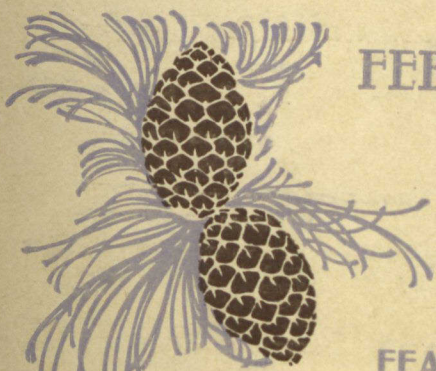
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY
1907

FEATURES:

The Stage of Former Days, by Dr. Goldwin Smith
TEN ILLUSTRATIONS

Canada's Champion Choir - By E. R. Parkhurst
ILLUSTRATED

The Governor-Generalship - By W. D. Lighthall, K.C.
A CRITICISM OF ITS FUNCTIONS

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII. No. 4

CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1907

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Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Office: 173 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The March Number

ART of the kind that is not always properly appreciated will have a place in the March number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. ¶ Basketry, an ancient art that has been modernised, will be well illustrated with excellent reproductions of photographs of the work done by Indian tribes in Canada. An explanatory and descriptive article will accompany the engravings. ¶ The making and decorating of China is another art that is often overlooked. There will be an article on "Coalport" China. ¶ Australia and New Zealand are looming up as competitors with Canada for first place among the British colonies. An illustrated article will deal with those important parts of the Empire. ¶ Dr. Saleeby's articles on Worry are commanding increasing attention. The third of the series will appear in the next issue. ¶ More attention is being given to poetry and light verse than ever before. Each succeeding month will have something of genuine interest in this line. ¶ The March number will have some capital short stories. Mr. A. R. Carman, the well-known writer, will be one of the contributors, with an illustrated story, the scene of which will be Venice. ¶ There will be many other features quite as worthy of note as the foregoing.

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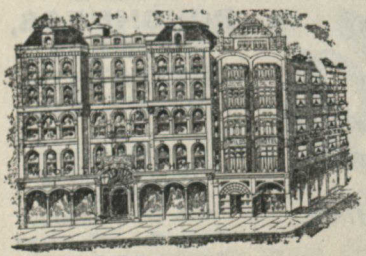

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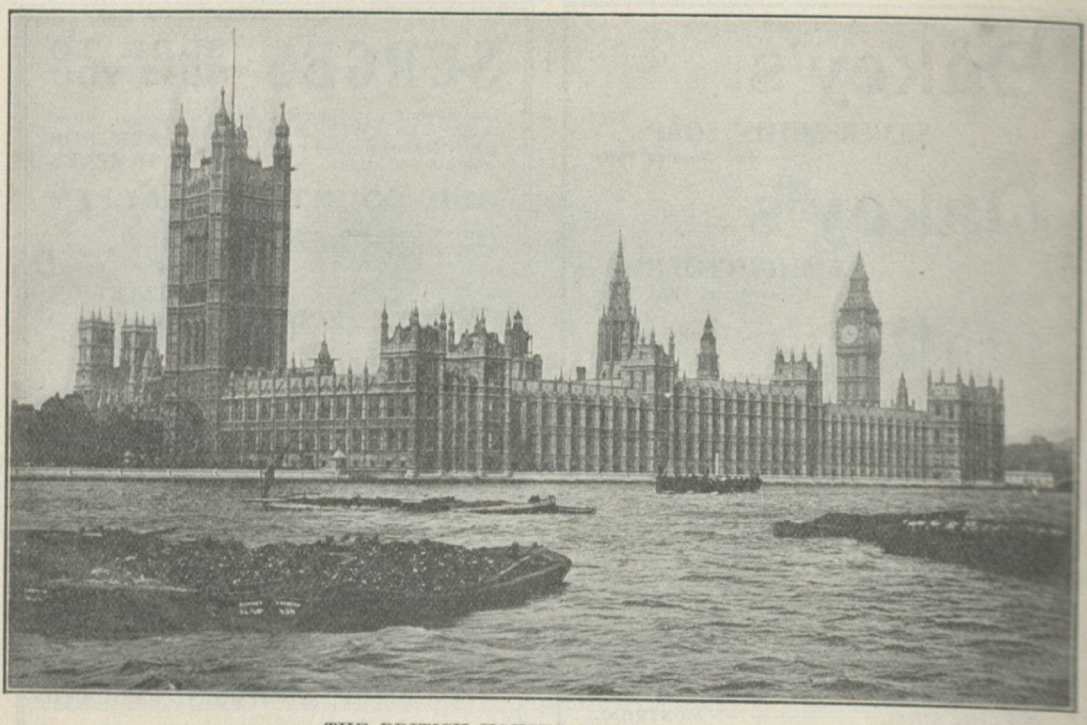

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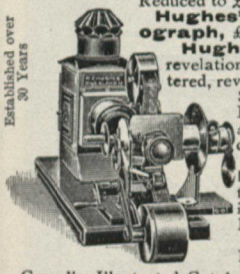

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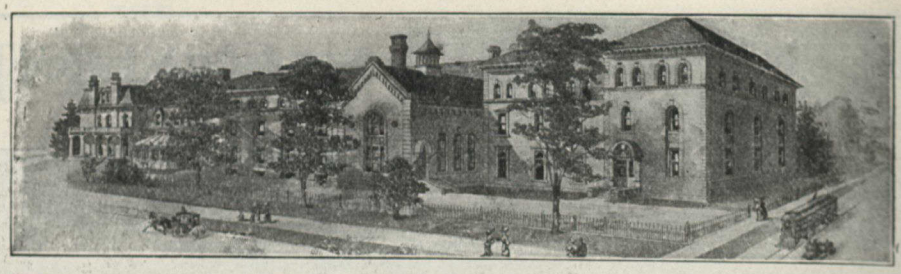

