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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

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Contents of Volume XLIX

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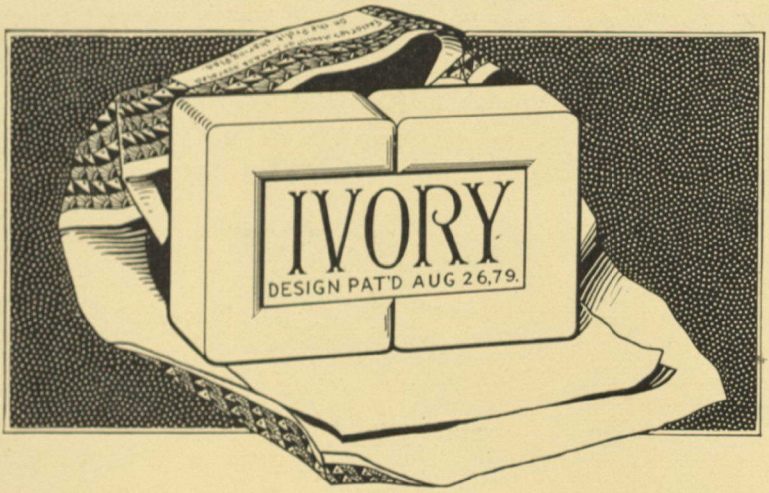

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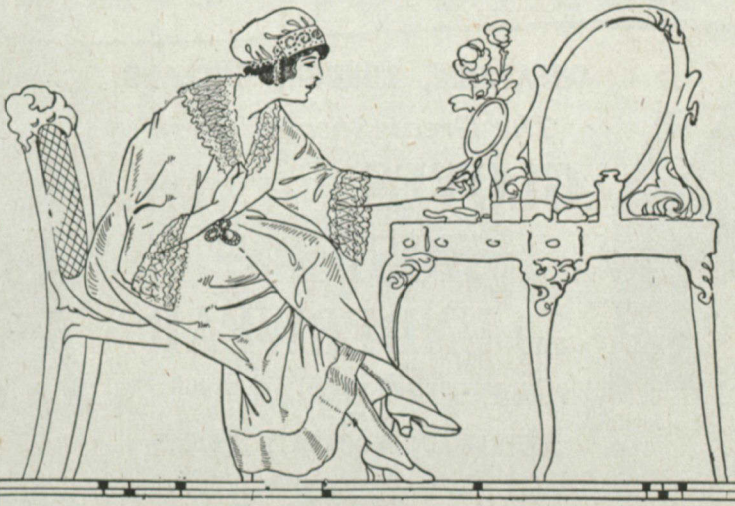

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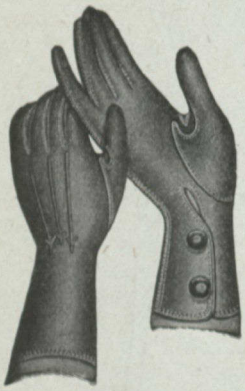

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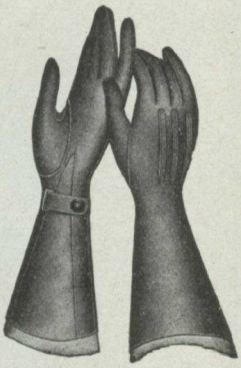

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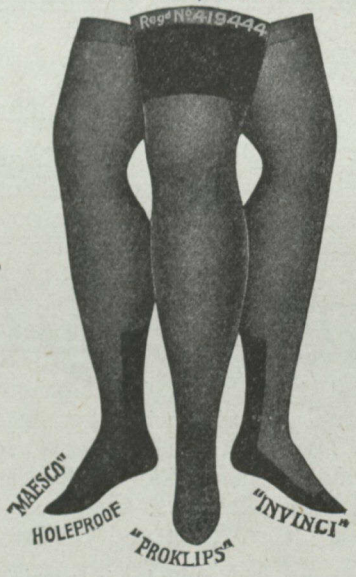

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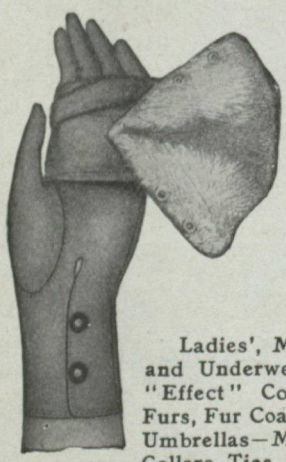

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From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

AN IDEAL GOLF COURSE

A golf course never seems to be quite ideal unless it is in sight of water. Perhaps for that very reason golfing is one of the popular sports in the Maritime Provinces, for the sea makes inroads almost everywhere. Here the artist shows one of the links at St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIX TORONTO, MAY, 1917 No. 1

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

I.—WOMAN AND THE WAR

TO appraise with fairness the participation of the English woman in the war requires some acclimatization on the part of the Canadian. My earliest impressions were of a gentler sex, only a stage removed from the actual conflict, who would benefit from a lesson in work from her Canadian sister. Later experience, while it may not have altered greatly my opinion in that respect, has subdued it and shaded it through a better understanding of relative values. Justice demands the inclusion in the perspective of more than the mere manual or mental performances of the English woman.

It is impossible, I think, that in any other country the stress of an extended war could break so strikingly into the career of the non-combatant sex. Indeed, England, from top to bottom, has been torn and revolutionized by sheer necessity, as no other country need have been under similar circumstances. That is the natural concomitant of a system of distinct class boundaries. A short war might have been struggled through without the social cataclysm that has struck England; but such a struggle as the present one levelled social fences as a part of victory. The high were brought down and the low raised.

The wealthy were forced to the level of some sort of labour by legislation, by popular demand and custom, by a real desire to assist, and even by the necessity of earning a living. The poor were lifted to the plane of profitable labour by the pressing demand for their hands.

What this levelling proeess means

to England may be partly estimated without living through the metamorphosis. And it was among the women of the nation that "class" was, before the war, developed to its highest point and maintained by a determined tradition of aristocracy and by a submissive, conventional proletariat. Nothing in human nature exceeded the chasm between the "lady" and her servant. There were, it is true, the closest bonds of fidelity and loyalty, but nothing ever for a moment permitted the two representatives of the extreme classes to meet on a level of humanity.

The result on the English woman of the better class was a traditional refusal to perform the most ordinary services for herself. Only a few days before the writing of this, the death of the Duke of Norfolk brought out this marvellous evidence in the daily press of his "unselfish and unaffected nature"—that, entering a room in his house to receive a visitor and finding the grate unlighted, "he knelt at once down and lit it himself, taking immeasurable pains to make it burn quickly and brightly." A woman of any class would no more have thought of "kneeling down" to do anything—except for her prayers—than she would have carried a parcel from the store to her waiting car. And the English woman, from the lower classes to the top, never learns the simplest branches of household art unless circumstances force her to it.

Thus it was that she was faced with a catastrophe. To be useful at a time when every hand and brain counted, the upper classes must overthrow a tradition that had become fixed in the nation's creed. And the lower grades of society were bewildered by a condition wherein they counted even more than their superiors, and where their country was willing to pay for it.

The response of the English women, therefore, cannot be dissociated from the upheaval in the social system. Where the Canadian woman simply pitched in and knit socks or made bandages or organized others for the work, the English woman had first to reorganize the whole social fabric of which she was the most adamantine part. If an aristocrat, she had never had a knitting needle in her hands; she had never moved a muscle for anything a servant might perform for her. If a plebeian, she was forced to be a party to a levelling process never anticipated in her wildest dreams, and to do it without disrupting the social co-operation necessary for the profitable fulfilment of the sphere she and her sisters of all classes were called upon to fill for the very salvation of the Empire.

I have elaborated on what might be considered merely an introduction, because nothing done by the women of England can be considered by a Canadian in the light of Canadian experience alone.

This description of conditions precluding complete participation by the English woman in the war work open to her frees me for a general statement without prejudice, omitting for the moment consideration of her handicaps. I am prepared to say that not all the better class women of England have done in the aggregate what a tenth their number of Canadian women would have accomplished in the same time. They have not taken to knitting for several reasons. Those who are keenly anxious to do effective war work without delay have not the patience to learn; and those who have but yielded to the prevailing fashion do not see in quiet knitting that which will return them full credit for their energy. Also, there are still those in whose mind continues the almost unsuspected impression that knitting is for a lower class. In a whole year I have seen only one English woman knitting.

It is the women of the lower classes who have responded in a manner that calls for no qualifications, no conditions, and not alone for the high wages their work now brings them.

I will go further. Women in England (even to-day, although the past few months have seen wonderful strides in this respect) have never been organized for that profitable production which commenced in Canada with the outbreak of the war. There again the social lines are responsible, not thoughtlessness. The great middle class (and there are three or four grades in it) looks to the levels above for its cue. But the early work of the aristocrats was in the way of spectacular operations that took them into hospitals, in England or in France, through organizations of their own kind; and there the middle class was unable to follow. Even to-day the opportunity of sharing in the immediate care of the wounded in hospital is obtainable only by influence; it is a real victory, a social distinction. For Ladies and Honourables have from the first hankered even to get down on their knees on the front steps of a hospital (the very depths of menial labour) and apply the brush.

The result was a complete lack of organization among the middle classes. I personally know whole suburbs where, up to the middle of last year, not an organized effort was being made. The churches were not the centres of working parties, as in Canada. There were no local associations, no gatherings of friends. It was partly owing to the fact that it is a London custom not to know one's next door neighbour; and there is not the church fraternity that prevails in Canada.

Having said that, I wish once more to warn my readers not to deny the English women their dues. During the last six months they have learned more hard work than the country has known in centuries, and only now is the one great central organization, the Women's Department of National Service, getting to work. It is impossible, too, not to be astonished at the whole-souled, enthusiastic efforts of thousands of well-born women from the first days of the war. Their sacrifice has been greater than a Canadian can imagine, for the reason that with their manual labour fled a traditional prejudice, an ancestral idleness, the instincts that have for ages determined their social level. Many a social leader has ruined the grace and colour of her hands for life, many a titled heroine has willingly stooped to work she would have asked only of her lowest servant. And the early hysteria of publicity has long since lost its attraction, so that now it is only the assistance they are giving that counts. I hope that nothing I have said, or will say, may rob these women of the glory that is theirs.

And with my respect for these iconoclasts goes a reverence for the hundreds of thousands of munition workers who risk their lives every day, the great majority of them taking as keen a satisfaction in their share of the shell-making and filling as thrills their "boys" at the front when one of the products of female hands bursts in a German trench. When the great explosion occurred in London, there was no reluctance among the women to continue their dangerous toil. Within the following week the Ministry of Munitions advertised for 30,000 women workers among high explosives, and the response was keener than it had ever been. I believe that the very extent of the danger brought home to them the value of the risk they were taking, its importance in the winning of the war. As I stood at the one exit from the scene of that explosion and saw the hundreds of women stagger out, wounded, bearing everything they possessed in the world, there was no fear in their faces, no mental evidences of having passed through a tragedy. And within the week the fit among them were again working with the T.N.T., the great explosive of this war.

The amazing discovery of the war is the adaptability of woman to tasks never before attempted by her, tasks

that have been so exclusively confined to man's sphere that nothing but a prime necessity would have offered them to the other sex. When the idea of female substitution was first broached it was accepted that there were definite limits to its utilization. Only in certain tried, conventional positions could a woman be placed to relieve men for the front. At first she was placed in offices. After that it was considered wise to proceed cautiously to prevent disorganization and wasted effort. But gradually the insistent call for more men in the trenches encouraged experiments which brought bewildering results.

To-day even the Prime Minister's secretary is a woman.

There is not a trade or occupation in the varied industries of England, save those few in which is necessary the highest trained skill—trades which occupy so very few men as to be negligible—where woman is not proving that, with the necessary physique and commonsense, she is capable of becoming an effective substitute for man during the trying phases of the war. That does not intend to imply that she performs all her tasks as efficiently as man, for the training and instincts of generations cannot be altered in a year or two; but her unsuspected applicability has lightened the burden of war and succeeded in breaking down barriers whose existence was not conducive to the greatest development of any race. *Without the women of England the war would never be won.*

The streets of London reveal this diverse usefulness of the gentler sex at every step. Dressed in pantaloons and long coats they clamber up uncertain ladders to clean windows. They drive delivery wagons, horse and motor. They act as conductors on omnibus, tram, and underground. They run elevators, carry messages, deliver and collect mail, push milk and bread carts, clean the railway carriages, light the street lamps, substitute for chauffeurs by the hundreds, and form almost the entire staff at theatres, restaurants and hotels. They have even encroached on that profession of the male "crock", the sandwich-board carrier.

Into these urban occupations they slid with no sound of rubbing or jar. But it was when they began to dribble into the heavier, more skilled trades that the nation began to rub its eyes.

The necessity for brute strength does not exclude them. I have seen them handling huge beer kegs with more vim and speed than their brothers. They load brick and perform porter's work in hundreds of establishments. In munition factories they lift shells and wheel trucks, and grumble less than the sex built for heavy work. They toil on the docks with the surliest, roughest men in civilized life.

When women secured a chance to exhibit their diverse accomplishments in the skilled trades they surprised themselves, their employers, the men who worked on the next benches, and the nation. Early in the war they were taking the place of painters, and the differences are not evident to the inexpert. As carpenters they were slow to develop, partly because of the close corporation they had to fight in the Carpenters' Union and partly because of their instinctive fear of sharp tools. Now the authorities are sending them to France by the score to erect soldiers' huts. They make roads better than the old men who undertook the work when the younger generation was called up.

From the mechanical arts of the factory they were long excluded by the unions, most of which had agreements with the Asquith Government that they should not be interfered with by the recruiting officers. But again necessity interfered and a scheme of substitution once inaugurated they showed themselves so amazingly proficient that the men are ashamed of themselves. In the munition factories they manipulate the

most complicated machinery, of late even doing their own repairing. They do almost all the work in connection with the construction of aeroplanes. On the Tyne are female blacksmith's helpers. They do electrical wiring, chip, clean, and paint warships, construct turbines, make lifeboats, assemble the parts of barometers and compasses.

Women have revolutionized the army. The old folly of male cooks has been relegated to the past. In opposition to every tradition of the British army women are being taken on to manage messes as fast as they can be secured. This is principally the result of enforced economy, and the other benefits have come unexpectedly. Up to the third year of the war it was a tradition of the army that economy in the mess was undignified, contrary to every precedent upholding the honour of the soldier. Then it was discovered that the waste from a battalion would keep another. Reforms were attempted early, but results were disappointing. Convention demanded that they should be disappointing. The men suffered and the saving was paltry. The introduction of female cooks altered everything. Not only is there a real economy, but the men are better fed and better satisfied, there is less graft, and discipline is more easily maintained.

The number of women who had responded to their nation's call by the end of 1916 is revealing. Although at the time of writing the new National Service is but started, the many organizations of the first thirty months of the war had replaced almost a million men with women. It is an interesting point that it required only 988,500 women to take the places of 933,000 men. But these figures should not be taken too literally as an absolute comparison of values. Many industries have been curtailed or closed; but on the other hand many have been enlarged.

All told, there are estimated to be more than four and a quarter million of paid women workers engaged in regular occupation, and in this number are not included the voluntary hundreds of thousands, the many nurses and part-time workers. Two and a half millions are in factories. The 2,000 in Government establishments before the war have grown to 120,000, and the rate of increase is several thousands a month. In commercial occupations are 750,000, in professional occupations 82,500, in banking and finance the number employed has increased from 9,500 to 46,500. In hotels and public amusements there are two hundred thousand, in agriculture 140,000, in army messes 2,000. And so the list continues, growing so rapidly that figures hold even approximately only for a few days. By the time this is read there will be another quarter of a million at work of real value for the progress of the war. The call for substitutes for the men behind the lines in France is bringing women in throngs to the organization headquarters.

Some industries have turned over their men entirely to the military authorities. One railway has built up its female staff from seventy to five thousand. There are 35,000 nurses. The post-office employs 65,000. The London telephone service, before the war employing men largely, is now "manned" by women. The London Gas, Light and Coke Company employs 1,100. In ten months 1,655 women conductors have passed through the general omnibus training school. The latest sphere for them is driving taxi-cabs, and their record here will be watched with more than ordinary interest as revealing better than any other occupation their fitness for work that requires presence of mind and mechanical efficiency on short notice. Although they are not yet on the streets, the men have threatened to strike if their domain is invaded.

One of the developments of the later months of the war is the demand

of the women for pay commensurate with their work. This applies not alone to the working classes who are accustomed to pay for services, but to all. It has been brought about by the discovery that paid work is most satisfactory, both for discipline and reliability; and thousands of those who offered themselves in the early months without reward find themselves unable to continue thus. There is, too, a feeling that while some are making fortunes from the war, there can be no reason in others exhausting themselves for larger returns to profiteers.

In agriculture women, while unfitted to replace men, individual for individual, have proved themselves adaptable to conditions their sex instinctively dislikes. Scoffed at as workers of the land, they have conquered by sheer determination and pluck. The sliminess and muck of the English climate, and the odious class distinctions from which the farmer's help suffers most, have failed to erect a barrier against the gentler sex. The farmer has resisted their encroachment into his organization from the first, yielding only when it became women or no crops. In the early stages of substitution many incompetent women offered themselves for that which afforded the greatest publicity as most uncongenial to their sex. The result was disastrous to the farms. These city-bred and better class women quickly wearied of the life or were dismissed as inefficient, and for a time only the rough, or country-bred were available. Lately the necessity for greater food production brought into the fields those untrained women who promise to do their best because of the very fact that they offer themselves when the nature of the work is better known. The great obstacle of insufficient pay for the women to keep themselves is now overcome by a Government measure that sets the minimum at twenty-five shillings.

Policewomen are new in England. In their regular capacity as assistants of the men they are proving themselves of real service in London in the handling of the demi-monde. In outside towns, however, their experience has varied. Some municipalities are pleased, others have dispensed with them after trial. As in other spheres, success depends upon the individual. Not long ago the Government advertised for three hundred policewomen for munition factories, their duties being largely to maintain discipline among the female workers and to prevent the introduction of dangerous elements among the high explosives. Almost a thousand applied. The pay ranges from two pounds to two and a half a week, uniform not found.

Of course, the great demand for the women workers has been in the munition factories. Here, from a small beginning, the number has increased to more than half a million and their duties include everything but the most severe lifting. As a rule, too, men are still employed to manage the floors and to repair machines, but even they are being replaced. It is unnecessary that thousands of fit young men be concealed in munition factories, for the experience has been that women do their work better than the men. However, many foremen are still prejudiced against them, and here and there are managers who fear to lose a few pounds by extending the substitution. The unions, too, stand behind the men. Yet the experience of France has been that the introduction of female labour has increased each worker's daily output of shells from three to nine.

Many factories never cease work, Sundays and certain hours of day or night being filled by "lady" workers.

Naturally, with such diversity of demand and response, the calibre of the work performed by women varies. The paid worker must, as a rule, earn her money—except perhaps in the Government Departments, where thousands of extravagantly dressed

women and girls crowd in each other's way, report late, leave early, and go by taxicab to an expensive restaurant for a luncheon lasting an hour and a half. Not every custom can be overthrown, even in three years of war.

It is in the realm of voluntary work that are exhibited heights of wasted energy and disorganization. The first rush of the better classes for war-work was to the hospitals and canteens. In the former their success depended upon their influence and position in society, until their frequent uselessness impelled the Government to clean them out of France and limit their duties in England. During the first six months of the war the ambition of the titled woman seemed to be to get her picture into the illustrated papers in nurse's costume. The uniform may have been flattering, but the work was not of a nature to be forgotten once the picture had appeared. By scores and hundreds they succumbed to the drudgery, and general inefficiency completed the exodus. After that it dawned upon England that a title did not preclude real nursing ability or working sense; and there are still hundreds of wealthy, blooded women in the hospitals of France and England performing work their friends never suspected them to be capable of.

But where the rush of influence was so clamorous there was introduced a system that still prevails. The hospitals of England are staffed by part-time workers who are permitted the luxury of work only one or two half-days a week, on account of the numbers who desire to be connected with the work for the wounded. The result is that they never learn much, never take their work seriously, and exhaust their nervous energy and strength by too many outlets. There are thousands of English women flitting about between half a dozen employments, criticism being silenced by the fact that they accept nothing for their services. And yet most of them would be willing to confine themselves to one task were the custom to be altered. I do not think it will alter, except as the Government takes over war-work, as it has lately taken over the canteens.

Another unfortunate feature of English organizations is that everybody must be headed by a title. It seems impossible to operate, however necessary the work, however honest the organization, however technical the duties, without the committee of management consisting of titled women. The result is easily imagined. There is glaring lack of organization, wastefulness and incompetence, without any effort to improve. The principle is not peculiar to England, although its development there is most complete. Canteens, charitable associations, women's employment bureaus—everything is handled by a representative of the nobility who never in her life had to think of economy of money and time and energy. It was this spectacle, I imagine, that induced the Government to step in and put an end to unofficial canteens in munition factories and military camps, managed by volunteers.

I have in mind a large canteen organization. So extravagantly managed was it—although not a worker received a cent—that it was unable to compete with the multiple London restaurants. It paid exorbitant prices for its supplies, was defrauded on every hand by its tradespeople, and even cleanliness was a stranger to it. And yet, as one of the greatest canteen organizations of the war, it was lauded extravagantly. Its workers were all "ladies". Many of them refused to wash and clean. Often they turned up at the booths with their maids to do the work, while they sat and looked on, their cars waiting for them, to tire of even that exertion. "Bubble-and-squeak", and "toad-in-the-hole" were to them hideous concoctions beneath their notice. They came and went when they pleased. And always the rules of precedence had to be strictly observed. Yet some

of those women are glorying to-day in a knowledge of work they hitherto considered fit only for servants.

The honourary secretary of an economy league furnished through a London paper the other day a sample menu for those who would observe the food rations set down by the Food Controller. In great detail she described the food requirements of herself, her husband, one child, and *seven servants,* and London patted her on the back as a real economist for sacrificing patriots to imitate.

Of late the largest canteen organization, although headed by two titled women, has definitely decided not to accept ladies as workers.

The effects of this wartime work on England's women are as yet uncertain in their details, but that there will be tremendous changes in the country after war is certain. I am inclined to think that some of the best results will show themselves in the men. A breach in the walls of class prejudices and distinctions has been made. Women of all classes are working side by side and discovering that, after all, William the Conqueror gave to his most intimate friends very little of real service to their descendants. To produce a shell to kill Germans is worth more than the bluest blood of the centuries. The upper classes are learning to appreciate the lower, and the lower are on the way to asserting their position. One result that will change things in future is the growing independence of woman. Not only has she proven her worth, but a real wage and the ability to earn it have given her self-respect. I do not think that the munitioneer will stand the proprietary, often bullying, tone of the average Englishman to his women.

The fact is that the munitioneer has done better work and more of it than the men, with less absenteeism, less restricting unionism, less complaining, and a greater interest in output. Foremen who have overcome their prejudices frankly state their preference for the female worker, and the tone of the factories has been distinctly raised by the introduction of women and their welfare workers.

There is, of course, another side—the hardening influence of competitive labour. I am inclined to alter my first impressions on that point. Among the lower classes the effect will be improving, and even if the women of the upper grades of society are introduced to a life where female "modesty" is not a rite, a country is better built up by its labouring people than by its aristocrats.

Woman's suffrage stands to be affected. Undoubtedly many anti-suffragists among the men have been converted to votes for women. But it is argued that because some women have proved their capacity is no more a claim to woman's suffrage than the equally evident fact of incapacity in others is an argument against it. And even the children of England are working harder than millions of women.

There is no other conclusion than that England's women have provided the surprise of the war. The working classes have shown themselves a real factor in the winning of the war, able and eager to do their utmost. And even the nobility have overcome much to perform a share that, while in the aggregate it may seem inconsequential to democratic Canada, is relatively a sacrifice to them not equalled by those whose training permits them to be more useful.

In the June Number there will be another article by Mr. Amy on "England In Arms".

WONDERFUL EAST AFRICA

By J. A. Smith

"Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the antelope's haunt and the buffalo's glen:
By valleys remote, where the ourebi plays;
Where the gnoo, the sassaybe, and harte-beest graze;
And the eland and gemsbok unhunted recline:
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
In the pool where the wild ass is drinking his fill;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
As he scours with his troop o'er the desolate plain,
And the stately koodoo exultantly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
Where the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless wilds of the parched karroo."

SOMETHING of the spirit of these lines settles, like the after-glow of a pleasant dream, on all who come under the magic influence of Equatorial Africa. But, unlike a dream-memory, the spell of Africa, which is progressive while one is there, is permanent whether one goes or stays. The influence of that land of matchless beauty, untroubled serenity, inexhaustible novelty, strange power of vivifying a slumbering something in us, never wanes, nor does the yearning for its sunlit, perfumed groves and spaces ever fade away. It can be terrible, too, this land of eternal summer, in the immensity of its plains, the strangling growths of its mighty, shaggy forests and jungles and the motionless bosoms of its great, placid inland seas. But all, the terrible and the gentle, the lapping sunlight and the forbidding gloom, the gnarled beast and the bird of unbelievable colours, go to make up the mystery and charm that hold like a chain.

What may be said of British East Africa applies almost equally to German East Africa (the scene of the present struggle), which lies directly to the south and borders on the British territory. British East has an area

of 177,100 square miles; German East is 384,000 square miles in extent, or almost twice the size of Germany itself.

British East Africa sprawls across the Equator, its eastern boundary the blue Indian Ocean, its western the sluggish and passionless Victoria Nyanza, Africa's greatest inland sea. There is but one railway running from ocean to lake, and covering a distance of some 600 miles. To follow this railway, which might seem only to exist in some lost chapter of the "Arabian Nights," is, perhaps, the best way to visualize the country.

The Uganda Railway stands alone among its kind, and in the nature of things there never can be such a railway again. In its very name it is an anomaly, for it ends where nearly 200 miles of water separate it from the Protectorate of Uganda. From end to end it is confined within the Protectorate of British East Africa. The number of those who have travelled by it is not large—they could almost be numbered by the hundreds. But those who have done so never forget.

It starts from a wind-swept island on the blue Indian Ocean, and ends on the wooded shores of the Great Lake. On its way it passes through jungle, swamp and desert, zig-zags across plains where huge elephants play by day and lions roar by night; corkscrews up the sides of mysterious snow-capped mountains; sweeps round the bases of volcanic, cone-shaped hills; wanders by the "shambas" and cultivated patches of rude inland tribes; strides long-legged athwart treacherous swamps; and ploughs through the gloom of primeval forests, until it emerges, calm but triumphant, from under the flat-topped mimosas by the shelving shore of the shimmering inland sea.

On that six hundred miles the traveller has scarcely time to have the reality of the swift-changing scenes borne in on him.

On its way that strange line samples every climate, touches every degree of temperature. At Mombasa, on the low-lying coast belt, the red fezzed Swahili engine-driver leans gasping from his blistered engine box; later at Limoru, in the frosty highlands, he blows with chattering teeth on his half-frozen fingers and stamps with numbed feet. There it was as hot as any spot on this planet; here it is as cold as the coldest. None but the steel-skinned Swahili, with his tincture of Arab blood, could stand the change, and do his work and live.

The system is made up of a single line, with one small branch, 100 miles in length, running to the great Magadi Soda Lake. It taps a partly-explored and wholly uncivilized country, touching a settlement here and there, dignified by the name of town, and traversing, at more frequent intervals, a land where the spirit of loneliness has brooded undisturbed since the beginning of time.

When the Uganda Railway was finished, the ostensible reason for its construction—the inland slave traffic—had ceased to exist. As a result, it seemed at first as if the railway would take rank as a gigantic "white man's folly". Then Africa, the Inexhaustible, rose to the occasion. In the heart of the continent, popularly supposed to have been given over to fever, heat and pestilence, an unthought-of, fertile and delectable land gave itself freely to the white invader. A "White Man's Country" was found on the east to balance the "White Man's Grave" on the west. Cattle throve there, sheep multiplied exceedingly, game, great and small, mean and noble, ranged the plains and peopled the valleys in unimaginable numbers and varieties.

Properly to know the Uganda Railway—which is to know East Africa—it must be traversed. The experience will last a lifetime, even a lifetime of travel. Three days a week the train leaves Mombasa for the Lake. A great event in the life of the quaint, slumbrous Arab town is this departure of the train. The platform and the

station surroundings are packed with a stolid, staring crowd of white-robed worshippers of Allah. Arabs are there, and Somalis, Swahilis, Goanese, Hindus, Egyptians and all the innumerable in-betweens that make up the peopling of an Arab port on the African coast for centuries connected by trade with India. The effect is picturesque, if bizarre, and the colour scheme, if orientally exaggerated, has a curious charm of its own. The scene has more of India than East Africa, more of Egypt than of either.

