptible to this spring influence, getting into extra mischief and shouting and whooping with sheer joy of living. Among their elders the thoughts of every second person turn to a garden, and seeds and tools are purchased and plans made with an enthusiasm which, unfortunately, is only too frequently of short duration. The air is filled with



The Killdeer

The Great Canada Goose

pleasant scents and sounds and there is an indescribable subtlety about on the prairie which awakens a response in every living creature.

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# "THE WRONG 'UN"

## BY MARK ALLERTON

CROSS the desk in his private office Austin Caird stared gloomily at his confidential clerk. He was a big, heavily-built man with a massive head and an aggressive chin. He might have been a retired prize-fighter instead of a company promoter and share-touter, and at the moment his expression was not one to inspire confidence.

His clerk was a thin wisp of a man with very sharp, black eyes and a hooked nose.

"Looks uncommonly like as if we must put up the shutters", said the clerk.

Austin Caird grunted savagely.

"We've still got a chance," he said.

"It's a mighty poor one."

"Still, it's a chance." He picked up a letter which lay before him and read it again. It bore the address of a vicarage in Somerset.

Dear Sir:

Some years ago I bought, on the advice of your circular, a few hundred Mosquito Oil shares, which I afterwards sold at a good profit. I wrote to you at the time expressing my thanks, and I now venture to ask you if you can advise a young parishioner of mine, Mr. Richard Lavery, as to another safe purchase. By the death of his father he has come into a fairly large sum of money, which he is anxious to invest to the best advantage. I have told him of the success of my dealings with you and he would be glad of your advice. He is spending a few days in London and I have told him to call on you. Perhaps you will accept this letter as an introduction.

I am, your faithfully,

William J. Somming.

"Has Somming bought anything from us since this oil deal?" asked Caird.

John Melford, the clerk, shook his head. "He came out of that dashed well," he replied. "But, hang it all, we've nothing to put this Lavery on to."

"There's Amalgamated Concessions," suggested Austin Caird, looking at his desk.

His clerk made a clicking sound.

"I should say that you'll have the devil's own job to sell him any of those, unless he buys them on the nail," was the reply. "They're one of the jokes in the city just now. I wish you'd never touched them."

"They cost me a cool four thousand, too," put in Caird. "And they're to blame for all this trouble. By James! to think that I allowed myself to be taken in by a plausible old fool like Fisher!"

The two men relapsed into a moody silence. Luck was running against Caird. At the time when people with money seemed to be keeping it in their stockings and refused to be tempted by the safest of gilt edged securities, Caird found himself with only the wildest of speculative concerns on his hands. His former successes were forgotten. When his name was mentioned in the City a laugh of ridicule was the result. Caird's hide was thick, and he was affected only by the financial tightness that embarrassed him. In his luxurious office he was like a spider suddenly bereft of the supply of flies that were necessary to his existence.

"Have we had any applications for

Amalgamated Concessions?'' he asked abruptly.

''Not one,'' was the prompt reply. ''Not likely either. With all those beastly paragraphs in the financial papers.''

''And it's ten to one this chap Lavery has read them,'' growled Caird. ''Every fool with money to invest wallows in the financial press. However, let's hope he calls.''

Austin Caird dismissed his clerk and applied himself to the worrying consideration of how to raise the wind.

Shortly before lunch time Mr. Richard Lavery made his appearance. He turned out to be about thirty years of age, clean shaven, with the sunburnt complexion and frank eyes of a countryman. His manner was charmingly ingenuous. He opened the conversation by saying that he was awfully obliged to Mr. Austin Caird for seeing him.

Austin Caird motioned him gravely and courteously to a chair. His expression was no longer aggressive. He was business-like in a quiet, benign fashion. He begged to be excused while he spoke into the telephone. Into the instrument he gave instructions for the purchase on his own account of three thousand pounds' worth of Great Westerns! John Melford, who was at the other end of the wire in the next office, received the instructions.

''Now, what can I do for you?'' asked Mr. Caird briskly.

''Well, Mr. Somming told me to come to you about investments,'' began Richard Lavery. "I've consulted him, and after considering everything he can suggest nothing like those oil shares you put Mr. Somming on to.''

''What interest do you want?'' demanded Caird.

''As much as I can get,'' was the laughing reply.

''I see. And how much money do you want to invest?''

''I've got six thousand all told, and I've got to live on that. If I could get ten per cent. I could do that easily in the country.''

Mr. Caird began a discursive review of the situation. He elicited the facts that Richard Lavery had no occupation, that he was engaged to be married, that his tastes lay in the direction of hunting and golf, and that he was unwilling to engage in any business that might interfere with those pursuits. Austin Caird suggested that his client ought to select some fairly safe concern for his money.

''I can think of nothing that is absolutely safe at the moment,'' he said. ''Look how even Consols have gone down. And what yield do they afford? Hardly anything. Now, let me think.''

Richard Lavery waited anxiously and in silence while Caird thought.

Austin Caird raised his head suddenly.

''There's Amalgamated Concessions, of course,'' he said. ''They're dirt cheap at present. There's a small fortune waiting for the man who is sporting enough to buy them at present.''

Richard Lavery was all eagerness to hear about them. Caird explained in highly technical language the resources in minerals, timber, water power and so on possessed by Amalgamated Concessions of Canada. He admitted that the bears had been at work and that the company was rather under a cloud at present.

''That's bound to come all right,'' he concluded. ''I reckon that in a year's time those shares will have trebled in value, and they'll pay a handsome dividend.''

''But why don't you buy them?'' asked Lavery artlessly.

''Only wish I could,'' said Caird darkly. ''But I daren't. I'm in a rival concern, and if it leaked out that I was interested in Amalgamated Concessions—well, you understand, of course.''

Richard Lavery said that he did. He also said that he would like to buy the shares. Caird's heart leapt within him as he explained that the entire issue could be secured for ten thousand pounds.

''That's cheap, isn't it?'' asked Lavery.

"Dirt cheap."

"But I've only got six thousand."

Austin Caird leant forward confidentially.

"You leave it to me," he said, with a wink, "and now," he felt in his waistcoat pocket as he spoke and was relieved to find two sovereigns there, "what do you say to a little lunch?"

"I should be delighted," replied Lavery. "Only I'm lunching with Miss Forester—I think I told you I was engaged to her? But if you lunch with us . . ?"

He was pressing and Caird agreed. He had no wish to be bored by the company of a sentimental young couple, but he wanted to clinch the deal.

Edith Forester proved to be a charmingly attractive girl. It was at once evident to Caird that Lavery's visit to him had been the subject of earnest speculation. He adopted his most benevolent and paternal air towards her. She, he was told, was the daughter of a clergyman in the East End; she had been engaged to Dick for six months; they had met in Somersetshire; that now that Dick had all this money everything was plain sailing; that they were going to have a good time for ever and ever; that Dick wasn't really lazy, but when they could live on their money it would be only greedy to seek to earn more.

Austin Caird told himself that the man who starved in a world where there were two such fools to be plucked deserved his fate. He watched them with a fat, complacent smile on his face and he thanked heaven for the Rev. Mr. Somming and his lucky speculation in oil.

When he left to hurry back to his office he wrung their hands and truthfully assured them that he could not remember being more pleased to meet two young people. He was also to make an appointment with Dick Lavery for the following morning.

When his clerk heard his news the little man's eyes shone.

"I do believe you've done it again, Mr. Caird!" he cried, admiringly. "You're a wonder, you are! Six thousand will just pull us out of this mess. It's an act of Providence."

Austin Caird permitted himself to smile self appreciatively. The gods are kind to those they love, and Austin Caird, in the course of his adventurous career had proved again and again that Mr. Micamber's trust in something turning up was justified.

His first caller the next morning was not Dick Lavery, but Miss Forester.

"Has Dick been here yet?" she cried excitedly, as soon as she entered the private office, and when she heard that he had not, she looked much relieved.

"I've been trying all morning to catch him," she explained. "I want to ask him not to buy those shares."

For a moment the room, with its bright red carpet and leather chairs and the maps and plans on the walls, danced before the eyes of Austin Caird. With a mighty effort he pulled himself together.

"What's that you say?" he cried, harshly.

"Yes. You see, the shares might go down and then he'd lose all his money and we shouldn't be able to get married and——"

"But the shares can't possibly go down," insisted Caird, loudly.

"Can't they?" timidly.

"Certainly not. They'll go up. You will make a small fortune. You'll be able to have your car. You'll be able to have all the pretty dresses you want."

"You understand," went on the girl, quietly, "how dreadfully important it is that we should always have our capital? If anything should happen to that money I don't know what we should do, because dear old Dick could never earn any. You see, he hasn't been brought up to earn money and ——"

"That'll be all right," said Caird, reassuringly, but his heart was still beating wildly from the effect of the fright he had got. "You see."

"If you are quite, quite sure——"

"My dear young lady, do you think it is any advantage to me to advise Mr. Lavery to buy these shares? Of course not. But if you neglect this opportunity you will be making a grave mistake. Ah, here is Mr. Lavery."

The young man bustled into the room.

"Hullo, Edith!" he cried. "How jolly to find you here! Good morning, Mr. Caird. Now about those shares. I've had a nasty knock this morning!"

Again Austin Caird's heart bumped against his expansive waistcoat.

"I find I've only got five thousand," went on Lavery. "I suppose I couldn't get those bally shares for five thousand? I've set my heart on them. I've been doing sums and I've found out that if they pay the ten per cent. you suggest I'll have my six hundred a year. Not bad, eh, Edith?"

Austin Caird gnawed the end of his pencil. There was something about Lavery's manner that aroused his suspicions. He believed that the young fool had the audacity to seek to drive a bargain, that he had the entire sum demanded all the time. Still, the shares were not worth five pounds to him, and five thousand would recoup his loss.

He made a pretence of delay. He rang up John Melford in the outer office several times and addressed him by various names. He even clapped on his hat and went out to see a man about the matter. He did not get farther than the corridor outside. There Melford begged him to take what he could get without delay.

He re-entered his room with an expansive smile.

"You are very lucky," he said to Lavery, "I've worked it. Let me have your cheque and you can have the share certificates this afternoon."

"Oh, I say, that's awfully decent of you!" cried Lavery. "I'll give you my cheque right away." He wrote hurriedly and passed the slip of paper over. "Will you post the certificates to me?" he said. "I'm staying at the Metropole. Now we mustn't detain you, Mr. Caird. I hope to call on you before I leave town. You've been a perfect brick."

The girl and he took a hurried departure.

"Is it all right?" panted the clerk when Caird had smiled his adieu.

"I've got his cheque," was the reply.

Together they stood at the window and watched Dick Lavery and the girl hurry along the narrow street.

"What a juggins!" murmured Melford.

"I've never met his like before," said Caird, "no, never. And I've met a few mugs."

He uttered an exclamation of sheer astonishment as he saw these two young people, happy in their new possession, stop in the middle of the narrow street and abandan themselves to their mirth.

"They'll laugh on the other side of their mouths, before long," observed Melford.

"Go and cash this cheque as quick as you can," was Caird's reply.

The clerk was able to inform Mr. Caird next morning that the cheque had been met. As the same time he drew his employer's attention to a significant paragraph in a financial paper.

"We understand that the ill-fated Amalgamated Concessions Company which Austin Caird has persistently touted, has been taken over by Mr. Fisher of Moorgate Street."

Caird grunted. "They've got hold of the wrong end of the stick," he said. "I bought the damned thing from Fisher."

But the next morning in the money columns of a popular daily there was the brief announcement of the discovery of silver in the land of Amalgamated Concessions. His evening paper elaborated the story. The City Editor wrote, in amusing vein confessing that the critics were confounded, and that Amalgamated Concessions was going to turn out trumps after all.

"What the devil does it mean?"

cried Caird hoarsely. But his clerk could venture no explanation.

It came the following day when Caird met Dick Lavery in Throgmorten Street. It was Dick who stopped him.

"I say, those shares you sold me are making a bit of a stir, eh?" he said.

Caird somewhat nervously agreed. "You haven't sold them to a man called Fisher?" he asked.

"You mean my uncle?"

"Your uncle!"

Austin Caird steadied himself against a pillar box.

"You don't mean to say he's bought 'em back?" he breathed.

"Yes, rather. You see, I was out there. I'm by way of being a mining engineer. And he asked me to report on the property. A gold mine isn't in it. I wrote and told him so. But the silly ass had sold the concern to you, as it appears."

"And you ——?"

"Well, if he'd offered to buy it back you'd have smelt a rat. So he put me on the job."

"But the Rev. Mr. Somming?"

"Oh, he's my uncle again. He knew these oil shares you were offering were a sprat to catch a mackerel, and he couldn't very well buy in his own name."

"My God! It's a trick, a swindle! It won't stand the law," shouted Caird, his face purple with passion. "You see! I'll have those shares back."

"I guess not," was the quiet reply. "We gave you every chance. When I called on you I knew that you were almost certain to offer me those shares, if you took me for a big enough fool. I'm not annoyed because you did. But my uncle is a jolly decent sort. If you'd played the game he'd have let you in. But you didn't."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. You were ready to sell what you thought were bad shares to a chap who was relying on them for his living, a chap about to be married. When my sister—yes, she is my sister —called on you and begged you not to let me have them, you kept on telling her fairy tales. It didn't matter a tinker's curse to you if you beggared us. So we let you in, and feel happy about it, too. It serves you right."

Austin Caird strove for breath.

"But I did know that the shares were all right. It's happened just as I told you it would happen," he panted.

Dick Lavery winked slowly.

"Then why worry?" he said. "We ought all to be pleased. So long. If you can put me on to any other good things let me know. But I think you struck a wrong 'un to spring this deal on to."

It turned out as Austin Caird's confidential clerk had gloomily prophesied. The shutters went up on the establishment of a particularly dangerous firm of share touts.

# THE DIAMOND GARTERS

BY J. J. FENTON

DON'T know why it was that I was always more interested in meeting with Jim Collins than with any other of the boys from the Skeheenarinky district. Jim was already an old man, though he had not yet reached the age of twenty-five. He was neither a hurler nor a footballer, and I don't remember to have ever seen him jump over a ditch or take a running leap at a dyke in my whole life. His ways were old-worldly—I had almost said other-worldly.

I was told that he was fond of reading, and that he would pick up bits of old newspapers on the road and sit reading them in the shade under a hedge for hours at a time. I often met Jim on the Ballyarthur road. He did not seem to have any particular business to do on that road, as it stretched on the other side of Ballymisthael, and led to the village of Kilfinane—that is to say, to nowhere. Kilfinane is one of those sepulchres of the past which are so often met with on the wide pastures of southern Ireland. Its butter market has long since vanished; and the chief business of the inhabitants seems to be that of watching a more than usually lazy hen balance herself on one leg in the middle of the street. Jim Collins never travelled the whole ten miles of road that lay between Ballymisthael and Kilfinane road—of that I was absolutely certain. Then what made him meet me so regularly on the Ballyarthur road?