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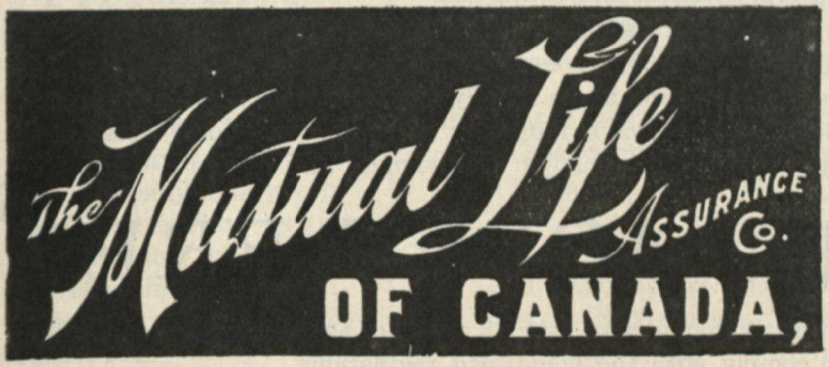

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From an Old Engraving

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, LONDON

VOL. XXVIII No. 4

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1907

The Stage of Former Days

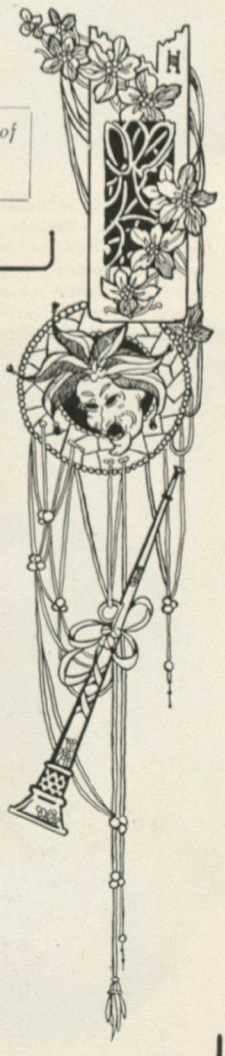
By

Goldwin Smith.
D.C.L.

An appreciation of players long gone from the stage, of the play itself as a powerful organ of culture, with a suggestion for Mr. Andrew Carnegie

THE death of Ristori recalls her to the memory of such of her surviving contemporaries as were lovers of the stage in those days. Hers was a figure not easily forgotten. She was a truly noble woman, made to express noble passions. Her favourite part was Camma, the heroine of a drama by Montanelli, and she was at the height of her glory in the scene in which Camma cajoles the Tetrarch, who for guilty love of her had murdered her husband, into drinking the poisoned cup, then drinks of it herself and dies. The story is taken from Plutarch (Treatise on the Virtues of Women). Tennyson has used it for his "Cup."

I saw Rachel in her best parts both in London and at Paris. It is presumptuous to speak of her after such a critic as Matthew Arnold, who says that Rachel begins almost where Sara Bernhardt ends. High passion was evidently her forte, and I should say passion such as that of Phèdre, rather of the diabolical than of the seraphic kind. That she was magnificent in her way could not be doubted. Her special part was that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, in a drama written expressly



HELEN FAUCIT

Who afterwards became Lady Martin. She was regarded as one of the most beautiful women of her day. Dr. Smith remembers her as a tender, graceful actress, but not so great in passion as Ristori or Rachel.

RACHEL

The celebrated French actress, as she appeared in Valéria in 1851. The realism of her death scenes was said to be remarkable. Matthew Arnold says that she begins almost where Sara Bernhardt ends.

ADELAIDE RISTORI

Whose death prompted Dr. Smith's reminiscences of the stage. Her New York debut was made in 1866. She is shown here as she appeared in "Myrra."

ALFRED WIGAN

As Monsieur Tourbillon and Mrs. Wigan as Virginie

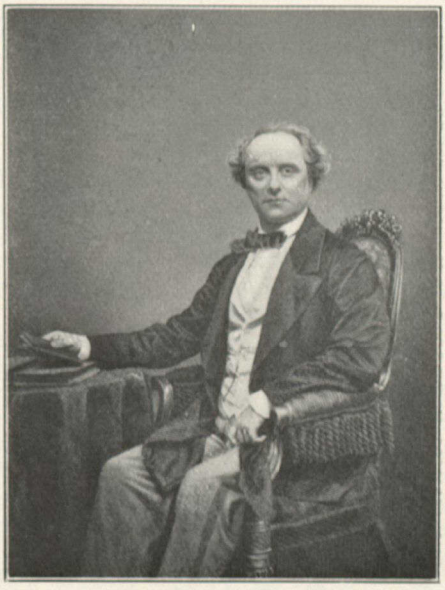
JENNIE LIND

The world-renowned songstress, as she appeared in "La Sonnambula"