A feeble interest is apparent in the crowd as the little engine, with its tender box piled high with acacia scrub wood fuel, pants preparatory to making a start. At the signal, the train moves off into the jungle, clanks at half-speed across the island, and over a great viaduct to the mainland. Then it begins to climb, slowly and laboriously, through a forest of palms and long, trim rubber plantations, to the high hills overlooking Mombasa, its island citadel and the blue waters beyond. A long stretch of veldt, almost bare, ends with the little tropical station of Mazeras, and the line dives again into the jungle. Here all is red dust, thick undergrowth and stillness. Only the train rattles through, desecrating and dissipating the Sabbath stillness around. As the dark, shaggy jungle thins a glimpse of white-capped Kilima Njaro, proud, regal and distant, is caught. This great mountain is the highest in Africa, towering 19,000 feet into the cloudless blue. Its top is a far-flung plateau, crowned with a deep stratum of dazzling snow. Upon its three-and-a-half miles of height are many strange and luxuriant growths, ending in a forest of gigantic trees at the base, where the rays of the burning, vertical sun are effectually screened off from the jungle below. It rises from equatorial heat and ends in Arctic cold and stillness. Soon the little, red-brown train swings on to a level, far-stretching plain, undulating like a summer sea, framed with hills, blue, misty, ill-defined. The Mountain of the Snow has disappeared, and the shadows creep over the lonely track ahead.

It is dark by the time a stop is made for dinner, served in a bungalow by deft, noiseless Indian waiters. There are few lights, no towns, and every man encountered is an official of some sort, who is only present because it is his duty. Hereabouts men do not live, unless they are paid to do so. Higher up it is different.

Simba station, which means the "place of lions," rolls into view. Here, in the construction days, the king of beasts dined nightly off the Indan coolies, and so great was the terror inspired that the work was held up for months, until the white man's rifle dotted the veld with the shaggy brown forms. Nowadays the lions do not like the trains. Crossing the long, sweeping valleys of Voi and Athi—the latter a local Mecca of lion hunters—the night passes. Dawn finds the train traversing the game country.

Here is truly the eighth wonder of the world.

Zebras, wildebeest, giraffes, eland, and mingled with these a bewildering variety of lesser game, approach the line defiantly, with curiosity or indifference. Sometimes rhino's lumber up; in the distance elephants, like huge hills of flesh, waddle unconcernedly about, brushing all but trees from their path. You may not see them, but be very sure the so-called king of beasts is there in plenty. Lions do not show in daytime, unless compelled to do so. And the terrible buffalo, big as a horse, and adjudged by most hunters as the most dangerous of all big game, may now and then pass, black and sinister, over open spaces in the distance. Out of a zoo such an assembly was never seen, but no zoo in the world could offer a spectacle half so impressive.

As you tunnel into the forest depths, monkeys swing, chattering from branch to branch; parrots, gray, green and gold, screech in a deafening chorus, and myriads of smaller birds,

like living, feathered flowers, are forever on the wing. The sluggish streams and reedy lakes have their own ugly denizens, for here and there you may see the snouts of crocodiles move like floating logs, or the ungainly hippo. roll in his native mud. Though unseen, snakes, large and small, abound; from the great python, in some cases thirty feet long, to the little three-foot night adder, the most deadly snake in Africa. A bite from the night adder is usually fatal in less than ten minutes.

After the plains come the foothills, and then Nairobi—yesterday a settlement, to-day a town, to-morrow a city. Here you have reached the centre of the "White Man's Country". Nairobi stands on a beautiful plateau, 5,450 feet above sea level, in the midst of an agricultural country destined to furnish food for nations. It has become the capital of the Protectorate, and here Sir Percy Girouard, who hailed from Montreal, resided while Governor five years ago. From Nairobi radiate in all directions hunting parties, or "safaris," for the sportsmen of the world are resorting to British East Africa in ever-increasing numbers. The climate on the highlands, 6,000 to 10,000 feet above sea-level, compares favourably with that of the South Sea Islands, Egypt or California.

Leaving Nairobi, the line again climbs upward. Mount Kenia, 18,000 feet high, the second of the twin white breasts of Africa, shows gleaming on the horizon. Molo, some 7,000 odd feet above sea-level; the Mau, with its sheer escarpment; Naivasha, with its leech-filled lake; Nakuru, Elmenteita, and other euphoniously named native places, pass in quick succession. Then the line descends into the great Rift Valley, that scars the African continent with memorials of by-gone volcanic conflict. It spreads its mighty hollow from the horizon, and impresses the mind with a sense of awful magnitude.

Timber forests, vast, gloomy, impenetrable, follow quickly and are gone.

Another night flies by.

Morning finds the train steaming through the flat elephant country, where for the first time the traveller encounters the impressive sight of "grass" ten and twelve feet high, and an inch in diameter.

A strange, unclad people, without shame, stare from the dense undergrowth. The land of the gentle Wakikuyu, of the warlike Masai, of the treacherous Nandi, is left behind, and the line is on the low country by the Lake, where live the gaunt Kavirondo, almost alone among mankind in their disdain of clothing and their nakedness.

As the day grows the air becomes thick and heavy, the heat moist and intense; and the train slows its pace perceptibly, until finally it runs out in view of a great water, whereon miniature ships lie at anchor, and then, with a sudden sense of gladness, you know you have reached Victoria Nyanza.

For the moment you think only of the great inland sea and its offspring, the Nile; of their romance and their history, of the palaces of the Pharaohs in far-off Egypt, and of all the associations and traditions which time has entwined with those ancient names.

You forget the Uganda Railway completely, and the wonderful country it has shown you. But presently you remember, and then you never forget it again!

A word as to the natives. In the highlands, where the whites have settled, dwell the Wakikuyu. These are squat and broad and very black, with all negro characteristics strongly accentuated. They are, perhaps, lowest of all the East African tribes in the scale of intelligence. They make good servants when trained, but they are very lazy and are incorrigible thieves. Their greatest peculiarity is their habit of leaving their dead un-

buried. The ubiquitous hyena is at once their undertaker and their cemetery. For this reason a hunter who shoots a hyena earns the hearty ill-will of the Wakikuyu, whom no threat of punishment or promise of reward will induce to skin the sacred scavenger.

There are many tribes between this lowest and the highest, the Masai; such as the Nandi, tough fighter and inclined to be treacherous, or the clothes-disdaining Kavirondo; but the Masai is master of all. He is tall and well-made, fearless as a lion, and honourable as notions of honour go in that primitive land. In fact, he may be called the aristocracy of East Africa, and in physique as well as character most nearly approaches the Zulu. From the earliest days there is a tradition amongst the Masai that a great chief, when dying, prophesied the coming of the white man, and advised his people to receive him as a friend. It was due to this tradition that the British not only received little or no opposition from the Masai, but actually had their co-operation in subduing the tribes which opposed them.

They are all, of course, heathens, but by no means idolators, and hold a curiously Christian-like, if hazy, belief in a single ruling spirit, as the following will show:

One day, at the beginning of the rainy season, the writer and his gun-bearer, a native who had not seen half-a-dozen white men in his life, were caught in a heavy shower. By way of testing the man's mind, the writer asked him why it rained. With a shrug of indifference, and a slight upward inclination of his head, he answered:

"*Sujui; he shauri Mungo.*" (I do not know. That is the affair of the spirit (or god).)

Few, who have from time to time read the brief newspaper accounts of the war in East Africa, would guess what an undertaking it has been, or that upwards of 100,000 Imperial troops have been engaged there during the past two years. In addition to these a great deal of shipping, transport and blockading naval patrol forces has been necessary. Yet, when war broke out, there were but some 2,000 white German soldiers there. With this nucleus, a force of some 30,000 or 40,000 natives was trained, armed and equipped by the German Commander-in-Chief, Colonel von Lettow-Vorbeck. Given proper equipment, there is no knowing how great an army he might have raised, for he had more than 7,000,000 natives to draw from. The British forces in East Africa were small, and entirely composed of black troops, officered by British Imperial Army men.

In February, 1916, the German forces had driven every invader from their soil, and it was then that General Smuts was sent to take the situation in hand. From that date, with constantly increasing forces, the brilliant Boer leader gradually turned the tables, until now the enemy holds but two small, unhealthy tracts, and is slowly being squeezed out of them. The whole of the coast is now in our hands, the entire railway system, and practically all the best territory in the colony. The two groups of German forces still at large are confined to two small areas in the south and south-west.

All this was accomplished in eleven months, for the most part in a land which is but a trackless wilderness, with possibilities for the pursued to deal death to the pursuer in a hundred different forms at every mile. But the job required larger total forces than the British had ever put in the field, except for the South African War.

In advance of the war, the Germans had determined to dominate the East Coast of Africa and capture the inland trade. For this purpose they had just completed a new and up-to-date railway from their chief port, Dar-es-Salaam, to Ujiji, on Lake Tan-

ganyika, a distance of 743 miles, and another from the port of Tanga to Kilima Njaro, on the border. The latter they meant to carry on to Victoria Nyanza. They were building new boats for the lakes to carry central African produce to their railways, and generally preparing to oust the British from their supreme position on the East Coast and Central territories. That dream is over.

British East Africa can supply enormous quantities of rubber, sisal, black wattle, coffee of an excellent quality, in addition to almost every staple article grown elsewhere. Uganda could produce enough cotton to supply the home markets, not to mention her other products, and when the new possession is linked up with our present territory, we shall be able to produce and transport within our own borders every tropical article that modern industries call for.

But still Germany hungers for Africa. Herr Zimmerman, who used to be a colonial official in Africa, wants us to give up our Central African possessions. The other day, it is reported, he said:

"I know that we cannot annex Canada, South Africa or Australia. But does not England possess in Africa the colonies of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, British East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan? England's policy looks to the foundation of a great African Empire. An army of African mercenaries is to help England to defend India. Only British expansion in Africa, where soldiers were obtained far excelling the Indians in warlike qualities, enabled England's alliance with Russia. Without strong possessions in Africa England would have to tremble for India, and look for allies against Russia. As long as England was not strong in Africa, Turkey was her natural ally in respect to India. Only after the conquest of the Sudan and the South African War did England become Turkey's foe.

"England must lose her colonies in Central Africa. They must become parts of a great German Empire in Africa. England must, furthermore, be compelled to indemnify all those Germans in our colonial territory and in foreign countries whom she has so shamelessly robbed. These Germans, then, we shall assimilate in one vast self-contained German Colonial Empire. They will constitute a sturdy foundation for a splendid, flourishing imperial realm in Central Africa."

Referring to the German colonies captured by our soldiers, the British Foreign Secretary said, a few weeks ago: "Let no man think they will ever be handed back again."

That is an answer the Herr Zimmermans should understand.

War, Thrift and Economy

BY S. T. WOOD

WAR'S many necessities have brought the people closer to primitive conditions and simplified many of the processes by which daily wants are supplied. This simplicity has tended to clarify economic thought. The current idea that the poor live on the rich has given place to a general appreciation of the fact that the rich live on the poor. Ingenuity formerly devoted to devising inexpensive methods of housing and feeding the poor are now directed toward effecting economies in the housing and provisioning of the rich. With a poet's insight Goldsmith wrote:

"The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Hath robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth".

A large part of the science of political economy is condensed in that couplet. To avert this pillage of the fields and its possible resultant privations among the men in the trenches and the men and women workers who are producing the wealth which war demands and consumes, moral suasion and legal restraints are freely applied. In Britain the silken robe is excluded and the products of the fields are not left free to be sent around the world to pay for it or to create credits for the appropriator. The influence of public sentiment with regard to economy is also freely exerted, and that is still the only influence generally applied in Canada.

While the elimination of waste is always advantageous and especially so when war is sapping the material substance of the nation, it is quite possible to adopt many economies which merely impose hardship and inconvenience without resulting in any actual advantage. If a domestic servant were dismissed and her services transferred to a munition factory or to any productive industry the result would be a material increase in the available wealth, but if she should become merely an addition to the long waiting list of applicants for work the result would be an economic loss. In the labour market, as in all markets, buyers want an abundance of offerings. The public have, in consequence, an exaggerated idea regarding opportunities for productive work. It would be a great mistake to believe that anyone dismissed from an occupation of an unnecessary character can at once obtain work in a production industry. Such dismissals are occasionally made in the current zeal for economy, and the result is frequently a material loss. Economy is not necessarily beneficial in itself but must always be considered in its results. When self-denial diverts labour to other and more essential fields it increases the net product available for the sustenance and strength of the Dominion and the Empire. If it merely renders labour and capital idle through lack of patronage, it results in no economic gain whatever. The result is, economical-

ly, the same as if fruit were allowed to decay on the trees in response to a self-denying impulse. It is only when self-denial results in a net gain that it effects the purpose aimed at in the important campaign of thrift.

The pressure of unemployment is not as heavy as usual during the slack or idle season, which is inevitable where there are extremes of climate. Yet it is quite possible for economy and self-denial in the consumption of Canadian goods to merely augment the numbers of the involuntarily idle and cause no resultant increase in the surplus wealth available for meeting the demands of war. Economy in the purchase of wares imported from foreign countries is more likely to effect the desired end, because less likely to relegate Canadian workers to the ranks of the unemployed. In this there is not always absolute certainty, for, in the intricate relationship of international trade, a refusal, on economic grounds, to purchase foreign goods may result in the loss of patronage, and consequently in involuntary idleness at home.

The need of thrift, economy and productive industry cannot be too strongly impressed, but they should be practised with an intelligent regard to results. Young women in homes of luxury respond to an altruistic impulse when they engage in work in munitions factories. But while other young women in poor circumstances complain that this is depriving them of work the patriotic impulse of the wealthy fails in its purpose. The voluntary productive worker must become an additional productive worker if he or she would add to the available surplus wealth, and self-denial with regard to luxuries must divert the purveyors to other lines of productive work else it will not augment the real economic strength of the nation.

THE COAST OF LOUISBOURG

From the Painting by
William Brymner,
President of the Royal Canadian
Academy

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

BURNHAM'S DISILLUSIONMENT

By Ethel Edwards

Illustrations by Alice Des Clayes

MR. Robert Burnham, junior, disposed himself lazily in a comfortable chair on the wide verandah of a summer hotel, and dreamed the dreams of youth and hope as he lazily puffed his cigar. It was the first day of his vacation, and he enjoyed to the full the fresh, sweet morning air and the serene sense of indolence and repose. The rush of the trolley and the roar of business belonged to another world, another age.

"It's *Dolce far niente,* all right," murmured Burnham contentedly, with half-closed eyes.

A young girl with a paddle in her hand and a striped canoe cushion beneath her arm came out of the hotel and, crossing the verandah near Burnham, took the path towards the lake. Burnham stopped dreaming, opened his eyes, and gazed after her.

"Ye gods! Who's the pretty girl?" he demanded of his friend, George Townley, who was seated near him.

"Oh, that's Miss Corinne Willis," Townley answered. "She's very popular up here. Most of the fellows seem wild about her."

"I don't doubt it," returned Burnham. "Say, old man, present me, will you, some time when you get the chance? I might as well join the chase, too. Besides," he laughed, "there's safety in numbers, you know."

"Still the same old fellow, I see, Bob, losing your heart to every pretty girl!" remarked Townley cynically. "But I might as well tell you," eyeing his friend with mock gravity, "that you'd better steer clear of this particular charmer; I understand she's the kind that makes use of a fellow just for what she can get out of him. Anything for a good time, you know! She'll drop your sweet frienship like a hot cake, if she feels like it, when she gets back to town. I'd hate to see you going around with a broken heart, you know."

"Thanks for that kind thought, George. Guess I can take care of my own heart, though," returned Burnham with his good-natured smile.

"All right. An introduction you shall have," declared Townley, promptly.

"Don't bother," murmured Burnham lazily; "I'll get acquainted without."

"If *you* will, she won't," retorted Townley.

Burnham was a lover of all forms of beauty, and as the days passed and he became accustomed to Miss Willis's face and figure, the more attracted he became; but he made not the slightest attempt to become acquainted with her; in fact he rather avoided a per-

sonal meeting. It may have been that Townley's half serious warning had not gone altogether unheeded. But again, Burnham was a lover of beauty for its own sake. He had often been heard to remark that he had been greatly attracted by some beautiful face until on nearer acquaintance, the voice or manner had rudely broken the charm. So, for the present, he was content with the mere looking. She was a new type to him with her wealth of wavy, auburn hair, deep misty eyes, dark brown lashes.

"Must be something like the heroine in 'The Wandering Jew,'" thought Burnham. "Only instead of that wondrous 'alabaster skin' there is a good healthy sun-burn and tan. Wish I could paint her with that half-smile of hers, and a sunbeam just glinting her hair."

He could see that the girl watched him at times. He noticed it out of the corner of his eye, but gave no sign that he was cognizant of it. Of course, Corinne Willis was piqued.

But soon those silent glances on either side were to be exchanged for something more substantial, for it chanced that Robert Burnham and Corinne Willis were thrown into closer contact. One morning as Burnham sat in sweet after-breakfast meditation on the wide verandah, out trooped two girls, sweet and fresh in their morning gowns, accompanied by George Townley. They were looking for a fourth for a game of tennis, and Townley and one of the girls pounced down noisily on Burnham, and simply insisted that he be the fourth. The second girl was Corinne Willis. Burnham, smiling to himself, joined the little group. Townley had quite forgotten that the two had not met formally, and Burnham had no intention of asking to be presented. So they walked off four in line, Corinne Willis at the one extremity, Robert Burnham at the other. At the tennis courts he found the girl beside him. "I believe we are to be opponents," she said, addressing him prettily. He noticed that her voice was sweet and modulated, her manner graceful. "I am afraid then there will be small chance for me," he returned gallantly, trying to think of something more brilliant, and failing.

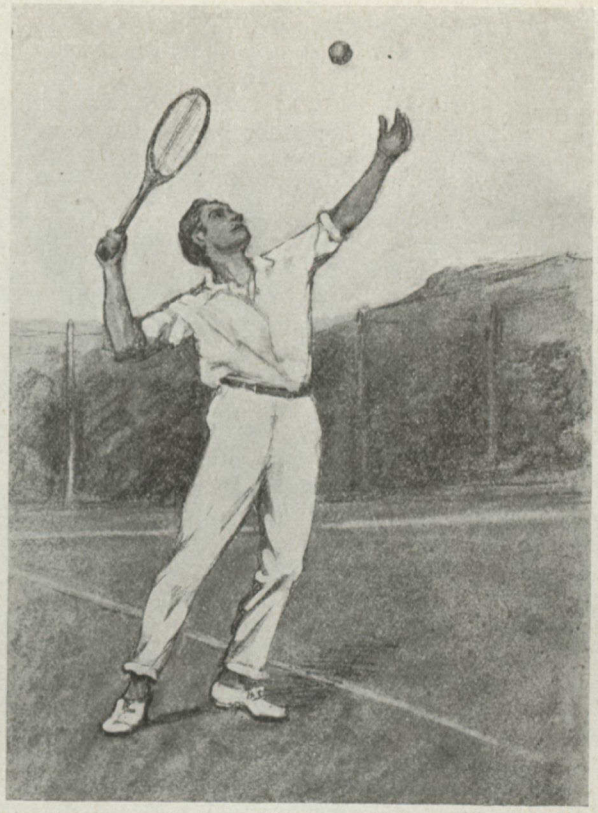
So they played, and if Burnham ever played tennis seriously in his life, he played that time; for an unchivalrous and antagonistic whim had seized him that he could and would outscore Corinne Willis. Her deftly served balls were more deftly returned by him; if her delivery was swift, his return was swifter. Fortune seemed to favour him, for he was surprised at himself, and at the end of an hour Burnham and his partner had won each set.

"You must keep in pretty good practice to play like that," remarked Miss Willis, as the group sauntered from the courts together.

"Oh, I'm no crack player," murmured Burnham politely. "It was really my partner that scored."

Then Burnham challenged Miss Willis to a game of singles on the morrow, and Miss Willis agreed. It was not a very knightly resolve that lodged itself in Burnham's mind—to defeat Miss Willis at all costs. She was a good player, and had put him on his mettle, and, anyway, he wanted to outscore her, he did not know exactly why, for he had never felt just that way towards any other girl. Perhaps he thought he could revenge himself in tennis for all the nice men to whom she had not been kind, or perhaps he felt a secret resentment that this girl should attract him so strongly.

When, on the following morning, Corinne Willis made the first game almost a "Love" score for him, Burnham did not become disturbed or lose his head. He had met too many sudden business emergencies for that. His failure seemed to act as a spur, for he concentrated all his energies on the game, and played swiftly and silently. No further games fell to the credit of his opponent. She became undeniably and thoroughly defeated.



Drawing by Alice Des Clayes

"He concentrated all his energies on the game"

"Now," thought Burnham, in malicious mischief, "if I could only get my dear friend and adviser, George Townley, to take her out in a canoe and dump her, while I swim out nobly and save her, I would have her decently subdued and myself a proper hero."

Of course, Burnham cherished no such ungallant and risky intention, nor was there any apparent need of such drastic measures, for the game of tennis alone seemed to have "decently subdued," as well as having created him "a proper hero". That antagonistic game proved to be the cementing of their friendship, and Burnham yielded himself to the strong attraction of the girl. Together, day after day, they went boating, walking, swimming, dancing, while Burnham lost himself in the glory of her auburn red hair, and the deep dark eyes under the misty lashes. One amusement Miss Willis never mentioned, and Burnham was too polite to suggest it. And tennis became a proscribed word.

At the end of a fortnight they were engaged. It was no whirlwind engagement, Burnham told himself, for he knew the girl better in two weeks in the mountains than he could have known her in two years in the city. He understood her perfectly; they were made for each other. Then followed a few days of unearthly bliss, too unearthly to be described in earthly words. Only those who have lived it can understand it. Such strange,

bubbling joy and gladness Burnham never in succeeding years again experienced, for those things do not come back twice.

One afternoon Burnham had trudged to a neighbouring hotel to have a promised but deferred visit with a friend of his there who was leaving on the morrow. Most of the live portion of the hotel people, including Corinne, had gone that afternoon for a picnic, and would not be back until dark, and Burnham had promised to return then, too, if possible, in order to have a dance and the moonlit corner of the verandah.

But there was no moon that night. The evening closed in dark and early with great piles of heavy storm clouds hurrying across the sky. As Burnham stumbled along the road in the darkness, he had recourse now and then to a little electric flashlight which he sometimes carried in his pocket, and which now aided him from stumbling off the road into some boulder or other. Hearing in the darkness behind him the sound of horses' feet, he stepped off the road to allow the vehicle to pass. Suddenly, obeying some unknown impulse, as the horses slowly passed him, he flashed his light full on the occupants of the carriage. It was only for a moment, but he had seen enough. The man was known to Burnham, a wealthy and dissipated young fellow of poor reputation, and a lover of horses. His companion was driving, his head was bent close to hers, in low-toned conversation. She was smiling. The lady was Corinne Willis.

Burnham stumbled on, sick and white and angry—angry with Corinne.

"She has not even the excuse of innocence," he told himself bitterly. "She knows the man as well as I do. And such a man!"

His first hasty impulse had been to drag the man headlong from his seat, and bring the girl instantly to account; but he had checked himself, for he did not want to be the victim of mere petty jealousy, and had plunged on in the inky darkness mile after mile, past the road he should have taken.

Then his feelings changed. He felt that he did not even wish to see this girl who had shattered, so suddenly, his happiness. In the jealousy and anger of his disillusionment he would have liked merely to have left her a note, and then quietly quitted the hotel before the possible chance of a meeting. But as he grew physically weary from his hard walk, quietness in some measure came back to him. Painful as it might be, he would at least give the girl a hearing. Even a criminal got that. Towards midnight he dragged himself wearily up the steps of the hotel and to his room, locked the door, and threw himself on his bed, miserable and exhausted. Corinne Willis looked in vain for her partner at the dance that evening.

On the following morning Robert Burnham and Corinne Willis went walking. Burnham was very silent, but this apparently was nothing extraordinary to Corinne, for silence is the language of love. So they followed a pretty path that led to a mountain rill, and Corinne flopped down daintily with the brooklet at her feet, and commenced to toss pebbles into the little stream. Grimly Burnham watched the sunlight touching into gold the auburn of her hair; but it did not attract him to-day, for he felt too bitter against her. He intended to be very quiet and very brief while he "had it out" with Corinne. So he leaned against a tree that stood near, waiting for words to begin and not finding any. The unsuspecting girl glanced at his stern face, and felt trouble.

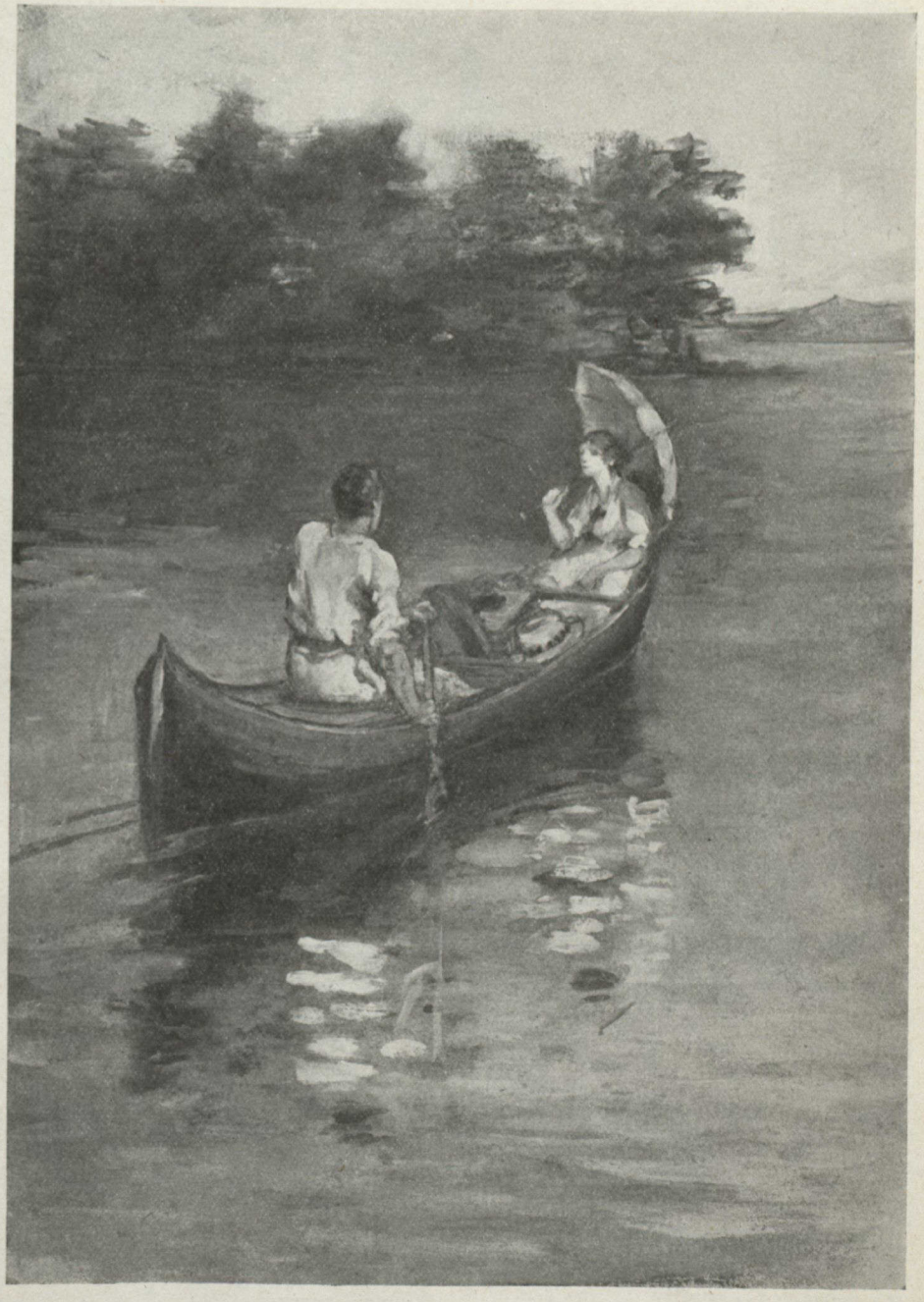
"What's worrying you, Bob?" she asked.