There is no village other than Kilfinane to be met with on that road. Kildorrey and Ballylanders were reached from Ballymisthael by quite different routes. Skeheenarinky, Jim's native district, lay away in the mountains, beyond the valley of the Funcheon, right under the shadow of the highest Galtee peaks; and few of the Skeheenarinky folk ever found their way farther westward than Ballymisthael. This last-named town swept into itself the traffic of the whole surrounding country; it was a sort of baronial metropolis to all the Galtee region.

Jim always walked. I never met him in charge of horse, jennet or ass during the whole time that I went from Ballyarthur to the Ballymisthael school. As a rule, I met him on the Ballyarthur road about twice a week.

Jim was an enigma which soon developed into a mystery. I made inquiries about him from the Skeheenarinky boys who attended the Ballymisthael school, and I gathered that he was surprisingly original in his manner of life. He never saluted you on the road unless you saluted him first—otherwise he passed you by without realizing that you had an existence. On a few occasions I felt highly offended at this stand-offish treatment on Jim's part of my own noble self; but when I learned that he treated everybody exactly as he treated me, I freely forgave him those lapses of recognition. When I hailed him I always made it a point to speak up—for

Jim was slightly deaf, and I have quite a reputation for making deaf people hear; and the smile of satisfaction that would pass over his countenance was worth going miles to see. His face absolutely beamed.

I never met Jim on the Ballyarthur road on my return home from school in the evening. But I always met him on that road on my way to school somewhere between a quarter past eight and a quarter to nine in the morning, and nearly always in that part of the highway which lies between Ballinderrig bridge over Funcheon, and the little bridge over the Funcheon's tributary, a few hundred yards away. That little tributary forms part of the boundary between the counties of Limerick and Cork. Between those two bridges the road passes through a tiny peninsula bounded by the river on one side and the tributary on the other, and that tiny peninsula forms a portion of Limerick county. I always tramped valiantly over that bit of roadway because I felt that a true Corkman should trample Limerick into the dust. That bit of road has for me a history, which some day or other I may put on record; I merely draw attention to it here in order that it may not altogether escape my memory. When I reached Ballinderrig bridge after meeting Jim I always stood for a few seconds on the bridge to make sure as to which road he took at Ballinderrig cross. He always took the Kilfinane road; and I knew that he had no intention of going to Ballylanders or Tipperary on that day.

This went on for months, and at last I became curious about Jim's movements. Several times I had almost decided to quit school for the day and follow him and find out his destination. But I really loved the school, and I knew that I should get a first-rate spanking from my father if he ever learned that on such and such a day my name was marked "absent" on the attendance roll. At last, however, my curiosity overcame my love of the school and my fear of my father; and one fine morning I made up my mind to follow Jim whithersoever he went. It was in July; the farmers were everywhere haying; all nature rejoiced and all creation, so to speak, was at work; and two individuals, an eccentric rustic and a truant schoolboy, alone of all God's creatures that day, were idling away the golden hours beneath the blue Clangibbon sky.

Jim went along the Kilfinane road, past Fenton's Cross, and about a quarter of a mile beyond that point turned to the right, and struck across the low meadows of Gortnasna. I was well acquainted with every sod of those fields and with every stone of those fences, and my wonder grew as to what Jim's purpose could be. About half-past ten—we walked rather slowly—Jim sat down on a bank of long grass behind some tall furze bushes; and I sat down a short distance away, behind a similar friendly clump out of Jim's way, so that I might escape his seeing me. But I managed so to place myself that I had every opportunity of studying Jim's face and watching his movements. Thus I waited further developments.

Jim pulled a paper from his pocket and began studying it intently. It was not a newspaper, it was a manuscript; and after perusing it for a few minutes he knelt on one knee, and peered closely around him. He did not stand upright (probably because he did not wish to be seen), and his actions showed that he was studying the nature of the ground near him. He fixed his attention for a long time on a particular spot, and then folded his manuscript and returned it to his pocket. And then—to my surprise—he drew froth a spade which he had concealed in the bushes, went to the spot at which he had gazed so long and began digging for all he was worth.

I was genuinely surprised at this last action of Jim's. The ground on which he was digging was part of my father's farm, indeed it was the most precious part of all my father's pos-

sessions; for it was the field of "Kildana" (all my father's fields, I may remark in passing, had special names of their own, to many of which significant meanings had long been attached), and this field contained what was universally admitted to be the best well of water for miles around—water so cold and refreshing that it was a drink fit for the gods themselves. Kildana lay to the north of the field which was to the north of Gorheenaskeha, and Gorheenaskeha lay to the south of the Kilfane road.

For several minutes I watched Jim with absolute amazement. He worked furiously; big drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, and little rivulets of perspiration ran down his cheeks. Soon there was a pile of sods and earth beside a large hole.

I heard a sharp clang as Jim's spade struck something hard. Jim became tremendously excited, and dug away the earth that surrounded the obstacle that barred the further progress of his spade downwards. He then jumped into the hole; and with a mighty exertion of which I never could be persuaded that he was capable had I not seen it with my own eyes, he lifted a huge stone out of the hole and rolled it away from the edge.

I could see that he was grievously disappointed at the result of all his work. It was evident that he expected to find something, and it was also evident that he did not find that which he sought.

While Jim was sitting disconsolately on the edge of the hole he had made, I was puzzling my brains to discover what could be his motive for coming so far and digging so hard. And then it occurred to me that in several parts of this Kildana field I had noticed little patches of soil that seemed to have been recently displaced by the spade, but to which I had paid no attention at the time. I was now convinced that these patches were Jim's work and that he had been to my father's fields on many of those mornings that I had met him on the Ballyarthur road. His spade seems to have been a sort of "permanent feature" in Kildana, to judge from the number of reddish patches of soil that met my eyes in every direction. He had concealed it in the bushes when he had last been there. It was quite easy for him to work in that field without being seen; for a long ridge ran through the middle of the field and into the adjoining field to the north of Gorheenaskeha, and in the shelter of this ridge it was quite possible for a stranger to conceal himself without risk of discovery. What on earth could Jim's object be? Was he sane? As I looked at him—his head hanging on his breast and his body hanging over the hole—I began to tremble for my own safety. Was this silent man, who spoke only when he was spoken to, and who met me so often without any apparent cause whatever on the Ballyarthur road, responsible for his actions? Put as I would two and two together I never could make four of the whole business.

And then, suddenly, the incongruity of the whole thing struck me. Here we were, Jim and I, in this month of July, when the whole countryside was alive with haymaking, positively fooling away those existences for which one day we will be answerable to God; he, in digging holes in strange places for something which he never found; and I, in wasting one of those precious days of youth which never will return, away from my books following an eccentric rustic who evidently seemed to regard all life as a dream. Jim, for all I knew, might be a lunatic; but I was undoubtedly a scapegrace to abandon school and pass a whole summer's day following a madman. Only a few yards away, in the meadows to the east of the ridge, on the other side of the field to the north of Gorheenaskeha, my father and his men were hard at work haying, and I, his son, who should be helping him with his labour, was idling in the long grass of Kildana ridge, watching the antics of a crazy man from the uplands of Skeheenarinky, who dug huge

holes and looked for gold, diamonds, treasure trove, water—God knows what—in the soil of my father's farm. And yet the sky never looked more blue than it did that day; the tower of Caherdringha never stood out more distinctly in the distance; the Funcheon never wound a more silvern ribbon round the Clangibbon plain, and I never experienced more happiness than during those idlest of idle moments. And yet I could not deny that Jim and I were guilty of treason against all creation on such a day.

The hour now approached when the ordinary individual begins to think of his inner man; and I could hear my sister's voice calling my father and his hired men to dinner. I felt a horrible hollow open up within me—a hollow almost as big as the hole Jim had made. My stomach cried aloud for something to devour, and yet I felt it was not right that I should eat. I had done nothing all that forenoon deserving of a dinner, but Jim had heard my sister's voice, too: the sound reminded him that he had some sort of a lunch in his pocket. He drew forth a paper parcel, unrolled it, and began ravenously eating some bread and butter sandwiches. The sight made my teeth water; and I, too, remembered that one of my pockets contained something which in the ordinary course of things ought to be stowed away in my stomach. Scapegrace as I was, I could not convince myself that I was a greater idler than Jim; and if he could eat his lunch with a safe conscience surely I could. I drew forth a parcel from my pocket, too, and began to eat the lunch with which my mother always provided me on starting out for school. As we ate, we looked in the direction of each other, and our eyes met. The lunch seemed to have made Jim more companionable and me more sociable, so that neither of us was surprised at our mutual recognition. I had been aware of Jim's presence all along; and he now that he had seen me—seemed to take it for granted that it was the most natural thing in the world that I should be present at that particular spot at that particular hour. We were soon sitting side by side at the edge of Jim's hole.

## II.

To say that I was astonished at the yarn which Jim spun for me would be a very mild and somewhat inaccurate way of expressing what I felt. I had just turned fourteen; and like all boys at that age, was immensely interested in stories of adventure of all kinds. But twenty years ago the Irish peasantry were not reckoned a "book"-reading people—they devoured newspapers readily enough—and the library of my Irish peasant father was a small one indeed. His most interesting possessions, perhaps, was a huge "Life of O'Connell", written by a Fenian writer named Luby, a book that was a collection of yarns rather than a formal biography. This book, heterogeneous as were its contents, was my first introduction to English literature. More recently I had entered the romantic world of Scott and had even attempted a poem in the manner of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel", with the White Knight's henchman, Dermot Aulta, for my William of Deloraine, and some countess, whose name I have now forgotten, for my Lady of Branksome. I had just arrived at the age when romance would appeal to me; and providentially enough, Jim Collins came along at the right psychological moment with a story that made the dead past more real to me than the living present. And Jim actually lived part of his romance himself, which, of course, made it more realistic to me than any yarn spun even by a Walter Scott.

I soon discovered that the whole countryside was mistaken in its opinion of Jim. The popular vote decided that he was a grim, taciturn individual, who never worked, and lived the Lord knows how. He did not work his little farm himself, but rented it to a neighbour; that is, he rented the land, for he kept the "dwelling-house" himself. On the rent received

from his neighbour Jim managed to exist. He became a prodigious reader, not only of books, but of manuscripts, and lived far more often in the giddy cloudland of fiction than in the steady earthland of fact. In the end the fiction became more real to him than the fact; and he walked many a mile and spent many a day in search of lost Elizabethan treasure.

This is how I came to know all about the treasure that Jim was seeking.

As we sat together on the edge of the hole he said:

"My name is Jim Collins. Yours?"

"Johnny Hennessy."

"Hennessy is a good name. I suppose you were surprised to see me dig this hole?"

I answered somewhat in the affirmative.

"Well, I don't blame you at being surprised at what I have done. I dug this hole, I dug those holes"—indicating with a sweep of his hand the little patches along the west of Kildana field which recently had been displaced by the spade, and which I had only noticed since I sat on the ridge to observe Jim—"I will dig other holes. There is a treasure concealed somewhere in Gortnasna, and Gortnasna is a very small townland."

My heart leaped into my mouth when Jim spoke of a treasure. Visions of untold wealth at no remote date floated before me.

But I did not want him to realize how keen I was on that treasure. So I remained with the subject of the townland of Gortnasna, and said, referring to its size:

"Yes, it is small; it has only four farms."

"I will unbosom myself to you," said Jim, after he had taken an extra good survey of my whole person. "I believe you are more interested in these things than most boys of your age. I got my knowledge of this treasure from history—not the history in the schools, but the history in the manuscripts. I have heard that you are very fond of history."

I blushed my appreciation of this compliment. I then remembered that an historical essay I had recently written was read by my teacher for the edification of the whole school.

"Have you ever heard of Fynes Moryson?" he asked.

Now, this was for me what a pugilist would call a "knock-out blow". Who on earth was Fynes Moryson? Gibbon I had heard of and of Macaulay and Thiers and Mitchell; but the fame of Fynes Moryson had never entered my peasant ear. I hadn't the ghost of an idea as to who this gentleman was.

"Fynes Moryson is a somewhat out-of-the-way historian," said Jim. "He was an Englishman, lived in the reign of Elizabeth and travelled a great deal. He spent a considerable time in Ireland as secretary to Lord Mountjoy. His 'Rebellion of Hugh O'Neale' is bitterly anti-Irish in its tone; but his picturesque description of Mountjoy's person and dress is one of the few things I have read which will ever remain with me. Mountjoy has filled my imagination ever since he burst forth before me on Moryson's canvas. Picturesque? Yes, that is the word that most adequately describes Moryson. He is not eloquent, he is not sublime, he is seldom accurate. But he is always picturesque."

I knew little—nothing at all, in fact—at that time of the science of literary criticism, and I was amazed to hear Jim express his opinion of men and books in that way. I stared open-mouthed at this superior being. I had often heard my father talk about books and their writers, but never in the confident tones to which Jim now gave utterance. I felt crushed and humiliated in this august presence. Never did the furze bushes of Kildana listen to such wisdom before.

"Was Fynes Moryson ever in Gortnasna?" I asked somewhat timidly.

"Well, I can't say that he was ever in this particular townland," said Jim, "but he must have passed through this district with Mountjoy when Queen Elizabeth's army—two-thirds

of which consisted of Irishmen—was marching southward to Kinsale. Mountjoy marched to Kinsale from Kilkenny. If you look at the map you will see that Mountjoy's route lay between Galtee and the Knockmealdon Mountains, and that he must have crossed the Funcheon somewhere. I know he crossed the Funcheon. I have proof of it, and the proof is here."

Jim produced from his pocket the manuscript I saw him studying a short time before.

"This is not the original manuscript," he explained. "It is a copy I have made of the old one. The old one was so fragile that it could not well bear handling and exposure to the air, but this is an exact copy of it. I have three other copies as well."

"Where did you get the old one?"

"In Castlequarter ruin. I believe that the materials for a great baronial history lie buried around Castlequarter."