Reproductions from Old Engravings

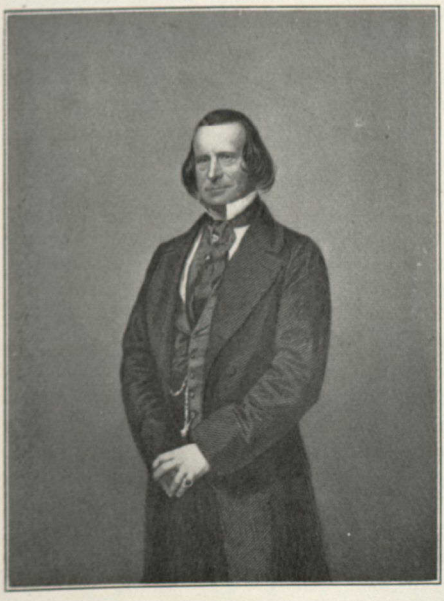
MADEMOISELLE TIETIENS

Who in her time was fine as an actress in *Lucrezia Borgia*



CHARLES KEAN

Dr. Smith does not agree with the opinion that Kean was great in Hamlet



SAMUEL PHELPS

Who was a well-known figure at Sadler's Wells

MADAME ALBONI

Whom Dr. Smith refers to as the peerless queen of song

Four Reproductions from Old Engravings by D. J. Pound

for her, the plot of which turned on the rivalry of two women for the love of Maurice de Saxe. The death scene at the conclusion was certainly a remarkable piece of work. It was said with probability to have been studied in a hospital. Adrienne, dying of the poison administered by her rival, was placed in a chair in which she went through the agonies of death and, at last, convulsively rising fell back dead. Rachel appeared on the stage glittering with the gifts of admirers.

The best performers on the English stage in those times were Wigan and Helen Faucit. Helen Faucit never soared to the heights of Ristori or Rachel, nor was she great in passion; but her acting was full of tenderness and grace. Of Wigan it was said by his admirers that he alone could represent a gentleman. The saying was scarcely just to Wigan's compeers.

Some of the opera people acted as well as sang well. Jennie Lind's acting was charming in pieces that suited her, such as the *Gazza Laddra* and the *Figlia del Regimento*. In fact, her acting, I think, was a part of her charm, and you felt that you missed something when she sang at a concert. Tietiens was fine as an actress in *Lucrezia Borgia*, while Alboni, the peerless queen of song, trod the stage in her tabard like a female elephant. Jennie Lind's popularity was enhanced by her character. She was not, like other prima donnas, a harpy, but left something for the lesser people.

I liked to go to Sadler's Wells, the people's theatre in those days, now long numbered with the past. It was nice to see the enjoyment of the people and their loyalty to Shakespeare. The taste of the people, being simple, as a rule is true. It is in the grade above, that of the music hall, that the false taste begins. The popular power of hearty realisation was amusing and pleasant to behold. A man carried away by the struggle between Richard II and the murderers, when Richard felled one of his assailants, jumped up and shouted, "Go it, old fellow! He's getting on pretty well."

Phelps was the chief actor as well as the lessee of Sadler's Wells. He was strong in declamation. He gave us Prospero's great speech well. Let me observe, by the way, in answer to a critic, that I never said that Prospero was James I. What I did say was that James I, being, like Prospero, the father of the bride, and intensely proud of his learning, was pretty sure to apply to himself the compliments paid to Prospero. Nor was it unlikely that he who had been the object of the Gunpowder Plot, and was at the time of the performance struggling with a violent opposition in Parliament, would chuckle over the discomfiture of the double plot in the *Tempest*.

Sadler's Wells suffered by its attempt to emulate the historic realism which was the ill-starred fancy of Charles Kean. Kean imagined that he could lend reality to the performance of Shakespeare's plays by a faithful reproduction of contemporary costume and pageantry. He might have known that in Shakespeare's time there was no scenery, but only a stage. The scenery the audience were expected to supply out of their own fancy. They had to draw on their imaginations for the field of Bosworth or Agincourt with contending armies, for the Roman senate house, and the wood of Arden. He might also have known that Shakespeare was no antiquarian, but clothed all his characters with the raiment and surrounded them with the circumstances of his own time. A Duke of Athens, to him, was like a Duke of Milan or Ferrara. Charles Kean made the scene of the Midsummer Night ancient Athens, with a classical Theseus and at the same time with fairies, nunneries, and a duel.

Charles Kean was supposed to succeed in Hamlet. I could not agree with the opinion. Hamlet is a desperately difficult part. Shakespeare was not only a dramatist in the strict sense of the word, but a philosophic poet. He shows it in the soliloquy of Hamlet and in such a passage as that in the *Merchant of Venice*, v. i., "Sit Jessica," etc. The subtlety of Hamlet's character is almost beyond the scope of drama. Anyone who had the sensibility to feel it would scarcely have the nerve to act it. The best Hamlet I ever saw was Emile Devrient, in Germany, who managed as far as possible to make you feel

that he was soliloquising to himself and not to the pit.

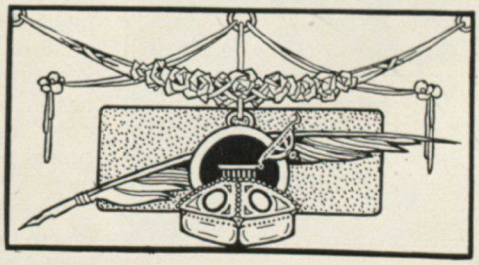
A powerful organ is the stage, not only of enjoyment but of culture, especially for the masses of the people. The theatre at Dresden, of which for some months I was a constant attendant, subsidised and controlled by the Government, must, I am sure, have been a powerful and salutary instrument of popular education. I had the pleasure of witnessing there the most rapturous applause of Shakespeare, who was acted in the excellent German translation of Schlegel and Tieck. If my beneficent and honoured friend Andrew Carnegie had endowed popular theatres instead of endowing libraries, which are multiplying fast enough of themselves, I am not sure that his bounty would not have been better bestowed.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next.