The question gave Burnham his opening.

He looked directly in her face.

"I hope you enjoyed your drive yesterday," he said quietly.

Corinne Willis gave a slight start of surprise, then, noting the pale,



Drawing by Alice Des Clayes

"Together they went boating

stern face above her, she became white, then flushed a pretty pink.

Hesitatingly she replied:

"Yes, the driving was good."

"Why did you tell me you were going to that picnic yesterday afternoon?" he demanded.

"Did I tell you that?" she questioned, beginning to fence.

"If you did not tell me in so many words, you gave me to understand you were going. It is all the same thing."

"Well, haven't I the woman's privilege of changing my mind?" asked Miss Willis with her pretty smile, regaining her composure.

"Yes; but you have not the privilege of trying to deceive any one."

"Bob, dear, don't take it so seriously," said Corinne in a conciliatory tone. "It was only a fib. Fibs are nothing. Everybody tells them. It is the other person's fault if he is foolish enough to be deceived."

Burnham did not reply. He only felt the pain at his heart growing more acute.

Corinne Willis evidently thought she had the advantage, and continued after a pause.

"Surely, I am at liberty to take a drive, if I wish. Bob, don't let us spoil things by quarreling over a small matter like that."

"It depends upon the circumstances, and with whom you take it," replied Burnham grimly, ignoring the latter part of her speech.

"Well, what were the circumstances, and with whom did I take it?" demanded Corinne Willis, for she evidently wondered and was anxious to discover how much Burnham really knew.

Burnham waited a long time, and then he spoke slowly:

"I saw you driving back with Rolston Brayner, last night."

"So you were the rude man that flashed that light on us," exclaimed Corinne Willis.

"Yes. I was that rude man," agreed Burnham dryly.

"Well, Bob, if you will only stop being so horrid and looking like a funeral, I'll tell you all about it," said Miss Willis in the sweet, confidential little way she sometimes had. "You see, it was just like this. I've known Rolston Brayner for a long time, and he called at our hotel yesterday morning, and when he saw me, asked me if I would like to go driving. He knows I just love driving fast horses; both of us do. I thought the afternoon would be a good chance, for all the people were going to that horrid picnic, and you were going away and would not want me, so I just went, don't you see? Really, you shouldn't let a little thing like that bother you. Now I've been good and told you all about it; so be a good boy, and don't be cross any more. Come, let's follow this 'cute little path."

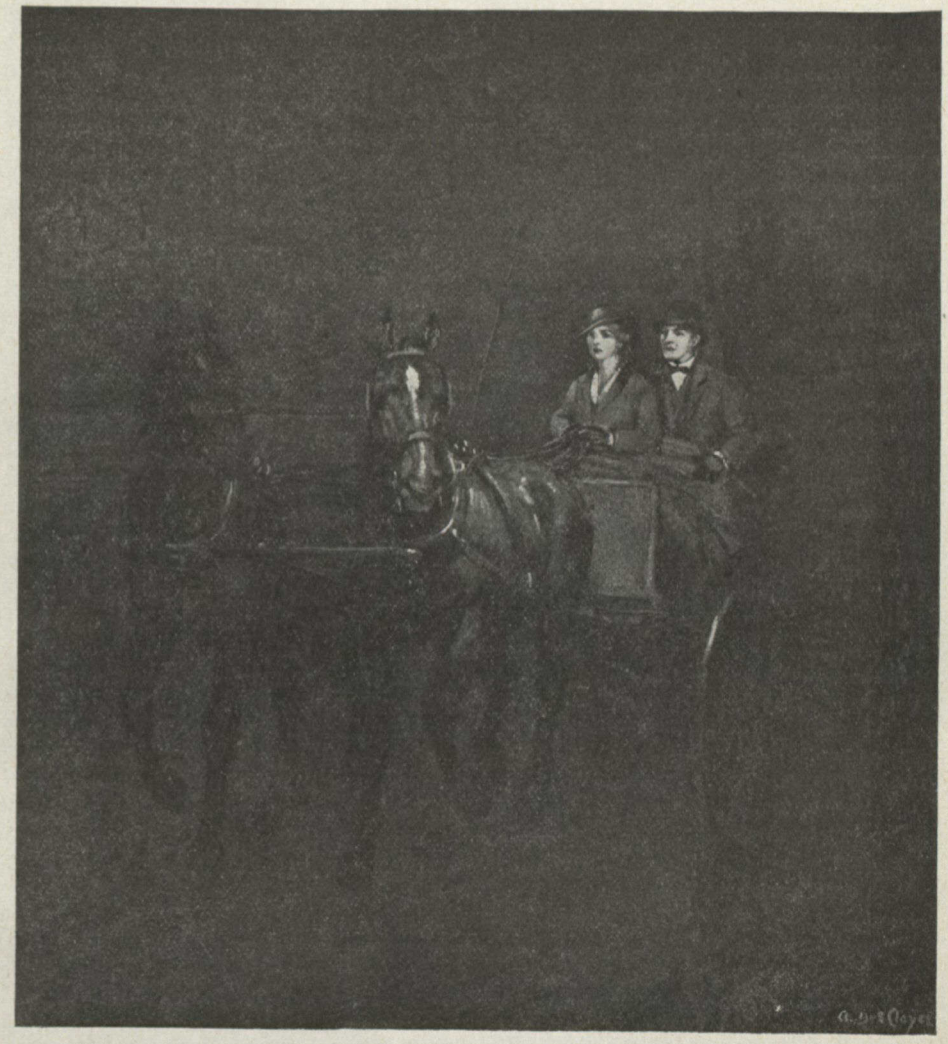
The girl made a movement as though she would rise, but Burnham ignored the pretty gesture of the outstretched hand and stood motionless against his tree. His task seemed to become more difficult, and no nearer its end. He could find no words to say what he had to say, but he looked at the pretty figure of the girl with the childish face and the beautiful copper hair, and a sort of pity swept across his heart for her. He noted for the first time a rather hard expression that he did not like about the mouth, and he wished that he could see further into the opaque depths of her dark eyes.

Presently he spoke, framing his words slowly:

"I should have thought you would not have cared to have gone out with a man like Brayner; for I guess that everyone who knows him knows something of his character."

"I don't worry about his character so long as he is decent to me," returned Miss Willis with a pretty pout. "His character is his own business. I'm not supposed to know anything about that."

"But since you did know, you might have considered it."



Drawing by Alice Des Clayes

"He flashed his light full on the occupants of the carriage"

"Well," conceded Corinne after a pause, "I suppose it was a little indiscreet, but there was no one around the hotel when we left, and we expected to be back before the other crowd, only it got dark so early that we had to drive slowly. I don't think anyone but you knows I was out with him anyway, so there's no harm done. I'll admit it was indiscreet, but don't be so cross over a little thing like that. I didn't know you could be such a naughty, cross boy. I'm sure you need never be jealous of Rolston Brayner. It's his horses I like."

"Yes, it was indiscreet," was the only reply Burnham made, slowly and meditatively.

The pain in his heart seemed to grow more intense. She seemed to possess no more moral sense than a child.

"How was it that Rolston Brayner happened to have his arm about you?" he said quietly after a pause.

Corinne started, and a flush suffused her pretty face. So he had seen that too!

"I was driving, you know, Bob, I coudln't help it," she replied.

"The horses seemed to be finding their own way when I saw them," replied Burnham.

"Let's forget it, Bob, and finish our walk," said Corinne coaxingly. "I don't think lovers' quarrels are a bit nice, and you're a naughty man to be so cross over such a little thing. It's terrible to have to be so awfully good just 'cause one's engaged. But I'll tell you what;—supposing I promise never to go out with that horrid Rolston Brayner again, since you don't like him—even if he has the grandest horses in the world, and I am just dying to drive them!"

Then Corinne rose gracefully and tripped over to him, her pretty teeth showing in a winning smile.

Burnham did not reply; but he put his hands on her shoulders, and held her off from him while he looked at her. He felt at that moment more sorry for her than he did for himself, for she seemed so far from suspecting what he wished to say.

"Corinne," he said quietly, dropping his hands, "I can understand that it may seem a 'little thing' to you, but it is not a little thing to me. It has made a great deal of difference in my thoughts and feelings towards you."

"Aren't you going to forgive me, Bob?" asked the girl, and he fancied he saw the alarm leaping into her eyes.

"Yes, I will forgive you," he answered. "If I can't just now, I will —sometime—before long, I hope."

"What do you mean, Bob?" she asked, and then added half-playfully, "All this fuss over a mere trifle you need never have known!"

"I'm mighty glad I do know," he replied bitterly. "It has saved us both a great deal of pain and trouble later on. If it hadn't been this, it would only have been something else."

"What do you mean, Bob?" she asked. "I told you I just forgot I was engaged, and not supposed to have any more fun, and I told you—"

"You will probably forget it again," broke in Burnham bitterly. "I'm not going to spoil your fun. I am going to leave you free to have all the 'fun' you want."

"You don't mean——?" commenced Corinne, and then hesitated and stopped, while the colour left her cheeks.

"Yes; I mean just that," he said slowly and quietly. "I do not honestly think that you and I could ever be very happy together; in fact, I know we could not. For you must know that I cannot marry a woman whom I cannot trust." In the consciousness of his own self righteousness Burnham's tone became almost pompous.

The girl stood speechless and white, and did not move.

"Come, Corinne," he said gently, anxious to bring the painful interview to a close now that he had finally expressed himself. "Come, Corinne, let us walk back to the hotel, and if you have anything you would like to say to me, you can tell me as we go along. Come."

With haughty, averted head, the girl stepped past him on the path, while silently he followed her on the homeward track.

The next day Miss Willis quietly left the hotel, accompanied by her mother. Robert Burnham, with a sort of grim humour, stayed out the few days that remained to him of his vacation. His friend, George Townley, who was not aware that there had been more than a violent summer flirtation, and did not know the reason for the girl's sudden departure, twitted Burnham unmercifully, and unwittingly made the sore spot still sorer, for he noticed the glumness of Burnham, and jokingly attributed it to the absence of the girl.

"You had better slide back to the city, and get right after her as fast

as you can," he advised. "Some other chap will be after her first thing, and you'll have lost your chance."

"That is exactly contrary to the unasked advice you so kindly favoured me with when I first came up here," growled Burnham.

"Oh, this is different. The girl is dead smitten on you. Anyone can see that with half an eye. She won't turn *you* down."

"Well, I'm not going back to the city until I get ready," grunted Burnham.

"Most men would be satisfied with a handsome and loving wife," added Townley paternally, "and she's got lots of money besides. What more do you want? Most of the fellows would think you were mighty lucky."

"Cut it out! What more do I want, I'll tell you what!" growled Burnham. "I'd never marry a handsome girl. You're never sure they belong to you. You never know where you're at. You have to watch them all the time, for some fellow or other is always after them, and they like it;" and with this piece of cynicism, Burnham strode away.

"Jealous," muttered Townley, gazing in surprise after his usually good-natured friend.

Upon his return to city life, Burnham threw himself eagerly into his business, and worked feverishly and hard all winter in an effort to forget; for he found the hurt had gone deeper than he himself had known. As spring and summer came on, he would have liked to have continued at the same pace, had he not felt that he needed relaxation, for the strain was telling on him. Being extremely busy, he unconcernedely left the selection of the spot for his summer vacation to the choice of the two men with whom he expected to pass his holidays. "Whatever will suit you, will suit me, I guess," he had remarked, good-naturedly, for he was not interested as to where he went. All places had seemed the same to him during the last year. But when he heard that his companions had chosen the Adirondacks as the goal of their vacation, he felt a certain tremor of anxiety lest they should still further select a certain popular and well-known hotel; for he had no desire to endure the discomfort of revisiting the scenes in whch he had experienced the most exquisite gladness and subsequent miserable disillusionment. He was relieved, however, to find that they were not to be located in that district.

Therefore, on the night of his arrival, as he pulled the big hotel-register towards him, it was with a start of surprise that Burnham caught sight of *her* name staring at him from the page, inscribed there in her own hand-writing. She had evidently arrived a couple of days before. He thought it a strange coincidence that her signature ran along in the same line with his, but on the opposite page. There seemed a sort of irony about it, to Burnham, as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead and went slowly to his room.

Burnham had been so oppressed with callers in his office the day before he left the city that he had been obliged to pocket two or three business-friendship letters, the replies to which he had not had time to dictate to his stenographer, and which he now intended to answer himself.

With this end in view, the following morning after breakfasting, he filled his fountain-pen, took his writing folio, and started from the hotel in search of a shady nook where he would be undisturbed; for he preferred the fresh mountain air to the sober hotel writing-room with the gay, restless girls chattering in and out.

He was rewarded in his short walk rather above his expectations, for rounding a clump of low trees he came upon some pretty rustic seats surrounding a small rustic table. The ladies had evidently been making use of the little spot on the previous day, for on the little table were an empty chocolate box, and a delicate skein of

blue silk thread. Burnham immediately took possession of this small retreat, placed the candy box neatly on the extreme corner of the table, gingerly picked up the silk floss and laid it upon the box, spread out his papers, and soon became thoroughly absorbed.

A slight stir in the shrubbery near him, a light foot-fall on the pebbles, caused him to glance up. Only a few feet away stood Corinne Willis, alone, gazing, hesitating.

"I saw your name in the book this morning," she said nervously, after a moment or two, as though by way of apology for her appearance.

"Yes?" said Burnham interrogatively, but absently, for his eyes were devouring the girl. The same deep eyes with the fringe of dark lashes, the same golden hair with the sunlight enhancing its rich tints, the smooth oval cheek, and the pretty softly-rounded little chin! How dear it all had once been to him! A fierce desire came over him, almost overpowered him, to crush her in his arms, to forget all, and to love her—love her madly.

Then the remembrance of a certain night came back to him, and Burnham was master of himself.

"I came to look for my silk," said the girl in a low tone.

Burnham handed her the little blue skein in silence. Then, after a moment, as the girl stood still and hesitated, he asked with formal politeness,

"Would you care to sit down? There is a very pretty little view of the lake from here."

"No, thank you," she said, "I just came for my thread."

But she evidently wished to say something to him, and Burnham waited.

"Bob," she began, then hesitated, her eyes on the ground, and the colour suffusing her face. "Bob, I want to tell you something—Rolston Brayner, with whom I was out that night, you know—well, he's my brother; I mean, my half-brother. I hardly ever see him. He hasn't been home for years. —He isn't very good, but he's awfully fond of me."

"Then why in the name of Heaven, didn't you tell me that before?" he demanded.

"Please don't use that awful tone of yours," pleaded Corinne gently. "I intended to tell you all about it that next morning; only you looked at me so contemptuously when we met; and right after breakfast you marched me off, as though I were a criminal and you were going to execute me, and delighted to do it, because you were so righteous. You did execute me, too," she put in parenthetically. "Well, anyway, it made me feel naughty, and wicked, and contrary, and I wouldn't tell you anything, and I acted the way I did because I thought you deserved to be teased. I let you believe what you did because you thought it of me, and I felt indignant and hurt because you should think it and didn't trust me. Then your insinuation against Rolston hurt, too—a great deal. He isn't entirely to blame. Mother was never fair to him, and my father always seemed to have a grudge against him, and treated him dreadfully; and then when he came into his father's money, he just became reckless. But he has always been the dearest boy to me, and I am fond of him."

Corinne paused, but after a few moments broke the tense silence again, while she twisted and knotted the little silk skein in her fingers.

"Of course, I never thought, that morning, that our misunderstanding would really be anything serious; but when you broke off the engagement, I felt stunned and indignant. I wouldn't explain either because I told myself that if you didn't trust me, I didn't want to marry you because I'd never be happy with a man who didn't really trust me—and then—I tried to forget and couldn't," she added with a little choke.

"I knew I was dreadfully wrong, Bob, and that I should have explained matters to you, and I wanted to write and tell you all about it—only I was

afraid—I was afraid that since I was in the wrong, you—you might take pleasure in executing me again."

Burnham did not speak or move. He simply stared at the girl, his heart in his eyes.

Corinne waited in vain for him to reply, and then she faltered out wistfully:

"I was dreadfully wrong, Bob, and I have been so sorry—a long time. You won't forgive me, Bob? I was afraid you wouldn't."

"My poor, dear, little girl," returned Burnham brokenly, "it is I who ask forgiveness. I have learned my lesson, Corinne," he said, as he drew her close in his arms; "and, dear, I have paid a big price for my knowledge. I have a lot of heart-hunger to satisfy."

"Then, Bob," she whispered, raising a flushed face to his, "start in and satisfy it now."

THE RECRUIT

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

SHE set aside his gift of flowers—
Rich rose and violet,
Sweet lilies, fresh as morning dew,
And sweeter mignonette.

She listened while he spoke of love,
And breathed a prayer for grace;
For flashing pride and dawning power
Were in his handsome face.

"There's one has slept in Flanders fields
These two long years," she said;
If you would take my hand in yours,
In Flanders find his bed!

"Find there his bed and from it pluck
The courage that he gave.
That single blossom bring to me
From his far, war-swept grave.

"Go bring it back as fresh and fair
As it was borne abroad;
Then could I lay my hand in yours
Before my soul and God."

. . . . . .

The deepening mould in that grim land
Still drinks a rich, red tide;
And bright the flower that he bears there
For whom another died.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

V.—MRS. CHARLOTTE M. SCHREIBER, PAINTER

DURING the last decade of the eighteenth century, that vivacious little lady Mrs. Simcoe, wife of the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, was travelling hither and thither throughout the region of woods and rivers and sparse settlements then known as Canada. Her husband's position gave her excellent opportunity of seeing what was to be seen and everywhere she went she carried the pen and pencil which she used with such facility. Taken together her note-books and sketches are an excellent source of information concerning Canadian life in the days when the Loyalists were impressing their mark on the settlements and institutions of the country, and the historically-minded will bless her simple records and drawings when the pictures of many more pretentious artists have sunk into oblivion. Of course, Mrs. Simcoe was never a professional artist; but according to the phrase of the day had cultivated her talent for drawing as "an elegant accomplishment," and practised it partly as an amusement for her hours of leisure and partly, no doubt, because she desired to possess the most valuable kind of memento of her years in Canada.

Forty years after Mrs. Simcoe left this country there arrived in the little and, to her, wofully unattractive capital of Upper Canada, an Irish lady, Mrs. Anna Jameson, who was destined to win a great reputation as a writer on artistic subjects, particularly on "Sacred and Legendary Art".

She described Toronto as "a little ill-built town on low land at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple, some Government offices built of staring red brick, in the most tasteless, vulgar style imaginable; three feet of snow all around; and the gray, sullen, wintry lake and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect". She was not more flattering to the people with whom she mixed, but at this time her whole life was darkened by the misery arising from an uncongenial marriage. She wrote of the dull dinner-parties, and added "the cold, narrow minds, the confined ideas, the by-gone prejudices of the society are hardly conceivable; books there are none, nor music and as to pictures! —the Lord deliver us from such! The people don't know what a picture is."

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. SCHREIBER

A pioneer woman painter in Canada

Yet despite this harsh criticism, there was in that despised little "fifth-rate provincial town some desire for better things artistically. In 1834, about two years before Mrs. Jameson's arirval on the scene, an "Artists' Society" had been organized—the first, (as it is recorded in an article by Mr. J. W. L. Forster in "Canada: an Encyclopaedia") to be formed in Toronto. This society had held the earliest exhibition of paintings ever shown in the city, in those same old red-brick Parliament Buildings, which so disquieted Mrs. Jameson's artistic soul, and the effort was encouraged by the distinguished patronage of Sir John Colborne, then Lieutenant-Governor, and of Bishop Strachan.

After another interval of about forty years, there was founded in Toronto, in 1872, the Ontario Society of Artists, which has just held its annual exhibition. Whilst still in its infancy, in 1874, this association admitted its first woman member, Miss Westmacott.

In the following year, Miss Charlotte Morrell, an English woman whose work as a painter and an illustrator had received most favourable notice, married her cousin, Mr. Weymouth George Schreiber (who had settled in this country in early manhood) and came out with him to Canada. Henceforth, for nearly a quarter of a century, Mrs. Schreiber was a notable figure amongst the artists of the young Dominion. Almost of course she became a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, and, when in 1876 a School

of Art and Design was opened in Toronto, Mrs. Schreiber was put on the board of management. Evidently there was a need for this school, for by 1882 no less than two-hundred-and-forty-nine students were in attendance.

Mrs. Schreiber, who was an Essex woman and the daughter of a clergyman, Rev. R. Price Morrell, was born about eighty-two years ago at Woodham-Mortimer, almost within sound of the North Sea waves. Her maternal grandfather, who had settled at Colchester, was a cousin of Canada's soldier-hero of 1812, Sir Isaac Brock. Her husband and his first wife could also claim descent from the same Guernsey family of Brocks.

In her youth, Mrs. Schreiber had had the advantage of studying art in the great metropolis of the Empire, where it was possible to become familiar with the works of many famous painters of different schools. Furthermore she had the benefit of working under the direction of a notable painter of the day, John Rogers Herbert, R.A., who hailed from her own county of Essex. Her master had won such distinction as a painter of portraits and of sacred and historical subjects, that he was amongst the artists commissioned to assist in the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, which were begun in 1840 to replace the buildings destroyed by fire in 1834, but were not completed till 1857. Herbert painted eight or nine frescoes for the Peers' Robing Room.

His pupil showed a similar bent towards figure and historical subjects. Sometimes she painted a "story-picture," or represented some scene from the common, every-day life about her, such as the London street-scene in her picture of the "Water-cress Sellers". She painted landscapes scarcely at all, but turned at times to studies of animals, particularly of chickens and kittens.

Before coming to Canada, she was engaged to illustrate several books. Amongst these, she designed woodcuts for Chaucer's poem of "The Red Cross Knight". She also illustrated Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," which was published in 1874.

After her marriage, Mrs. Schreiber lived for a time at Deer Park in a house now occupied by Havergal Junior School. Recently the city and its suburbs have extended far beyond this locality, but forty years ago the house was far out of town, and there were occasions perhaps when its mistress was glad to accept a "lift" in some homely vehicle offered, in kindly country fashion, by a farmer bound for the stores or the market. At any rate it is told that the artist was once much amused to hear that she had been described as "that pretty Mrs. Schreiber who rides in a hay-waggon and paints!"

At first the cares and difficulties of housekeeping under the unaccustomed conditions of a new country kept Mrs. Schreiber busy, but she found a little time to devote to her special work. She had a room at the top of the house fitted up as a studio, and one of the pictures painted in that room was a charming portrait of her step-daughter, now Mrs. Quin. A red cloak is draped about the young girl's head and shoulders, setting off the clear tints of her complexion and her soft dark hair and eyes.

At a later time Mr. Schreiber built a house on the Credit River, in a spot still far from the noise and bustle of any town. They called the house Mount Woodham, in memory of her childhood's home in Essex, and here Mrs. Schreiber painted a great deal. The walls of rooms and hall and staircase were covered with her pictures.

Her work was of such quality that it "gave pleasure to many art-lovers". More than one artist, well competent to judge, has spoken of the goodness of her drawing and colouring and the delicacy of treatment in her pictures. Mrs. Schreiber belongs indeed to a school of artists, who believe in careful finish.

It may still be questioned why we have put this English artist on our list of Canadian pioneer women. The reason is not far to seek. Amongst the women artists of this country, not a few of whom have done work of acknowledged excellence, Mrs. Schreiber is the only one who has ever been privileged to write after her name the imposing letters R.C.A.

When in 1879 Mr. Lucius O'Brien, Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists, requested the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General, to become Patron of the society, as his predecessor, Lord Dufferin, had been, the Marquis expressed a hope that the Dominion, like the Motherland, might soon have its Royal Academy of Arts. He threw out the same suggestion when opening the new building of the Arts Association of Montreal, which was the only other important art society in the country.

Later in the year the Ontario Society of Artists passed a resolution cordially approving of the plan and recommending that steps should be taken to carry it out. This was followed by the drafting of definite propositions, under Lord Lorne's guidance, for submission to the Association of Montreal.

It was proposed that "Academicians be selected from gentlemen and ladies of the present Art Associations of Montreal and Toronto and who exhibit pictures or sculpture for sale; and that by agreement between the officers of these societies a list of members be drafted with power to add to the number, if it appear on inquiry that any other Art Association exists within the Dominion." As a commencement the Governor was asked to "affirm" the list of Academicians so chosen. These were to be the governing body of the Academy, and were to have power to elect new members and associate members.

Mrs. Schreiber's name was upon the list of members selected from the Ontario Society of Artists, and was duly affirmed by the Governor-General, but from the first, though women were expressly declared eligible for membership in the Canadian Academy, they were put at a disadvantage with regard to its male members, by the rider that they "shall not be required to attend business meetings nor will their names be placed on the list of rotation for the Council."

A number of women have been elected Associates, only artists of high attainments in their profession being eligible; but no woman has yet been elected full Academician, though it surely must have been the intention that women should enjoy its benefits equally with men or the one woman would not have been appointed at first. Associates have no voice in the management of the Academy, but they may vote in the elections for Academicians.

The first meeting of the members of the Canadian Academy (not honoured with the title "Royal" till the following June) took place in Ottawa on March 6th, 1880.

On the evening of the same day the first exhibition was opened by the Governor-General. Unfortunately his artist-wife, the Princess Louise, who had taken much interest in the project was unable to be present, as she was suffering from the effects of an accident.

The exhibition was held in the old Clarendon Hotel, which had been arranged for the purpose under the direction of the Minister of Public Works. Upon the walls, coloured a deep maroon, something more than four hundred pictures of various kinds were displayed.

Mrs. Schreiber exhibited several pictures, including her diploma picture, "The Croppy Boy;" now hanging in the National Gallery at Ottawa. This painting takes its name from its chief figure, one of the Irish rebels of 1798, who, defying the custom of the time, wore their hair short and unpowdered, supposedly a token of their admiration of French revolutionary principles, hence they were dubbed

"croppies" by the fastidious English.

One who was present amongst the brilliant company that evening recalls that "Mrs. Schreiber looked very handsome in a black velvet gown". A photograph of her taken in early life shows a face full of character, with decided lines of nose and mouth and chin. A much later one, taken when her dark hair had turned to gray, is very pleasing with its kindly eyes and happy expression.

On the death of her husband in 1898 Mrs. Schreiber returned to England, and now lives at Paignton in South Devon. From her garden is a lovely view of Tor Bay and Torquay, especially fascinating perhaps when that town is lighted up at night.

Whilst in Canada Mrs. Schreiber endeavoured in many ways and not in vain to further the cause of art in this young country, where it is necessarily a matter of struggle and difficulty. She not only gave her services freely in the Toronto Art School, but she helped many a young student by her kindness and sympathy. In fact, as one artist puts it, "she was a tremendous help and inspiration."

The next sketch of this series will be of Mrs. Letitia Youmans, the first President of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union.

FLOWERS

An epitaph for a Soldier

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

'MID spring's dead summer, low among
Forgotten flowers that bloom for passers-by
Who long ago have trod their roads that lie
Far, other ways, we lay him, while are wrung
Our hearts down into the still dust of flowers.
Here will he sleep with his worn great coat drawn
Close, close about him. Midnight, noon and dawn,
He will not know, nor count dead passing hours.

But, when the stream is bright beneath this hill
From April's lips that touched it when she bent
To tell cold-throated frogs her ecstasy,
When through the blue bird's note runs the old thrill,
Ah, when bowed flowers take their first sacrament
Of the first dew, awakened shall he be.

THE OX TEAM

From the Painting by
Ernest Lawson

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

PRIVATE JEREMIAH BINNS

By Carlton McNaught

I FIRST noticed Private Jeremiah Binns one sunny morning on the parade ground, where the company was doing squad drill and rifle exercises. He was new to the "——" Battalion, having come to us with a draft from the recruiting depot intended to bring us up to strength after a weeding-out process. My attention was drawn to him more particularly because of his extreme thinness, his neat and clean appearance, and the excessive inexpertness with which he moved about and handled his rifle.

He was short and narrow-chested. His pointed features were a pasty white, and he had a pair of great ears that stood out on either side of his head like the handles on a sugar-bowl. His shoulders seemed but a continuation and slight broadening of his long, thin neck, and his legs would have suffered by comparison with those of a Louis Quatorze chair. The whole aspect of this absurd figure of a soldier was incurably youthful, despite a perfectly patent ambition to look fierce and manly.

But he had plainly lavished attentions upon his person. His boots and buttons were resplendent, his puttees were curled upon his spindly legs with meticulous regularity, there was not a wrinkle in his khaki uniform except in the region where his chest should have been. As he stood at attention he was noticeably a model as to his dress—a sight to gladden the heart of any platoon sergeant.