It was an extraordinary document to which Jim now drew my attention. It was a report drawn up by Fynes Moryson, under orders from Lord Mountjoy, concerning certain presents which Queen Elizabeth is said to have sent to Mountjoy's mistress, Lady Rich. Internal evidence showed that the Queen was aware of the *liaison* that existed between Mountjoy and Lord Rich's wife, and that she encouraged it to prove her gratitude for the services which the brilliant soldier-courtier was rendering the state. The Queen seems to have been most devotedly attached to Lady Rich and was anxious to show her appreciation of that versatile lady by sending her a suitable present. This present, which is alleged to have consisted of a pair of wonderful Eastern diamonds, fashioned at Amsterdam into garter buckles (they were originally the eyes of some Oriental god) was called by Moryson the "Diamond Garters". It was not quite clear from the documents whether the diamonds which are said to have eventually reached the Funcheon were those glorious jewels which originally came from the East, or cheaper substitutes, but the evidence for the latter conclusion is very strong indeed. Moryson, we know, was devoted to the memory of Lord Mountjoy, and would omit no item of information that would exalt the position which his "dear lord and master" held in the eyes of the Queen. And the document plainly stated that Elizabeth—probably to spur Mountjoy more vigorously to his work in Ireland—sent him the original Eastern wonders, and Moryson eloquently expatiates on the letter which Mountjoy sent his mistress on that occasion. But Mountjoy returned the diamonds to Elizabeth, for it was understood that he would do so; and we are left in a fog as to what occurred to them afterwards. Moryson, writing in an age when royalty was still an object of worship, could not say in so many words that Elizabeth deliberately foisted inferior substitutes on Lady Rich; but he does state plainly and unequivocally that Mountjoy's mistress burst out into tremendous indignation when she received from Elizabeth, not the jewels which originally blazed in the head of some Eastern god, but altogether inferior substitutes. She sent those substitutes, which she scornfully declared were unworthy to flash below her own knees, with a most angry and abusive accompanying letter to Mountjoy. Mountjoy had left Kilkenny before Lady Rich's courier reached that city. The courier followed the Viceroy to Funcheon. And now Dermot Aulta appears upon the scene. Dermot, about whom tales are still told along the Funcheon valley that makes the hair of a modern man stand on end, never missed an opportunity of doing a good turn for himself, and was employed by someone—possibly an agent of the Queen—to intercept Lady Rich's courier and rob him of the diamonds. The courier was duly intercepted and killed, but before he was

made away with the box which contained the diamonds had been passed on to a second agent of Lady Rich's, who buried them near a small rivulet, where they would be safe from Dermot Aulta until after the conclusion of the war. This second agent was killed at Kinsale, and the secret of the "Diamond Garters" died with him. A certain place was indicated as the spot where the garters were buried, but owing to the mis-spelling of Irish place-names which was so universal in Moryson's day among English writers on Ireland it was impossible to locate the exact spot where the treasure lay. Jim Collins was not the first to search for the garters—Dermot Aulta, no doubt, had tried hard to find them, and had been no more successful than Jim. Jim identified a certain word in the documents as "Gortnasna", but I, when my eye met it, declared that it was "Gorheenaskeha".

"There is no townland of that name," said Jim.

"There is a field of that name," said I.

"Where?"

"To the south of the Kilfinane road. It is the most southern field in my father's farm, and the best meadow in the whole barony. That is where the garters are—if garters there be."

"Boy, I believe you are right," said Jim.

III.

We decided to remain where we were for an hour or two before going to Gorheenaskeha. We wanted my father and his hired men to be out of reach, because the field of Gorheenaskeha was close to my father's house—being, indeed, on the opposite side of the road. While we waited Jim told me that a copy of Moryson's "Itinerary"—the huge volume which contains the "Rebellion of Hugh O'Neale"—was in the National Library, and he had gone all the way to Dublin to find out for himself what sort of writer Moryson was. The result was to raise immensely his estimate of the Elizabethan writer, and to create a regret that none of our modern Irish men of letters had edited the Irish portions of the "Itinerary" for the benefit of Irish readers. The literary resurrection of Moryson, Jim declared, was essential to a right understanding of Elizabethan Ireland. It would lead to the historical resurrection of Mountjoy, whom Jim asserted was the greatest of all the Elizabethans who had made Ireland the theatre of their labours; a splendid noble, a brilliant soldier and unrivalled courier, a glorious Knight of the Garter. He showed me a photograph of Mountjoy, taken from a Mezzotint portrait in the National Gallery, and pointed out to me how closely it corresponded to Moryson's description in his account of the O'Neale. I had known little of Mountjoy previous to my meeting with Jim, but I now became highly interested in this splendid nobleman; and since then I have made great additions to my knowledge of him and his circle. Jim had copied out long extracts from Moryson's account of Elizabethan Ireland; he said they were the most picturesque paragraphs he had ever come across. The idea of picturesqueness was always associated in Jim's mind with Fynes Moryson's name.

After a sufficient time had elapsed I said: "We had better go to Gorheenaskeha now."

Jim woke as from a reverie. The photograph of Mountjoy and the long extracts from Moryson—many of which he knew by heart—had quite driven from his mind for the time being the garter-treasure he was seeking.

We crept rather than walked along the Gortnasna rivulet toward the Kilfinane road. I did not want to be seen by my mother and sisters, and Jim did not want to be seen by anybody. When about half way to the road I thought I heard a laugh. I was almost petrified with horror as I crouched in the water. Who was the author

of that laugh? Jim was dragging his spade along with him, and made more noise than was needful.

"For goodness sake stop that noise," I said.

"I believe I saw a girl on our right," said Jim.

"That must be Ellie Wynne. She lives in that labourer's cottage near the road. She is a bit inquisitive, and she ought to be at school, but, like myself, she isn't. We must throw that girl off the scent. I'm hanged but she would wear those garters herself if she found them."

Jim dragged himself along less noisily, as I advised him to do. To avoid climbing the fence and crossing the Kilfinane road publicly—thereby exposing ourselves to possible discovery by the female members of the Hennessy family, for my father's house opened out on that side of the highway—we crept through the gully that carried the waters of the Gortnasna rivulet under the roadway into Clifford's farm and Gorteenariffe townland. Jim said that it reminded him of Jean Valjean's tour through the underground sewers of Paris on the night that he bore Morins safely away from the captured barricade; but added that our experience was likely to be less trying than Valjean's.

We had now reached the "bounds' ditch" of Gorheenaskeha, and, owing to the way in which we had crept from Kildana through water and wet grass, we looked like a couple of drowned rats.

"Hang Fynes Moryson," said Jim as he looked dismally at his dripping garments. It is wonderful how a wetting will influence our estimate even of historical personages and literary men.

"Hang the garters," said I. I felt that there was no impropriety in my saying this.

We had now to find out where the garters were buried. The gully through which the Gortnasna rivulet ran under the road into the townland of Gorteenarriffe opened out into a sort of gorge, which was deep and rough on that side of Gorheenaskeha field, which was farther from the roadway. To that side of the field, accordingly, we went. It was much more likely that Lady Rich's second courier would select a wildish spot for the burial of his precious garters than a comparatively tame one. The gorge at the far end of Gorheenaskeha was wild enough in all conscience, and deep enough to hide any sort of treasure. Both Jim and I decided to dig up, if need be, the whole gorge. We had an infallible assurance that the garters were there.

Our first efforts were not rewarded with the slightest success. Dig as we would, we turned up neither garter nor diamond buckle with the aid of Jim's spade.

A certain clump near a big alder tree caught my eye. The alder seemed to have grown there since the year one, and was as old as Eve's garter, not to mind Lady Rich's.

"Let us try that clump," we both said together.

Now, when an idea strikes two minds at the same time it must be true. We took the spade in turns and worked like fury to get those garters that we knew were lying below. Never before did two men work as we did.

We both shouted for joy when the spade struck something hard.

Something hard. No, not a stone this time; but, wonder of wonders, an iron box! We both went down to lift up that precious box, that repository of Lady Rich's and, perhaps, Queen Elizabeth's secrets, that glorious chest, which, when opened, would display before our wondering eyes the dazzling brilliance of the diamond garters!

I heard, or fancied I heard, a rustling in the bushes behind us. Could it be that that abominable Ellie Wynne was still tracking us?

We were lifting—both of us—the lid—yes, the very lid—off the iron box, and were on the point of being made acquainted with its long-buried contents, when I heard an awful

sound; it was the terrible voice of my father, angrily calling out:

"Has Johnny come home from school yet? Confound that boy! He will never be any good for king or country, let alone for his father."

What was the use of swearing inwardly at this unlucky interruption? I knew my father. He cared more for meadows than for garters; though he would certainly be interested in Elizabethan treasures, for he was by no means ill acquainted with the Elizabethan period in Ireland. But there were certain moments when he was impregnable to all reason, and such a moment was this. I confided my fears to Jim without any delay.

"For goodness sake let go, I dare not stay here another minute."

"And I?" queried Jim.

"You had better bolt, too. I know my father well. He is the very devil when he is roused, and will listen to no one."

As a matter of fact, my father was at that very moment on the edge of our gorge. He had struck southward through Gorheenaskeha from the road. We saw him come, and letting go the iron box—which fell back again into the bottom of the hole—we ducked under the bushes, making ourselves as small as we possibly could. It was all in vain. My father heard the rustling in the bushes. He caught sight of Jim first, and, dragging him forth, flung him headlong down the gorge. Jim took to his heels as soon as he had recovered from the impact which his body received from mother earth. Not even Mountjoy's photograph could inspire him to make a stand against my father. Lady Rich's garters quite suddenly seemed to have lost their attraction for him.

My turn came next. My father swung me around, dealt me a tremendous kick on that portion of my anatomy which happened to be nearest him at the time, and sent me spinning through the air like a football. I alighted a few feet beyond the hole we had just dug; but my father was so eager to give me another kick that he rushed past it, and saw nothing of the iron box—though he may have seen something of the hole. It was an inglorious end to our search for the Elizabethan treasure.

When night fell I went back to that Gorheenaskeha gorge. Jim's spade was exactly where we had left it. The hole was exactly as we had left it. But the box had been opened in the interval, and its contents, whatever they were, abstracted. My father certainly never became their possessor. I took the iron box home with me; it was some consolation to me for that which I had lost.

Ellie Wynne married five years afterwards. Her father, old Jim, was an ordinary day labourer, who lived in a labourer's cottage, and never had a pound in the savings bank, and seldom a pound in his pocket. Yet his daughter received a forture of a thousand quid, and married a husband who was a farmer in Kilgulane, a merchant in Fermoy, and a contractor in Kilworth. Where did that thousand quid come from?

I had the chance of becoming Ellie's husband myself, but I did not hit the ball when it was on the hop. Perhaps if I had known—in advance—of that thousand-pound fortune I might have learned from Ellie herself the last chapters of the history of Lady Rich's garters.

Jim Collins went to England about a year after the Gorheenaskeha gorge episode. He sold his little farm on the Skeheenarinky hills to one of his neighbours. Before leaving Ireland he introduced me to some more of the antiquarian treasures of Castlequarter, and he became a great friend of my father's.

# A MOUNTAIN MARRIAGE

## BY JOSEPH KEATING

AROUND the hillsides were the cottages and farms, with, here and there a wood separating clusters of dwellings from each other. Autumn was colouring woodland and meadow in red, brown and yellow tints while the air was loaded with the perfume of flowers and ripening crops. Sheep and cattle grazed contentedly on the sunlit slopes. Men and women were at work in the fields; but the children let loose from school were there in the meadows at play, and their laughter came on the breeze across the valley with the sweet scent of new-mown hay.

The small church of St. Dyfrig, which gave this Welsh mountain village its name, was in the centre of the farmsteads. Its squat, square tower could be seen above the thatched roofs; and at its altar to-morrow Esther Rowland would solemnly be made a wife.

She was a black-haired girl, with red cheeks, and a wonderfully gentle manner and look, deeply wistful, as if the mysteries of the silent hills were hidden behind her dark eyes.

Just now she was staring out of the window of her father's farm, watching the red of the sunset just beyond the mountain tops. There was thoughtfulness in her look. To-morrow she would be leaving home forever. The girl did not view this prospect without a pang.

Her father was by no means of the same mood. John Rowland was aged, small and shrivelled by the worries of a failing farm. But now he seemed to be in high spirits. He came up behind his daughter and put his two withered hands upon her shoulders.

"Esther," he said, speaking his native Welsh in buoyant humour, "don't look so downcast, my girl. There's nothing to be sad about, you are making a splendid match. He is older than you, I admit, but what does that matter? His generosity takes me and the farm of danger. If he had never seen you—if you hadn't promised to marry him—we should be ruined. The disgrace of that would be a deathblow to me. But your good looks, Esther, saved us, so now we can be happy"

The old man laughed with wholehearted pleasure.

Esther did not even look round.

"Don't talk about it, father," answered she, and the Welsh words had a note of sad music; "I have done as you wished. I don't love Robert Watkin. He is forty-five; I am not twenty. But I will marry him to-morrow, and you can invite the farmers and their wives, and all the young men and their sweethearts, to sing and dance at the wedding-breakfast and wish me joy."

"Esther will never be happy with Robert Watkin," the young men said with a touch of jealousy, as they worked in the fields. Most of them would have been glad of a favourable glance from her. To-morrow she would be taken far away.

Esther's home was a farm in a

slight hollow, surrounded by mountain summits over which the sun could still be seen. The windows glittered in the red rays. The house was rather superior to the other farms and dwellings of the village. It was large and square, and had a tiled roof instead of a thatch. The ground about it was well-flagged. The farm part was at the back, where the labourers were piling hay into great ricks. All its walls and out-buildings were white, and the name Ty Gwyn (White House) was its distinction.

The engagement had surprised the village. Everyone knew that Esther's father was working Ty Gwyn at a loss. Robert Watkin, on the other hand, was "a gentleman farmer"' and in a position to make a more profitable match. He was wealthy. It was known that Watkin had spent very little time at farming. He was supposed to have "reformed", but his reputation made people whisper; while the girl he was to marry had grown up like a flower under the clear sun and pure breeze of the mountain. Her virginal charm alone explained the man's infatuation.

The neighbours grumbled at the wedding. They wanted it to be put off till the harvest was over, when a day or two for the festivities could be more easily spared. But the bridegroom was too eager to claim his bride. He would not hear of delay.

He was with Esther and her father that evening, a little later, in the kitchen. They had just finished supper, and the servant-maid was clearing the table. John Rowland sat beside his daughter on the low "settle" near the window.

Robert Watkin was standing in the middle of the kitchen. He was a well-built man and, though a little wrinkled, not at all bad-looking. But his face was intensely pale. He handed John Rowland a cheque.

"Everything is settled, John," he said with a pleasant laugh. "This cheque will free Ty Gwyn from debt. You shall have no more anxieties while I live."

"Thank you, Robert," said Rowland, folding up the cheque slowly. "But why are you hurrying away?"

Watkin had moved to the door. His hand was pressed to his heart as if in pain.

"I shall have such a lot to do," he said wincing. "I—must not get too excited. I—I am not so young as—nonsense!" he broke off laughing and going briskly up to the girl. "Give me a parting kiss, Esther," he exclaimed, stooping to press his lips to hers.

But no kiss followed. Watkin staggered back, his hand again pressed to his heart.

Esther sprang up. She was able to catch him and prevent him from falling. He looked into her scared face, then, quickly, he recovered.

"It's nothing," he declared, answering the look of the girl and her father. "It's the excitement at the thought of to-morrow—when you, Esther, darling, will really become my wife. I must go and prepare. Good-night—good-night!"

Watkin hurried out of the farm. His intimates understood that the malady which affected his heart and caused him such agony had been brought about partly by dissipation in the years gone by, but he himself maintained that it was due to nervous strain. His home was not St. Dyfrig, but ten miles distant across the hills. He had come to St. Dyfrig at the beginning of the summer, for quietude and rest. There he had met Esther and had fallen in love with her.

"You must take care of him, Esther," said her father. "You must guard him against any shock. Doctor Richards told me that violent excitement might strike him dead."