—*King Richard II*

The play is the thing wherein I'll catch
The conscience of the King.

—*Hamlet*



An Emperor at Work and at Play

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Intimate sketch of "The Grand Old Man" among Royalties, showing the simple and severe life of an esteemed monarch

QUITE apart from the foolish praise lavished upon monarchs for their slightest act, His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, ruler of a dozen States and twenty peoples, speaking as many languages, is one of the most remarkable figures in the civilised world to-day, by reason of his great age, his severe and simple life, the tragedies of his family, and, above all, the wonderful way he holds together the warring factions within his empire.

No prince of the Hapsburg House ever enjoyed such universal respect and reverence; and whoever has occasion to approach this "Grand Old Man" among the monarchs of the world is filled with enthusiasm for his charm of manner, his democratic approachableness, his amazing frankness, and his sterling sense of justice.

Will it be believed that this aged man, now nearly seventy-five, works ten hours a day and more at State and military affairs—and that for weeks on end—often contenting himself with a "quick lunch" brought to him at the desk in his study. Old Francis Joseph to-day remains the same early riser he was in the days of his youth, and summer and winter rises from his little iron bedstead at the unearthly hour of half-past four. His toilet—bathing, shaving, and dressing—never takes him longer than half an hour; and, as the Emperor doesn't care for civilian dress, he usually dons the uniform of a Colonel of one of his own regiments.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY

On his frequent shooting expeditions, however, he wears the coarse dress of Alpine Austria, and in his study appears in a short military cloak with a peakless soldier's cap on his grey head. Every single act of this remarkable old man's life is conducted with military precision. On the very stroke of five his breakfast—a cup of coffee, some cold meat, and rolls—is brought him, and before six he is in his study.

A casual glance might lead one to think this was a cosy sitting-room, with its dainty

pictures, framed photos, and charming furniture, but the big writing-table in the window, the bookshelves, and the litter of newspaper cuttings on tables, chairs, and floor reveal the room's true purpose.

Just above the Emperor's writing-table hangs a portrait of his late Consort, the Empress Elizabeth, who was stabbed to the heart with a file by a maniac anarchist in Geneva some years ago. Alas! this is but one of the many dark tragedies that have overshadowed the unfortunate House of Hapsburg. In this study the aged Emperor works uninterruptedly until noon. Bulky packets of papers and ministerial reports are read to him, and so carefully does he go through this work that he frequently pounces upon contradictions between clauses which have entirely escaped the notice of Ministers or Under-Secretaries who may have drafted the Bill.

The Austrian Emperor is a great man for inviting petitions from all sections of his wonderful empire—and few people realise the diversity of nations which go to make up the Dual Monarchy. May not the domes and minarets and cupolas of Islam be seen in Bosnia and the Herzegovina? Is not Italian the language of Istria? Are not the Hungarians more different from the Austrians than the Irish from the English?

Naturally, then, petitions are numerous, and every one of these documents is read by the Emperor, who speaks and writes with perfect ease seven or eight languages, including Magyar, Croat, and Polish, as well as Italian and Russian. If he thinks any petition worthy he puts his Imperial sign manual upon it and passes it on to a minister, who carries out the request. Important laws may often lie on the table in this room for many weeks before the conscientious old man will make up his mind to sign them; nor does he ever put his signature on a death-warrant without exhaustive study of the case, and until he is convinced that clemency would be an injury to society.

In one corner stands a little cupboard of egriot wood in which the old Kaiser Franz Josef keeps his private correspondence and accounts; and here, too, he keeps papers he dislikes to sign and equally dislikes to return to the Ministers unsigned, lest their feelings be hurt. Such documents frequently are concerned with the conferring of honours and distinctions.

Having read and signed a whole host of reports, petitions, bills, and other paper, the Emperor glances through the Vienna papers and also the big assortment of newspaper cuttings from all the leading journals of the world. It is worthy of note that within the last month or two the Emperor gave special instructions that the press cuttings from America were to be trebled.

At nine he receives his Adjutant-General, Count Paar. Next come the Directors of the Chancelleries of Austria and Hungary, with whom he may work for hours. Later the Ministers of State and Court Dignitaries arrive to present reports and receive instructions. All except callers wearing military uniform appear in evening dress in the Imperial study, even though the hour be seven o'clock in the morning.

They report standing till the Emperor sits down and invites them to a chair. Ministerial Councils and Military Conferences are not held in this room. The Emperor's so-called private apartments only comprise five rooms—two drawing-rooms, the study, his bedroom, and a Conference Room. In the Vienna Hofburg, as the Imperial Palace is called, general audiences are held twice a week, and positively anyone wishing to prefer a request or petition may approach freely this most democratic of Emperors.

It does not matter whether the Imperial visitor is a street-sweeper or a nobleman like one of the princely House of Esterhazy. I have often seen Archdukes and Princes with their dress-coats ablaze with Orders walking into the presence of the Emperor side by side with the poorest of peasants. Naturally, the audiences cannot last long, since the aged monarch often receives over a hundred persons in a single forenoon.

In each case Franz Josef is posted up on the subject from the written petition; and as neither an adjutant nor any Court official is present, the Emperor

alone is face to face with his petitioner. It frequently happens that the latter is struck absolutely speechless in the Emperor's presence, but the old man will take his hand and speak words of kindly encouragement until his visitor is quite at his ease and recovers his speech.

Frequent slips of the tongue, such as "Your Excellency" and even "Mr. Emperor!" are never heeded, of course; and to hear the old Kaiser rattling off the dialects of his polyglot empire is an experience probably unique in Royal receptions. He drops into Hungarian for one set of subjects, and there is Polish for the Galicians; Czech for the Bohemians; Italian for the people round about Trieste and the Adriatic seaboard, and so on.