When he moved, however, even the impeccability of his toilet failed to atone for his brilliant inaptitude. He handled his rifle with a sort of inspired radicalism. If three movements were prescribed for an exercise, he accomplished it unorthodoxically and with a flushed air of triumph in five —ahead of everybody else in the squad. It was not dullness. His eyes burned with passionate ambition. But he was not content to learn one movement at a time. He wished to achieve a spectacular success by short cuts.

I watched the diminishing patience of a sweating drill sergeant till a short rest period gave me opportunity for questions.

"It ain't that 'e don't try, sir," explained that pillar of the battalion. "'E tried 'ard enough, but 'e's in too much of a 'urry—wants to beat everyone helse to it. 'E ain't no more than a boy. Wonder they took 'im on at all."

The sergeant's words strengthened a suspicion that had arisen in my own mind as I watched the performance of this incongruous recruit, and when parade was over I had the phenomenon summoned to the company orderly-room. He certainly had the appearance of a mere boy as he stood very scrupulously at attention before my judicial table. There was a slightly scared look in his eyes: hitherto his dealings had been with his platoon commander, and he was evidently not

quite sure what this interview with the captain of the company might portend.

I led up to my point tactfully.

"Private Binns," I said (the attestation paper announced that the thin recruit rejoiced in the name of Jeremiah Binns)—"Private Binns, I see your occupation in civil life is given here as 'teamster'."

"Yes, sir," said Binns. There was a just perceptible tremor in his spindly legs, but his eyes were steady.

"What was your last position?"

"Hi drove a hice wagon, sir, for the Hinternational Hice Company," said Binns. I must confess that the idea of this pygmy struggling with huge blocks of ice at the lip of a cavernous bin caused me a momentary inward smile.

"Parents living, Binns?" I queried.

"Me mother is, sir. Me father 'e died five years ago—just after we come out to Canada."

"I see. And what is your age, Binns?"

Private Binns's legs grew a bit more uncertain. But he looked me straight in the eye, and there was just the barest note of challenge in his voice as he said:

"Eyeteen, sir."

"Did your mother make any objections to your enlisting, Binns?"

"She hobjected at first, sir, me bein' the only son, like, but—well, y' see, sir, I talked quite a bit about it, sir, hoff and bon. Y' see, I comes of a fightin' family, sir. Me father 'e was a hofficer's batman in the Bower War, and 'ad a ribbon wot 'e was very proud of, an' me gran'father 'e fought in the Crime-mea, w'ich accounted for 'is bein' so fond of 'is glass, as I've 'eard me mother say. So I sayes to me mother, 'I carn't st'y at 'ome 'eavin' blocks of hice w'en there's fightin' to be done, mother', and me mother, she bin readin' in the pipers about these 'ere atrokities in Belgyum. So finally she says, 'Jeremiah, I s'pose ye'll 'ave to go; it's not fer me to be 'oldin' ye back w'en they're callin' fer able-bodied men. It'd be selfish. Ye're only a boy, but ye're a fine upstandin' lad as'll be a good fighter, an' if ye're hold enough to henlist, then it's not fer me to say no.' So—I jines hon, sir.''

Private Binns stopped, rather blown by this lengthy exposition of patriotism. I gave him time to get his breath, then learned by further questioning that Mrs. Binns kept an infinitesimally small stationery store on an insignificant street; that since he left school five years ago young Binns's earnings had been a necessary factor to their continued existence; and that Private Binns was now assigning to his mother the larger portion of his pay in addition to the separation allowance which Mrs. Binns received in consideration of her son's dedicating himself to his country's service.

"Well, Binns," I said as severely as I could, "you will have to go before the medical officer at once. I am afraid your physical development is slightly below par. You do not look strong, Binns."

At this Private Binns's face fell, and the tremor in his legs showed traces of excitement.

"I aint never bin wot you'd call sick, sir," he protested. "I kin 'eave blocks of hice, an' —" ,

"Ever done any soldiering, Binns?" I interrupted sharply.

"No, sir, I aint never done no soldierin', but I kin learn. I've got the sperrit. I comes of a fightin' family, sir, an' —"

"Very well, Binns, we will see what the medical officer says. And Binns—you had better bring me a birth certificate."

This last was of course my touchstone, my bolt from the blue, the climax to which I had been leading up in the hope of cornering young Binns. You see, I was convinced that he had lied to me when he said his age was eighteen. And I was more than doubtful of the sacrificial fervour attributed to Mrs. Binns by

her "fine upstandin'" son, whose report of the conversation with his mother seemed rather coloured. Canada had not become so drained of eligible men that sons who were the sole support of widowed mothers could lightly be taken from them. Binns *might* be seventeen. As for eighteen—well, let him produce the birth certificate.

But although young Binns's legs were having a hard time to maintain the rigidity proper to a soldier before his captain, he murmured "Yes, sir" in a steady voice, saluted with punctilious finish, and marched off.

The next day the M.O. came to me.

"I have finished examining the draft from the Depot," he said. "There's a boy named Binns in your company, isn't there?"

"There is," said I. "Did you pass him?"

"He is barely over five foot six. Chest thirty-two, and there are slight signs of mal-nutrition. His heart seems sound, and it may be possible to make something of him with a good course of P. T. He seems a keen little beggar and got very much excited when he thought I was going to turn him down. He says he's eighteen."

"I have asked him for a birth certificate," I said.

"Well, you can try him out. He'd better go easy on route marches for a while."

I determined to stake Binns's destiny on the birth certificate.

And that afternoon Private Binns appeared before me with the certificate. It stated that Jeremiah Binns had been born on August 12th, 1897, in the town of Greenham, Biffshire, England, and was signed by an English registrar whose signature was convincingly illegible.

I was surprised to find that this document gave me considerable pleasure. It became evident to me that already, despite his absurd figure and his initial display of unmilitary scorn for tradition, I had begun to rather like Private Binns.

So the ex-heaver of ice and scion of a warlike family went back to his platoon rejoicing, for further attentions from Sergeant Spick.

I fear that worthy veteran found Private Binns a rather severe strain on an already overburdened temper. Private Binns's previous innocence of military usages became the more painfully evident as his passion for knowledge increased. He stripped his rifle so thoroughly (against orders) in his efforts to master its interior economy that it took the armourer sergeant a whole morning to re-assemble its entangled parts. He invented more evolutions in squad drill in the course of an hour than the authors of "Infantry Training" devised in a generation. His enthusiasm over "physical jerks" was so great that he placed a platoon mate *hors de combat* with his foot while doing the "on the hands down" exercise and sprained his own ankle while doing "on the toes up"—all in the same morning. Nothing dampened his zeal nor abated his assiduity. I saw him one evening after parade standing outside his tent in the fading light gravely going through the motions of "Present Arms" under the combined coaching of five of his companions.

That was one of the most surprising things about Private Binns, I soon discovered. Everybody seemed willing to help him along. He seemed to escape the ironic attentions which the ordinary raw recruit inevitably draws down on his head. It was significant that already his platoon mates had taken to calling him Jerry. His efforts to excel were aided and abetted after hours by many advisers, whose humorous suggestions were at least devoid of sting. Strangest of all, this popularity appeared to extend to other platoons than his own, even to other companies. I put it down to Private Binns's general cheerfulness of demeanor. He *did* have an infectious sort of grin, and his mistakes never disgruntled him. He only

strove the harder to excel, and was unruffled under the occasional jibe.

But one evening, in the fading glory of a summer sunset, I stumbled upon another clue to the popularity of Private Binns. I was strolling through the company lines on an informal inspection. The tents were practically deserted, but at the end of the serried rows I came upon a considerable gathering. The men were grouped in a circle on the ground, intent upon one of their number who occupied the centre of the circle. He was strutting about in exaggerated attitudes, performing emphatic gestures with his arms, and emitting weird sounds which seemed to hold his hearers enthralled.

I drew nearer in the shadows of the tents and saw that the performer was Private Binns. He was reciting "Gunga Dinn". His whole being was absorbed in this artistic endeavour. His body vibrated with emotion, his hands made passionate appeals to the heavens, and his face!—his face was transformed with the light of an inner conflagration (there is no other word). He came to the end of a verse as I listened. His audience sat rapt. Then he plunged into the final stanza, and you could see those men following him with their mouths as he worked up to the climax:

"So I'll meet 'im later hon
At the plice w'ere 'e is gone—
W'ere it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in 'ell from—Gunga Dinn!
"Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Dinn!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than Hi am—Gunga Dinn!"

The climax came with a most affecting sob from private Binns, and I could see some of the men on the edge of the circle swallowing hard. Your Tommy is a sentimental creature, after all. Followed a moment of tense silence; then there burst from the auditors a wild clamour of applause. They clapped, they whistled, they yelled. And Private Binns, relaxing from the galvanic tensity of the final dramatic moment, bowed and was visibly puffed up.

"Give us 'The Light Brigade,' Jerry old boy," called a voice. And there was an audible demand for "The Light Brigade" which a less responsive soul than Jerry's would have had difficulty in resisting.

"Well then, I gives 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' by special request of Dick Smithers," said Private Binns. "This 'ere's somethin' that I can never recite without thinkin' of the boys overseas, mites. It's like wot we'll be in ourselves some d'y soon, in a manner o' speakin', mites, and 'oo 'ere don't long fer that d'y? I tell ye, it'll be somethin' worth speakin' of to get at these 'ere bloody 'Uns at last. I comes of a fightin' family meself, and I tikes a back seat to no one w'en the hold Hempire's hout to teach a lesson. We're hall a fightin' bunch, the hold Humpty-Humpth. We'll give it 'em, mites,—w'en these 'ere Brass 'Ats gives us a chancet, stead of keepin' us 'angin round 'ere." There was a buzz of approval among the auditors. In the ardent breasts of every battalion there burns a conviction that the "authorities", represented by certain dapper gentlemen with red bands in their hats, are leagued in a crafty conspiracy to keep that particular battalion from getting to the front.

Private Binns cleared his throat, a silence fell on the smoke-wreathed circle, and with a dramatic gesture the diminutive but intensely war-like Binns plunged into his *piece de resistence*:

"Alf a league—'alf a league,
'Alf a league honward,
Hall in the valley of Death
Rode the six 'undred.
'Forrerd the Light Brigade,
Charge fer the guns!' he sayed;
Hinto the valley of Death
Rode the six 'underd".

I did not wait to hear the conclu-

sion of Private Binns's elocutionary masterpiece. It was absurdly melodramatic and stilted. It would have aroused a superior smile in any of the polite drawing-rooms where Art with a capital A is worshipped in the proper fashion over tea and cigarettes. But there was no mistaking its appeal to Private Binns's auditors. And I knew that I had discovered one of the underlying secrets of the general affection for the new recruit. I perceived that in addition to being a burning Imperialist he was something even more fundamental. He was an artist.

In time, by dint of much effort towards self-restraint and the gratuitous coaching of his fellows after parade, Private Binns won his way out of the recruit class and rushed into the mysterious realm of musketry, bayonet fighting, and "infantry in the attack". His face lost its pasty whiteness in the sun, his khaki jacket began to sag a shade less in the region of his abortive chest, and his spindly legs attained a slight contour. With his growing attainments his airs became immense. He swanked without restraint, but without offense. One could tell just by looking at him that he "came of a fighting family".

I imagine that the day he was warned for quarter guard was one of the red-letter days in Private Binns's career. I happened to be present at guard mounting the next morning, and there could be no question that Private Binns was the smartest soldier on parade, just as there could be no question that he was the proudest. His dress was faultless, his bayonet shone like silver, his eyes snapped with alertness. I caught myself drawing a breath of relief when he got his bayonet fixed. He must have been rehearsing that simple exercise, one of the commonest stumbling blocks of the new hand, for half the night.

Now, it is the practice to select the smartest soldier at guard mounting as "waiting man". The office of this functionary is to act as orderly to the C.O. during the guard's tour of duty. He is thus relieved of the irksome round of sentry-go, and as the work of an orderly is not very strenuous he has rather a soft time of it. It is a plum worth striving for, and hence by the great law of competition has a beneficial effect on the smartness of guards. On this particular morning I saw the adjutant's eye, after scanning the rigid files, come to rest on Private Binns. He spoke to the sergeant-major, and that worthy indicated Binns as the winner of the coveted privilege. But I saw Jeremiah, far from looking pleased, hesitate and by confused movements make known his wish to speak to the sergeant-major.

"Private Binns says he would prefer to go on sentry duty if he may, sir," explained the sergeant-major to the adjutant. That usually imperturbable officer failed for once to conceal his surprise. He was visibly nonplussed. I heard him say (under his breath): "Well, I'll be damned!"

But I thought that I saw the point of Private Binns's extraordinary conduct. After yearning for weeks in the secret places of his heart to rise to the responsibility and glory of sentry-go, of marching up and down on the edge of the lines in the full public gaze, charged with the stern duty of keeping out all unauthorized persons, with the safety and decorum of the battalion reposed in his keeping (to the extent of fifty yards), he was not going to relinquish this first chance for the realization of a dream without a struggle. No leisurely and unheroic "orderly" job for him! What if the scorching sun did blaze down unrelenting upon his head or the cold night air chill his bones? The glory of it, the thrill, the exalting sense of a solemn trust, made these as nothing.

Once that day I passed Private Binns as he proudly paced his beat, and he pivoted smartly to his front

and saluted like a Guardsman. It was a salute that any officer would have been proud to acknowledge. It was thrilling in its self-conscious correctness. The right hand smacked the rifle butt with a report that could have been heard at the other end of the lines. I said to myself, "Private Binns is becoming a credit to the battalion".

The next morning I ran into Teddy Patterson on the way to mess. He was in the midst of a chuckling fit, and I perceived that he had a joke to impart.

"I've got the best one yet," he bubbled. "Heard it?"

I intimated that I had not yet joined the elect.

"Last night just before 'Retreat' I was passing the west corner of the lines. There was a big car coming down the road at quite a clip, and I saw the sentry on No. 1 post presenting arms at it. And whom do you think he was saluting?"

I confessed ignorance.

"A Salvation Army officer!"

Now the sentry on No. 1 post at that hour was Private Binns. I had myself seen him just before 'Retreat.' And I grieved for Binns. I perceived that once more he had been the victim of his over-eagerness to excel. I saw it at once. It was not that Private Binns had formerly belonged to the Salvation Army, and had taken this means of doing honour to that worthy organization. No. He had merely been warned by a conscientious sergeant to be on the lookout for staff officers, who wear a band of red in their caps, and—he had been too eagerly on the lookout.

I thought when I saw Private Binns on parade that afternoon that he wore a slightly less grandiose air than usual. The story had evidently got abroad—and it was too good to die a slow death. I thought that at last his irrepressible "sperrit" had suffered a temporary eclipse.

But as I passed one of the mess tents that evening I heard a voice vibrating with exaltation issuing therefrom—and these were the words:

"Hit's honly a hold bit o' buntin',
Hit's honly a hold coloured rag,
But thousands 'ave died fer hit's honour,
An' spilled their best blood fer—The Flag!"

"That's the sperrit, mites!" shrilled the voice after the tumult of applause had subsided. "The 'Uns carn't happreciate that sperrit! But they *will* afore this 'ere war's hover. There's plenty o' good men spilled their blood a'ready, and we're a-comin', mites! *We'll* show the Kaiser! We'll show these 'ere sausage-eaters wot it means to trifle with the British Hempire! An' they thought as 'ow Canada would st'y be'ind, sayin' as 'ow it were none o' 'er business. But no! 'Ere we are, w'itin' to give 'em a go —w'en they lets us!" (Exultant and thunderous cheers.)

It appeared that in still other directions Private Binns's enthusiasm had been continuing to get the better of him. The military instincts derived from a martial ancestry led him into continual trouble, instead of aiding his attainment, and drew down upon his head the wrath of Lieutenant Bobbie Sparks, his platoon commander. Within the week Bobbie came to me with pained annoyance in his eye, to know if something could not be done with Binns.

"You can't make a soldier out of an individual who's so anxious to shine that he steps on his own feet and gets in his own light. He's perpetually falling all over himself trying to do something quite simple that would be as easy as falling off a log if only he wouldn't set out to beat everyone else at it the first time. I've tried to cool him down but it's too big a job for me. He's undersized and under age too, or I'll eat my hat. Can't you give him something to do that will keep his enthusiasm from boiling over on himself? Put him in the Water Detail, or in the Machine Gun Section, or —"

Here the machine gun officer, who happened to be in the orderly room, intervened, and for the next few minutes all my diplomatic gifts were directed to restoring the peace. If there is one officer in the battalion who insists on flawless perfection in the men of his sub-unit, it is that haughty specialist the machine gun officer.

Now, it so happened that at this time I was in need of a man for the company stores. The position of storeman had been rendered vacant by reason of the former incumbent's unregulated fondness for strong beverages. Private Jeremiah Binns might not be able to restrain his "sperrit" sufficiently to master the science of warfare in the field, but his conduct sheet was free from any indictments for insobriety. I could at least try him out as storeman. So I called him before me.

"Binns," said I mendaciously, "I have had good reports of you"—whereat Private Binns became incandescent with gratification.

"I have a post of some responsibility, Binns," I continued, "which requires a man of steadiness and intelligence to fill. Now I am going to give you a chance to make good in that position."

"Yes, sir," said Binns.

"Very good. Report to Quartermaster-Sergeant Hill and he will show you what you have to do."

Binns's face fell at mention of the quartermaster-sergeant. But I flattered myself that I had settled the problem. Reports that reached me from time to time favoured this impression. It is true that at the start he showed a misguided enthusiasm in the unchecked issue of Government boots and shirts to the men of the company (Tommy is not inspired with any spirit of economy or conservation when it is the Government who is paying). But this was seen to be a matter of misunderstanding, an unfamiliarity with the reason for "issue vouchers," and not a deliberate attempt on the part of Private Binns to "get ahead of the Government".

We had reached the bleak October days, full of drizzling rains and chill gray skies, that sometimes come hard on the heels of Indian summer. We were now in barracks in an Ontario town, hoping against hope that we would not be there all winter, but presently on our way to the front. It became impossible to do much outdoor training. Physical drill, indoor musketry and lectures, in monotonous alternation, kept the battalion busy but uninterested. Platoon commanders laboured to keep their men from "going stale," but daily the strain became more marked. "Regulars", used to barrack life in peace time, look on these things differently. But men who have just recently beaten their ploughshares into rifles and their pruning knives into bayonets, and who are straining to get into the real activities for which they are being prepared, cannot be regarded in the same light as "regulars" of prewar times. You cannot keep such men penned up in a barn-like barrack for long without something happening. And yet it was a choice between wet through in a soaking rain and a chill wind, and the irksome stuffiness of indoor training. A spirit of restlessness was slowly creeping into the battalion. They had enlisted to go to France and fight the German, not to toil over these petty exercises that had grown so stale and unprofitable. Why were they not sent overseas? This was how their minds were running.

And one night these feelings came to a head. A demon of reckless devilment got into the breasts of a few of the less balanced, and scattered seeds of dissension. When I passed through the bunk-room at half past seven, there were ominous signs of a coming storm. Several of the men had been drinking—it was the night of pay day—and the noise had a nasty note in it. Unobserved I paused on the stairway that led up to the company

offices, and sought to size up the situation. Some action might have to be taken, and it would be as well to see how things were shaping up. Some one had evidently just been making a speech from the top of one of the bunks, and the clamour of approbation had not died down. A swaying form emerged from a tangle of men clustered on the top of a bunk-tier, and a thicker drunken voice bawled out:

"T'ell with the' off'shers! Why don' shey take'sh overseas? Huh? W'y don' shey? Boysh! We 'nlishted to fight sh' Shermans—can' figh' sh' Shermans — we'll fight sh' town! Figh' anybody! Anybody 'tall! Boysh! Le'sh clean—hic—clean up sh'—town!"

This looked bad. This was mutiny and incitement to mutiny. I made a sudden resolve. It would be a difficult situation to deal with unless taken in time. The battalion was seething with restlessness from having been weatherbound and from postponed hopes of a move overseas. It is true the speaker was drunk, not in his sober senses, but it was by no means certain how far his suddenly released feelings were shared by the majority, and how far the insane spirit of devilment to which the spark was being touched might go. Suppose some of the wilder spirits *did* lose hold of their better reason and proceed to go out and "clean up the town"? If it went that far, forcible means to check it would have to be taken. The civil authorities would be dragged in. Property would be broken, perhaps heads, before the saner element got the upper hand. Many would join in with the spirit of fun, and things might go too far before they realized the seriousness of it. Soldiers are after all no better than college students, and high spirits, without legitimate outlet, are apt to take embarrassing courses.

It was clearly my duty to inform the C.O., who was within reach by telephone, of the turn things were taking. Then, if a climax threatened, I would have to act promptly as judgment dictated. I turned to go back to the telephone, when a voice rising above the confused clamour, made me pause.

"Mites!" it shrilled, from some elevated perch, cutting steadily across the babble, "Mites! I 'as a word to s'y. Will ye listen w'ile I says it?"

It was unmistakably the voice of Private Jeremiah Binns. I looked out, and saw him standing, a slight but cocky figure, on top of a pile of trestles. The hubub settled as he went on, with the dramatic gestures which always accompanied his public utterances.

"This 'ere proposition of Private Larrigan's don't appeal to me. Fer two reasons. First, it's too everlastin' wet outside. Secondly, we can 'ave a better time 'ere. Besides, I b'lieve we're goin' overseas at no distant dite. Somethin' I over'eard in the quar'master's stores to-d'y. An' it wouldn' do to leave a bad himpression be'ind us, mites! They been blasted good to us in this 'ere li'l town, an' fer to go an' clean hit hup would be a shime."

A sort of half-humorous assent greeted Private Binns's deliverance. By his dramatic gestures he focused attention on himself and provided a kind of humorous relief—for he was an odd figure of a soldier, as I have said. "Go it, Jerry old boy!" came in a bantering tone from several quarters.

"These 'ere clean hups allus ends in someone gettin' 'urt, and someone helse gettin' put in the clink—w'ich aint a nice plice fer a 'ealthy man. Sort o' reminds me, after a manner o' speakin', o' Dan McGrew. J'ever 'ear o' Dan McGrew?"

It was plain that many had heard of Dan McGrew, and wanted to hear about him again. And before they had time to vacillate, Private Binns struck an impressive pose and began Robert Service's rhymed tale of primal passions in a voice that was magnetic. Even the "drunks" were

subdued and attentive under the spell of the artist. The tide had turned. I slipped away and 'phoned the C.O., for I was by no means sure how long Private Binns's magic would last. But when I came back, he was still at it, and the C.O. had an easy time of it when he arrived with the authorization from Headquarters to announce that the Umpty-Umpth would be the very next battalion to go overseas, and that "at no distant dite", as Private Binns had said. I did not tell him it was really Private Binns who had averted a calamity. But my heart was very grateful to Binns.

So when he appeared at my judicial table after orderly room next morning, chaperoned by the Q.M.S., I was inclined to regard him favourably, though I was at a loss to guess his errand.

"Private Binns, sir," said the Q.M.S. "Wished to be paraded to you, sir."

"Well, Binns?" I said.

"Sir," said that worthy, drawing himself up to his full five foot six, "I want to go back to duty with my platoon."

"Why is that, Binns?" I asked. "Don't you like the work in the stores?"

"It's very nice, but it ain't soldierin', sir. It's very good of you, I'm sure, sir, to plice me in a position of responsibility, an' I happreciates it, sir. But it aint soldierin'. I jined up to go an' fight the Germans, an' I wants to go back to me platoon, sir. I wants to do me duty, sir, but this 'ere job don't give a chap no chance. I'm a fightin' man by nature, sir, and comes of a fightin' family. Me father 'e was a hofficer's batman in the Bower War, an' me gran'father 'e—"

"Yes, yes, Binns," I interrupted hurriedly. I perceived that despite his role of peace-maker on the previous evening, Private Binns's warlike spirit was undimmed, and he had been brooding. He had been placed in a non-combatant position—this had gradually dawned on him—and the soul of the warrior and the artist had turned. Well. . .

"Very good; I will send you back to your platoon," I said. How could I do otherwise? Perhaps, after all, another chance might prove him capable of the necessary restraint. His rueful countenance expanded.

"Thank you, sir," he chirped, and his salute had all the snap of a man conscious of being a combatant once more. And so he went back to his platoon, and the company got a new storeman.

That morning came the official warning that the "—" Battalion would be "prepared to proceed overseas on further orders". When the C.O. with a face ill-concealing his elation announced it in the drizzling rain at afternoon parade, a great cheer went up from the ranks—a cheer whose irregularity from the standpoint of military etiquette was wisel yignored by the C.O. And no one cheered harder than Private Jeremiah Binns. I distinctly saw him commit the further crime of throwing his cap into the air and catching it when it came down. However, this was also ignored by the C.O.

Next day, in the midst of the renewed activity engendered by the splendid news, I saw Private Binns proudly marching up and down on No. 1 sentry post in the drizzling rain and the bitter east wind, his would-be chest making prodigious efforts to swell and his eyes burning with sanguinary aspirations. I wondered to what novel feat of eloquence his fellows would be treated after he came off guard. But in the morning I noticed the name of Private Binns on the sick report, and learned on inquiry from the M.O. that the eloquent Jeremiah had been ordered to his bunk with a bad cold.

The days that follow a warning for overseas are always days of spirited activity for a battalion, and the more so if a spell of enforced quietness has preceded it. Orderly rooms and quartermasters' stores buzz with in-

dustry. There are nominal rolls, attestation papers, medical history sheets, casualty forms, and an assorted collection of like documents to be checked. Men must be medically, dentally and otherwise examined—until one might imagine that like an old book, they would be too much thumbed for further circulation. There is clothing to be issued and equipment to be fitted on. Orders are given and countermanded and re-issued with lightning rapidity. For soon there will be visits from highly critical staff officers, perhaps from the G.O.C. himself, and nothing must be at loose ends. The role of company commander at such times combines the functions of a department store manager, a railway magnate and foundry foreman, with a touch of the political party whip and the ringmaster of a circus thrown in. So I rather lost track of Private Binns for the next few days. When he did come to my notice again, it was through the agency of another sick report, which stated that he had been transferred from his bunk to hospital, with pneumonia.

When I spoke to the M.O. about him in the intervals of a medical inspection of B Company, that preoccupied officer declared that Private Binns was "pretty bad". It seemed that sentry-go in the cold rain had not agreed with the eloquent Binns, and in his efforts to inflate that receding chest of his he had inhaled more of the raw east wind than was good for his constitution. I resolved to go up myself and make sure that the hospital authorities were giving Private Binns the attention due an artist.

That afternoon, almost simultaneously with the receipt of the momentous order that the "—" would leave its present station "to proceed overseas" four days thence, came a message from the hospital that Private Binns had asked very urgently to see me.

When I approached his cot, I think that Binns, despite his weakness, would have got out of bed and tried to stand at attention had I not ordered him peremptorily to lie still. It annoyed me to see that his face had lost all that the sun and fresh air had done for it.

"Y' see, sir, the doctor 'e tells me I'll 'ave to st'y be'ind w'en the battalion goes," said he in a thin, eager voice. "But I wanted to tell ye, sir, that I'm gettin' better an'—an'—ye *won't* leave me be'ind, will ye, sir?"

I told him of course we would not leave him behind. As I went away the nurse informed me that he could not last out the night.

He died quietly at three in the morning, and just before the end, when he knew he was going to die, he pulled himself together to give the nurse a message for me. It was only that the birth certificate he had presented on my demand was a false document, which he had obtained by a subterfuge, filled out himself and signed with an imaginary signature. His real age was just under seventeen. And for this act, whose legal consequences is penal servitude, he presumed to ask my forgiveness.

On the day before the battalion left its training station to proceed to the port of embarkation, all that was mortal of Private Jeremiah Binns was buried "with full military honours" in the little cemetery on the hill. A gun carriage furnished by the 'Steenth Battery bore the flag-covered coffin from the hospital to the grave. The band of the Battalion, its drums muffled with crepe, and a firing party of twelve men, headed the cortege. Mrs. Binns, swollen-eyed and in black, was "chief mourner". The whole of B Company followed, to the slow and impressive strains of the Dead March. At the barracks, the rest of the battalion were feverishly engaged in the final preparations for departure. And when the firing party had discharged its three rounds of "blank" over the little open grave and the last quavering note of "Last Post" had died away on the chill November

breeze, the funeral party returned to work to the lilt of a cheerful air. You see, after all, despite its solemn pomp, a military funeral is just an incident in a busy day. The motto of the army is "Carry on!" But as I threaded the littel of packing-boxes and the dismantled furniture in the bare and denuded bunk room, I caught these words, which spoke louder than the Dead March or the three rounds of "blank":

"He was a damn poor soldier, but he was *some* boy!"