Esther replied in her quiet, sincere way:

"I will take care of him, father, after we are married."

"I must see him safe across the mountain road," said Rowland, and

he hurried out after his intended son-in-law.

Esther was putting a little red shawl over her black hair and her shoulders, as if she were going to take a solitary farewell walk among the hills she liked so well, when into the farm kitchen came a young man. He was dressed in the rough, earth-stained clothes of the field-worker. Philip Lloyd was, in fact, one of the youngest farmers of the village. His features, beardless and browned by wind and sun, were pleasing. He was just medium in height, and there was an attractive light in his eye. He was just the sort of youth whom a girl like Esther might love.

When she saw him she was on the point of fastening the red shawl under her chin. She stopped, and her hands remained at her throat, holding the shawl.

"Philip!" she exclaimed, as if surprised, though by no means displeased. But the colour went from her cheeks for the moment.

"I saw your father crossing the hill with Robert Watkin," said the young man. "I took the chance of seeing you by yourself. Are you really going to give me up, Esther, and marry a man who is old enough to be your father?"

Philip, as he spoke, went boldly up to the young woman and took her hands in his. His eyes were looking steadily into hers. There was a rebuke in his tone.

Esther half-turned her head away from him and tried to draw back.

"What is the use of talking, Philip," she protested.

"You know I love you, Esther," he returned. "We have been sweethearts for a twelvemonth. Have you been playing with me all that time? You said you loved me. I believe you do even now. Is that true?"

"I am not going to say what is not true," she answered. "My father knows I love you."

"Then why won't you wait for me? Why have you suddenly made up your mind to marry this man? Is it because he is richer than I am? I did not think, Esther, that you were the sort of girl to marry for money."

The reproach evidently cut deep into the sensitive girl's heart. She shuddered and tried to free her hands from the young man's grip. But he still held her; though he could not induce her to face him. Her head was bowed sorrowfully.

"Philip," she said, "I am not marrying for money. I would willingly break off this engagement and marry you. That would please me best, but I am not the only one to be considered. My father wants me to marry Robert Watkin, and I have consented."

"You are marrying against your will," protested Philip indignantly.

"No," returned Esther, "I am not doing it against my will. Since my mother died—more than five years ago—everything has failed with my father. It was her help that had made him successful. She was a wise partner in the farm as well as a good mother, and he has never got over her loss. If I had been clever I might have helped the farm to prosper, but I suppose I am not gifted as my mother was, and we were on the point of ruin. You know what a disgrace that would be. My father said it would be his death-blow. Then Robert Watkin offered to pay off all debts if I would marry him. That was the only way I could help my father, and I was willing to do it. I would rather spoil my own life than see my father die of shame. Now let me go, Philip."

But the young man did not obey her.

"Esther," he said, "You are going to marry a man you don't love. You are going to ruin your own life and mine. I love you, Esther; I shall never marry any woman but you—my dark-haired lovely girl!"

In the passion of the moment the young farmer put his arms around

Esther and would have kissed her in spite of her resistance. Indeed, Esther could hardly have resisted, for her head was bowed to hide the tears that filled her beautiful eyes.

But the sound of a woman's voice singing at the open door of the kitchen compelled the lovers to draw apart from each other. For a moment the singing continued, though no one could be seen. The voice was a deep and pure contralto, the song itself was of love betrayed, and the music of it held the young people as if in a spell, as they started towards the open door. Then, as the verse ended, the singer appeared on the threshold. She was a poor, forlorn creature dressed in rags.

She was not entirely a stranger to the village. She was known as Katrina, a begger, whose wanderings over hill and valley sometimes brought her to St. Dyfrig. The children believed her to be a witch; and whenever Katrina appeared the little ones ran away from her. Upon her head was a black shawl worn and torn, her half-hidden face, wan and white, expressed suffering. It was not an aged face, the features were those of a young woman made to look old before her time by some great sorrow. Beneath the shawl her eyes gleamed brightly. There was even a hint of beauty in the face which not even the ragged costume could mar. At one time, in becoming attire, Katrina must have been a handsome woman.

"Pardon me," she said in musical Welsh, looking at the young people. "Katrina is singing for bread."

Esther, with deep sympathy, at once beckoned to the woman.

"Come in, Katrina," she said. "You sing so sweetly and so sorrowfully. You shall have everything you want. I will tell the servant to prepare your supper."

Katrina came slowly into the kitchen. There was no sign of humility in her demeanour.

"There is to be a wedding here tomorrow," she went on. "Perhaps they will let me sing, and I shall earn some money. I heard there was to be a wedding, so I came."

Esther was passing her in order to tell the servant to attend to the poor wanderer, when Katrina suddenly put her arm upon the girl's and looked intently into her face.

"Are you the bride that is to be?" she asked.

"Yes," returned the girl.

"I was to be married once," went on Katrina. "It is so nice to see young people made happy."

Esther, instead of being happy, was scarcely able to hide her tears.

"Shall I sing at your wedding tomorrow, sweet girl?" asked Katrina.

"Oh, yes," returned Esther with a sob, and she hurried out of the kitchen. But the emotions that had been stirred up by the coming of her former lover, and then by the suggestion that it would give the bride happiness if Katrina should sing at the wedding, made it impossible for the girl to return. She told the servant to see that Katrina was treated kindly and ran out to the hills.

Katrina was at the table eating the supper of bread and milk which had been brought to her. The lamp had been lighted.

A question she had asked had kept Philip Lloyd in the kitchen.

"Are you," Katrina had asked, still in the native tongue. "Are you the sweetheart she is going to marry tomorrow?"

The young farmer answered bitterly:

"No, Katrina. She is giving herself to another."

"But you love her—I can see that," said the woman.

"It is true," he admitted. "But she is not for me."

Katrina shook her head sorrowfully.

"You love a woman, but she will not marry you. I loved a man, but he would not marry me."

Her eyes were staring into the shadows of the past.

"We are in sympathy," she went on. "We are both victims. Does it not seem that to love is to lose? We are both under a spell."

Then instantly changing her tone she said to Philip with a smile:

"Pardon me. This is no time for such nonsense. I must be going, for I must get ready to sing at the wedding."

She rose from the table and moved to the door.

The young farmer had been listening sympathetically. His own sorrow made him understand another's.

"Ah, Katrina," he said. "I wish you were a real witch. The only spell I would ask of you would be one to blot out forever this marriage between the girl I love and Robert Watkin."

"Robert Watkin!" she echoed. The name caught the attention of Katrina. Her eyes looked at Lloyd piercingly from under her shawl. "Take courage," she added. "Perhaps my spell may yet bring the bride to your arms."

Lloyd, struck by her tone, would have questioned her meaning, but she had gone. He hastened after her, but night had set in and Katrina had vanished in the darkness of the mountains. He went towards his own home. Around him on the hills and down below in the valley the farmhouse and cottage lights and fires seen through the open doors were like stars sprinkled on charmed ground. About the hearths the cheerful gossip was of the wedding at Ty Gwyn and the pleasures in store for everybody next morning.

But that night was sleepless and sad for at least two in the village. Esther Rowland, after seeing Philip, would have drawn back from the marriage. Then the thought of the consequences to her father urged her to keep to her word. If she broke faith it would be the old man's death-blow. There was no hope for her. She must marry the man she did not love; while her heart wanted the young farmer who was good to look at and her natural mate in years. Her blood called for him. To-morrow she would belong to another man. Could anything prevent it? It seemed not; it was one of those tragedies common to life where a girl must marry not to please herself but to please someone else. What spell, whether of witch or demon, could bring these two young lovers together?

Philip was haunted by the words of Katrina, and hardly realizing what he was doing, he joined the neighbours who were pressing into the kitchen at Ty Gwyn the next morning to welcome the bride and bridegroom on their return from the wedding ceremony at the little village church.

He expected to see Katrina there, but she was absent.

The guests were in high spirits. Old farmers and their wives sat around the kitchen. The women were attired in costumes of striking colours. The men wore chiefly drab clothes, though their white hats sounded the right note of festivity. A harper was tuning his instrument in the yard outside the doors. The sun shone pleasantly on all; and the white walls of Esther's home stood out boldly from the green of the hills around.

The church-bell rang pleasantly in the warm air, telling everyone that the ceremony was over. Then the bridal party came home and all the young men and women trooped into the kitchen. The bright colours in the attire of the young people, the laughter, the snatches of song, the high-pitched voices, the Welsh exclamations, the clatter of dishes, and the clink of glasses as the health of the bride and bridegroom was toasted made Ty Gwyn a house of merriment. The harper played his liveliest tunes while the party were at table, and as soon as the feasting was done, the people formed themselves into a ring around the kitchen to prepare for dancing and singing in earn-

est. The crops lying idle in the sun were forgotten. Farmers and labourers, women and girls, were enjoying themselves.

The bride sat beside her new-made husband and tried to smile, but the nearest she could come to merriment was to hide her sorrow. The bridegroom was flushed and triumphant. Robert Watkin looked around him boldly; he had won the prettiest girl in St. Dyfrig; she was his, and no one could take her from him. He was proud of his conquest.

"Don't get too excited," whispered old Rowland to his son-in-law.

"A song—a song!" shouted the guests, appealing to the bride when others had done their share.

Esther had a pleasing voice.

"Song, Esther," urged her husband with pride and enthusiasm in his tone.

But she shook her head.

"I can't sing to-day," she declared.

"Then Philip Lloyd will sing," suggested one.

Instantly the clamour of voices broke around the young farmer and all eyes were turned to him, beseeching him to give them a song. He had a tenor voice of the most charming quality.

Perhaps in defiance of his own emotions he would venture to sing a merry song. He consented. Instantly a hush came over all in their great eagerness to hear.

Then upon the silence broke a strange voice. It came from outside, through the open window. Esther and Philip had heard it in the twilight. It was the same song of love betrayed—an old Welsh melody sung in a beautiful contralto. Some there recognized the voice.

"Katrina!" they exclaimed in low tones.

"Katrina, the witch!" whispered the young girls.

Yet the beauty of the voice held them and they listened intently.

"Bring her in," urged one. "She sings so sweetly."

Half a dozen men rose and were rushing to the door to bring in the singer.

"Stop!" shouted the bridegroom in a voice of agony.

To the amazement of all, Robert Watkin had leaped to his feet. His tall, well-made body suggested great strength; yet his face was white and his hands were trembling.

"She shall not be brought here," he cried. The guests stood dumbfounded.

At the same time Esther's voice was heard.

"I promised Katrina that she should sing at my wedding," said she; "she must not be turned away from our door. Bring her in. I invited her."

The contralto voice was continuing the melody throughout the interruption. The guests who had gone to her at the bidding of the bride brought Katrina to the door. She was singing even as she stood at the threshold. The sunshine was upon her; the shawl about her head and shoulders was white and clean, but the short skirt she wore was patched and tattered, and decked as she was with ribbons of different colours in honour of the wedding, she seemed to be dressed in gay rags.

Her features pale and haggard and the wild look in her eyes gave out the impression that she was half demented with sorrow and suffering.

As she came to the open door, the girls, youths and elders were gazing towards her. They were formed in two rows; at the inner end stood the bride and her husband. Katrina, when her eyes rested on the bridegroom, at once ended her song, though she was in the middle of the melody. She stared at the well-built figure and fine, though white, face of the man.

"Robert Watkins!" she cried. "It is really you, Robert!"

Katrina was speaking in her native language. All there understood and were watching her with interest. They could only regard her as being a poor

mad creature — half-beggar, half-witch, who roamed over the hills and valley singing for bread.

But Robert Watkin was shuddering under her gleaming eye. He seemed to be unable to move.

She strode into the centre of the company.

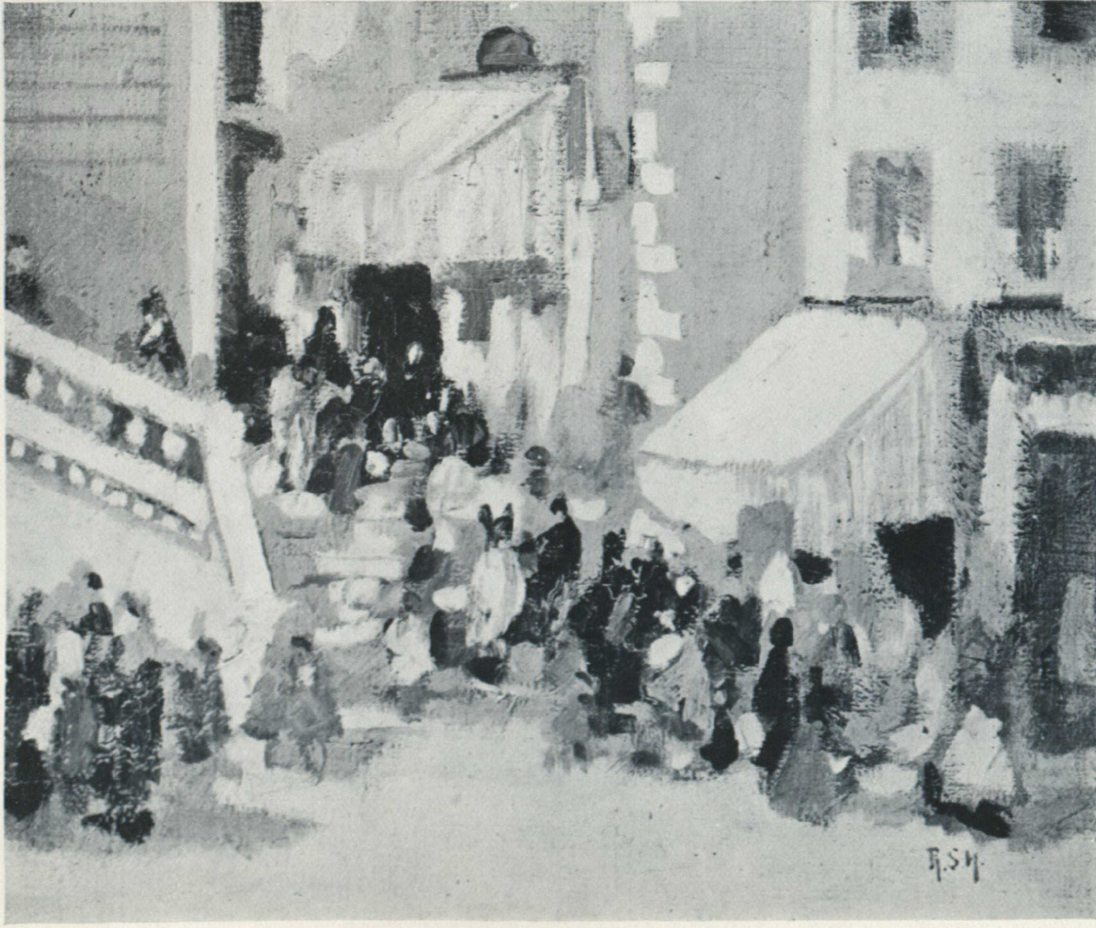
"You have married her!" she went on, pointing to Esther. "You have made her your wife. You have made me—what I am! Friends!" she exclaimed, her glance flashing round, while she pointed at the pale, shuddering bridegroom who seemed to be in the throes of death agony, his hand clutching at his heart, "I was once like this young bride. My home was in the mountains—across many valleys. A youth loved me. I forsook him for another—for a man more bold and daring—one who had seen the great world beyond the hills. I gave up all for Robert Watkin. He fascinated me. I was to be his wife. That was many years ago. He was false. I was conquered and forsaken —disgraced. My child died. Shame would not let me live among my own people. I became what Robert Watkin made me—a homeless wanderer of the hills. The children call me Katrina, the witch. But," she cried, her eyes gleaming while her outstretched arm towards Watkin became threatening in its gesture, "if I am a witch, I swore that the spell I would cast upon my betrayer, if ever we should meet—as we have met to-day—should be the spell of death!"