Of course, not every petition can be granted, but even if the Emperor is bound to refuse his manner has so delicate and gentle a charm that the disappointed one comes away full of love for the old man. A light nod and a smile is a hint to the visitor that the audience is over, and the Emperor hurries over to his desk to make a few notes and get information from the list there about the next case.

Comically enough, many visitors, probably impressed by the occasion, or filled with their own troubles, disregard the monarch's nod altogether. Such inconsiderate folk will remain standing in the audience-room and begin relating their case all over again. But never once does the Emperor show signs of impatience, but listens with that air of attentive benignance that has made him so beloved.

It has been known, too, that old people have, in their agitation, thrown themselves at their sovereign's feet, and he himself assists them to arise. All these duties, coupled with the opening of Art Exhibitions, the attending of the funeral of one of his generals, or a call on a foreign royalty or ambassador, frequently leave hardly any time for lunch. In such cases a plate of sandwiches and a glass of Bavarian beer are brought to the desk.

In the ordinary way, however, the Emperor lunches with his Adjutant-General, taking only a soup, two dishes of meat, and a glass of beer. His Majesty afterwards lights one of the cigars made specially for him of choice Havana leaves rolled in the Vienna factory. He often presents a box of these to persons he wishes to favour. The Imperial dinner, usually served at seven, is also eaten in private with the Adjutant-General, Count Paar. As a rule, it consists of five courses—light hors d'œuvres, a soup, some boiled or roast meat, a sweet, and some dessert, with the inevitable glass of Bavarian beer and a cigar. The Kaiser dislikes wine, and, when giving toasts at State banquets, he barely touches the champagne glass to his lips.

He almost invariably retires to rest early, but if he should be kept up late he takes nothing more before going to bed except a plate of strawberries in summer or a glass of "bonny-clabber." Being a pillar of the Roman Catholic Church, the Austrian Emperor abstains from meat on Fridays and fast days, eating fish instead; and, in general, the monarch's table is that of an ordinary middle-class Vienna citizen. The Imperial *chef*, however, is always tempting his master; but at night, when the menu for the next day is sent down to the kitchen, it always contains erasures by the Emperor's pen.

Naturally, State and other dinners are a very different matter, for it is well known that, in spite of the abstemiousness of the Emperor as an individual, the Court of Vienna is one of the most brilliant in the world, and the women most beautifully dressed. In the course of a year many magnificent banquets are given at the Hofburg in honour of foreign Monarchs, Princes, and Ambassadors; and other State events take place in the Royal Castle at Budapest, when high officers of State, Court dignitaries, and members of the Houses of Parliament of Austria and Hungary are invited.

During dinner the Emperor converses in his liveliest manner with the guests of honour near him, and when he rises, the whole party of men betake themselves to the smoking-room, where black

coffee is served. Here begins what is known as the *cercle* at the Austrian Court. The Emperor talks in turn to everyone present about personal things or current events. He likes the frankest replies, and laughs with grand joviality at witty sallies.

Formerly Francis Joseph devoted two hours to his family after lunch, but since the painful death of his only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the assassination of his Empress at Geneva, coupled with the marriage of his two daughters, he leads a very solitary life for the greater part of the year. In summer, however, he makes his way to his lovely villa at Ischl, in the beautiful Salzkammergut, and here he is surrounded by his daughters and their children. It is then this pathetic old man is happiest, playing grandfather with the babies, taking walks with them, and forgetting for a brief season the trials, sufferings, misfortunes, and disappointments which life has brought him.

When in Vienna the greater part of the afternoon and evening are spent at work in his study, but now and again His Majesty will take a drive out to the villa of his younger daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, at Lainz, not far from Vienna; or to the Imperial Chateau of Schönbrunn, where in spring and autumn the Emperor resides altogether. The park at Schönbrunn contains the Emperor's favourite walks.

When driving, his carriage is never surrounded by a military escort, and the Emperor has an intense personal dislike of any police precautions for his safety. Of course, the public recognise their beloved sovereign and pay him homage and reverence. His recreations are reading, the theatre, and shooting. He is not so much a theatre-goer now as he was in former years, but still he loves to see a new play in the Imperial Burg-theatre or the Imperial Opera House. His Majesty prefers comedies, and may be seen laughing heartily at the funny episodes.

The old Emperor gives with full hands to the poor and suffering, and often, when sums are proposed by his ministers and Court officials in aid of persons, villages, or districts in distress—Laiback, for instance, a notorious earthquake centre—the amounts are constantly raised, and even doubled, by the Emperor.

The Austrian Emperor is enormously rich privately, and his Civil List amounts to 22,600,000 kronen, which enables him to spend enormous sums annually on charitable and public objects. In this way he outdoes all the other Sovereigns of Europe. Then there are allowances to the members of his family, the up-keep of palaces, chateaus, villas, shooting-boxes, parks, zoological gardens, State theatres, and libraries, and other drains upon the Imperial purse, so that, humble as the Emperor's personal wants are, he would face a big deficit every week if he had nothing to dispose of but his Civil List.

A valet who was in the service of the Emperor for nearly thirty years once remarked to a friend: "I will bet that ten kronen a day would be quite enough for my Imperial master to live upon." And yet, frugal as he is, economy is never allowed to be practised in the up-keep of the Austrian Court, as anyone knows who has attended any of the receptions, gala banquets, and Court balls in the Vienna Hofburg, or the castle of Buda—two palaces renowned the world over for the brilliancy and splendour of their festivities.