And I think that the soul of Private Jeremiah Binns still goes marching on with the rest of his beloved Battalion.

THE CHANGELING

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

LENNAVAN MO[1], how came she there,
The tall, strange woman, with floating hair?
I heard no finger unlatch the door,
And never a footstep crossed the floor;
Yet she stood by your cradle, bending low,
And kissed your cheek, O *lennavan mo.*

Lennavan mo, was I aught to blame?
Each night I knelt and I named the Name;
No may-bough crossed the threshold o'er,
And the holy iron was hung on the door;
And I gave no gift to the *lennan shee*[2],
Yet she stole the heart of my heart from me.

Lennavan mo, you were strong and fair—
The thing that wails in the cradle there
Is little, and twisted, and old, and white,
And its eyes are full of unholy light;
With blessed water its brow I crossed,
And it shrieked at the touch like a soul that's lost.

Lennavan mo, where'er you be,
In some dim land of the *daoine shee*[3],
Do you dream of your mother's enfolding arm,
And the little cot, and the fireside warm?
Do you cry, in that country where all is bright,
For the one who loves you day and night?

O, People of Twilight, come and bring
The changeling back to the Fairy Ring;
For it will not drink from a mortal breast,
And in mortal arms it will not rest;
And it wails and wails till my heart is sore;
O bring my *lennavan* home once more.

[1] *Lennavan mo*—My child.
[2] *Lennan shee*—Woman of the fairies.
[3] *Daoine shee*—Fairy people.

Skin Deep

BY VIOLET M. METHLEY

"IF there's a despicable thing it's jealousy!" Garnet Ormond flung herself back amongst the red silk cushions with a movement of impatient anger.

"That's quite true," her companion agreed coolly.

"I shouldn't have expected you to think so!"

"Meaning that I'm jealous? You are mistaken; I'm not."

"Then you haven't that excuse! It is sheer malice which makes you seize every opportunity to abuse the man I —am going to marry."

"I'm glad you didn't say 'the man I love—'"

"It would have been true!"

"Oh, no, it wouldn't."

For a moment the girl stared at Richard Penavon speechlessly. She was furious; there was no doubt of that. Anger lit her big, dark eyes, moulded every line of her vivid face and tense, perfect body. She looked a very flame of fury, swaying forward, her white fists clenched.

"How dare you?" she cried. "You are insolent—oh, it is unbearable!"

"For you to marry Austin Railton will be far more unbearable . . . No, let me speak; you shall hear me! You are altogether wrong in thinking this is jealousy. Nothing would induce me to marry you, unless you loved me—and I've no hope of that. But—I'll go to any extremes short of murder—and I'm not sure that I should stop there—to prevent you from marrying that fellow. He's rotten!—no, I will speak! His love—his so-called love!—it's only skin deep; he's incapable of understanding what you really are. And that's why I say that you're laying up a hell for yourself if you marry him, and that's why I'd give my very soul to prevent it!"

Garnet rose slowly, dragging her soft red silk robe about her. Her face was white now; the flame of her anger seemed to have died down to cold, gray ashes.

"Perhaps, if you have quite finished, you will go," she said. "And understand this—I will never speak to you again—never!"

For a moment man and girl faced each other in silence; then Richard Penavon spoke, quietly and evenly.

"Probably after to-night, you will never even see me again. I am leaving the stage—like you. My contract —and yours—expires to-morrow, and I am hoping to get straight to the front, in the Flying Corps. But, in the meantime, even now, at the very eleventh hour, I warn you that I shall do everything in my power to prevent your marriage to-morrow."

He turned on his heel abruptly; the door closed behind him. The girl was left alone in her lovely dressing-room, that dressing-room which Austin Railton had decorated and furnished as an engagement gift.

It was all white and the clear, pure flame red of her name-stones, a fitting setting to Garnet's dark loveliness. The deepest note of colour was struck by the beaten copper frame of a huge

mirror, which reflected the girl from head to foot.

For a few moments after Penavon had gone, Garnet remained standing, her arms hanging straight at her sides, her whole body tense. It was one of those curiously statuesque attitudes which were both natural and acquired with her.

The first great success of the young actress had been won just a year before, when she conquered the London public in that fantastic and beautiful play without words, which centred round a bronze nymph in an old Greek garden.

Garnet Ormond's first appearance as the statue, with exquisite brazen arms upraised, her slim form silhouetted against the blue of an Attic sea had drawn a little gasp of delighted admiration from the audience. When later the nymph had moved—danced—it had seemed a thing miraculous.

The girl's success had been almost unprecedented. Her portrait in every imaginable statuesque pose appeared periodically in all the magazines and journals; she received fabulous offers of engagements from New York managers when her contract at the Palaceum should have expired.

But through it all, Garnet remained wonderfully level-headed.

"After all, it isn't me; it's the paint," she said.

And there was truth in the laughing words. Much of her success was due to that wonderful paint which transmuted her smooth limbs and daintily-featured face to the exact semblance of purest bronze. It was believed, in fact, to be a hitherto unknown preparation of the liquid metal itself, invented by an extraordinarily skilful foreign chemist. It had required considerable pluck to be the first to use it; that was why Garnet Ormond, an almost unknown actress, had obtained the part in the beginning, when others, more famous, held back.

But the experiment had succeeded to a marvel, and brought the girl fame, fortune, and love into the bargain.

Rather slowly and wearily, Garnet summoned her dresser, and prepared for the nightly process of making-up. It was necessary to cover her arms neck and shoulders with the preparation, as well as her shapely feet and legs to the knees. Her head was tightly covered by a bronze wig, and her draperies were soaked each night in the solution so that they hung in heavy folds, exactly simulating bronze.

The girl stood ready at last before the copper-framed mirror, the exact replica of some exquisite bronze statue from buried Herculaneum, with the smooth polish of metal on her skin, the precise black-green tint of perfect bronze.

At that moment a tall man entered the dressing-room, a man extremely good-looking and extremely well dressed. He came in as one privileged, which was indeed the case. For this was Austin Railton, whom Garnet was to marry on the morrow.

The New York millionaire, unused to opposition and contradiction—above all, where women were concerned—had, as it were, carried the girl by storm with his masterful wooing. Her contract at the Palaceum terminated to-night; by next evening they would be on board the mighty liner, on the way to America and a fabulously magnificent honeymoon dwelling at Newport. For business demanded Railton's presence in the United States within a week, and business, in his case, shared the honours of his heart with love. He came close to the girl, laying his hands lightly on her shoulders.

"I can't kiss you in that make-up my dear," he said. "Besides—I don't care to."

"Can't you remember that it's just me underneath." There was a shade of wistfulness beneath Garnet's laughing tones.

"It needs too much imagination, child—you're such a delicious flower of a thing in real life. But I came

to tell you that I've just made the final arrangements at St. Decuman's, Garnet—" he threw himself down into her red-cushioned chair. "It will be the wedding of the year, this affair of ours—and you're the bride! Everything is perfect; they've got the flowers there—all red and white in great copper jars—and Sir Jaques Bois is arranging the music himself—everybody's coming, including royalty—my darling, your wedding will be the best advertisement you've ever had—and the most expensive!—it'll run to columns in every paper."

"Yes, but—oh Austin, I'd much rather have been married without all this fuss and parade, at some little country church—just you and I, and a few who really cared for us—"

For a moment Austin Railton frowned; then his brow relaxed and he laughed lightly.

"You're a bit nervous and overwrought to-night, dear little girl—and no wonder! Fancy marrying you in such a hole-and-corner way as that! Why, I want all the world to see my luck and envy it; I want to show you off, my precious, although no flowers, no jewels, no lace can be one half as lovely as the bride herself! It's all to make a setting for you, dearest—a setting just a tiny bit worthy."

Garnet smiled back at him, sweetly, lovingly, but still at the back of her eyes there lurked that tiny shade of wistfulness.

The broken voice of the call-boy summoned the girl; she wrapped herself in a long red cloak, and ran off, kissing the tips of her fingers.

In the wings she passed Richard Penavon, tall and fair in his gold and cream classic dress. His bare arms were folded over his chest; there was something about him determined, gladiatorial. But for all the sign that Garnet made, the young man might not have existed, as she went on to take her place upon the stone pedestal in the midst of the lovely garden scene. And Penavon, as he watched her go, smiled faintly.

The stalls whispered one to another concerning Garnet's acting that night.

"Of course, she can't be expected to kiss Richard Penavon naturally when Mr. Railton is looking on from the stage box—yes, they are to be married to-morrow—a simply gorgeous affair, I hear—yes, at St. Decuman's—and the Bishop is to officiate—"

So, taking everything into consideration, the actress was held excused, even when she deliberately turned away her face from the kiss which, in the play, awoke her to life and the knowledge of her Grecian lover.

The play over and the long series of recalls which followed, Garnet returned to her dressing-room, feeling tired and depressed in spite of her enthusiastic reception at this farewell performance.

The air of the room was heavy with the scent of multitudinous bouquets and baskets of flowers, and the girl lay back wearily, with closed eyes, after the dresser had removed her tunic and wig, and slipped on her long white wrapper.

She scarcely noticed the little woman fidgeting about the dressing-room, until finally she spoke in a worried voice.

"'Ave you put the green bottle anywhere, Miss?"

"No, of course not!" Garnet opened her eyes. "It was there when I was dressing."

"Well, it ain't here now, Miss."

Garnet rose and crossed to the shelf crowded with bottles, boxes and pots innumerable. At the end, next to the great jar of bronzing mixture, there was a gap. This was the place where a certain huge green bottle, full of colourless liquid, had always been kept.

"Somebody must have taken it away by mistake, Gregson," Garnet frowned in perplexed impatience. "Ask at all the other dressing-rooms—quick! I want to get home to bed."

The girl paced up and down restlessly for nearly twenty minutes before the little woman returned, with a

pale and horrified face, a bulky something concealed beneath her check apron.

"Please, Miss——" she began. "Please—it wasn't no careiessness of mine—I don't know anythink about it—"

"What's the matter, Gregson?" Garnet asked. "Have you found it?"

Slowly the dresser drew from under her apron a dust pan, piled with shattered fragments of emerald green glass.

"I found it down in the courtyard, Miss—looks as if someone 'ad let the bottle drop out of a winder—an' not a single drop of the stuff's left in it."

The girl gave a dismayed exclamation.

"Gregson! Whoever can have done it! What a frightful nuisance!"

"What's that, darling?" Austin Railton strolled up to the dressing-room door, and Garnet turned to him eagerly.

"It's such a bother! This bottle has been broken, and it's every drop I had of the stuff to take off the bronze. You see, nothing else touches it at all—it's made up of some chemical which dissolves the metal—I really don't quite understand, but, anyhow, the same man invented the bronzing and the stuff to remove it. He has a place down in the city, but of course it will be shut now—"

Austin disposed of the business out of hand, with ready cheerfulness.

"Don't worry, dearest—just give me the fellow's address, and I'll go and fetch the stuff early in the morning. You shall have it before breakfast for certain. Now run off and get to bed, little girl, or you won't be fit to be married to-morrow!"

Garnet was up very early next day, waiting for Austin in the tiny sitting-room of her flat.

She sprang to her feet, as he opened the door and stood expectantly, a strangely bizarre figure in the yellowish London light, in her simple white dress, with deep bronze face and hands.

"You—you've got the stuff, Austin?" she said unsteadily.

"No," he answered brusquely.

"Austin! But—why?"

"I couldn't find the man, because he is a German of military age, because at the outbreak of war he left England to rejoin his regiment—he couldn't be much more inaccessible—unless he was dead!"

Garnet stood motionles, her eyes wide and horrified. Railton, glancing at her, broke into a rather harsh laugh.

"Don't for Heaven's sake stand there, like a graven image of woe!" he cried. "Come and sit down and think of a way out of this nasty fix."

"There isn't any way out," the girl said slowly.

"Nonsense! Haven't you got the receipt for the stuff—the prescription—whatever you call it?"

"No. It's a secret, like the bronzing; nobody knows—except that German. He wouldn't tell a soul—" She gave a queer, unmirthful little laugh. "I shall have to stay like this until he comes back—but perhaps he'll be killed."

"What confounded nonsense you are talking, Garnet!" Railton broke out impatiently. "There must be some other way to get the stuff off."

"There isn't. The man warned me that all the ordinary things were dangerous—that they'd turn the bronze into some sort of acid that would eat into the skin."

"I expect it was all humbug—just to make you dependent on him!"

"Perhaps, but—oh, Austin, I dare not risk it!" She looked at him piteously, but there was more anger than sympathy on his frowning face.

"It's simply absurd," he declared. "You are utterly hysterical and unreasonable, Garnet. Why—hang it all, Don't be such a little fool! You can't be married like that!"

The words sounded the harsher for the anger in his voice, and the girl gave a little shiver. This was a new man to her.

She sat down slowly, stiffly.

"Then—I can't be married," she said tonelessly. "Unless—" she raised her eyes to his simply. "Unless you loved me enough to take me as I am."

Beneath that look the man flushed and moved uneasily.

"There's no question of that—it's ridiculous!" he said. "Don't make a tragedy of it, for goodness' sake!"

The girl did not answer. Railton rose with an assumption of business-like briskness.

"We mustn't waste any more time," he said. "I'll go to Clarkson and all those Johnnies—they'll tell you of something."

"It's no good, Austin," Garnet shook her head hopelessly. "It's just waste of time. I know it."

"Then, what's to be done—good heavens, don't give way so absurdly! D'you know that within a couple of hours we ought to be at St. Decuman's?"

"Yes—but I can't be married this morning," the girl said.

"You must!"

"Like this?"

"Confound it all—no! But I must be in New York next week—Garnet, what's to be done? It'll be a most confounded nuisance—make an awful fool of me, but I suppose the wedding must be put off. I can't marry you like this—you wouldn't wish it—would you?"

"No—I shouldn't wish it—now."

"What do you mean?"

" Imean that I can't marry you—now."

"Not now—in a month or two, I hope."

"Never."

"Garnet, this is madness! You do not know what you are saying!"

"Oh, yes, I do. But—you don't love me, Austin. I'm glad we found it out—beforehand."

"I swear I love you—"

"Just a little, perhaps, but not enough. Your love is skin deep."

It was not until Railton had slammed the door of her flat behind him for the last time that Garnet broke down. She had remained calm but very resolute throughout that stormy interview. And she never swerved from her decision.

But afterwards—ah, then she gave way, lay with face buried amongst the sofa cushions, sobbing pitifully from sheer loneliness. And so Richard Penavon found her, walking straight into the room unannounced, by favour of the servant.

"Garnet," he said softly.

She sprang up, faced him, a piteous grotesque little figure.

"You!" she said, and there was bitter soreness in her voice. "You've come to mock me, I suppose! You'll laugh when you know everything—when you hear that Austin Railton and I have parted for ever!"

"Thank God!" he spoke under his breath. "I have succeeded, then—"

"What do you mean?"

"I said that I would somehow prevent you from marrying Railton. Well—I've done it."

For a moment they stared at each other. His eyes were strangely alight; hers inscrutable.

"Then—it was you who broke the bottle?" she spoke at last under her breath and nodded silently. "Well!" there was defiance in the eyes she raised to his. "Was it worth it?"

"Yes," he answered quietly. "Even though you are hating me for it—" He drew a parcel from his pocket, and laid it upon the table. "Here is the stuff," he said. "I only destroyed the bottle, not its contents. And now I'm going; it is—very unlkely that we shall meet again. And for that reason—let me just tell you this. I love you so much, Garnet, that I would far rather you hated me all your life long than that you should be unhappy—that's all."

His hand was on the door as she spoke, softly, breathlessly.

"Not quite all—Dick, dear."

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

VICTORY

"Why couldn't she submit? She would have been well paid"

THE PIPES AT THE FRONT

By H. K. Gordon

A PIPE-MAJOR of the Royal Scots led this battalion forward to an old Scottish tune, and during the attack stood out alone in No Man's Land, playing until he fell wounded.

The Censor draws his pen through all news, individual or general, deemed likely to help the enemy. But from time to time he passes stories of gallantry, of generosity to friend or foe, which shine as clear lights on the dark waters of war's brutality. Among them not the least glorious are of the pipers of the Scottish battalions, telling of brave deeds carried through with a steadfast and quiet courage.

As in other and different times, in the far-off and misty clan battles, in America, the Crimea, the Mutiny, at Dargai, and in South Africa, the wail of Highland pipes leads our men into battle. It is said the hum of them is as well known to-day in the northward leading roads of France as in Aberdeen and Inverness. The hot sands of Mesopotamia know the neighing chanters and dark tartans of the Black Watch. Gallipoli and Serbia know the Royal Scots, while in far-off India and wherever go her dark warriors they swing grimly into battle to the airs that led Prince Charlie's clans southward to England.

The pibroch, with its slow, sobbing rhythm quickening into the tumult of the onset sent the Gaels of old into the fight with the stern resolve to carry their claymores through the struggle with honour or remain upon the field. Here lay the impetuosity of the Highland charge. Clan and kindred and ancient grief spoke through that high music till pent-up feeling burst into action before which, as the rocks of the shore are whelmed by a wave, musket and bayonet were swept away and the smoking cannon overthrown.

The pibroch no longer wails when the regiments form for the attack, but the men of Scotland, Highland and Lowland, face the hail of rifle and machine-gun bullets no less sternly and fearlessly to the lively swinging rhythm of march and quickstep. The fields of France and Flanders bear witness that the Scottish regiments, whether raised at home or overseas, have faced and overcome grimmer trials than their kindred of old could have imagined. Ypres and Loos and Festubert and the tattered banks of the Somme are ground where the tartan has waved and shall not be forgotten.

In a far-off time at Inverlochy one of the great piping family of MacCrimmon composed a pibroch in the midst of battle, and to his music John of the Isles routed the forces of the king. Nearly four centuries later, marching in the night to Quatres Bras, the Black Watch played that same pibroch of hard-won victory. The next link in this chain of war tradition and contrast comes from

France, 1915. The story is told by a chaplain* but newly returned from the front, and it is well to let him speak in his own clear, fine words.

"About the middle of June a draft of about a hundred and twenty men arrived in camp for the 1st Gordons —the finest draft the commanding officer declared he had ever seen. On the 18th, they were ordered to the front. I found they had a piper with them, and immediately laid hold on him to play the men down to the station. I brought him up to my tent and provided him with a set of pipes which I reserved for my own particular work. As he played over to me some practice tunes, I very soon discovered that I had stumbled upon no ordinary performer. But I found something more interesting than that. His great-grandfather had been a piper in the regiment in the days of the Napoleonic war, and at the Battle of Waterloo he stood within the square and played the ancient Highland challenge-march, 'Cogàdh neo Sith,' as the French cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the immovable ranks in vain.

"'John,' I said, 'this is the anniversary of Waterloo, and you will lead the men out to that very tune which your great-grandfather played on that great day.' I told the Colonel, and his eyes gleamed as he said to me, 'Ah! padre we'll do better than that. You will tell the men about it, and I will call them to attention, and your piper will play his tune in memory of the men of Waterloo.'

"And so it was done, and a thrilling incident it was, as the men stood rigid and silent in full marching order, and the piper strode proudly along the ranks sounding the wild, defiant challenge that stirred the regiment a hundred years before."

This is a tale that stirs the blood and assures us yet once more that our men are holding fast to the high deeds of our fathers.

Here is, however, the climax to this quaintly connected scale in the personal account of a man who served on a tank. "We had our first run with the Gordon Highlanders, and it was men of that battalion who christened us first the 'Highland Laddie' and the 'Gay Gordons'. The day we set out on our first Fritz-frightening jaunt there was a lot of fuss made. The pipers played us right up to the point where we got our first baptism of fire." It stirs one to strange wonder, laughter, and above all to a sense of the poetry of even this war to imagine the vast iron-clad war engine plodding forward majestically and grotesquely with what pantings and snortings we can but imagine, accompanied by its proudly stepping escort and the wailing defiant music of old and simpler times. Perhaps the air for complete whimsicality was the regimental and clan "Cock o' the North". Surely tradition and reality, the old and the new, meet today in France as never before.

A Scottish chaplain home on leave, —the same, I suspect, as the one just quoted—writes that when the army machine ran at first over time, there were no pipers and, of course, no bands with the British troops in France. The troops carried on through the winter of 1914-15, without music, save what they themselves could supply from mouthorgans and trumpets. Finally he wrote home to a friend, asking him to send, by hook or crook, a set of pipes. At last, he tells us with a quiet pleasure, they arrived, and the chaplain, a padre indeed, found somewhere a piper. We are not told of the secret practising and preparation, nor of the final tuning, but we can imagine the delight of this Scotsman, who, with his fellows in a "far countrie," has little to remind him of home, when he finds that which will content their hearts. Troops are marching down the road, tired and dusty under the hot sun of

*A. M. Maclean, "With the Gordons at Ypres."

the French spring, and chaplain and piper stand by the wayside as they pass. At last in the long line appear the broad bonnets and glancing badges of his own regiment. When they are nearly abreast word is given, the piper slaps and fills the bag and breaks into a ringing march, perhaps, like the Piper of Loos, into "All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border". As the thrill of the first, shrill, broken wail runs down the line heads go up and shoulders straighten, weariness is forgotten, and the battalion swings by with lighter tread and brighter eyes. And never after that did the battalion march out without its piper.

But this is far back from the firing line. Farther north and east the combat deepens and here is found the piper also, for he upholds to-day, as of old, the long tradition for coolness and bravery that is his heritage. "The Huns were particularly lively, and a glittering spray of shrapnel was playing against a dark band of cloud in the north. Slowly, with an indescribable dignity, the company moved down into the darkening valley, right into the zone of fire, with the pipers playing the Athol Bread-albane march. Then I knew for the first time why the pipes are the one incomparable instrument of war. Many a time since then have I listened to the saucy lilt of the Royal Scots and the rhythm of the Gordons playing the same tune, but expressing the individual spirit of the different battalions, and felt glad to think that I too was a Scot." This is the piper's honour. He is the only musician to enter the firing line. Bands may cheer the soldier in his rest towns, but to the piper remains the glory of sharing with him privation, wounds, and death, of cheering him through the long days of idleness and suspense, and on the weary road to and from his billets.

To a piper in action comes the supreme test of steady, active courage. The vehement action in defence and offence is not his, but in the battle he goes forward unprotected till a bullet or victory crowns his trial. One thinks here instinctively of Piper Findlater of Dargai who, though shot twice, played not only till the day was won, but after that to cheer the other wounded. I am told by a Pipe-Major of the South African War that of sixteen pipers he left behind him nine upon the veld. In the ordered warfare of this more awful struggle, though hampered by new conditions, the piper is still with fighting troops.

"Then wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes,
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring that instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears."

And wild and high the pipes have sounded on a day of grimmer loss than even that of Waterloo. On September 25th, 1915, at the battle of Loos, the new British armies were brought to the trial and found not wanting. In the region of Hill 70, where the 7th Service Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers held the line, we had released gas in preparation for an attack, and through the storm of the enemy's shells and small-arm fire the regiment awaited in suspense the shrill whistle which would send them over the parapet. Then at the moment of crisis, when nerves were strung high with excitement and the crash of the bombardment, the wind changed and, like an embodied calamity, the clouds of gas swept back on the already shaken Borderers. Yet now, when the panic of combat drew near to each man's heart, they achieved triumph. Lieu-

tenant Young,* seeing Laidlaw with his pipes, cried to him, "For God's sake pipe them together, Laidlaw!" "With an absolute disregard of danger," says the official report, "Laidlaw stepped over the parapet. Amid the bursting shells, flying bullets and the peril of the back-sweeping gas-wreaths, he filled his bag and, marching before the trench, played 'All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border'. It needed but this. Lieutenant Young, followed by the men, leapt from the trench and, with Laidlaw playing at their head, charged over the No Man's Land. The fire thinned and broke their line, but the remainder swept on with the high piping ever leading them. An explosion drove a piece of barbed wire into Laidlaw's foot, but he kept on. Then a shell burst near, killed Lieutenant Young, struck Laidlaw unconscious, while the charge swept on alone. He was carried back to the hospital and while there he received the Empire's highest recognition for gallant action, the V.C., "For Valour". Whether this charge succeeded or if the Borderers retired to their trench, again to hold the foe, the accounts do not state, but the single, unflinching deed stands out clearly through the rolling clouds of gas and the driven smoke and débris of the shell explosions on that day of mingled disaster and victory and of never-failing courage and honour.

"For God's sake pipe them together"; there may be desperation in it, but there is also a fine confidence. It rings with the sure knowledge of that undying courage which though sorely tried needed but the flying notes and eager rhythm to awaken a confidence in piper and in men. The ranks of the pipers have been woefully thinned, and now from over the sea comes the rumour that no more pipers may go to the front, because—honour and gallantry speak in the words—because they care not for their lives enough. In the old days those in command, knowing what the cry of the pipes holds for the men of the naked knee, forbade the playing of "Lochaber no more" to such Highland troops as were across the water. Let us sincerely pray that their successors will be as wise in their generation and will not take from the Scots, who have eagerly and unflinchingly taken up the miseries of war, the instrument of their content and inspiration.

The Lowland regiments have vindicated well the protest that, be they ever so gallant, they are praised as Highlanders or not at all. Piper Laidlaw of the King's Own Scottish Borderers won the V.C.; Pipe-Major Anderson of the 1st Edinburgh Battalion Royal Scots, chosen from the whole of his division, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. "I did not like to think of the boys going into action without the pipes, so I offered to lead them out," said Anderson in hospital of the 1st of July, 1916. His regiment was going out to attack on the Somme, and when the whistle blew and they leapt from the trench he led them forward with a "battlefield march". Over that desolation of desolations, No Man's Land, midst the winged and crashing death, they went on with piping before them. Anderson, to his own vast astonishment, remained untouched, and within charging distance of the German line broke into the regiment's march "Dumbarton's Drums". This was the beginning of the work. The first line was reached, and, with Anderson playing on the parapet, the Royal Scots cleared it with bayonet and bomb. Playing with the fire of battle, the very breath and being of the pipes, he led them over the second and over the third line. Then, before he could reach the fourth, he was struck in the side. One wonders whe-

*Lieutenant Young, it is interesting to note, was formerly a Toronto boy, and a student at the University.

ther it was the mere chance of rapid fire or whether some calm, shrewd thinking Prussian thus singled out the solitary piper from the host of fighting men. Anderson was forced to sit to ease the wound, but he again tried to blow his pipes. He had to give over the attempt, however. "And," he says, "I was right sorry." He would doubtless fain have suffered a wound in both feet like Findlater, of Dargai, if, like him, he might have, sitting, played the troops to victory. As it was he waved his pipes above his head and cheered to those advancing past and beyond him. While waiting there he received yet another wound, in the leg, and lay all that day in the midst of the German preliminary bombardment. It was less than pleasant, and he refused to speak of it, but to crown his trouble when he was brought in he lost his pipes. "And," he said, "they were grand pipes." They were indeed pipes to cherish, for they had been in strange and eerie places, and had gone with Scott to the Antarctic to cheer the months-long night and wake new echoes from the fields of ice. In France, however, they have found no mean resting place. Anderson has been healed of his wounds and is now ready, and has perhaps been sent by a cautious but not uninspired war office to renew the fire in the hearts of the quiet men of the windy city on the Forth.

Readers of *The Illustrated London News* will not have forgotten the picture of two pipers of the Black Watch leading their company into action. They piped and fell at Richebourg in the battle of Festubert, but whether they died I do not know. The pipers of that battalion, originally the first of the old regiment, fulfilled all high tradition in that day of grim sacrifice. Not one of them at night-fall could carry on, and the battalion itself was sorely crippled. The *News* artist has caught the glory and the horror of it. Over the broken ground before the battered German parapet sweep the tumultous Highland ranks in the full intoxication of the charge, and at their head stride the two pipers. On them had fallen a detached and absorbing dignity of high purpose as though, like MacCrimmon of old, they composed to the storm of the charge a pibroch of battle. Unconscious alike of the eager death around them, or the tide of surging men behind, they step forward on the verge of the trench, heeding only the cry of their wild march music. The long line of swaying tartans stretches to the distance, and above the tossing bonnets appear the drones and waving ribbons borne by two other pipers. Irresistible and glorious they seem, yet again and again was the tide of heroism beaten back, broken and crippled, and many were the twisted bodies, stirred no more by the love of home and kindred, that were left behind with their proud tartans tumbled and stained.