Her voice had reached a scream of mad rage. She leaped to the table where the wedding-breakfast had been laid, snatched up a knife, and, before anyone could interfere, she had turned upon the man with the blade raised above him. The blow fell. The sunlight flashed upon the steel.

Watkin had had time to defend himself, but to the horror of the onlookers, he dropped in a heap at the foot of the table, although the blow aimed by Katrina had struck only the air. The man had fallen before the knife could touch him. But something equally fatal had caught him. The violent shock had brought about what the doctor had warned him against. Under the fear of the punishment of his sin, his heart had ceased to beat. He was quite dead at the feet of the woman he had ruined.

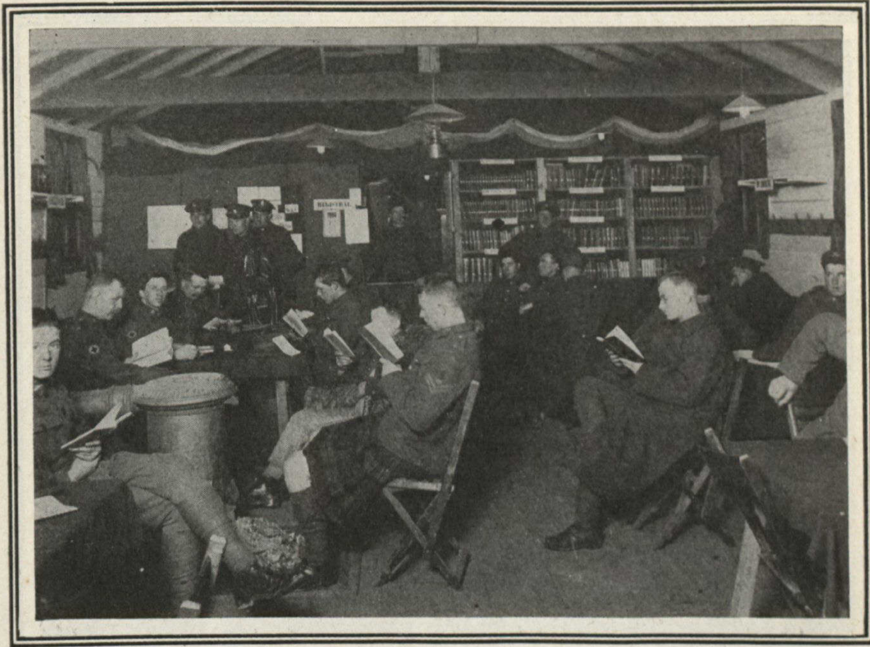
In the disturbance Katrina disappeared. She was never seen about the hills again. Whether she had fallen into one of the deep crevices between the mountains no one knew. Everyone pitied the poor mad Katrina when they knew her story.

But her "spell" had a happier result for two lovers. When all the trouble was past and forgotten, Esther and Philip met at the altar of the little church whose square tower rose above the green summits of the peaceful hills.




STREET SCENE, VENICE

From the Painting by
R. S. Hewton, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada



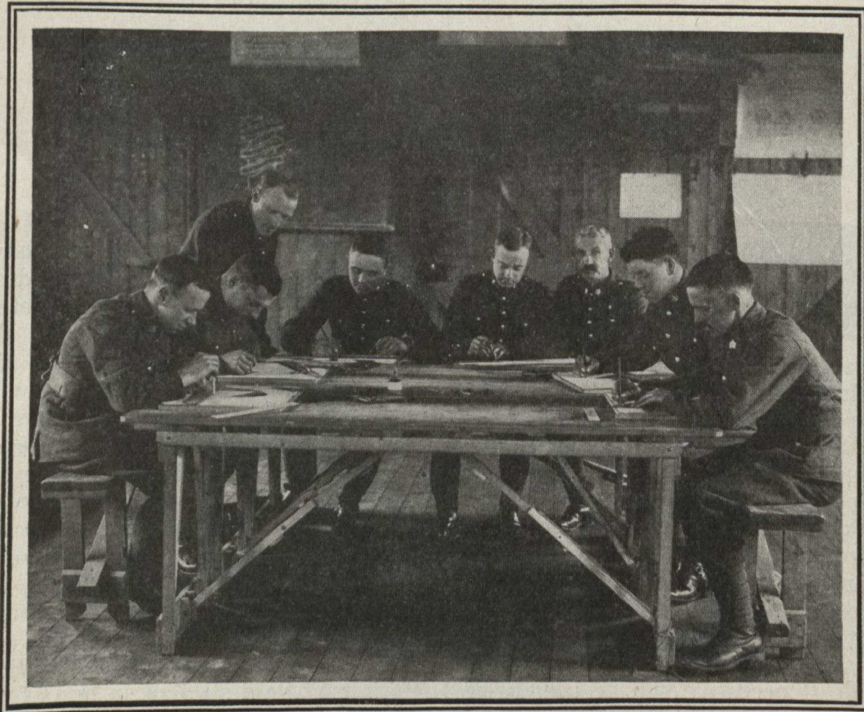
The Library, Witley College

# THE KHAKI COLLEGE

## BY C. D. MAY

ITH the enterprise that always has characterized its work in Canada, the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association has, even in England and France, taken a step in reconstruction work ahead of all other educational institutions. It has established at the Canadian camps in England branches of the Khaki College, and in France the University of Vimy Ridge. These are not merely pseudo educational headquarters intended only for the moment, but are serious and highly important institutions whose powers, which of necessity will be largely affiliated, will increase as their worth becomes generally known. Many young men, especially those who have been engaged in work demanding academic training, have been deterred from enlisting because of the fear that their studies might be discontinued permanently. But now it is possible for a Canadian soldier in camp in England, or even engaged in active service in France, to devote his spare time to a continuation of almost any special or general study that he was engaged in at the time of enlisting. A student of the arts, for instance, may now pursue his studies abroad while serving his country, and thereby gain in academic standing. Or it may be a student in one of the sciences, in agriculture, history, com-

Wireless Telegraphy Class, Witley College



A Class in Mechanical Design, Seaford Camp

Dr. H. M. Tory, President of Alberta University and President of Khaki College

mercial courses such as shorthand, typewriting, arithmetic, penmanship, bookkeeping, salesmanship and insurance, commercial geography, commercial law, economics, and other studies for either primary or advanced students.

Education always has been one of the bulwarks of the Young Men's Christian Association. With peculiar foresight in the present instance, seeing the great need for action now rather than after the war is over, the National Council last year sent Dr. H. M. Tory, President of the University of Alberta, to England to report on the possibilities of giving every Canadian soldier over there a chance to study with facilities somewhat in keeping with what he would have had at home. The first result was the establishment of the Canadian Khaki College at Witley Camp. The success of the undertaking was so sure and so immediate that it was not long before it was found possible to start in a similar way behind the lines in France. In both instances the results have been such as to leave no doubt about the worth or permanence of the venture.

These war-time colleges are thorough both in purpose and equipment. They have a Chancellor, a President, a Senate, a staff of professors, a brigade school, other features common to most colleges and some that are peculiar to themselves. In Canada the movement is backed by a strong advisory committee composed of men well known for their work and interest in education, with Sir Robert A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, as chairman.

# WILLOW AND WENDY

By MAIN JOHNSON

*WILLOW.*

HER name is Willow, and she breathes a charm
As subtle and as fragrant as a tree;
She's graceful as a willow by the brook,
Alluring as a leaf—care free.

A willow tree smiles rustling through its boughs,
My Willow sparkles laughter from her eyes.
A willow tree makes soft some garden slope,
My Willow brightens all our skies.

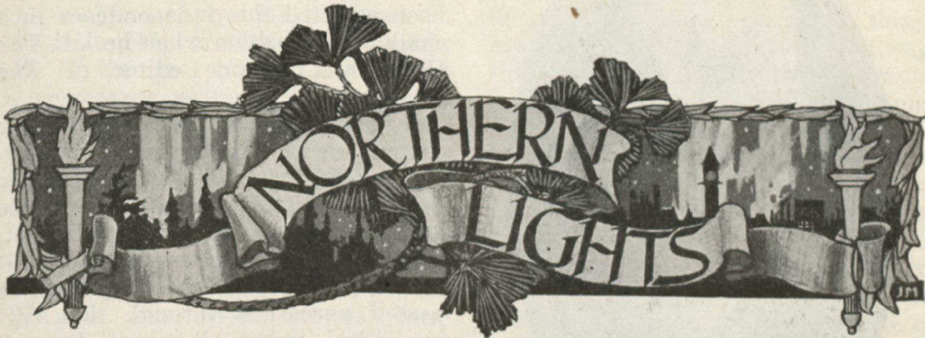
A willow tree brings thoughts of early dawn,
Sunrise and haze of pink and white;
My Willow also makes me dream
Of colour and the warmth of light.

*WENDY.*

Her name is Wendy, friend of Peter Pan,
Playmate of youth in this old world,
So small, so young, she does not know
She's Joy of Life uncurled.

Peter has taught her from his lore
Places to see and things to love,
All bubbling pleasures like herself—
Babies on earth, gay stars above,

Dogs that run scampering up the path,
Branches a singing robin bends,
Sunshine and cooling wisps of rain—
These are my Wendy's friends.

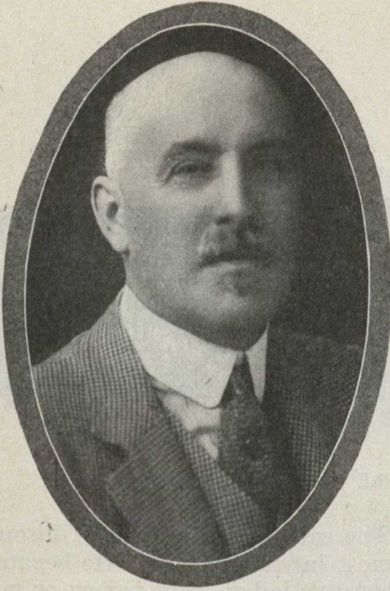



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## SIR JOHN WILLISON

IN the annals of Canada the newspaper editor has played a considerable part. Several outstanding figures in our history were closely associated with the press, and on three occasions at least a newspaper editor became Prime Minister. In this country from the earliest period politics and the press have been linked together. To-day the newspapers and the men who conduct them are a great power in the land. Some editors like William Lyon MacKenzie, Joseph Howe, or Francis Hincks became so engrossed in politics that their newspaper achievements were dwarfed by their careers as public men. George Brown declared more than once that public life was incompatible with active journalistic work. In this he was correct, although whether in Parliament or out of it Brown was generally the first man in his party. Sir John Willison, who fulfilled an early ambition to occupy the editorial chair of *The Globe*, may have unconsciously taken Brown's dictum to heart since his influence upon public affairs has been exerted from first to last without a seat in Parliament.

The career of Sir John Willison is a most interesting one. He began as a country lad without money or powerful connections; was ambitious, self-reliant and industrious; displayed a quality of character and an alertness of mind which are bound in the end to land a man in the front rank; and now after more than thirty-five years' connection with the press he is a conspicuous example of the success which is open to a Canadian boy who goes forth to conquer the world. Integrity, courage and talent win always, and these are the weapons with which young Willison began the fight. In his case the rust has not gathered on any of them. He was eighteen years of age when the Pacific Scandal broke up the Conservative party and drove many of its adherents into the other fold. The matchless skill of Sir John Macdonald repaired the disaster in a few years. But there were some who did not return, and so young Willison came to maturity in the sublime and virtuous atmosphere of opposition. This is the atmosphere most congenial to youth and independence. Writers for the press come into close contact with political leaders, and learn more of the mainsprings of politics than the average man, no matter how influential and important



Sir John Willison

he may be. The newspaper writer grows rich chiefly by experience and knowledge. In the absence of a large worldly estate he preserves his enthusiasms and his ideals. Mr. Willison served long in the press galleries of the Ontario Legislature and the House of Commons at Ottawa, and in such schools of training there is much to be learned—about men, and politics, and the motives that rule both. The training may not always inspire, but it broadens a mind which can think for itself.

In journalism events shape themselves rapidly, and in a comparatively brief period—in fact, surprisingly short—Mr. Willison was appointed editor of *The Globe*. This was in 1890. For twelve years he filled that position with distinction and became a foremost figure in the journalistic sphere. The temptation to enter active politics must have been strong, but it was resisted, and to define precisely the attitude of a man who expounds through the press the principles that ought to dominate his party, who is in intimate relationship with its leaders, but who does not join in the fray, is far from easy. It ensures a large measure of personal independence, but is not comprehended at all by the outsider. Mr. Willison asserted this independence in a challenging fashion when he left *The Globe* and became editor of *The News.*

To make any change in one's party connection in Canada calls for courage. When your party is in power everywhere and you have all to lose and nothing to gain by leaving it, why do so? This is the strictly utilitarian point of view. If you have passed unscathed through that trying ordeal "when all men shall speak well of you", why choose a course where criticism is sure to assail you? Ignoring this warning, Mr. Willison drifted slowly but steadily away from his former moorings. His was one of the earliest defections from the Laurier leadership. He had reached the years which according to Wordsworth bring the philosophic mind and must have steeled himself against misunderstanding and hostility. In Great Britain, where large issues crop up, men change their political associations without much hue and cry. When Macaulay hailed Gladstone as the rising hope of the unbending Tories, he did not foresee that Gladstone would ultimately lead the Radical party. Disraeli began as a Radical. Palmerston eluded a strict party classification to the day of his death. When Joseph Chamberlain was so nearly a Republican that his friends shuddered because, as Mayor of Birmingham, he had to receive the Prince of Wales, there was no visible sign that he would become the Apostle of Imperialism and attack free trade in the political stronghold of John Bright. Where measures dominate politics, these things happen. In Canada, where men loom larger than measures, such incidents were once rare. The war, of course, has broken up everything, and parties are re-forming before our astonished eyes amid the groans of the faithful.

But what gives rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seems one penny the worse!