His Majesty is also a very liberal patron of arts and letters; and no considerable exhibition is given in the capital without his visiting it and buying a number of valuable canvases selected by him with rare taste. In both capitals, Vienna and Budapest, will be found many magnificent monuments due entirely to the Emperor. If he does not attend the theatre, the aged Monarch retires to bed at half-past eight, so it is no wonder he is amazingly vigorous and healthy, and has reigned more than fifty-six years, and bids fair to beat the record of Queen Victoria in this respect.

Once, and once only, has the Austrian Emperor been seriously ill, and that was in 1853, when a tailor named Libeny, a fanatical adherent of Louis Kossuth,

made an attempt on his life, inflicting on the Emperor a serious wound with a dagger. Once or twice recently he has suffered a little from lumbago, and here it may be mentioned how scrupulously exact the Monarch is in obeying the orders of his physician.

For many years he smoked a very strong cigar known as the Virginier-cigarren, but when his doctor told him one day these smokes might injure his health the Emperor put away the cigar he had just lighted and has never smoked one since. No fulsome courtier's praise, when one of his Ministers declared the Emperor the most hard-worked man in the Dual Monarchy. Whether in the Vienna Hofburg or Buda Castle, His Majesty is hard at work the livelong day; and even in summer and autumn, when in his villa at Ischl or the Chat au of Schönbrunn, or even in his far-off Hungarian country seat at Godollo, a constant stream of couriers find him at work as early as five in the morning at his writing-table.

The Imperial villas at Ischl and Godollo are furnished with truly Spartan simplicity, and here the old Emperor walks in the woods or drives alone or with his daughters and grandchildren. But even when travelling or attending the great autumn manœuvres, the Emperor never lets his work slide; and even on his beloved hunting expeditions his guests often find their Imperial host has been up an hour or two before them at his desk.

Not less strictly does the Emperor discharge his religious duties. He takes part in all great Church festivals, and for this reason the Corpus Christi procession and the Easter celebrations are great sights for the pleasure-loving Viennese. Then on Maundy Thursday, in the Great Hall of Ceremonies of the Hofburg, the Emperor goes through the quaint mediæval ceremony of washing the feet of twelve aged men.

Unique among Monarchs, the Austrian Emperor has no favourites, and his Ministers, no matter how much he may distinguish them, can never tell how near to their Imperial master's heart they really are. The late Counts Bombelles, Taaffe, and Pejacsevics were always addressed by him as "thou," being dear friends from childhood. Yet none of the three could assert he had ever been particularly favoured by his master.

Above all things, Francis Joseph is a sportsman. A crack shot he has been all his life, and formerly a hardy and daring mountaineer who would leave behind even the best huntsman and keepers when after a chamois in the Austrian Alps. Even now, at his great age, he loves the freedom of woods and mountains, clad in a short shooting-jacket of rough wool, leather breeches that leave his knees bare, grey stockings, coarse-nailed shoes, and a jaunty hat decorated with feathers of the black-cock.

His Majesty has shot over a thousand capercailzie. This most shy and difficult of birds is met chiefly in Styria, and for this sport the Emperor would drive to his shooting-box at Neuberg or Murzsteg, in Northern Styria. The Emperor ascends the mountain after capercailzie in the dead of the night and reaches the required spot just before dawn. An amazing amount of caution is necessary, as the hunter can only approach when the bird is calling to the hens. Expert hunter as the Austrian Emperor is, he has never secured more than seven of these cocks in a single night.

At five in the morning this sport is over for the day, and two hours later the Emperor is down in the valley at the station, and at ten is seated at his desk in the Vienna Hofburg, trying to make up for lost time. When after large game, such as stags and chamois, which the Emperor likes best, he makes for the Salzkammergut and Styria.

He has shooting-boxes at Murzsteg, Neuberg, Schladming, and Radmer, as well as a small one on the Langbath-See and another on the Offen-See. All these houses are furnished in the simplest manner, their only decorations being horns, heads, and stuffed specimens, as well as wood carvings and sporting pictures. When he goes deer-stalking the Emperor will leave his little iron bed as early as two o'clock in the morn-

ing, and neither cold, rain nor deep snow can keep him from his favourite sport, despite his seventy-four years.

No path is too steep for him if he can get a fair shot at a chamois, of which he has, so far, bagged more than two thousand. After the morning's chase the Emperor's guests retire to rest after the arduous climbs, whereas the aged Emperor busies himself with State affairs till noon. There may be another hunt in the afternoon, and foremost and briskest in it is the indefatigable Emperor. On such days, however, he goes to bed earlier than usual. Thus it is no wonder their sovereign should be the idol of Austrian huntsmen. When, seven years ago, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his reign, several thousand sportsmen, rangers, and gamekeepers came to Vienna from every part of the Empire to pay their respects to "The First Sportsman in Austria," and to present him with a golden oak branch.

They were received in the park of Schönbrunn, where the Emperor shook hands and conversed with the humblest gamekeeper as though he were an old friend. As Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Army, this "Grand Old Man" is more indefatigable than ever. Heart and soul he is with his military staff, and inspects the garrisons of Vienna several times during the year. In spring he visits Bruck-on-the-Leitha, the great military camp, and is ready for the important manœuvres of autumn. At such times the Emperor will work at his writing-table even an hour or two before dawn.