Here in the fire of action wounds are taken and passed by, but later comes the trial of the rally, with broken ranks, empty places where comrades stood, and burning flesh where the bullet or bayonet cut its way. The battalion gathered at last for the final charge, shattered but unbeaten. All its pipers were gone save one, a boy of nineteen, barely more than a laddie at the school. He was wounded twice already, with one hand shot through and useless, but he took his place at their head, and, playing "Highland Laddie," led them forward again to the charge. We need not inquire how the proud lilting quick-step wailed brokenly from the chanter. It was to them, thrilling with the deep pride of race and scorn of hurt that turn defeat to success and death to victory, a prouder march than their seventeen pipers, with kilts unveiled by khaki and full plaids swinging, had ever played on the hilly ways of home. This time the wearied ranks faced no defeat, but swept forward unchecked to hold their objective. Piper Wish-

art, however, wounded for the third time, was among those who fell. He lay missing for four days and nights and suffered what agonies of thirst and misery the unfound wounded alone know. He was at last discovered and brought safely back to hospital. From thence, though we need as never before such unshrinking courage, we may hope our gratitude has given him his discharge.

Four months later, on September 25th, the stainless tragedy of victory in defeat was repeated at Ypres. Wire entanglements unexpectedly barred the way, and the Gordons, charging to the attack, died as they struggled in its barbed meshes. When those that were left marched back on Sunday morning five hundred were missing from their ranks, and of twenty-five officers only six returned. "And so I went to meet the Gordons returning," says their chaplain. "Grim and stern and silent they marched in, but still they held their heads high as became the Gay Gordons!" They were shattered—and undaunted, and on the evening of the next day they returned to the trenches with only four officers to lead them, but they marched with a swinging step, as is their wont, and the pipes flung the high defiant spirit of their race to all the winds of Flanders."

"Speak, though it be of overthrow
It cannot be disgrace,"

and not even of fear, we well believe.

Another piper, nameless in the single account I find of him, except as the "little piper chap," was rejected fourteen times as unfit for "service," according to the official interpretation of the word. In the end he was accepted as a piper and went at last to France with the Black Watch. Finally the day of attack came and, with the gayety and the contempt of death that tempts one to smile with much pride for our men, they went forward dribbling a football before them. "It's a glorious way to charge!" says the narrator. A wrecked village was to be taken, and the regiments, Seaforths and the Watch, poured in among its bullet-spitting ruins. "In the midst of the uproar," the teller of the tale "suddenly heard the sound of pipes." Up and down the street with the fallen houses on either side, and through the flame-hearted smoke clouds, strode the Little Piper. Swaying proudly to the rhythm he marched, and the wild, taunting music sent the men with new defiance into the turmoil. "When he played Macgregor's Gathering we charged one fortress five times over without pause."

Through the explosions of bombs and the spirts of rifle and machine-gun fire he kept the proud neighing of his piping unbroken, and over the battle echoed the old traditional challenge of the hills. At last, however, they saw him stagger in his gait, but though wounded in his side he played unfalteringly still. Then the eddy of war swept him from sight, and our witness was too much engaged with the enemy to keep him in sight. Fate overtook the piper in that moment. An explosion or the sweep of a machine-gun carried away a leg and struck him broken to the earth. Yet fate did not break the whole of him. Propped against a building he refilled his pipes and sounded again the music of battle.

In the end the village was cleared and the Highlanders held the ruins in victory. Then the piper's music changed. The flying taunting notes ceased, and there rose from the indomitable player the proud, stern, heart-gripping lament for the fallen. "The Land of the Leal," the sorrow of ancient and broken peoples, wailed for the fallen of the Dark Soldiers, but it was scarcely played ere the little piper let fall his pipes and joined again those others of his friends among the leal.

Behind the lines the pipes have also place. On the weary roads back from the trenches, when the troops return worn from watching and the strain

of danger, the proudly ringing chanters lead them to their billets of rest. After the battle of Ypres in May, 1915, when the Canadian Scottish turned sorely battered from their first and bitterest ordeal, they were met and played back by the pipers of the 1st Gordons as an escort of honour to their overseas brothers who had blocked the road to Calais.

In barn, farmhouse, and inn when the troops are finally at rest, in the long afternoons the drones are shouldered and the rafters dirl to the blither, provocative music of reel and strathspey. Idle feet swiftly catch the leaping exultant rhythm, hands are raised and kilts fly to the interchanging steps. It is passionate music, this dance music of the Gael, and wild and quick though it be, there is in it still the wail of but half-forgotten sorrow. It is fit music for men who have faced and out-stared death, who have seen their comrades and their kin swept away in the current of war and have turned away but to take up the struggle again on the morrow.

The Graphic of July 15th, 1916, had a most interesting photo. of members of the Scots Guards dancing in the Fête National. One wonders what may be the thoughts of the bright Parisian crowd who watch the strange, vigorous dance. At the back of the dancing-space stand the two stately pipers marking time heel and toe, while the four dancers turn and interchange before them. One at least finds in the incident matter to stir his contrast-loving Scots humour, while another dances with the admirable dignity of that race of grave exteriors.

There is another field — very far behind the lines — where the pipes are a coveted luxury. From Germany comes a letter from a piper, one of a little band of the Gordons, who has lost his pipes, and, in exile among alien and unkindly people, writes wistfully of his instrument. Yet though the hollow of his arm misses the "bag of wind" and his fingers the holes of the chanter, it is a very humble petition. It seems not to occur to him that he has a claim on the folk at home, or if it does he will not make it. They are hard put to it for money in Aberdeen, and pipes, even poor ones, are not cheap. If they could send them, however, he is sure their kindness would not be abused, and "he would take good care of them". One need not doubt it, having seen a piper with his pipes.

It would be worth much to be with the enduring little party in their desolate enclosure of gaunt huts, when the long box will arrive, and later, after the reeds have been carefully fixed and the long drones and the chanter placed in their sockets, to be one of the cluster of lighting faces as they hear the first wail when the bag is filled and thrill of the broken scraps of tune as the piper screws his pipes. There is ever in the tuning a high excitement of expectation. One knows not when the short run of the fingers on the chanter may be the prelude to the full proud rhythm of the march.

But march and quickstep on the road and in battle and the blither tunes in camp and billet are not the only airs the piper plays. When the long grave is dug behind the lines, the men who have said farewell forever to the kind hearths of home are laid to rest to the slow sob of the lament. The Flowers of the Forest are indeed "a' weid awa' " in many a hamlet, and as the lament wails after the conflict for those who shall return to Lochaber no more there are many sore hearts at home. The pibroch has indeed sounded "from John o' Groats to Isle of Skye," and from Edinburgh to Glasgow too. Not Flodden itself wrought such havoc among the strong youth of Highlands and Lowlands, and the glory that hangs about the deeds of the brave lads who fell dims before the sorrow round the broken inglenooks over all the hills of Scotland.

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER XII

IT was a wild fight, the day the Germans broke through at Givenchy; and the Germans were wilder still when, finding themselves in the town, they were in considerable doubt what to do with it. Of course, it would have been perfectly all right if the rest of their corps had followed on and backed up the intrepid stormers. But the enemy had reckoned without their host, and the British Tommy decided that such visitors should be given a warm reception. In fact, they went so far in their efforts at hospitality that they entirely surrounded their guests and closed the breach behind them, in order that they might receive no "draft" from the rear.

Having thus graciously encompassed them, Tommy proceeded to kill them with kindness, rifles, bayonets and hand grenades. The Germans, greatly bewildered by this flattering reception, would fain have rested on the laurels already won. Tommy, however, insisted on entertaining them still further and at last, despairing of ever satisfying such a busy host, the visitors threw down their arms and capitulated.

When we opened the doors of the ambulance train at Etaples and, instead of the customary khaki, saw the drab coats and the red-banded skull caps, we were almost as surprised as the Germans had been the day before.

They were a sorry looking lot. Dazed and bewildered by their astonishing defeat, they looked like men still under the influence of a narcotic. As they got slowly down from the coaches, their heads or arms in bandages, they looked sick, very sick indeed, but it was not so much with an illness of the body as an illness of the mind. They stood together, silent and sullen, seeming to expect ill-treatment at our hands.

There is so little of the true "sport" in the German composition that they cannot understand why to the British war is still a game and why, when the contest is over, ill-feeling ceases. We bore no more enmity towards these hapless victims of a malevolent militarism than as if they had been helpless waifs cast upon our charity. This is not a matter for self-praise; it is the inevitable result of a wholesome and broad-minded upbringing. God knows these defeated men looked sufficiently depressed and mean without

our adding to their brimming cup of sorrow!

Waiving prejudice for the moment and looking at them with an impartial eye, what did we see? Stripped of their accoutrements of war, they looked quiet and inoffensive enough, but the closely-shaven heads gave them the appearance of criminals. In spite of this handicap some looked to be decent, reliable chaps, not so very different from our own men. Some were dark and short of stature; some very tall, broad-shouldered and strong. Some had the fair hair and blue eyes which we always associate with the Saxon. But there were those, too, whose low brows, irregular features and cruel eyes indicated an unmistakable moral degeneracy which boded no one good.

One, a corporal, who spoke English and acted as interpreter for his fellows, presented a countenance of such striking malignancy and low cunning that the mere contemplation of his ugly features, the long nose, receding forehead and sneaky gray eyes, impressed one with an uneasy feeling that no dastardly deed would be beneath him. Upon request he herded his companions into the ambulances, and as they were, with a few excepions, but slightly wounded, a strong guard was sent to the hospital with them to see that they should do no mischief nor attempt to escape upon the way.

When they arrived at the hospital and were drawn up in line in the admittance hall, it was perhaps a pardonable curiosity which prompted the orderlies to crowd around and get a glimpse of the first German prisoners they had ever seen. The corporal took his stand beside the registrar's desk and called out, in English, the names, numbers and regiments of each of the prisoners. Amongst them were Prussians, Bavarians, and German Poles. It is difficult to say how this medley of nationalities came to be together.

Sergeant Honk was in the forefront among the orderlies, and perhaps that was the reason he was drawn still further into the limelight. For suddenly a prisoner, putting his hand into the pocket of his coat, drew forth a hand grenade and thrust it at him. Honk was startled, and jerking his half-extended hand away with great expedition, backed hastily from the evil-looking bomb.

" 'Ere you!" he gasped excitedly, "wot the devil are ye h'up to now?"

'Ein 'souvenir' fur Ihnen," said the German, astonished at Honk's precipitate retreat. Honk understood only the one word, but that was enough.

"I down't want any damn dangerous souvenir like that," he returned wrathfully. "Put it h'on the tyble!"

The German, gathering his meaning from his actions rather than Honk's words, did as he was bidden and stepped back into line.

"The bleedin' fool might a blowed h'up the 'ole 'ospital," he declaimed peevishly to his companions, "whippin' out 'is blimed h'infernal machine like that; blessed if I wouldn't a put 'im in the clink fer h'it."

Burnham now ordered our men to get about their business and proceeded with the allotment of beds for the prisoners. A slight difficulty as to their disposal arose at this point. The colonel had decided to put them all in one ward; but, as we had no armed guard, I thought they would be safer if distributed in the several rooms. A number of them were so slightly wounded that, if segregated in one room, they might easily concoct schemes for escape or even offence. At the same time, by decentralizing them, they would not only be under surveillance by the ward orderlies, but by the British Tommies as well, and there would be little opportunity for collusion. This plan was finally adopted. The Prussians fell to Reggy's lot, the Bavarians to mine, and the rest were divided amongst the different wards.

The next morning Reggy, who had studied in Berlin and spoke excellent

German, when making his rounds approached the bed of a tall, fair-haired prisoner, whose steely blue eyes contained no hint of welcome, and who, in spite of his good treatment, was still openly suspicious of us.

After bidding him *guten morgen* and dressing his wound—which was in the place we would have liked to see all Germans "get it," viz., the neck, Reggy inquired:

"What do you think of the war? Do you still think you are going to win?"

The Prussian looked up with a half smile and the suspicion of a sneer curled his lip.

"Is there any doubt about it?" he returned.

"There should be considerable doubt in your minds," Reggy answered warmly.

"We shall win," the prisoner said, with imperturbable coolness and assurance, "the war has only commenced, as far as we are concerned."

"But you will be starved out, if you're not beaten otherwise," Reggy continued.

The shortage of food in Germany was one of our early delusions about the war. The Prussian laughed amusedly—not by any means a pleasant laugh.

"If we do not grow a grain," he replied scornfully, "we have sufficient food stored away to last us for three years. For the past ten years every city in Germany has kept a three-year supply stored, and only the oldest crop has been used annually."

"An illuminating confession!

"But you will run short of men," Reggy persisted.

The patient smiled again at his innocence. "We have ten million trained soldiers in reserve, who have not yet been called up," he answered calmly.

We were not prepared at the time to dispute the veracity of these statements, although later events seem to have corroborated them.

There was a grim heroism about this cold-blooded man, for when he was placed upon the operating table, although he must have suffered greatly while the deeply-embedded bullet was being extracted under cocaine, he permitted no groan or complaint to escape his lips. However much we may hate the Prussians, or loathe their materialistic and unsentimental attitude toward their fellow human beings, if this man was a sample, they are as well prepared to suffer as to inflict pain. Proud, disdainful and bitter, one could not help but feel that he hated us so thoroughly that should the opportunity have occurred, he would have killed his attendants without a qualm of conscience.

The contrast between this prisoner's mental attitude and that of one of my Bavarian patients was striking. The latter had had his left arm cruelly shattered, and on dressing it I discovered a large ragged wound above the elbow. He spoke no English, so that I was obliged to use my indifferent German.

"*Wie geht es dieser morgen?*" I asked him.

"*Ganz gut,*" he replied as he looked up with a grateful smile at hearing his native tongue. He continued in German: "The nurses have been very good to me, but my arm pains greatly."

We carried on a more or less desultory conversation while the dressing was proceeding, but, by dint of getting him to speak slowly, we managed to understand one another fairly well. Wishing to estimate his frame of mind as compared with the Prussian, I remarked:

"I presume you feel badly over being taken prisoner?"

"No," he replied slowly, "I am glad. To us Germans this war means a fight to the death, there are only two ways of escape: being crippled for life—or this. You will wonder at my confessing that I am glad, but I have left behind me all that I love best on earth—my wife and two little children——" His voice choked and

tears came into his eyes, but after a moment he sighed: "God knows whether I shall ever see them again—for me the war is over—it is just as well."

Do you blame one for forgetting that this man was an enemy? "One touch of sympathy," in spite of the horrors of war, "still makes the whole world kin." We may hate the Germans *en masse*, but heart cannot help going out to heart, and in the weeks that followed, I confess without apology, I learned to look upon this man as a friend.

It was about four o'clock the following afternoon that Wilson approached me, and pulling himself up to attention, said:

"Th' nurse on Saskatchewan ward, zur, ses as that German corporal ain't had any feed to-day."

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Dunno, zur, but he ain't, an' she's ast me to bring th' orderly officer to see him."

We had laid it down as a principle that German patients, in every instance, were to be treated the same as our own Tommies, so that it was annoying to hear that one of our men had been guilty of Hun tactics. Although I despised this corporal more than any of the others, neglect, even of him, couldn't be countenanced in a hospital. I hastened up the stairs to investigate. The nurse corroborated Wilson's statement. The German had complained to her that he had had only a light breakfast and no dinner, although the other men in his room had received theirs.

I called the ward orderly. "Why did you not give this man his dinner?" I asked him sternly.

"The meat was all gone when I went for it, sir," he replied without looking me in the eye, "but I gave him a dish of custard."

Evidently the orderly had made up his mind to punish the German, and, while I sympathized secretly with his antipathy to the individual, I couldn't condone his disobedience.

"Come with me," I commanded, "and I'll ask him myself."

We entered a room which contained only three beds. In the farthest was a burly giant of a Highlander, in the middle the wretched German corporal, and nearest to us was a Munsterite of prodigious muscle and who was but slightly wounded in the leg.

I asked the German in English, which I well knew he understood, whether he had received his dinner or not. He affected to not understand me, and answered in German. As my German is not as fluent as my French, and I knew that he also spoke this language and might have some secret reason for not wishing to speak English, I tried him in French. He pretended not to understand this either. My opinion of him sank even lower. I tried him then in German, and he replied quite readily in his own tongue.

"I did not have any meat, but I was given a dish of pudding."

"Did you eat it?" I asked him.

"I had no chance to do so," he answered.

"Why not?" I inquired.

He turned his head slowly and looked first at the big Highlander and then at the equally big Munsterite, and shook his head as he replied: "I don't know."

There was some mystery here, and not such a deep one that it couldn't be unravelled. I asked the Munsterite:

"Did you eat this man's pudding?"

"No, sir," he answered readily, but with a queer smile. The Highlander also answered in the negative. There was still a mystery.

"Do you *know* this German?" I asked the man from Munster, whose bed was nearest.

"Do I know him, sir," he replied with an oath directed at his enemy; "I've seen that damn swine several times. He's a sniper and used to go about with another tall swine who wore glasses. We never could kill the devil, but he picked off three of our

officers and wounded a fourth. Do I know him, sir? My eye!"

Under the circumstances I couldn't reproach him. I felt morally certain he had stolen the German's pudding, as he could easily have reached it from his bed. I didn't care to probe the matter further, but warned him that such a breach of discipline must not occur again. After reprimanding the orderly also for his negligence—more from a sense of duty than desire, I admit—I ordered that some food be brought up at once, and saw that it reached its destination.

We could not have punished this German blighter worse than to leave him in that room. One could easily understand why he pretended not to understand English, for I am sure the remarks which passed across his bed in the days he was there made his ears tingle and his miserable flesh creep.

After I had retired that night, Tim came up as usual to see that I was comfortable. Sometimes, when I was in the humour, I told him a story; not so much with the idea of enlightening him as to hear his comments as I proceeded and from which I gained much amusement.

"Did you ever hear of the mammoth whose carcase they found in Siberia, Tim?" I asked him.

"Wots a mammoth, Maje?" he queried, as he seated himself upon my box and crossing his legs prepared to listen.

"A mammoth, Tim," I replied, "is an extinct animal, similar to the elephant, but which grew to tremendous size."

"How big?" he inquired tentatively—his head on one side as usual.

"Oh, taller than this house, Tim; often much taller. His teeth were nearly as big as a hat box, and his leg bones almost as big around as your waist."

"Go on, go on, I'm a listenin'," he growled dubiously.

"Well, this mammoth had tumbled over a cliff in the mountains of Siberia, thousands of years ago, and falling upon a glacier was frozen solidly in the ice and, as it never melted, his body didn't decay. A few years ago they discovered it, and dug it out practically intact."

Tim's eyes were wide, and his mouth had fallen open during this description.

"Wot's more?" he demanded quizzically.

"Only this," I continued, "that everything had been so well preserved by the ice that even the wisp of hay was still in his mouth."

"Dat'll do—dat'll do," he cried, as he rose abruptly to his feet. "Don' tell me no more. I sits here like a big gawk listenin' to dat story wit me mout open an takin' it all in like a damn fool. An' I stood fer it all too," he continued with remorseful irritability, "till ye comed to dat wisp o' hay business—dat wos de las' straw."

"Hay, Tim," I corrected.

"Hay or straw, it's all de same to dis gent. Gees! you is de worse liar wot I ever heard."

Tim's humiliation at being taken in was so comical that I had to laugh. He turned hastily for the door and as he passed out cried:

"Good night, sir. Don' have no more nightmares like dat."

The first faint light of day was stealing into the room as I felt myself tugged gently by the toe. I opened my eyes and dimly saw Tim's dishevelled head at the foot of my bed.

"What is it, Tim?" I asked in some surprise.

"Lok'ee here," he said huskily, "tell me some more about this yere biffalo." And with a soft chuckle he tip-toed out of the room.

When the time came to send the German prisoners to England little Sergeant Mack was detailed to guard them. After a comfortable stay for two weeks in hospital, it was hardly likely they would attempt violence or brave the dangers of escape. But Mack, seated in the ambulance with a

dozen healthy looking Germans, who could easily have eaten him alive had they been so disposed, clutched in his coat pocket a little revolver which Reggy had lent him. He seemed to appreciate the possibility of a catastrophe, and judging by the uneasy expression on his good-natured face, he had little relish for his precarious duty.

Even the ill-famed corporal looked his disappointment at leaving us, and the others seemed to feel that they would rather stay with captors whom they knew, than fly to captors "whom they knew not of".

The Pole had, remarkable to relate, learned to speak English with a fair degree of success during his two weeks stay, and quite openly expressed his regret at leaving. The others were merely silent and glum. Perhaps they felt that now that their wounds were healed, like well-fed cattle they were to be taken out and killed. The ambulance driver and Sergeant Honk were seated in front, but little Mack was alone inside, and they had twenty miles to go.

Nothing of moment happened until the ambulance, threading its way between the railroad tracks at Boulogne, pulled up upon the quay. Here unexpected trouble arose. No German prisoners could be taken upon the hospital ship: the embarkation officer refused to let them aboard. He said they must be taken back to the Canadian hospital until a proper boat was ready for them.

During this discussion, it got whispered about amongst the populace that there were Germans in the ambulance, and in an incredibly short space of time it was surrounded by an angry mob who shook their fists and swore savagely at the occupants. Apparently they only needed a leader to urge them on, and the Germans would have been torn from their seats. The prisoners remained quiet, but the pallor of their faces showed that they realized the seriousness of their position.

Sergeant Mack drew his little revolver and shouted to the driver to make haste and get away. The driver needed no further urging; the danger was too obvious. The car started with a jerk and cleared the crowd before they were aware of Mack's intentions, but they shouted wrathful oaths after it as it sped up the quay.

"Blimey if them French ayn't got a bit uv temper too!" Honk ejaculated, as he wiped the sweat from his excited brow; "five minutes more'n they'd 'ave 'ad them blighters inside by the scruff uv their bleedin' necks."

Imagine the surprise and dismay of the nurses as they saw the crowd of broadly smiling Germans coming up the hospital steps. The nurses, who had for two weeks repressed their natural antipathy to these men and had given them good care, felt considerably put out by their return. But the prisoners, like mangy dogs who had found a good home, were so glad to return to us that it was pitiful to see their pleased faces, and we took them in again with the best grace we could assume. The few hours they had had together in the ambulance had given them a chance to compare experiences. They were content. All we could hope was that our own boys under similar circumstances in Germany would be treated as well.

Three weeks afterward they all left for England, and even the Prussian was almost reconciled to us, for he said in parting,

"Auf Wiedersehen!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL

By Florence Deacon Black

PUSHKIN, Lermontoff, Gogol, Turgueneff, Tolstoi, Gontcharoff, Dostoievski, Nekrasoff, Ostrovsky, Gorky, Tchehoff—these are the great names in Russian literature. In Canada only Tolstoi is generally known, and in literary circles, chiefly Turgueneff and Dostoievski. At present translations of representative works of six of these writers may be found by searching among Toronto bookstores. One store reports that Tchehoff's works are asked for more than any other. Tchehoff, who died only in 1904, is in Russia the most popular of later writers except Tolstoi. He is the Russian Guy de Maupassant, a master of the short story and small novel, but he is also a very great dramatist. Tolstoi remarked of him that he is one whose novels are willingly read more than once.

The history, contemporary life, ideals, thought movements of any country can be learned most readily through its novels. In Russia this is peculiarly so, for, there being such a rigorous censorship and no political liberty, the aspirations of the best minds among the people have been expressed through the medium of art —poetry, novels, literary criticism. Of these the novel chiefly is available for foreigners, through lack or inadequacy of translations of other works. Pushkin, a poet of great genius, introduced into the Russian literary language the simplicity and realism which later became so characteristic of it, using in his wonderfully musical verses none of the pseudo-classic artificial phrases and forms with which all previous written language had been permeated, but only speech that was in common use. So popular did his tales in verse become that people memorized whole pages of them, his novel in verse, "Evgheniy Onyéghin" being made into an opera with striking success by the musician Tchaykovsky. To Pushkin and Lermontoff, another great poet of the early nineteenth century, the Russian novel owes the creation of a refined, strong type of woman, of an honest, unexaggerated expression of feeling, and a melodious, cameo-like simplicity of language.

This honesty and simplicity explain largely the fascination of the Russian novel, and the reader is fortunate who begins his study of Russian literature with Turgueneff's books, preferably his greatest, "Fathers and Children," a wonderful example of this style.

Russia, ever since Peter the Great introduced western civilization, built an army and a fleet and restored her to her place among European nations, has been the scene of tremendous social changes, none greater than in the period from 1845 to 1876, which saw the liberation of the serfs and the

rise of police tyranny. It is this period that Turgueneff's six great novels cover and they are full of historical types. Turgueneff wished them to be read in the following order: "Dmitri Rudin," "A House of Gentlefolk," "On the Eve," "Fathers and Children," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil."

Bazarov in "Fathers and Children" (Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation is thoroughly sympathetic and satisfying) is the most dominant character of all these books. He is a great, strong, heroic figure, a tireless worker, a man who will accept nothing without proof and who takes therefore a negative attitude towards art, love, and most of the established institutions. He is rough, unmannerly, harsh towards his loving old parents, yet underneath this manner was a great object, an ideal of truth, duty and solidarity, and great power in working towards this ideal. Bazarov is one of the "children" as opposed to the more conservative, sentimental "fathers" and the younger generation never forgave Turgueneff for putting their new, realistic philosophy into so uncultured a form.

The background of the story of "Fathers and Children" is nature. The reader thrills to the soft airs of the long white summer nights, to the stillness and vastness of the steppes, to the life of the peasants, which passes back at last as did Bazarov's to the great protecting earth. Turgueneff is an artist and if his works share the melancholy of his personality they are also not without his hope and brightness.

The casual reader of Russian novels gets the idea that they are gloomy and depressing, but that is probably because he has read only some of Dostoievsky's neurasthenic works (after Tolstoi, in most common circulation in this country) or Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," a masterpiece of art but a repelling tragedy, or such a book as Maxim Gorky's "Foma Gordyeeff," beginning with bright expectations but becoming more and more discouraging as the hero, seeking an answer to the eternal why, becomes degraded step by step, finally sinking into idiocy. The sound mind does not like such stories.

But though there is a tinge of sadness about much of Russian literature, there is abundant strong diversified intellectual food, and also humour. Gogol's dramas and his novels from Little Russian life have innumerable comic types. Gogol (1809-1853) developed from his comic vein a true humour of which Pushkin said, referring to his novel, "The Cloak," that "behind his laughter you feel the unseen tears".

Gogol was born in Little Russia, the district of the Border Marches in the southwest, with Kiev as its centre. It has a language of its own, though Gogol wrote in Great Russian, the language of literature. One of the finest of his novels is "Taras Bulba" based upon the wild warring life of this district in the fifteenth century. It gives pleasure through its ethnographical, poetical qualities, though it follows too much the romantic manner to meet modern requirements. His main work was "Dead Souls," which contained life-pictures of typical landlords and their relations to their serfs, and was the forerunner of a great literary movement against serfdom as well as the first work of art to introduce social criticism. Gogol was intensely a realist, after Pushkin the creator of Realism, and by realism it is not meant that sort understood through Zola's works. Realism in Russia means the honest presentation of all kinds of life with the ideal behind it of arousing a desire for better, greater things. The realism that Zola instituted in his first writings and about which there was so much discussion a few years ago depicted the lowest aspects of life.

Russians do not believe in art for art's sake, but in art that is in the service of society, art that will teach men how to live. All the greatest

Russian literary critics have held this view, and it is Tolstoi's conviction expressed in his "What is Art?"

Tolstoi's opinions have had an inestimable influence in Russia. For many years after he wrote "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," he forsook art for religious, educational and social work. His educational ideas based on the principle of adapting teaching to the individual tastes and capacities of the child will without doubt constitute a future reform in school education. Indeed Dr. Montessori's system is founded on similar ideas. But at that time the Russian government put a violent end to the educational experiments Tolstoi was making.

His greatest novel is "War and Peace". It is a powerful plea for peace, an indictment against war, by a man who had been through all the horrors of the Crimean War, having been one of the besieged in Sebastopol from November, 1854, till August, 1855. The three long volumes lose some of their temptation in these days when everyone wants even such works of art made brief. This, however, is not true in Russia. Prince Kropotkin in his delightful book "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature" remarks:

"I don't know what a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a German feels when he reads 'War and Peace'—I have heard educated Englishmen telling me that they found it dull—but I know that for educated Russians the reading of nearly every scene in 'War and Peace' is a source of indescribable æsthetic pleasure. Having like so many Russians, read the work many times, I could not, if I were asked, name the scenes which delight me most: the romances among the children, the mass-effects in the war scenes, the regimental life, the inimitable scenes from the life of the Court, aristocracy, the tiny details concerning Napoleon or Kutuzoff, or the life of the Rostoffs—the dinner, the hunt, the departure from Moscow, and so on."