More than ten years have passed since the resignation by Mr. Willison of the editorship of *The Globe*—surely one of the most influential to which a newspaper writer may attain—engendered a fear of what would happen if men generally began to think for themselves, instead of being handed their opinions ready-made from headquarters every lawful day. The example then set has undoubtedly weakened party ties and Sir John Willison has lived to see many changes that should bring solace to a pioneer. He has become, through *The Times* (London), the exponent of Canada to the British people and the fruits of this intelligent and brilliant work may produce results we little dream of. He has won fame both as writer and speaker. His writings are marked by a thoroughness and accuracy which are not always possible in contributions to the press, and there is the note of authority in his literary style which carries weight with those who are either too busy or too slothful to form and express their own opinions. The fate of too many newspaper articles is oblivion, and even books, as every library testifies, are neglected or forgotten. There is a pamphlet on the railway question in Canada by Mr. Willison which has been long out of print, and a copy of it, so a friend told me lately, cost the purchaser five dollars. "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" is also out of print, and, like other Canadian books of the utmost value, is not accessible to the general reader. Some persons, who never read the book, have supposed that it committed the author to a rigidly partizan version of political history. Mild jests, with a flavour of malice, have been composed as a result of this supposition. The reverse is the truth. A more impartial, even profound, study of Canadian affairs has not appeared in this country since Confederation. The book has the defect of leaving Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the beginning of his great career as Prime Minister and is thus incomplete because several things have happened since. There is always this danger in writing the biography of a living statesman. When Benedick declared that he would die a bachelor he did not know that he would live to be married. In the case of a public man, borne onward by the strong current of political development, it is safer to sum up his achievements when his career has closed. However that may be, the relationships of Sir John Willison with the interpreters of different policies must have vastly increased his knowledge of national events and enables him now to form opinions on a wider basis. But it does not really matter what a man's views were ten, or even five, years ago. The war, among its other characteristics, is a war of emancipation in opinion.

More fascinating than politics is journalism and the recollections which Sir John Willison is to write for *The Canadian Magazine* may be expected to unveil in some degree that inner life of a member of the press which touches so many interests, is so completely hidden from the general public, and so rarely forms the subject of narrative. Newspaper writers of long experience are scarcely aware of the value of their own reminiscences. They record faithfully the achievements of others, and modestly forget their own contribution to the history of the time.

The newspaper writer who joins the staff of a great political journal early in life has a share in making important decisions as to policy; knows why this course was taken and that other avoided; forms truer estimates of a public man's quality and character than we who are outside can possibly do. Little of this knowledge finds its way into print at the time, and as the years pass by it is forgotten. For example, we do not

know precisely why Sir John Macdonald held back so long on the federation issue in 1864, or why he preferred to veil his protectionist views until the country had actually endorsed the National Policy. The information can be pieced together from one source or another, but the testimony of an accurate witness of the events is more telling. A responsible reporter or editor knows such things. All the excitements, the surprises and the romance of the inner world of politics are his. Sir John Willison is one of a not numerous group of experienced journalists to whom the political events of the past thirty years are very familiar. His talent for reading public opinion is exceptionally good. His sociable qualities have brought him a wide acquaintance. Effective on the platform his addresses have been devoted to the reflective rather than the combative side of current questions. He is not, in the ordinary sense, a partisan at all. A formidable antagonist, he is not a bitter one. A sense of humour has preserved him from the prejudiced state of mind into which a man often falls in middle life. Well-educated and cultured, in the actual and not the pretentious meaning of that term, he has faced the problems and the history of his native country with a comprehensive intelligence and a devotion to truth which one would wish were not so rare.

The present writer being addicted to the habit of forming his own opinions without much extraneous aid (and, therefore, no doubt, often falling into error) has differed with Sir John Willison in times gone by on more points than one. But no one can doubt his honesty of conviction, his desire to be fair while being candid, and his readiness to sacrifice his own interests if a good cause demands it. It is said that you should not deal in print with a man's personal qualities while he yet lives. In this view all the pleasant truths are to be kept for the tombstone. But it cannot be in bad taste to record that as a sturdy upholder of the honour of the press, as a man of lofty principles and a loyal and steadfast friend in sunshine or in shadow, Sir John Willison has no superior. If he will draw from the stores of a splendid memory his recollections of Canadian men and events and depict them in the entertaining, incisive and stimulating style which comes of long practice, he will do the state some service. And incidentally he will tell a considerable number of us many things we never knew before.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

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## AUTHOR, ADVENTURER, PHILOSOPHER

A COMBINATION of author, adventurer, philosopher, artist and seaman is Captain Fred. W. Wallace, fish expert of the Canada Food Board. He has crammed a great deal of living into thirty-odd years, and there isn't a wharf in Nova Scotia where he would not be hailed as a friend were he to turn up to-morrow.

It was natural inclination and a touch of the wanderlust in his blood that made a seaman of Captain Wallace. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, he was the son of a well-known shipmaster. He was only eight years old when he first crossed the Atlantic. When he was twice as old he came here to stay, but ever since then he has been on the move—and gathering moss all the time. It would be hard to find a man with a greater fund of cosmopolitan information or a wider knowledge of the sea, its finny inhabitants and its wayfarers.

Captain Wallace has the lithe, taut frame, the steady tread and the clear direct gaze of the hard-living man, used to hazard, always ready for emergencies and courageous in difficulties. He is well-knit physically and mentally and has a broad outlook on men and things. He is full of yarns. Puffing contentedly at his

pipe, very deliberately and with dialectic colour, the captain will relate choice stories of sea and land. You tell him one and he can cap it.

Captain Wallace is a worker. Wherever he hangs his hat he gives his whole heart and soul to the job at hand, and it is usually accomplished without any fuss or bother. Whether it's taking moving pictures at personal risk, or writing fiction, or painting pictures, or fishing in a dory, or helping to make fish popular in Canada, it's all the same—Captain Wallace is very much at home. A versatile man indeed!

For years he went to sea with the fishermen of Nova Scotia. As a free lance he would share in their work and their difficulties. Then when he returned he would write of his experiences and his name is well-known to Canadian and American magazine editors. He knows the North Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Atlantic equally well. There isn't a fishing bank on the western ocean that he doesn't know from every angle, and he can tell many a tale of the hardships of deep-sea fishing and the lives that are lost in its pursuit. His stories, both written and recounted, are impregnated with the romance of the lives of what he considers the only "real sailors left in this latter-day age of steam". In the spring of 1916 he took moving pictures of the deep. They are quite unique and have been shown in Montreal and other large centres in Canada.

In his Nova Scotian days Captain Wallace was wont to go down to the wharf as a vessel was going to sea.

"Come on aboard, Freddy," the men would shout.

"All right! Give me an hour."

And sure enough, within the hour Freddy would be back with his kit. That was how it always was—impulse, love of adventure, a craving for knowledge. Before long he knew all the technicalities of the game. He took from the lives of the fishermen a romanticism of which they themselves little dreamed. And he made use of it. In 1914 his work of fiction, "Blue Water", was published by Hodder and Stoughton. The year before that he started *The Canadian Fisherman*, which is published in Montreal. In 1916 he published the "Shack Locker"—a collection of short sea stories formerly published in American magazines.

Captain Fred W. Wallace

During the summer of 1916 Captain Wallace enlisted as master of a vessel employed in the British naval patrol service. In the fall of the same year he was recalled to act as fish expert for the Canada Food Board. The whole country is eating more fish today than it ever did before and this is due, in no small measure, to the efforts of Captain Wallace.

ISHBELL M. ROSS.

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## GERMANY AT BAY

By Major Haldane MacFall. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

F we get many more books like Major MacFall's we shall all be turning military strategists. Picture the corner grocery or village store—yet our profoundest forums—of an evening or late afternoon, the group intent, a floor space cleared, cans of baking powder for Calais, Paris, Mons, the Marne, distant, detached cans for London and Berlin; and, marshalling the interest of the group, with indicating stick or finger, he who has most carefully, the most recently read Major MacFall's or some like book. Picture the reverend minister on Sabbath morning, clad in dog-collar and gown, elucidating with erudite deliberation for the benefit of his reverent hearers, schemes and doctrines Napoleonic and Bismarckian amid the hushes of the holy calm. Picture dinner-tables where, the "things" swept into a dishevelled pile of porcelaine and silver, the virgin tablecloth becomes the scene of blackest enemy schemes plotted out by the head of the house, while wife and daughters grow uneasy and watch the clock and think of dish-water.

All this is only to say that Major MacFall's book is fascinating. It is not a respectful book in certain senses. It does not woo the reader with mild address, or flatter him with ingratiating phrase. It bullies him at once and unmercifully in the first chapter and thereafter continuously throughout two hundred and ninety-three pages. It bullies him with a certain spacious heartiness and unassailability of conviction, and even with such implication of fraternity, that one stands for the bullying—and experiences the sense of fascination. Hardened and unmoved indeed is the reader of the book who, having completed it, will not be drawing diagrams in the dust or on odd bits of paper, and conversing about "war strategy" and "peace strategy" and "initiative" and "army of manœuvre". So much for the power of bullying. Major MacFall certainly allows no one else to do the thinking. He and his group "who have studied strategy" know, and all the King's horses and all the King's men are as dust in the balance if strategy be not there; and as for the man in the street, if he be without strategy he is become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

At a time when the way is difficult and when often the greatest hearts hesitate for very knowledge, there is a sort of refreshment about a man who has absolutely no misgivings. He at least is in action. And, though contemplation of the goal of action often gives pause to the academic mind, in action itself, once one commits oneself to it, there is, unquestionably, zest and glory. Major MacFall has all the passion, all the tragedy, all the glory of being sure. Anyone who doesn't agree with him is rightful heir to all the adjectives there are of disapproval and condemnation though Major MacFall doesn't him-

self use all of them. One of the chief reasons why the book fascinates is because of its passion. Here is a man to be listened to because he believes. But passion, even when it is sincere, has to be watched. Sometimes Major MacFall's passion, though it may not distort them, seems to make the facts writhe a little under its manipulation. As an instance the references to Bismarck on pages twenty-three and eighty-five may be compared.

The contention of the book is this: Germany has won her war, no matter what happens on the western front if at the termination of hostilities what he calls the Pan-German map remains in being. At present, he claims, it is an accomplished fact. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania, Greece, are practically ready to become a customs union, a mutual benefit society, mutually interdependent, but collectively independent. From the North Sea to the Persian Gulf is an empire —Mittel Europe. Major MacFall claims that no matter what reparation Germany might offer Belgium, no matter if she should give back Alsace Lorraine to France, and even pay indemnities, while the Pan-German map is in being there must never be peace. Germany must be forced within her own boundaries, her colonies retained from her, and Austria partitioned, else all the blood and tears has been for naught. This to timid minds is rather rigorous or even ruthless doctrine, but Major MacFall believes it with his whole soul. He is a "bitter ender" by conviction. His strategy compels him.

Of course, one can read many books and statements of opinion in disagreement with Major MacFall. There are those who are ready to admit to Germany certain legitimate and natural expansions and who do not desire to crush her utterly according to Major MacFall's or any other plan. There are those who imagine, among whom is President Wilson, that any "crushing" policy is alike poor politics and immoral and hopeless from the standpoint of world society. Lloyd George has not consented in his last public statement to the partition of Austria.

But Major MacFall's book will serve a purpose. It will open the eyes of the man on the street to whom it is addressed to the divinity and deviltry that may lie in strategy. It will make him aware that the significance of battles is learned very often after the event, and then not from the newspapers. It will, if he resolutely buys other books to set alongside Major MacFall's, start him thinking about ways and means, about schools and policies for peace and war. It will give him hopes and fears of a peculiarly poignant kind. And all this will help to dissipate that "sheer slovenliness of thinking, that sheer indolence", of which Major MacFall accuses the man in the street in his first chapter.

I quote a paragraph from page 281:

> "The German colonies will not be given back, thank God. The British Commonweal across the seas will see to that if no one else does; they at least are not given to *suicide for a phrase or a mawkish fatuity.*"

One could wish that in other editions of the book this paragraph might be left out, not necessarily for its first sentences, but for the part the reviewer has italicized. That part savours of a spirit that all good men and true are trying to shun as they endeavour to work out the destiny of these days.

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## LETTERS OF A CANADIAN STRETCHER-BEARER

By R. A. L. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

VERY few letters or sketches of any phase of the war give one so positive a feeling as do these from an Englishman who became a Canadian and as such enlisted and went to the Front as a stretcher-bearer. The letters are written to his wife, and they do not read as if there had been any idea back of them that they ever would be put into a book. They are

almost offensively frank and are by turns buoyantly cheerful and oppressively pessimistic. Here is one statement:

"It will be hard for you, I know, to realize that the Canadians are only a very tiny, tiny drop in all this ocean of —? (Can't find the word). What I mean is—you only hear of the Canucks, and England is intensely proud of them; but—they are nothing by comparison. My county, Yorkshire, has fifteen battalions of volunteers in France now—all volunteers at twenty-five cents a day."

Later on he confesses:

"Ye I hate the very sound of the English accent. I am absolutely an American in all the word stands for. I don't like the English—but—there it is— —but this one town has 'got me' and always will have, as it has all Englishmen who have lived here, from the North Pole to the South. Just give me a steerage ticket across the Atlantic, and without a cent I would fairly run on board . . ."

After he has gone to the Front and been gassed (about which he has but very little to say) and is back in hospital, he writes:

"The men all look alike, in bed or in a blue hospital suit. Only when they speak can you place them; but their visitors label them at once and forever. I notice the men in the poorer class kiss their sons. The rich don't. The poor display all their emotions from joy to tears. The rich seem casual, off-hand, just pleasantly cheery. But—"

The last lines are perhaps the best in the book:

"I never cease to marvel at my amazing luck. Also to be thankful in a truly humble spirit for it."

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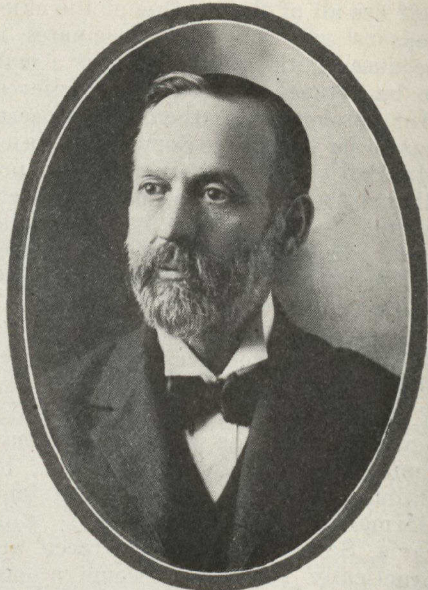
## THE CANADIAN RAILWAY PROBLEM

By E. B. Biggar. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE argument used by many who oppose state ownership of railways is that government operation is not economical, that a railway which profits under private ownership would lose under state ownership. One of the first purposes of this book is to



MR. E. B. BIGGAR
Author of "The Canadian Railway Problem".

establish that idea as a fallacy or, rather, to show that the people support railways whether to the extent of profit to private individuals or no profit to themselves. The people pay in either case, and efficiency, therefore, is one of the first things to be considered. The author states his own case in the preface:

"It will be proved in these pages that railway rates are public taxes, the service of the railway being the prerogative of the state, and that therefore the revindication of this prerogative, long surrendered into private hands in Canada, is not merely a matter of expediency—it is a duty. That the administraton of railways by the state may prove more efficient or less does not absolve the people from this duty in the least. Yet on the points of efficiency, economy, and integrity of administration the reader will here have the records of both systems. Let him judge between them.