At a very early hour he is on the scene of the fight, and may remain seven hours in the saddle. "To ride like the Kaiser" is a proverb in the Austro-Hungarian Army. For, even at this day, the septuagenarian Emperor will drive his charger at full speed over stiff fences and hedges. During the manœuvres he may be seen galloping from battery to battery or conferring with infantry officers, or superintending an onslaught of the cavalry. He withholds neither praise nor blame; and all headquarters officers, as well as the foreign military attachés, are His Majesty's guests during the manœuvres, all meals being served in a huge tent.

Naturally, at such times the conversation is military, and the Emperor is fond of entering into conversation with young officers, discussing with them the dispositions for the following day. Court etiquette is not in force, and often officers covered with dust hurry in after dinner or lunch is begun, and sit down wherever they find an empty chair. Thus there may be forty officers with the Emperor when the lunch begins and over a hundred when the coffee is served.

Afterwards maps are produced, and Baron Beck, Chief of the General Staff, reviews the day's proceedings and criticises the work of individual commanders. A general debate follows, in which the Emperor takes a prominent part.

The Meeting

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SHE flitted by me on the stair—
A moment since I knew not of her.
A look, a smile! She passed, but where
She flitted by me on the stair
Joy cradled exquisite despair:
For who am I that I should love her?
She flitted by me on the stair—
A moment since I knew not of her.

The Weaning of Arthur Browning

By ALBERT R. CARMAN

An English youth of "quality," afflicted by the wiles of a cottager's daughter, is cured by an unexpected remedy

THERE was more to see in Naples that spring than the goats on the sidewalk, the tourists buying tortoise shell and the Vesuvian cone smoking, away across the bay. There was the sight of Arthur Browning in course of being taught that in the world are sweets which he must not touch.

Arthur had been brought abroad by his mother, Mrs. Penryn Browning, and his uncle on his mother's side, Col. Arthur Penryn, with a view of getting "some nonsense out of his head," as his uncle would explain after two cigars in the smoking-room. The "nonsense" was a piece of daintily-modelled pink-and-white clay, of a quite inferior quality in its origin—"the daughter of a cottager on his mother's estate, indeed!" —who had very nearly "inveigled the boy" into a love escapade. So they had borne him off to the continent, where the Venuses are all cold marble, and "the cottagers don't speak your language, by Jove!" And there was plenty of desiccated history and fine old religious art to fill his mind. But moonlight on the Grand Canal at Venice had done little for him; and even three days' lectures in and about the Forum at Rome had not kept him from trying to get a letter off from that city to "Vi," the "huzzy" with the milk-white brow and the rose-petal cheek. He seemed, however, to take more interest in Naples.

The reason for this might have occurred to his mother and uncle if they had not kept religiously indoors every evening—Mrs. Browning because of malaria, and Col. Penryn because there were English people to be talked to and English papers to be read in the smoking-room. The greatest pleasure which some travellers find in Europe is the rare luck of meeting an occasional fellow-countryman there. Now Arthur, having no proper fear of malaria, spent his evenings lying in the grass at the outermost edge of the hotel garden, with the city twinkling below him, and three pairs of feminine eyes twinkling from three chairs—though he knew it not—behind him. All he knew was that three friendly American women sympathised with him in "his sad case," and that they would talk to him of it for hours together out there in the velvet dark.

They were three sisters—Mrs. Harte, Miss Gardiner and Miss Marion Gardiner, who were "doing" Europe together. Mrs. Harte—a widow—was cynical. She would advance such theories as that "Vi had not written because she was busy with the spring cleaning." Miss Gardiner was mischievous. She would suggest that Vi might have found comfort in some one else. Arthur would smile superiorly at this. It was "not at all likely." Miss Marion, on the other hand, did nothing but indulge in exclamatory explosions at her elder sister's irreverence in the presence of a romance. Arthur was a lover; and Marion was a very queen in the world that loves a lover.

One night something happened that put an end to these little gatherings in the garden. Marion was seized with a desire to go down the long steps and through the mysterious streets and so to the sea-wall, upon which she could hear the baby Mediterranean waves breaking in the stillness. Mrs. Harte said that it had been a long time since she was "romantic enough to go away down that hill for that"; and, though her second sister hinted that being "rheumatic" had more to do with it, she would not go herself so far to a beach

where one could not bathe. Arthur thought that this ended it, for surely even an American girl would not go down there with him and without a chaperon; but he misjudged the situation, for Marion did go, and hung trembling on his arm as they pushed past cloaked figures on the dark Italian streets, and felt that she would have died if this "boy of an Englishman" had shown the least sign of being afraid. As they sat together on the sea-wall, Marion looked at him, erect and self-sufficient, and had a new sense of his bravery. No wonder that fair girl in an English village would believe in him! Then she found herself wondering irrelevantly how attractive this English girl was.

"She is very, very pretty, isn't she, Mr. Browning?"

"Vi?—Yes."

"I am so sorry for you both. It must be so hard to be kept apart—and—and—not to be—to be sure, you know, that you can have each other."

"We are sure!"—firmly.

"Oh!"

Somehow this did not seem so comforting to Marion as it ought to have been.

When they got back, they found Col. Penryn waiting for them at the door of the hotel. No one was waiting for Marion, however; so she chatted with the two men a few moments and then stepped into the elevator.

The Colonel shook his head at Arthur slowly, but with a questioning smile at his lips, and led the way to a quiet corner in the smoking-room.

"The mater has been greatly disturbed," he said, presently. "Couldn't believe that they'd let you go off with one of the girls. What kind of girls are they, anyway?"

"Very nice young ladies," replied Arthur, soberly.

The Colonel puffed for a while.

"Well, better see the mater," he said. "This is not in my department."