Russians are great readers. The number of translated books on their market is greater than in any other country in the world. Even the smallest town has its bookshop. Also, the books are cheap. The names of characters in their great novels become a part of ordinary conversation. An example of this is Gontcharoff's great novel "Oblomoff". The hero Oblomoff has been so trained in indolence from his childhood by his admiring relatives and retainers that he has learned to do nothing for himself and, when a mature man, spends most of his time in bed. When his faithful servant remarks that he might do as other men, he asks indignantly, "Am I like other men? Do I run about? Do I work? I have never put on my own socks since I was born, thank God. . . ." Oblomoff and a girl of most beautiful character, Olga, fall in love with each other. At first Olga rouses him from his lethargy, but as the marriage approaches he becomes frightened at the prospect of activity and sinks back into indolence. Their parting is described with exquisite simplicity and truth. "Oblomoff" created a sensation on its appearance in 1859 and it is as popular to-day. There is too much "Oblomovism" about human nature and too much consummate art in the telling of the story for it to lose its interest.

Opinions change. Dostoievsky was once ranked with Tolstoi and Turgueneff, but it is no longer so. He has power and, in "The House of the Dead," art as well. But his other books treating of problems in psychopathy are too vague and dismal to be attractive, especially to foreigners.

These are the great names in Russian literature—but before them and after them are many others only a little less conspicuous whose works rise at times almost to the greatness of the masters.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE MASSACRE OF AERSCHOT

Exhumation of the Martyrs of Aerschot

The arch enemy of the little Gray Gourmand

The Little Gray Gourmand

BY HAMILTON M. LAING

THEY are queer little wild-woods people, these grouchy gray brothers of the ground, that share my camp in the Manitoba elm - clump. Franklin ground squirrels, the books call them, and perhaps they are well enough named; for though they are gray of coat and bushy-tailed like their relatives, the gray squirrels of the eastern woods, these more lowly little fellows are dwellers in earthen burrows and climb trees only when there is great need. What is more, they are wire-haired and beady-eyed; they do not skip and hop lightly, but run and walk and waddle around like pot-bellied little pigs; and some of my visitors have maintained that in spite of their fluffy tails, they are too rat-like to be good company.

Yet I have found them good comrades, and dull indeed would be the summer camp without them. For four years ago Bobby—so named from his abbreviated tail—pioneered his way into my tent and my affections; and though last summer his clan about the fire-place sometimes numbered nine or ten, I have yet to receive hurt at their hands, and have enjoyed them greatly. And that is fairly good recommendation for neighbours.

Always they are in camp when first I come; but such is the ingratitude of the little beggars whose hearts are in their stomachs, that usually for a day they are shy and act as if they have no recollection of me. But they always celebrate my coming by a free-for-all fight. The team that draws out the camp stuff never succeeds in getting all the oats that are fed upon the sod, and these leavings are a mighty bone of contention. What a feasting and fighting is there, what grunting and growling and scurryings about, and shrill whistles of defiance, what desperate appearing assaults, the attacker with blood in his greedy eye! What precipitous retreats, the vanquished with his mouth full of oats! What altogether riotous carrying on! After which they seem to realize that their man friend and provider has returned, and they soon come boldly into the tent and share his bounty. Before long the best spot in camp is his knee at meal-time.

Stomach worshippers, disciples of Epicurus, are these little chaps, every single one of them. Much as it hurts me to malign my friends, I feel sure that their only interest in me is a gastronomical one. In fact their only aim and object of existence seems to be to fill their little bellies. When they are not eating they are sleeping; they have simplified life's problems most wondrously. And up to the present I have discovered nothing edible that they will not eat. Fish, flesh or fowl, raw, cooked, tinned or preserved, it is all the same to them. There was a time when I thought that the only things tabooed were onions and soap, but more recent experiences have

taught me that they have acquired the onion taste. In addition to the things that I bring to camp for my own use, I have seen them stowing away fish-bones and game-bones, dead mouse brains, toadstools—a mushy, slimy variety that springs up in dense clusters at the foot of the big elm—wild fruits, grasshoppers, green caterpillars and fuzzy ones too, and "dusty millers".

But it must not be construed that they are a pest in camp, seeking what they may devour. Far from it; a closed cupboard has always been used and they have been unable to glut their desires by plundering me. Strangely enough too they have ever refused to gnaw to reach the eatables. The only time they ever really got ahead of the cook was on the morning after the night storm that blew down the cupboard. There had been a box on top of it containing two dozen fresh eggs. Five or six squirrels were out before I was that morning—and the tale is told.

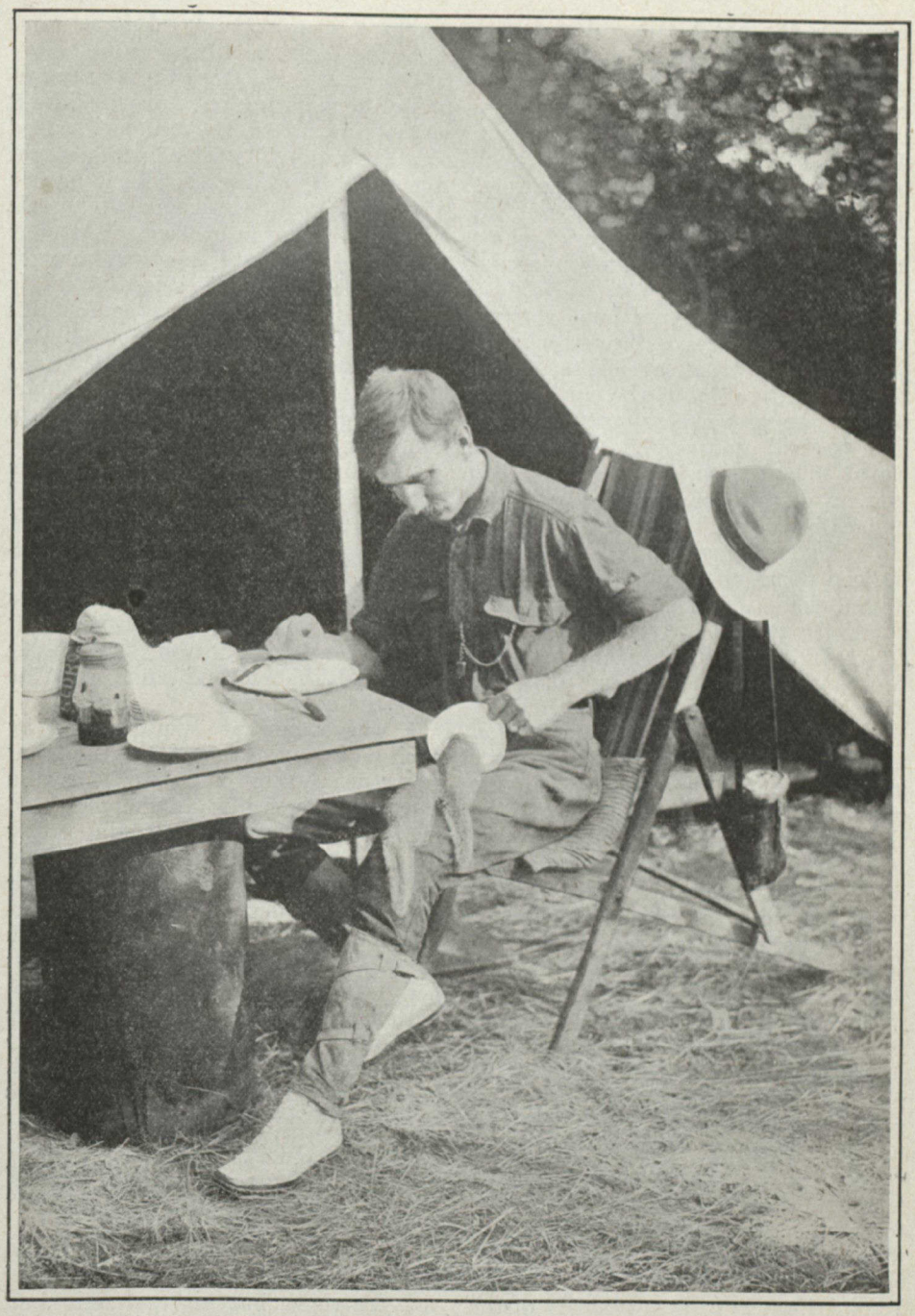
May and June are the lean-rib days with these fellows; the seasonal crop of fruits or nuts is not yet matured and green stuff constitutes their food. Within two or three days after they come to share my living I note them fattening daily. Well might they show their keep. The quantity that they can hold is almost beyond belief, and indigestion evidently is not in their catalogue of troubles. Once my Scout friend and I tried to fill one—a skinny little female with a family—we judged—somewhere in a den in the cherry thicket. We came very near doing it too, but not quite. She took the first several courses upon my knee; then her little "tumick" bulged so that she could climb that distance and she had to eat upon the ground. When she balked at one course we tried another, and she always found room for it. Yet when we thought that we had beaten the little gourmand, we found that she still had cubic capacity for more fresh wild strawberries than we cared to spare. She won, but we did not see her again till very late the next day!

Best of all eatables I think they love a bacon-rind, the salt and fat doubtless being a double treat. To see Bobby dispose of one of these crisp delicacies is to see real art. He sits up with the rind in his hands—I simply cannot think of his front members as feet—pokes it endwise into his mouth, and before the snipping of his quivering jaws, the thing melts and disappears endwise. So quickly and deftly does he change his hand-hold, that just when I feel that his fingers must be snipped off in this self-feeding chopper—they are half an inch out of danger again. When I treat him to a luscious green caterpillar he feeds it into his maw in the same way.

The fondness of these fellows for bacon-fat has led to many a little scene in camp at breakfast time. Many have been the surreptitious attempts of the rascals to get into my frying-pan and to make away with the toast, and many little paws have been nipped sharply. The fact that my frying-pan hangs beside the fire-place keeps them in hot water all summer. The dripping-anointed sapling is too smooth to be climbed by these corpulent rascals, and the drop or two they secure from time to time merely increases their heart-burnings.

They never quit nor give up where there are eatables at stake. They simply rest between trials and attempts. I have seen a fat rascal spend half an hour of hard effort to win the first eighteen inches of this greased pole; and when he reached the first little limb, he swung on his arms like a gymnast and worked desperately to elevate his fat belly, and failed. Yet one day—when visitors were in camp, too—another one climbed all the way up and licked the pan to his heart's content. They seldom accept or admit defeat.

At another time the Scout placed a titbit on the lid of the flat tin kettle, and Bobby determined to get it. When he reached for it of course he put his



"The best spot in camp is on his knee at meal-times"

paws on the hot kettle. He darted away two or three feet, shook his fingers, looked back angrily, said naughty things in squirrel talk, then turned around and made for it again. This time he tried another side and he only retreated a foot. Then he went at it in earnest and he kept at it till the kettle cooled or his fingers became accustomed to the heat, and he secured the bait.

Because of their pertinacity these squirrel chaps are the cream of subjects for the practical jokers among the boys. Give Bobby the out-of-sight mouse-trap with cheese on the treadle and he will walk right to his fate. Snip! The spring bangs his nose but glances off his rounded head and he dodges back and winks hard with the air of one who says "There! That hanged thing again!" Then he goes at the cheese. Set it for him and he will fall again about as readily as before. He will do the same a third or fourth time. To catch one of these Simple Simons it is necessary merely to elevate a little box at one end on a peg, attach a string to the peg, place some food under the box and wait for one to enter. No matter how often the thing is pulled down upon them there is always a willing victim at hand—while the bait lasts. They have no objection to being the goat at any sort of game where there are eatables at stake.

One sunny morning I was daubing my tramping shoes with leather dressing—(the neatsfoot oil-bichromate of potash-logwood, etc., concoction of the harness shops)—and two or three gray neighbours were running about nearby. Presently one of them came close to my anointed shoe, sniffed a moment, then approached and began to lick the unctuous coating. A friend who was an interested spectator insisted that I give the poor thing some, so I poured out in a tin a quantity of the oily black mixture. The victim of this vile joke went at it and lapped it down with exceeding gusto, then went off and wiped his moustaches clean by rubbing them in the dry dust, first one side and then the other.

On several occasions these gray lovers of good eating have provided light entertainment that would put a good deal of vaudeville talent quite out of the race. One day the Scout gave a hen's egg to a particularly big male squirrel that was nosing about our feet. The instant his beady eye caught it he made attack. He seized it tightly in his arms, hugging it against his belly and bit hard, but the only result was that it rolled under him. His tail gave a mighty flourish and twirl as he righted himself, and he got up quite worried. Then he did a wonderful thing—one of those unforseen turns of which when some folks read of it, they cry "Fudge!" For my squirrel backed away from the egg, dug with his front paws quickly in the soft earth till he had a hollow, an egg-cup, then he pulled the hen-fruit into it, and held it solidly while he crunched the end off and began to suck the contents.

I was somewhat dumbfounded by such a display of animal cunning, but I was not through with him. Later in the day I gave him another egg and rigged up the camera. Again he dug his egg-cup, pulled the egg into it and bit hard; but the shell was tougher or the egg larger and he ended the attempt by rolling over on his back with the egg clasped tightly against his belly. Then he tried again and again with no better success; each time he landed on his back and he got up angry. But a squirrel is never beaten, and he repeated the process. He was very angry now, but determined. At about the twentieth time he paused for breath; his fat front was beating out and in as he panted from his exertions.

At the end of half an hour he had dug up all the earth on three sides of the fire-place, but his onslaught had not slacked a whit. I had now exposed several plates—every one of them a failure I am sorry to have to admit—and becoming tired of the perform-

"Malice in his greedy, black eyes"

ance I left him to fight it out. An hour or so later I returned to find that he had gone; so had the egg. Carefully I scouted around over the ground—for I knew that he could not carry it—and soon I found his trail. He had dug and backed up and repeated it till he had excavated a little trench running from the fire-place into the shrubbery. It was thirty feet or more in length—exclusive of the square yards he had disturbed before he started—and ended in the cherry thicket where lay an empty shell and some yellow yolk as evidence that he had won. How he had finally broken it I could not determine.

At another time Bobby gave a little bit of action that was worthy of a crowded house. It was all over a tin of sardines. Some picnicker had left one of these unctuous aggravations with me, and in a moment of aberration I pried off the top, extracted the contents and tossed the odoriferous tin down to Bobby. He had scented the battle from afar, and with an "I-just-know-I-am-going-to-like-it" expression in his whiskers fell upon the new thing. He licked off some of the oil on the outside then tackled the inside with a gusto that indicated that he was far from disappointed in it.

To get inside the tin he put his paws on the edge and instantly the thing flipped up and banged his greasy nose. He went out of there as though he had been shot at, but after licking his lips a moment he returned, and when he had cleaned all the oil from the outside he again ventured within. He had the trick of it now and succeeded in holding the tin down while he polished the bit of bottom exposed. Then he tried to get his nose in under the sloping lid. His blunt head wedged and he jerked it back instantly, as though terrified at his own daring in sticking it into such a place. Again he licked the bottom; but that piece of real fish under the lid stayed insistent in his nose; he just would have it, and again

"A clear case of temporary amnesia"

he poked in his head. Had the spot been red-hot he could not have withdrawn more quickly.

Next he went over the outside till it shone, then did the same with the bottom; but still that bit of fish remained and he had to try again. Result as before. He now twisted around and put his tongue in every corner and under the rim and got the last lick and smell; but now that delectable bit was a hundred-fold more insistent than before and again he rammed his head under the sloping lid. Out again, in again, bump, bump, he went at it in earnest; he had only been shamming before! He was going to get it now. When the tin bobbed and turned over he righted it deftly and continued the onslaught. Net result of the vigorous campaign: Bobby's face was very mussy, but the piece of fish was in its place. Then he lost his temper utterly. He went around it; he turned it over; he rooted under it; he bunted under the lid some more; he mauled it generally; then he went around to the spot where he knew that morsel reposed, and taking a mouthful of the tin bit hard two or three times. Then he left it and went off and polished his face in the earth.

One can never be sure just what these little neighbours are going to do, and especially is this true of the newcomers. On the day of the sardine-tin episode I came in dripping from a swim and discovered a new arrival. He was a scrawny little fellow, greedy-eyed and hungry-appearing, and strangely enough quite without fear of me. When I went into the tent he followed, and before I was aware of

"Bobby" at the entrance to his abode

his designs he nibbled my big toe. I withdrew the endangered member rather hastily and shooed him away; but the next moment when I had a clinging wet garment over my head, the scamp took advantage of me and had hold of another toe in a twinkling. I kicked spasmodically and freed my head in time to see him going over and over endwise; but little daunted he came right back again. Those ten pink toes were too much for him. He was going to have one willy-nilly, and there was nothing for me but to put on my shoes and get some food for the little fellow.

I have indicated sufficiently the varied tastes of these little stomach worshippers; their table manners are in keeping. A meal with three or four of them is a round of gobble and get. The first fellow finds the food and if a portion of it is detachable he sits up and begins to stow it away. Squirrel No. 2 sees what is going on, approaches in short starts and stops, malice written in his greedy black eyes, and suddenly with a savage little growl hurls himself on the eater. The latter flashes off like lightning and yields his place. About the time that No. 2 has begun to digest, squirrel No. 3 repeats the attack upon No. 2, while the latter makes his dodging exit. By the time that No. 3 is comfortably settled, No. 4 or perhaps No. 1 arrives, and the greedy whirl goes along merrily. It is this habit that causes such a prolonged riot when they get their first feed of oats as mentioned previously. Rarely do two of them eat together; when they do it is a clear case of temporary amnesia.

There is no tolerance here; every

one of them is a bully; the bigger the squirrel the more obnoxious to his fellows, and neither age nor sex counts. Once I took a hand in the game. A little female was at the tent door accepting supper donations as usual when a big buck came along, bowled her over and took the crust. When I interfered he popped below the floor with his booty. Again I fed the female; but in a moment the big fellow launched himself like a torpedo, knocked her over and again retreated. The next time he tried it I threw a shoe at him but he was an artful dodger and took to cover, quite master of the situation. Then I cut a switch, trimmed it neatly and waited for him. I think he got the surprise of his life; for I swept it wickedly along the ground and cut him two or three times before he got away. Whereupon he went below the log behind the fireplace and whistled defiantly at me.

It is always difficult to distinguish individuals among wild animals, and with my squirrels five or six is about my limit. During the past season one was small and lean, another similar one had a scar between her ears, a third was bob-tailed, a fourth had a crooked tail-tip, a fifth was marked with green canoe paint, a sixth had lost an eye, and so on. Next spring when they emerge with new coats, they will all be strangers again except the deformed ones.

On certain hot bright days in July or August I always spend interesting hours watching my gray friends making their beds. Rather I should say gathering the bedding; the real making is denied me. To get the soft dry grass that is considered the correct thing for beds they go out to the meadow a few feet beyond the trees. With hands and teeth they go at it, scooping up the dead stuff and wadding it in behind the strong front teeth until each has such a bushy bundle that he scarce can see in front of him at all. Up and down they go, a root and scrape and pop up to reconnoitre alternating until no more can be held; then off they charge in a hurried nervous drive for their holes. They always choose the right sort of a day for their hay-making and make no mistakes about it, for these are to be their winter beds.

There is much excuse for their nervous popping up and down when they are outside the shelter of the timber, for here prowls their deadliest foe, the marsh hawk. Of the foxes, coyotes, owls, badgers, hawks, weasels, mink and others that love to pick their bones, this hawk is the most feared; for he eats ground squirrels out of their skins at every opportunity and is abroad all day long on tireless wing seeking opportunity. The foe next in dread about my camp is the big, long-tailed, tawny weasel. Probably these lithe hunters single-handed can kill the largest of the squirrels if they can catch them out of their burrows.

What a strange, short life is theirs: five months of gourmandizing activity and seven months of sleep. The well-grown youngsters come into camp about the first week in July; during the last week in August they all begin to leave me. It is a gradual leave-taking; the aldermanic fellows retire first, and the less fortunate ones now get opportunity to make up for lost time. During a wet or cold spell now they keep out of sight, and on coming out again, I have seen them stretch and yawn like men. Doubtless their first winter sleeps are of three or four days' duration and after this it is a short step to their one prolonged stupor of many months. By September fifth or sixth, be it ever so warm, they are gone, though why they should go so early is a mystery; and as the loaf of bread at the tent-door lies untasted through the pleasant September days, I miss them much and wonder often. Sometimes, too, in the winter when I think of the elm-clump where the snow now sweeps across the frozen lake and piles to the topmost twigs of the cherry thicket, I find myself hoping that Bobby and his gray kin, down so far below, sleep comfortably.

Blue Blood

BY J. J. BELL

I.

"REALLY, Mamma," said the Lady Ambrosia pettishly, "I wish you would talk of something else that is not tiresome and uninteresting."

"But, my dearest Brosie, how can I talk of anything else when I can think of nothing else. The Duchess of Dishwater dropped her lorgnette, took up the muffin she had chosen with its aid from the gold epergne, and looked wistfully over it at her only daughter.

They were seated in the buff drawing-room; the time was tea; the season spring. For some seconds there was silence broken only by the disintegrating muffin.

"To think," sighed the Duchess, selecting another, "to think that only half an hour ago, in this very apartment, on this very carpet, you spurned Sir Augustus Sopeleigh!"

"You have already made that remark seventeen times," said the Lady Ambrosia pettishly, extracting from her chatelaine a banana.

"Well, I simply can't get over it," the Duchess huskily replied. "I'm sure I don't know what your poor dear father would say if he were alive. Such a splendid match!" She paused once more to refresh herself from the epergne. "What on earth made you spurn him? It is true that the colour of his blood leaves something to be desired, and I grant you that he has more ear and less nose than the least high-toned of our ancestors; but think of his wealth, think how his garden adjoins ours! . . . Oh, how could you spurn him?"

Her daughter rose. "Once and for all, Mamma," she said pettishly, as she gracefully plunked the skin into a china ornament on the mantelpiece, "once and for all I must tell you that I can never marry a man with baggy knees."

II.

Several hours had rolled away. In the dining-room of Highjinks Hall the cloth had been removed, Sir Augustus Sopeleigh and his guest, the Honourable St. John St. James, a young man whose noble lineage went back several decades, were sitting over their wine.

"This is capital claret," remarked St. James, setting down the empty bottle, after noting the price on the label. "Devilish moderate at a shilling per bot. Does your merchant allow any reduction on a dozen?"

"No," replied the baronet wearily; "but he allows a few pence on the empties when returned in good condition."

"I must take a note of the brand," said the other, bringing out a combination fountain pen and toothpick richly jewelled, and slipping off his left cuff. "What do you call it? Can't read to-night."

"Chapeau Belleview, extra sec, vintage 1927."

"Good!" said the other. Having made the necessary jotting, he returned the cuff to its place. "I see you're still drinking port," he remarked.

"Alas, yes," was the weary reply, "But I fear it is of no avail. I had another sample of my blood examined the other day, and it is still as red as ever. My nose had led me to hope, but I found it had led me on a false scent after all."

"Cheer up! Don't despair! Keep on imbibing!" St. John St. James said kindly. "And now tell me, how speeds the wooing of the fair Ambrosia?"

At these words a groan burst from the compressed lips of the unhappy host. "Ask me not, my dear friend!" he cried. "Ask me not! Ask me not! Ask me—"

"All right; I won't," said the Honourable St. John, helping himself to a clove.

"Then I will tell you. This very afternoon," said Sopeleigh, stirring uneasily in his chair, "she spurned me."

"Not really?"

"Fact! And I know why!"

"You do?" The guest deliberately lit a Flor de Cabbajo. "Why?"

"Because—because my blood is not blue!" With a sob that rent the buttons from his waistcoat the Baronet threw up his hands, and sank beneath the table.

III.

Scarce a moment passed ere his guest joined him.

"Did she tell you that with her own voice?" asked St. John St. James cautiously.

"Of course not," was the weary reply. "Ambr sia would never be so familiar."

"Then you are labouring under a miserable delusion. Would you like to know her real reason for spurning you?"

"No! Never! Yes!"

"It is because you have baggy knees."

The baronet put his hand to his head. "Worse and worse!" he exclaimed. "My case is indeed hopeless. For nothing I can do will keep my trousers from bagging at the knees. For years my tailors and valets have wrestled with the problem, but still they bag. Leave me, my friend, I am about to break down."

"Not at all," came the prompt reply. "All is not lost. I can show you the way to victory!"

"Show me!"

"I can tell you in two words."

"Tell me!"

St. John St. James took up a piece of bread that had been dropped during dinner and absorbed it thoughtfully. "By the way," he said at last, "can you lend me a couple of thousand, old cock? I'm a trifle tight at present."

"Certainly, certainly," cried Sir Augustus in an agony of suspense. "Lend me your pen." Snatching forth his cheque book he rapidly wrote a cheque for £2,000.

"Thanks," said the other, pocketing it. "Wear kilts."

"My preserver."

"Wear them at the Duchess's ball on the 13th prox."

"I will!" cried the baronet, his countenance illuminated with joy, and fell back in a swoon. But for the presence of a boiled potato he might have got concussion of the brain.

An evil, sneering smile divided the countenance of the guest. "Won't Ambrosia laugh!" he muttered.

Presently he arose and, having emptied a couple of syphons on his unconscious host, rang for his goloshes.

IV.

It is the eve of the ball.

That's all.

V.

We are in the boudoir of the baronet.

"Finch," says our hero, who is slowly revolving in front of a mirror, "would it not be better if the tails of my coat came a little lower than the edge of my k-kilt?"

"Oh, no, sir. The tails and kilt must end simultaneously. That is

quite de rigger, I can assure you, sir."

"Ah, well," comes the weary sigh, "so let it be." Suddenly he halts. "Finch, are my knees identical as to colour?"

"They are, sir. But at the moment one of them is blushing a little."

"I see. Then you think I shall do?"

"I think, sir," says the honest fellow, with ill-concealed emotion, "that you will be the feature of the ball. But stay!—one moment, sir. It occurs to me that the left calf could do with a little more inflation. What do you say, sir?"

"Pump away," is the weary reply. To himself the baronet says: "Oh, Brosie, Brosie, if only you knew what I have suffered to win your smile!"

VI

We are in the boudoir of the Lady Ambrosia.

"What hair will my lady be pleased to wear this evening?" the maid respectfully inquires in French.

"Oh, don't ask me. Something to go with my gloves," Ambrosia answers pettishly, burying her head in a bouquet of calceolarias that has just arrived. There is no card with it, and the invoice tells her nothing save the price, but in her heart of hearts she knows the consigner. "Oh," she sighs to the fragrant blooms, "if only he had not baggy knees! Alas, alas! Why am I so proud? Why must I respect before I can love? Why—"

The Duchess has entered the room. She wears a plum-coloured dressing gown, and is white to the tip.

"Brosie, a terrible thing has happened!"

Pale as the vegetation in her hand, her daughter stares at her. "Mother! Is he dead?"

"They've not sent the muffins!"

VII.

The band was playing a dreamy two-step when Sir Augustus Sopeleigh, who had been delayed owing to a misunderstanding with the cabby, entered the ball-room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed St. John St. James in the Lady Ambrosia's blushing ear. "What price baggy knees now?"

"Ninny!" she said pettishly, administering a biff with her fan to his patrician proboscis, whereupon he turned away with a malignant sniff.

The sight of the calceolarias was as wine to the fainting soul of Sopeleigh. His legs, which had hitherto well-nigh failed him, now carried him swiftly to her side. And there her soft "te-hee" of greeting rejoiced his heart, and set it beating furiously.

"May I have a polka-mazurka?" he asked boldly, yet respectfully.

With a divine blush she consulted her card. I'm afraid it's not on the menu," she said sweetly, "but I—I'm not engaged for the Centipede Crawl or the Hippo Hop, Sir Augustus."

"I claim them both," he said with a new dignity that sat well upon him, and made way for other and importunate cavaliers.

He was admiring the decorations, especially the banner emblazoned with the ancient family's motto of "HIC, HAEC, HOC," and wondering how many of the old dukes had passed away with at least the first of these words on their lips, when he felt a slight pressure on the back of his right leg. Ere he could turn a sharp report rang out. St. John St. James, closing his toothpick, mingled with the crowd.