"In its essence the railway problem is one of self-government, and that being the case, its settlement is not one for railway experts, but for statesmen. It will be well to consult the railway expert as to methods of operation, but surely the railway expert is not to determine for us how we shall govern ourselves, or what rights the people shall abandon or reclaim. No Parliament can use a Royal Commis-

sion's report as a Pilate's basin in which its hands may be washed of the responsibility of deciding whether the people shall own the highways, or continue to pay tribute to the farmer, as in old Rome''.

Mr. Biggar is a journalist of long standing in Canada, having begun working on a daily newspaper at the age of nineteen. In 1883 he started *The Canadian Textile Journal,* which was one of the first technical publications in Canada. Afterwards he founded successively *The Pulp and Paper Magazine, The Canadian Miller,* and *The Telephone Age.* He is the author of ''Canada: A Memorial Volume'', ''The Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald'', as well as several pamphlets on ''The Reciprocity Treaty'', ''The Wool Industry of Canada'', and ''Canada's Approaching Peril'', which was a warning addressed to the Provincial Governments of Canada against the danger of forest destruction. This warning was translated into French by Monseignor Laflamme, and it is worthy of note that shortly thereafter the Province of Quebec changed its forestry policy and imposed regulations dealing directly with the export of pulpwood.

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## FRANCE BEARS THE BURDEN

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN one was asked the other day for an opinion of this book he said, ''Oh, so-so; nothing very special''. That, I imagine, will be the general comment upon it. But many books that are ''nothing very special'' are good books and well worth reading. This book, consisting of a series of war correspondent's sketches of France in war-time, is worthy a place in our casual libraries if for no other reason than that it serves to deepen sympathy for France. It deals in easy flowing descriptive comment on Paris, Verdun, the Argonne, and the Somme. It heads one chapter ''Who Pays for the War?'' and under that caption gives some interesting sidelights on French life in war-time. But the book is simply one among the hundreds that are being turned off the presses of the world to-day. It is a casual, humble servant of the hour. It is neither great nor mean. It is a bit of the commonplace ordinary writing that has its place and will serve its purpose. A couple of trenchant paragraphs close the chapter entitled ''The Business of War'':

''Half the scene is shut in by a naked forest of rotting ghost-like trees. They rise as withered bracken from the sodden soil. As far as the eye can see this soil is lacerated with shell-holes filled with reeking, viscid slime. Mixed in that slime is all the debris of war—broken rifles, casques, shells, clothing, bayonets, hand grenades, cartridge pouches, winged bombs, buried and rotting in the mud. . . . Other hideous things are buried there. I see one gray green repulsive form sprawling at the bottom of a shell-hole. Passing through the trenches heavy boots stick out from the trench wall, half blocking the path. Skeleton hands snatch at me. In the end, here is the real business of war.''

❊

## THE FAT OF THE LAND

By JOHN WILLIAMS STREETER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a fascination for most of us about watching a man spend money. Dr. Streeter sets out to spend $60,000, and then goes on to spend nearly twice that much. The story of how he does it, told in his own words, is a real romance. His style, free, clear and bright, is the style of a crisp, energetic business man, unadorned and terse, but pleasing. The writer of the book divulges in engaging fashion so much of himself that one is tempted into trying to place him as a type in American society. He seems to have the impregnable optimism, the sometimes harsh sophistication, the power to be fair if not always to be sympathetic, the impatience and the zest, and the obvious taint of ''class'' that belongs to the moderately wealthy in American society. Because of this many ordinary readers will possibly feel a slight dis-

trust of the book. The average farmer will possibly be just a little wary of the dogmatism of the man who preaches the doctrine that farming pays luxuriously when that man draws an extra ten thousand for his expense account as calmly and easily as most men draw a breath. But Dr. Streeter enthusiastically justifies his expenditures.

The story of the book is this: Dr. Streeter at fifty-three had to abandon his profession. He possessed capital. He bought a 320-acre, run-down farm in Ohio. He invested $2,758 in a water plant, $2,100 for fencing, $8,550 for farm buildings, $550 for apple-trees, odd hundreds and thousands for other things as the months went by and the necessity for them arose. He organized a "factory farm" to turn out pigs, fruit, beef, milk, etc. He employed some fifteen to twenty persons, housed them well, and paid them well. He sets the story of it all forth from chapter to chapter in his book. As the tale unfolds one becomes more and more absorbed in the endeavour to learn what will happen next. Every year, on the last day of the year, Dr. Streeter and his wife take stock. Gradually they find the farm beginning to pay. It is Dr. Streeter's claim that farming pays luxuriously. He contends that his farm paid and gave him adequate interest on capital invested. The up-to-date farmer of to-day or the syndicate with capital looking for a factory should be interested in this book from a business standpoint. It is as interesting as a novel and as exact and careful apparently as an arithmetic.

Dr. Streeter says in summing up:

> "I would exchange my age, money and acres for youth and forty acres, and think that I had the best of the bargain; and I would start the factory by planting ten acres of orchard, buying two sows, two cows, and two setting hens. Youth, strength and hustle are a great sight better than money, and the wise youth can have a finer farm than mine before he passes the half-century mark, even though he have but a bare forty to begin with."

It is interesting to note that $3.25 per hundredweight was a price for hogs in '95, and $7 later a great price. One fears to mention the latest quotation to-day lest one be behind the rising market, but it is somewhere around $20 anyway. To-day when interest is so centered on farming and its problems and possibilities this book is timely. It is, though a reprint, by no means out-of-date.

*

## WAR POEMS AND OTHER VERSES

By R. E. Vernede. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

CERTAIN poetic canons have a way of surviving throughout the centuries. The soul of man has a way of loving the music and beauty that comes to him when the strange potentialities that lie in words and their combinations are evoked, and of never letting it go; the soul of man knows when the poet is speaking. Hence it is that certain of our touchstones of judgment for poetry are universal and timeless despite the frantic cries of a too extreme wing of the vorticists and the free verse people. "The surge and thunder of Odyssy" echoes in our English sonnet, and the centuries that listen to the Odyssy and to the fourteen lines of English tongue are akin; they know the same passion, the same music and beauty evoked by words.

One wonders sometimes how our war poetry of these days will eventually stand beside these universal and eternal canons of judgment. When, say, an anthology of real poetry called "One Hundred Poems of the Great War" comes to be made up (by whom? by what Nationalist, or what Internationalist?) in 1950, what poems will it contain? Will one of these poems from R. E. Vernéde's book be among them?

Edmund Gosse writes a pleasant introduction, but it is not the introduction primarily of a watchful and loving critic of poetry; it is the introduction primarily of one who loves

to honour brave men who have given their lives away in action for a cause. One knows that the poetry might be poor, but the act of Vernéde giving his life for his country according to his duty as he saw it, was great. This act Edmund Gosse remarks upon and turns over in his mind with an admiring reverence. One feels, though, that had Vernéde died ignobly or traitorously, Gosse would have left his poetry without an introduction. So are our canons of judgment superceded by the pressing issues of these days.

As a book of poetry the volume is not epoch-making. There is a certain urbanity and ease of style that bespeaks the sophisticated mind. The manipulation of words is often pleasant and craftsmanlike. But seldom are words made mystical and tremendous things as Francis Thompson made them or even as Lincoln made them in his Gettysburg speech. The chasms and peaks of poetry are absent in this book. It is better verse than much and less good than much. One stanza in "Before the Assault" attains greatness. It is a poet's stanza:

Then to our children there shall be no handing
Of fates so vain—of passions so abhorr'd—
But peace—the peace which passeth understanding—
Not in our time—but in their time, O Lord.

"Friendship" is a pleasant little pre-war poem:

I had a friend, and so we went together,
Merry and armed for every kind of weather;
Far was the road, but tired no man could find us,
We laughed at the hills, so soon they dropped behind us.

I had a friend—yet not long had we started
When we fell out and in our anger parted:
The clouds slipped down; the mountains rose to screen him.
Oh, passersby, long years I have not seen him!

Far is the road, and always it is lonely.
I am a man, and therefore march I—only
It lures me not—the goal for which we started;
I seek my friend—my friend from whom I parted.

*

## INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By Rheta Childe Dorr. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book will dispel much of the general ignorance regarding actual political conditions in Russia. The author has an intimate knowledge of Russia, and while she sympathizes with the people in their struggle for freedom of government, she criticizes without stint the methods of some of the leaders. She explains the aims and objects of the Bolsheviki and other parties, and gives the reader a basis for understanding conditions in that great land of many conflicting elements.

*

## NATIONALISM

By Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is not easy, merely by reading "The Gardener", "Gitanjali" or "The Post-office", for instance, to appreciate Tagore's philosophy, but here in three lectures it is pretty clearly defined—his vision of that time "when nationalities shall be wiped out and men shall live not as citizens of this or that country, but as citizens of the world". There are three lectures, "The Nationalism of the West", "The Nationalism of Japan", and "The Nationalism of India". To us the first is of most interest. Tagore discovers disharmony in man's nature, disharmony of which the West "seems to have been blissfully unconscious. The enormity of its material success has diverted all its attention toward self-congratulation on its bulk. The optimism of its logic goes on basing the calculations of its good fortune upon the indefinite prolongation of its railway lines toward eternity".

# TWICE-TOLD TALES

### Take Your Pick

Two sons of toil were taking a walk through the west end the other day, looking at the shops. Among others, they at last came to a jeweller's, and both gazed enviously at the wealth of gems displayed in the window. Loose stones lay scattered about in distracting profusion.

As they stood the fascination of the gems grew upon them. At last the silence was broken by Bill, an Englishman.

"All right, ain't it?"

"Ay," breathed Sandy.

Then followed another long silence once more broken by Bill:

"Ow'd you like yer pick among that lot, Sandy?"

Sandy looked at him contemptuously.

"Pick!" he snorted. "Shovel, you mean!"—*Pearson's.*

### Different Gorge

"How about the beautiful gorge you advertised?"

"Yonder it is," said the landlord. "Did you ever see a more wonderful ravine?"

"Bah! I thought a gorge meant a great big meal."—*Kansas City Journal.*

### For Those Outside It

Willie: "What kind of a book is 'Who's Who', dad?"

Crabshaw: "It's a work, my boy, in which others see us as we see ourselves."—*Life.*

He: "Be mine, and make me the happiest man in the world."

She: "Sorry, but I want to be happy myself."—*London Opinion.*

### When They Were Cheap

Two actors were discussing their professional careers. One of them mentioned that since he last saw the other he had left the stage.

"But why did you leave the stage?" his friend asked in surprise.

"Well," the other replied, "I had a hint that I was not suited for it."

"I see," was the friend's comment. "The little birds told you, eh?"

"Well, no; not exactly," was the reply. "But they might have become birds if they had been allowed to hatch!"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

### When the Lights are Low

A young society woman was having a chat one evening with a young man whom she had just met. They were in the conservatory.

"Which do you admire the greater," inquired the young belle, "black eyes or blue?"

"Well, really," replied the young fellow slowly, "the light is so dim here, I can't say just now."—*National Monthly.*

During the severe storm that flooded Galveston and caused some loss of life and much damage to property, an artillery officer, on leave of absence, telegraphed to his superior officer in command of the Coast Defenses at that point.

"Sympathy to the regiment; where are my clothes?"

The answer he received was:

"Sympathy from the regiment—you have no clothes."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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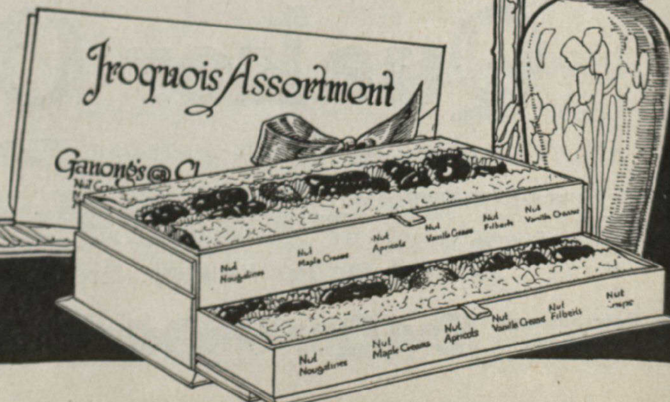
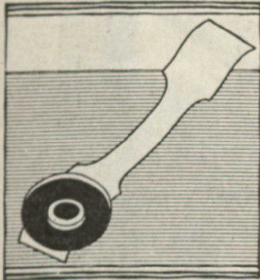
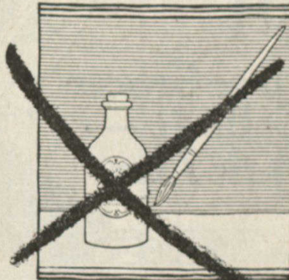


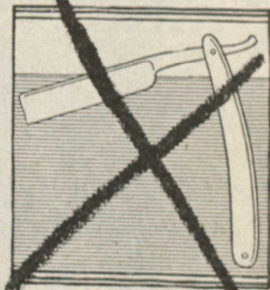
# HOW TO END CORNS



SAFE
CERTAIN



HARSH
UNSAFE



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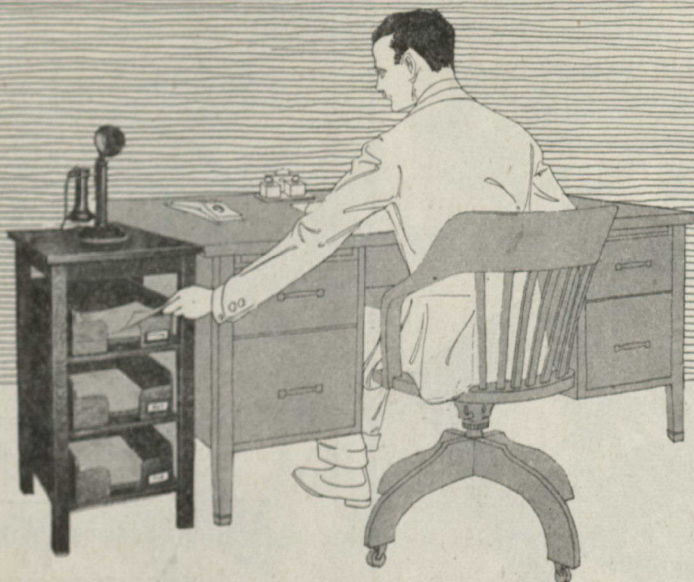

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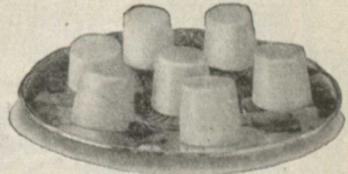