"Punctured!" muttered the unhappy baronet, clutching his beaded brow.

VIII.

But fate was on his side. Ere much attention could fall upon him, the Duchess's voice was heard proclaiming—

"The muffins have arrived, after all!"

Amid the huzzas of the excited company Sir Augustas escaped to the gents' cloakroom.

"May heaven reward my faithful, thoughtful valet," he soliloquized, as

he prepared to make good the damage, "for I never can, unless I raise his wages."

From his sporran (a sort of vanity bag worn by Highlanders) he brought a cyclist's repairing outfit. Then having located and sealed up the puncture, he drew his dirk (dagger) which was really a miniature pump.

Within an hour he returned to the ball-room, humming "I fear no foe," to the air of "The camels are coming".

"What is that grating noise?" asked several fair ones of their cavaliers.

"Something for supper," was the general reply.

As a matter of fact, it was St. John St. James's teeth.

IX.

The villain had enticed our heroine to the darkest part of the conservatory.

"You love another!" he hissed.

"You forget yourself, sir," she said pettishly.

"But you shall never wed him!"

"Be good enough to take me back to Mamma!"

"I don't think! Hear me! I swear you shall never celebrate your nuptials with another—not a blooming nuptial!" He bent closer. "Listen, Brosie!—"

"How dare you breathe on me!"

"Listen, Brosie! His calves are false!"

The Lady Ambrosia rose to her full height, and pointing to the left said: "I care not! For I know that his heart is true—true as yonder star!"

"That's not a star. That's somebody's cigar. But enough! Your hour has come!" Grasping her slender neck, he began to drag her across the floor.

"Where are you conveying me?" she demanded pettishly.

"To the tank!"

She screamed aloud. (There were seventeen couples in the conservatory then, but though several panes cracked, they heard nothing.)

"In you go! You can't float—saw you once at the seaside."

Plump!

The villain turned to depart, only to find his nose grasped as in a vice. Our hero, searching for his partner for the Centipede Crawl, had arrived in the nick. He forced the traitor first to his knees and then to his back. Then using the wretch's diaphragm as a spring-board he plunged feetlong into the tank. The depth of water there was usually about four feet, but Ambrosia's presence reduced it by twelve inches. She was more bruised than drowned. Aided by his pneumatic accessories our hero, supporting her finger tips, was able to keep treading water until help arrived in the person of the butler, the family corkscrew.

X.

Thanks to the Hippo Hop they soon got dry, and were none the worse for their thrilling experience, save for slight colds in their heads. Their engagement was announced at supper, and the congratulations were numerous, while many promises of valuable presents were obtained.

Left to himself in the conservatory, St. John St. James sought to end a misspent life by climbing to the top of the family tree and plunging downwards, head foremost. On finding that he had injured nothing but a couple of cacti, he decided to live on. And he has been living on (his friends) ever since. Ambrosia forgave him, and accepted his wedding gift of a silver-plated egg-boiler on the instalment system, now so justly popular even among the better classes of the community. Ambrosia has already received the first instalment—an egg. She is seldom pettish now, and permits Augustus to wear trousers on Sundays.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR.

By Frederick Palmer. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart.

READERS will recall the great reception that was given to Mr. Palmer's first book of this series—"My Year of the Great War." This second volume of what now must be regarded as a series will receive even a greater reception. In describing the battles of the Somme this capable American author has a subject fit for his pen. The result is an unusually attractive narrative, illuminative, instructive, entertaining. In the chapter entitled "The Ever Mighty Guns" Mr. Palmer gives the followng account of the results of some big guns in action:

"The improvement in shell fire is revolutionary enough of itself. Steadily the power of the guns has increased. What they may accomplish is well illustrated by the account of a German battalion on the Somme. When it was ten miles from the front a fifteen-inch shell struck in its billets just before it was ordered forward. On the way luck was against it at every stage of progress, and it suffered in turn from nine-inch, eight-inch, and six-inch shells, not to mention bombs from an aviator flying low, and afterward from eighteen-pounders. When it reached the trenches a preliminary bombardment was the stroke of fate that led to the prompt capitulation of some two hundred survivors to a British charge. The remainder of the thousand men was practically all casualties from shell-bursts, which, granting some exaggeration in a prisoner's tale, illustrates what killing the guns may wreck if the target is under their projectiles."

In the chapter entitled "Canada is Stubborn," he gives credit to the Kaiser for bringing together the people of a land of great distances. He observes, also, that no country wanted war less than Canada, but that when war came its flame made Canada molten with Canadian patriotism.

"This is certain," he says farther on, "that the Canadians took their share of the buffets in the mud, not through any staff calculation but partly through German favouritism and the workings of German psychology. Consider that the first volunteer troops to be put in the battle line in France, weeks before any of Kitchener's army, was the first Canadian division, in answer to its own request for action, which is sufficient soldierly tribute of a commander to Canadian valour! That proud first division, after it had been well mud-soaked and had its hand in, was caught in the gas attack. It refused to yield when it was only human to yield, and stood resolute in the fumes between the Germans and success, and even counter-attacked. Moreover, it was Canadians who introduced the trench road."

*

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

By Arthur Conan Doyle. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is the first volume of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's history of the war. It deals mostly with the events

of the year 1914 as they affected the British forces on what is named the "Western Front". There is at the outset, however, an interesting chapter on the breaking of the peace, which is followed by a chapter on the opening of the war. These two chapters, quite properly, are mostly political; but they are necessary to a proper understanding of what follows, and they have the added advantage of being written by one who is an acute observer well versed in current European affairs. Then follow careful descriptions of the important battles of the year—Mons, Le Cateau, Marne, Aisne, La Bassée, Ypres. The author is not convinced that it is impossible to bring out at the present time any accurate history of the war. "No doubt this is true," he writes, referring to statements that it is impossible, "so far as some points of the larger strategy are concerned, for the motives at the back of them have not yet been cleared up. It is true also as regards many incidents which have exercised the minds of statesmen and of many possibilities which have worried the soldiers. But so far as the actual early events of our own campaign upon the Continent are concerned, there is no reason why the approximate truth should not now be collected and set forth. I believe that the narrative in this volume will in the main stand the test of time, and that the changes of the future will consist of additions rather than of alterations or subtractions". Sir Sir Arthur promises a second volume, dealing with 1915, and a third, dealing with 1916. No doubt by this time he sees that his work will run into several more volumes.

*

SHANTINIKETAN

By W. W. Pearson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE *vogue* of Rabindranath Tagore increases rather than diminishes, and as his vogue increases so do the number of his books. This volume, however, is not one of his; it is an account of the work and progress of Tagore's school at Bolpur, India, which is described as one of the most remarkable educational institutions in the world. In addition there is an introduction by Sir Rabindranath, which tells that Tagore as a youth had considered deeply the system of teaching practised by early masters in India, who betook themselves to some forest abode and there gathered about them their families and pupils and contemplated the divine revelations of nature. "Then came to me," Sir Rabindranath continues, "a vision of the fulness of the inner man which was attained in India in the solemn seclusion of her forests when the rest of the world was hardly awake. The truth became clear to me that India had cut her path and broadened it for ages, the path that leads to a life beyond death, rising high above the idealization of the political selfishness and insatiable lust for accumulation of materials. The voice came to me in the Vedie tongue from the *ashrams*, the forest sanctuaries of the past, with the call—'Come to me as the rivers to the sea, as the days and nights to the completion of their annual cycle. Let our taking and imparting truth be full of the radiance of light. Let us never come into conflict with one another. Let our minds speed towards their supreme good'." The volume is illustrated with reproductions of photographs and of drawings by a pupil at the school.

*

STRAY BIRDS

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

THIS volume by the Hindu mystic Tagore is made up of 326 aphorisms and platitudes. One of the aphorisms is the following: "He has made his weapons his gods. When his weapons win he is defeated himself". Here

is another: "What you are you do not see; what you see is your shadow." One of the platitudes follows: "The bird wishes it were a cloud. The cloud wishes it were a bird." Here is another: "I have suffered and despaired and known death, and I am glad that I am in this great world." But with all its platitudes, the book should be interesting to those who like that kind of thing.

*

CANADA IN FLANDERS

By Lord Beaverbrook. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE first volume of this official account of the operations of the Canadian Expeditionary Force was by Sir Max Aitkin, the special eye-witness of the Canadian Government. Since its publication the author has been raised to the peerage, so that we have now the interesting circumstance of two books of a series by one author appearing with two different names as authors. The first volume had an unusually large sale, which it deserved, for it was an exceedingly well written narrative. The present volume, no doubt, will be even more successful. It gives an account of the additions to the Canadian overseas military forces actually in the field, and describes in great detail their operations from the time of the action at Festubert to the Battle of the Somme. The narrative treats of two important engagements as far as Canadians were concerned, that of St. Eloi in April, 1916, and of Sanctuary Wood in the following June. It was at Sanctuary Wood that the Canadians, at the point of the bayonet, drove out the Germans from the portion of the British line that they had captured between Hooge and Mount Sorrell. The accounts are founded on official reports and on the observations of the Canadian Government's staff of eye-witnesses. At the end there is a chapter foreshadowing, as a result of the war, some closer form of constitutional union between Canada and Great Britain.

*

LILLA: A PART OF HER LIFE

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

DURING a time when commonplace novels are the rule, this unusual tale, made possible by the war, will be read as a refreshing draught. It is an ominous tale, ominous even from the beginning, when the man and woman (Lilla) meet at midnight on a train that has been darkened for military reasons. But the climax is dramatic and tragic, only an episode, some might say, but still an important episode in life of a hero. The author displays a keen appreciation of human nature, a fine sense of balance and adjustment.

*

PETER SIMMONS AT SIWASH

By George Fitch. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a book of typical American humour, humour that is based on the episodes of the average college youth—fraternity initiations, football, coaching and gridiron contests, faculty disinterest in athletics, the peculiar pigheadedness of the local police, and other forms of distraction dear to the boys at college. The book is spirited, and vivacious, and will be read with thorough enjoyment by the "fan" of every description.

*

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

By Isabel Paterson. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE heroine of this interesting story, Hope Fielding, is one of those attractive persons who act on impulse; in other words, persons who are ruled by the heart rather than by the head. There is about persons of this type that devil-me-careness that

lets to-morrow look after itself so long as they are amused or rendered content for the present. But if Hope Fielding is one of this type, she is not lacking in other qualities, one of which is courage. The setting is in the Canadian northwest, which was also the scene of Mrs. Paterson's first novel, "The Shadow Riders," which was pronounced generally as an excellent bit of fiction. The present novel should increase the author's reputation, because the character of Hope Fielding is bound to be liked.

*

VERSES

By John Edward Logan ("Barry Dane"). Montreal: The Pen and Pencil Club.

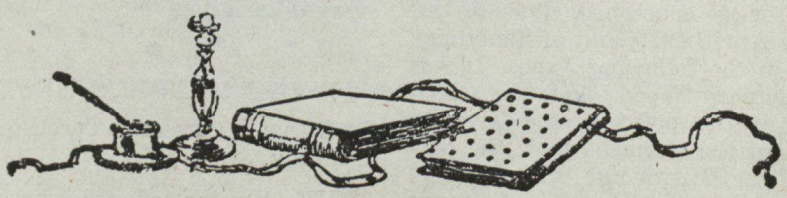
OWING to the devotion of some members of the Pen and Pencil Club, of Montreal, of which the lamented author of this volume was a member from its inception, the public of Canada have an opportunity of reading in collected form the work of a poet who had during his lifetime a restricted but staunch band of admirers. John Edward Logan wrote verse of no mean order. He liked the lyric, but the volume contains as well a number of carefully wrought sonnets, excellent dialect ballads, and a fine poem in blank verse entitled "A Cry from the Saskatchewan," which if not new in theme is spirited and lofty in treatment. We quote one of the shorter poems:

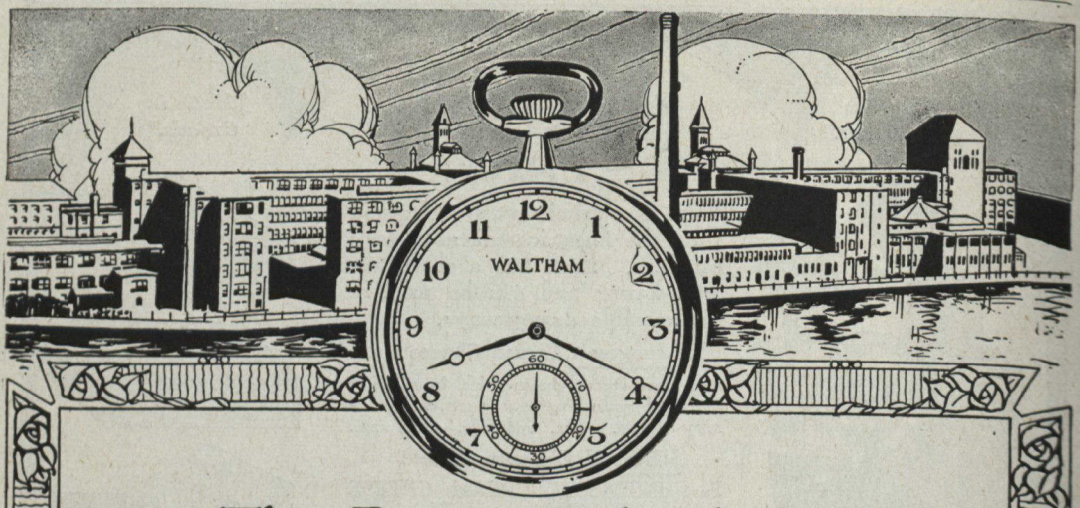
AT THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Fly, fly, O little bird, and tell me truly,
Where wandereth my love, this dawn of day;
Wing thine airy flight, and may no blast unruly,
Swerve thy pinions from the ever pleasant way:
And the butterfly, O chase not,
And the shining dragon, race not,
Lest you miss my love this dawning of the day.

Why fly you not, O little bird, but slyly
Twinkle merry eyes above the leafy spray?
Ah, a lover too hast thou, and sitting shyly,
Thou art waiting as he wings to thee his way:
Waiting for thy love to bring thee
A new song of love, to sing thee,
At this the happy dawning of the day.

Then tell me, little bird, is my love waiting
By the brooklet in the meadows far away,
For a lazy but true lover thus debating
With a bird that swings and sings upon a spray?
Then, farewell, I go to meet her,
Whose red lips are ever sweeter
Than rosebuds at the dawning of the day.





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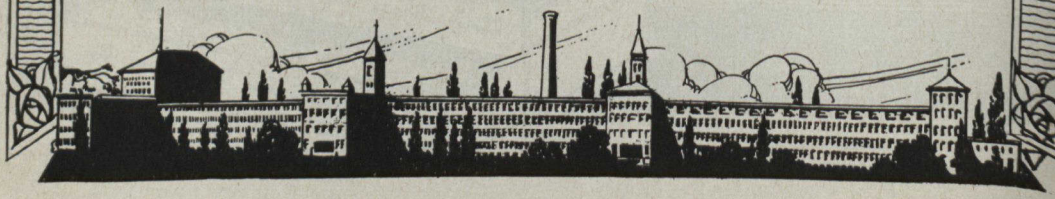

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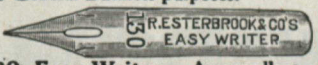

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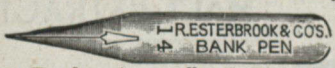

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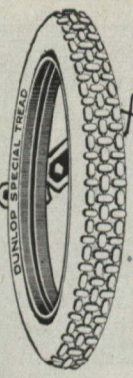

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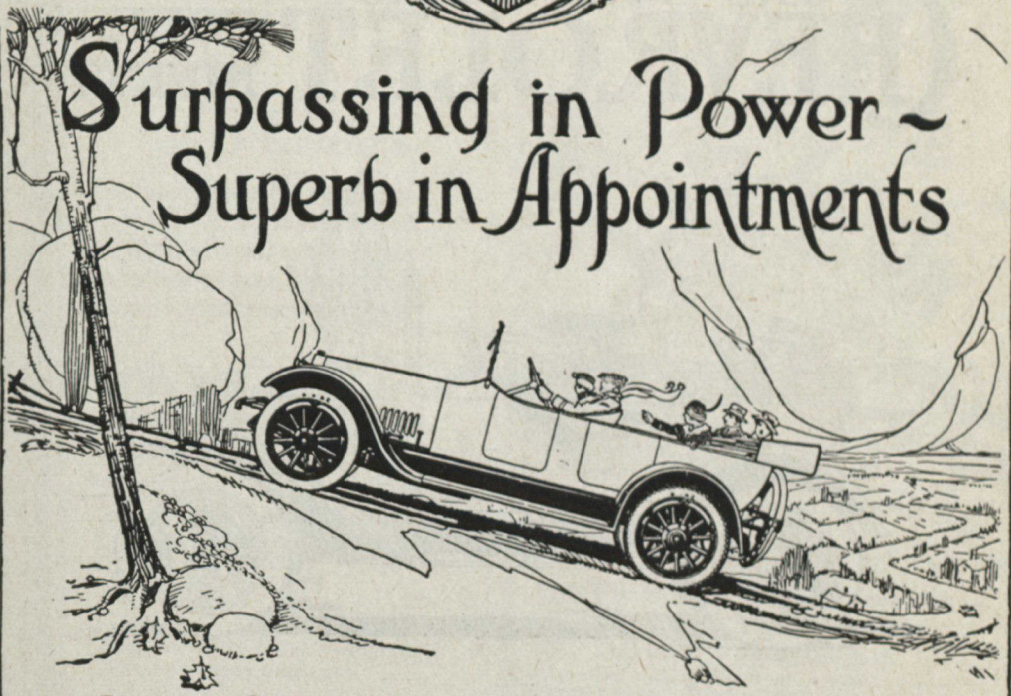
Surpassing in Power ~ Superb in Appointments



Power, or the lack of it, makes or mars an automobile.
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Canadian hills and highways are easily negotiated on high gear with the reserve power of the McLaughlin valve-in-head motor. This is due to the Valve-in-head principle of the McLaughlin motor construction, which develops from 15 to 25% more power than motors of other type of the same bore and stroke.
In all the essential qualities of a good motor car—body construction, mechanical efficiency and appointments—the McLaughlin is equal to the best. In power it stands alone.
The New Series McLaughlin cars include 4 and 6 cylinder models in Touring, Roadster and Sedan types, at prices ranging from $910 to $2350; a new 60 H. P. 6 cylinder 7 passenger McLaughlin at $1900.
Send for our new catalogue "B" describing our complete line to

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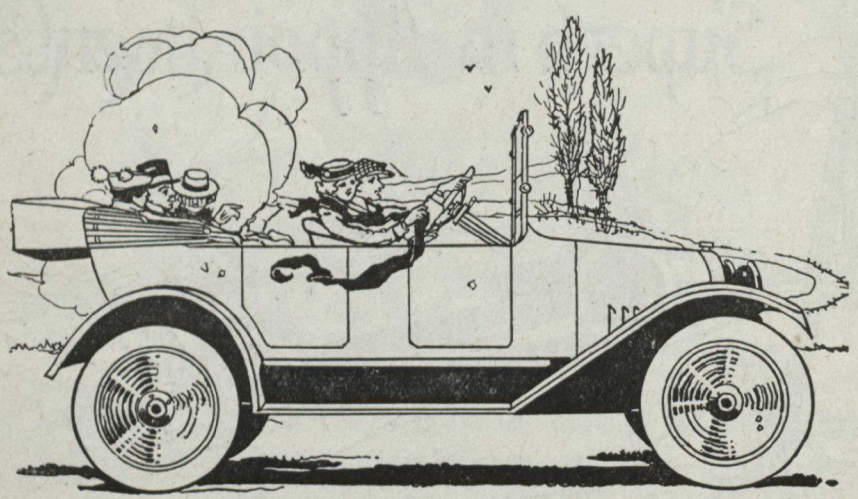
The New Series CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY



The best steel, and genuine highest grade materials forged, cast or welded into shape by modern machines of scientific accuracy insure the high efficiency of the **CHEVROLET Four-Ninety.**

The resiliency of the chassis, the pliancy of the supporting springs and fine upholstery insure comfort.

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30% off list price where no representative is already appointed.

Dealers, garages, and repair shops make greater profits and give more satisfaction supplying AIR FRICTION CARBURETORS, and spark plugs, than any other accessory they can handle.

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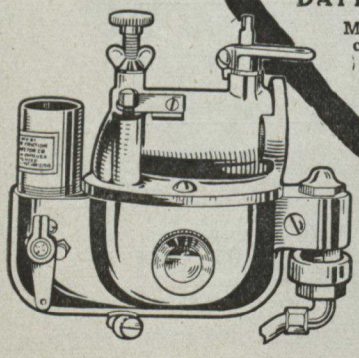

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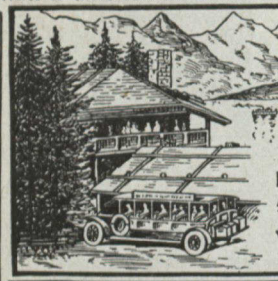

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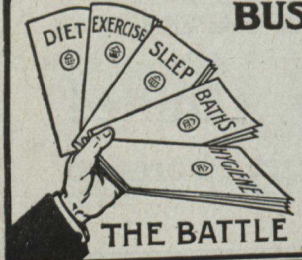

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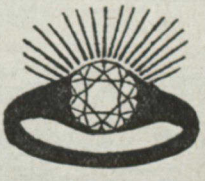

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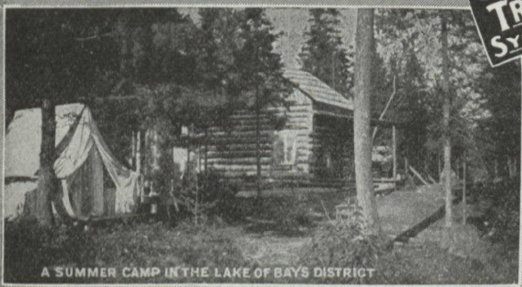

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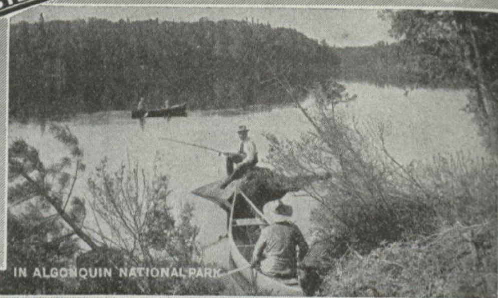

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The most glorious spot on the American Continent for your vacation. Cast aside the cares of business and roam in Nature's garden. Thousands of square miles of woods, lakes and streams, all undefiled by the relentless march of indastry. Where the fisherman can thrill to the death fight of the muskie, the bass and the trout! Where swimming, boating, camping are everything they should be to give you **That Perfect Vacation.** Breathe in health and vigor in the pure air of the pine and spruce grown hills, 2,000 feet above sea level.

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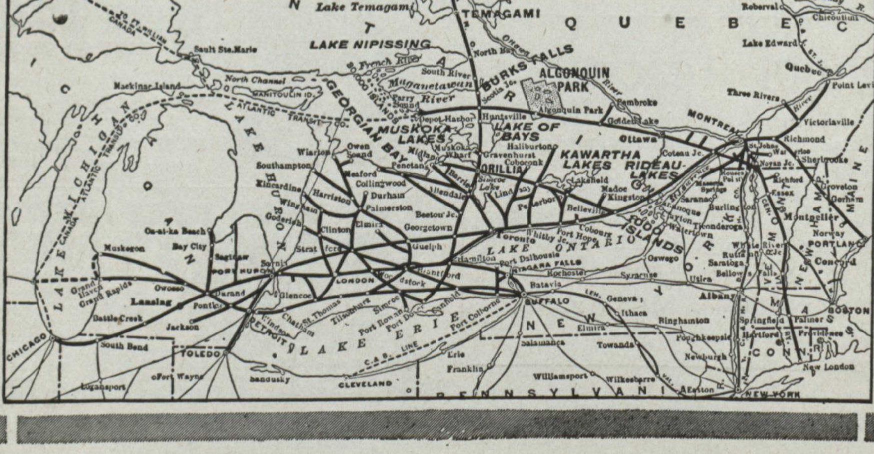

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Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a onger or shorter trip, summer 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.

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—when all other lights fail

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And here might come the tragic end of this story, but for Antonio Oliver, one of the crew. He remembered the *Eveready* DAYLO* in his bunk; strapped it to his wrist and with ten of his comrades went overboard, clinging desperately to a ship's raft.

Gleaming like a lone star, the light from Oliver's *Eveready* DAYLO* attracted the attention of the S. S. Buenos Aires. After several failures a boat was launched and help sent to the exhausted crew. Thus were the lives of eleven men saved by the light that did not fail—*Eveready* DAYLO.*

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Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited,
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***Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an* Eveready DAYLO**

when the fuse blows and all lights go out

when the car stalls on a dark road and the trouble must be located

when uncanny scratching in an unused room awakes you

when someone rings your door-bell in the middle of the night

when a storm breaks at 2 A.M. and the windows must be closed

when it's too dark to see your way from the house to the garage

when a strange noise in the bushes near the porch alarms you

when the baby cries in the night

A famous Boston jewelry store of over half a century ago.

"That's the make of silver-plate that we received when we were married, and we still have some that was mother's"

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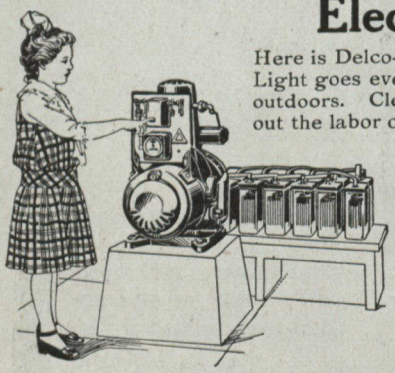

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"MACEY"
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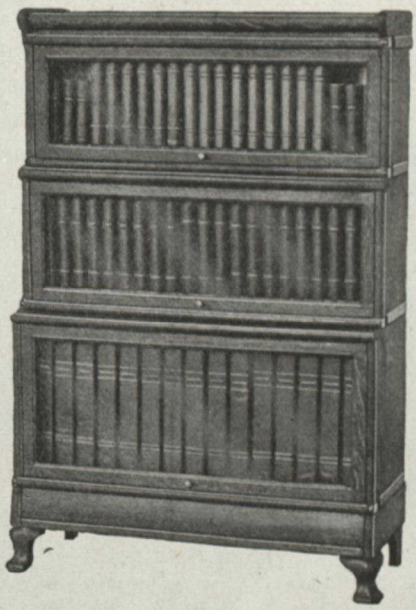

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Do away with all such neglect and loss, and besides provide a handsome piece of furniture that will be a real delight in the home and, perhaps most important of all, they don't cost much.

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CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

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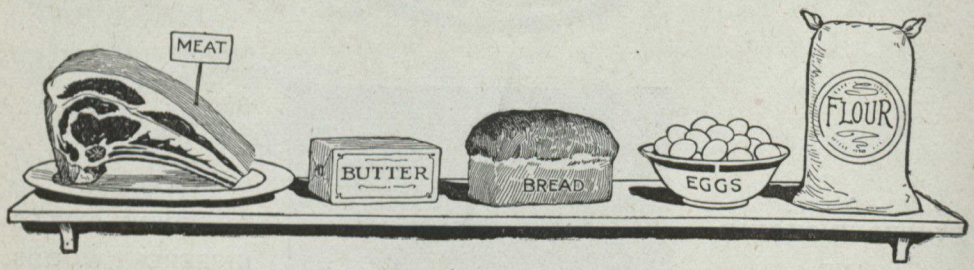

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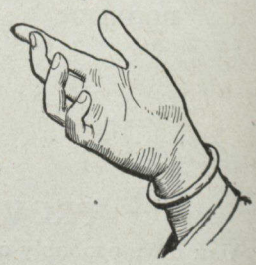
CORN FLAKES

are within the reach of all.



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8

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You owe to yourself every advantage to earn and achieve.

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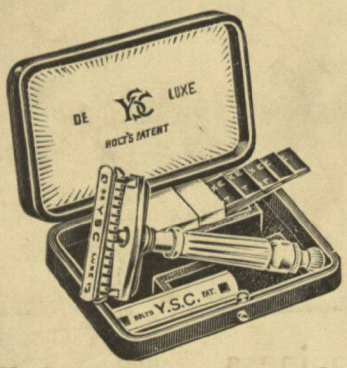

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