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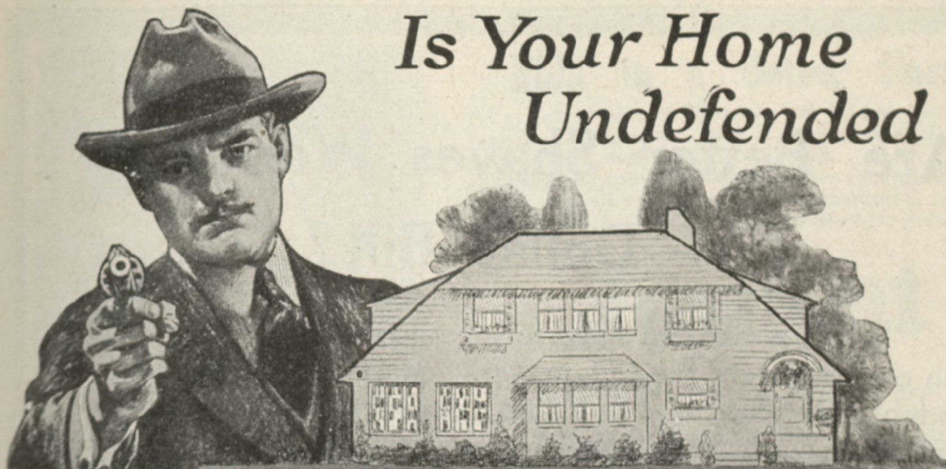

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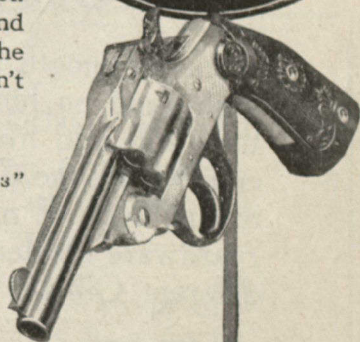

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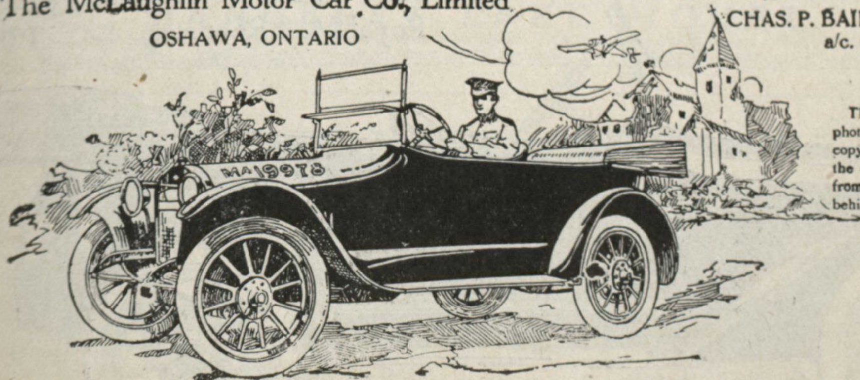
Yours sincerely,
CHAS. P. BAILEY,
a/c. Corporal.

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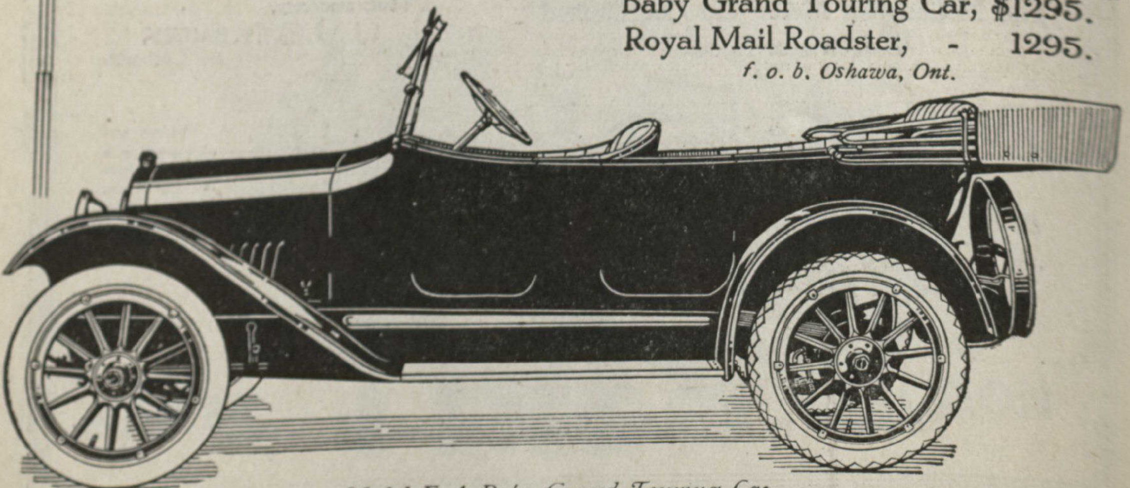

*Model F-A Baby Grand Touring Car*

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1907 — EVERY MONTH IN 12 MAGAZINES — 1918

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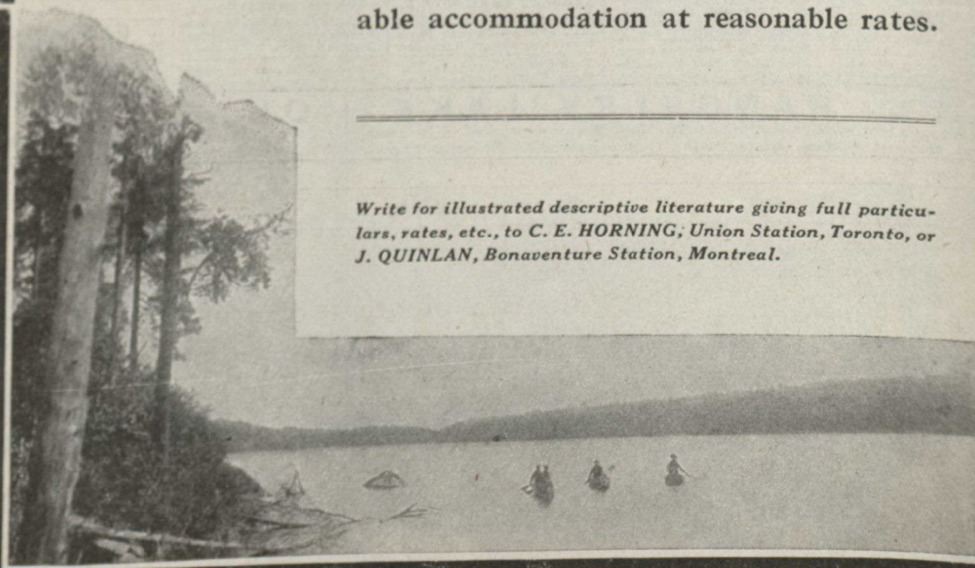

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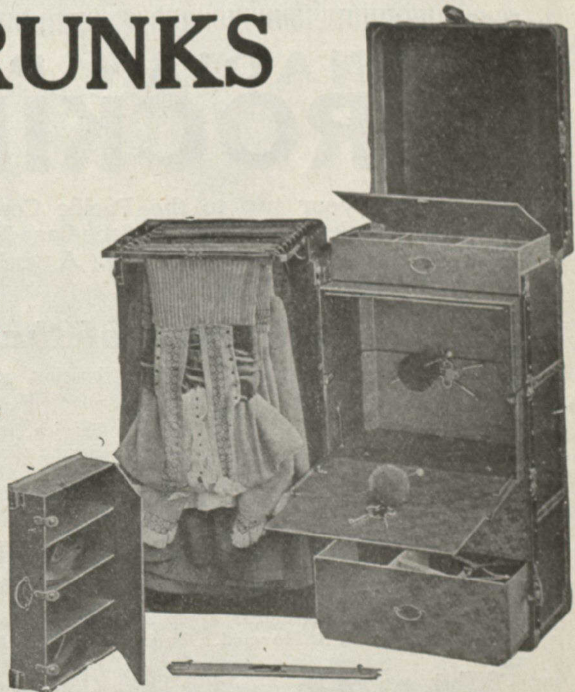

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter. In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

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

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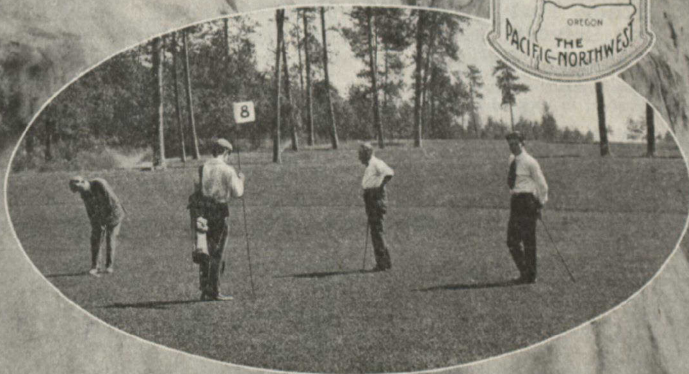
You should feel that way if in good health and fit to help win the war.

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and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

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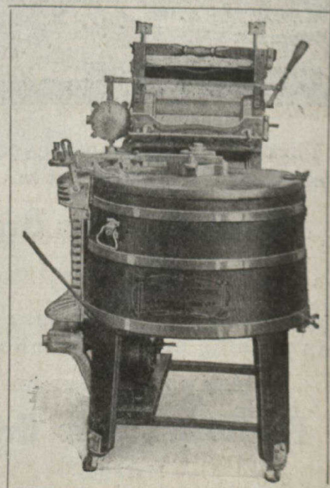

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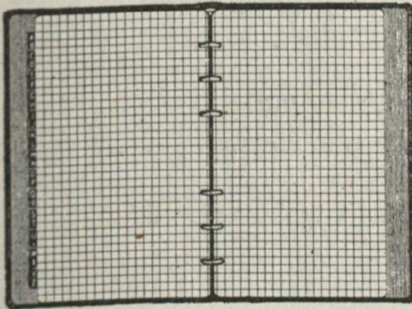

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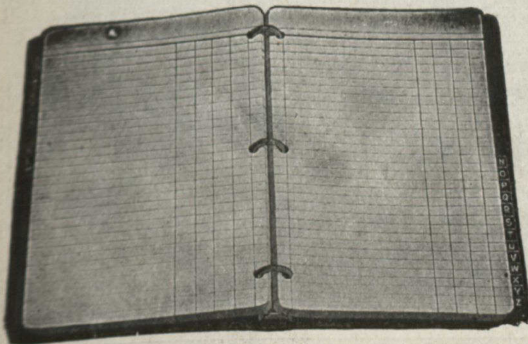

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A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

**Freezone**

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

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

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KILLS BUGS

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*Rests—Refreshes—Restores*

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

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Sleep-Meter is made by Western Clock Co.,—makers of Big Ben and other *Westclox* alarms—and is easily the best medium-priced alarm you can buy.

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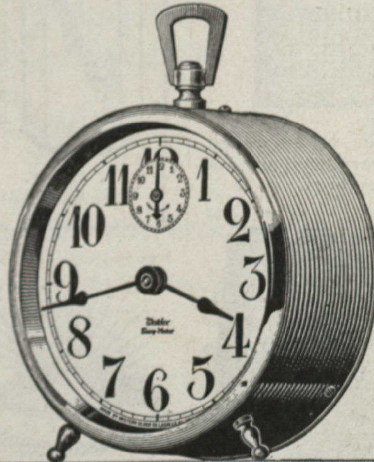
Sleep-Meter is five inches tall, has a cheerful-toned gong and an easily read dial. You'll want one of these clocks—more likely *two.*

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*

*Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meter—Bingo*

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.



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Pleasant work and remunerative. No stated hours of work.

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**The Canadian Magazine**
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# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

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## THE STAPLE FOOD

Cartier found the Indians at Hochelaga (Montreal) eating corn in 1536.

If the secret of making corn palatable, appetizing and delicious had been known in those days, potatoes would not have become a staple food, because corn is four and a half times more nourishing than potatoes.

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It is a staple, three-times-a-day food, and

*Sold only in the original red, white and green package.*

Kellogg's

TOASTED

**CORN FLAKES**

LICENSED BY THE FOOD CONTROLLER UNDER NUMBER 2—055

ONLY MADE IN CANADA BY

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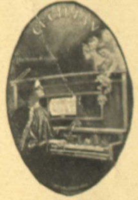

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"World Famous"

*"And the nights shall be filled with music,*
*And the cares that infest the day*
*Shall fold their tents like the Arabs*
*And as silently steal away."*
*—Longfellow*

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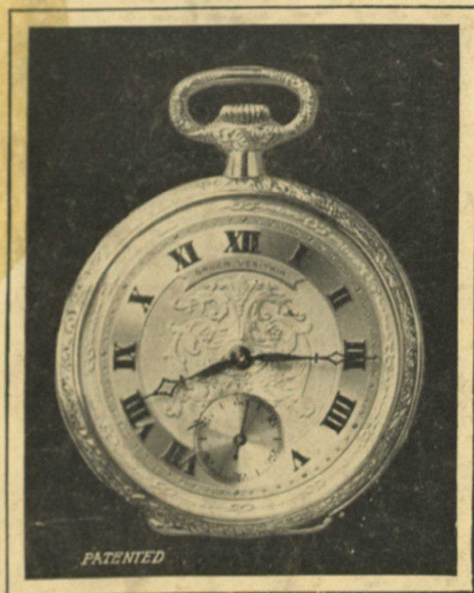
247 Yonge Street, Toronto

Established 1883




$50 and $85

# A MASTERPIECE

## of Swiss Art in Watchmaking

### *Louis XIV Model, Gruen Verithin Watch*

DESIGNED in the characteristic style of Louis XIV, a period when beautifully-decorated and exquisitely-fashioned timepieces were created, this new model is unusually distinctive.

It has a plain center back, daintily-chased bevel edges, and a handsomely-chased dial decorated with raised gold numerals. Or it can be had with the pat. Louis XIV platinized raised gold numeral dial.

The movement is made in Madre-Biel, Switzerland, by the best modern Swiss craftsmen, many of them direct descendants of the old masters. It is made with 17 Ruby jewels, is adjusted to five positions, to temperatures and to isochronism; accuracy is guaranteed.

In ultra-quality gold-filled, No. L14, $50. In 14-kt., No. L144, $85. Others with precision movements and 18-kt. cases, up to $225.

Obtainable only through one of the 1200 Gruen jeweler agencies — the best in every locality — to whom the sale of Gruen watches is confined.

The Gruen Watchmakers Guild, Dept. T, "Time Hill," Cincinnati, Ohio. Workshops, "Time Hill" and Madre-Biel, Switzerland. Canadian Branch, Toronto, Ontario.

*How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch thin*

*The shortness of staff makes watch more durable*

**GRUEN**
Verithin Watch

*"The most beautiful watch in America"*