The result was that the Browning party took the early morning boat next day for Capri; and, incidentally, Arthur learned that his mother thought "unknown American adventuresses" quite as objectionable, though far less attractive, than "cottagers' daughters."

The Brownings spent three days at Capri, the Colonel going up every afternoon to see the Tarantella danced on the high cliff of Tiberius by the barefooted Italian woman and her young husband, with the St. Sabastian eyes; and then they bought scarfs and sat on their hotel gallery over the sea at Sorrento for another day; and then drove up through the terraces of orange groves and fragrant lemons to the height of land, and so down to Amalfi, clinging to its cliff-side by the Bay of Salerno.

The next morning Arthur was walking alone in the square by the church, watching the dark, graceful Amalfi girls drawing water from the mountain stream as it ran through the street, and carrying it off in stone jars of the Roman shape on their straight, strong shoulders; when, looking up, he saw a tourist girl on the steps that rise to the church. It was Marion! Their party had come round the other way from Naples, and were now going on to Sorrento and Capri, and finally to Pompeii. Arthur diplomatically explained his sudden departure from Naples as being due to the desire of his mother to take advantage of the fine weather for the sea trip to Capri; and then they both feared that they would not have time to bring the rest of their parties together here in Amalfi. But they thought that, having met by good fortune, they might follow this little mountain stream up the cliff-side, through clustering stone houses and by dripping water-wheels. Baedeker said that it was a thing which simply *must* be done; and they felt sure that neither Mrs. Harte nor Mrs. Browning could be tempted to make such a climb. And it proved a real climb. There were places where he had to take her hand over moss-slippery stone pathways and under the grim antiquity of mediæval walls.

And it was a slim scrap of hand, looking so frail and dependent, and yet feeling so live. It was soft; and still—disloyal thought—it had not the padded feeling of hands he had held. He could

touch it nowhere—not even at the finger-tips—without touching the vital girl. Now there were hands that you had to squeeze to call the attention of their owners to the circumstance that you were holding them.

And then brown eyes, when lifted in half-serious, half-playful fear, or in suddenly felt trust, made you wish you could prolong the occasion which had opened them upon you.

Finally he did prolong it.

He had taken her hand across a stepping-stone, and he kept it when she was safely on the other side. There was a moment or two of waiting; then the brown eyes came up, protesting, reproachful. He released it, uneasily; and the next crossing she made without noticing his outstretched hand.

There was a stiffness between them as they went down the tortuous path toward the church square. Presently he said boyishly:

"You are angry."

"You deserve that I should be."

"Why?"

"You know."

Silence for several minutes.

"I can't say that I'm sorry, for I'm not," was the way he broke it.

"Well, you ought to be."

"Why is it so wrong to hold your hand for a minute?"

"It is for you—you are engaged."

"Yes, I know—but—she wouldn't care."

Marion opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Honest! She wouldn't! She has said so!"

"She didn't mean it then."

"Would you?—that is, if—if we were engaged?"

"Most certainly," with a little air of dignified resentment at the question.

Arthur looked at her as if he liked that way of keeping an engagement. "Well, Vi wouldn't," he repeated. "She laughs at engaged people who are the least bit strict with each other."

There was sympathy now in the brown eyes that Marion raised to him.

"Do you like it that way?" she asked, softly.

"No," he said, promptly, looking into the sympathetic eyes; and then he remembered how, when Vi had laughed, he had laughed too. So he went on:

"Well, it seems all right with Vi, but—" He stopped, blushing furiously. Marion was looking earnestly at him, so she caught his blush and her own face crimsoned.

Silence again for several minutes.

Then Arthur lifted his head. "I shall marry Vi as soon as I get back," he said sturdily. "I love her, you know."

"Yes," said Marion, quietly.

They were in the church square now; and the Colonel was showing Mrs. Browning the old stone fountain there. Much politeness was wasted in the greetings, and then Marion went up into the church, and Arthur lifted his hat in a solemn, final farewell.

Five days later, Arthur was standing in the garden of the House of the Faun in Pompeii, his mother and uncle resting themselves meanwhile on the steps of the Temple of Jupiter, when a head was poked through the doorway, and he was looking at the familiar, alert, bird-like poise of Marion. He stepped toward her, and she looked up. Then, with a quick glance behind her, she stepped in. It was precisely as if she did not want her sisters to see which particular opening out of the street she had vanished through. But in a moment she seemed to remember, and made as if to go out again.

"Don't go," cried Arthur, quickly.

"But I must."

"No. Why?"

"I ought to."

"No," cried Arthur again, though he felt it a futile sort of thing to say. But it was useless for either of them to pretend now that nothing had happened at Amalfi.

Suddenly Arthur's eyes were grave, and his mouth came firmly together—a rare thing with him—and he asked:

"Can a man change his mind?"

"No! Oh, no! !"

"But I have."

Silence.

"It is you I want," Arthur went on, almost fiercely.

The brown eyes came up bravely.

"But—you—can't—have—" And then the brown was all shining with tears.

"I will," said Arthur. He thought it was a shout, but it was little more than a whisper. And he took her in his arms; and the bright sun shone about them and over the roofless city; and white walls which had seen the loves of the first century, learned that it is still the same race which comes to stare at them after the long night.

Mrs. Penryn Browning and Col. Arthur Penryn would certainly have carried Arthur off that night—perhaps to Russia—if the Colonel had not chanced to get into the same compartment on the crowded train from Pompeii to Naples with Mrs. Harte, from whom he learned that the Gardiners were a Yorkshire family originally, having two Bishops and one Baronet to their credit. Moreover, Mrs. Harte spoke of their cottage at Newport—one of the few places in America of which the Colonel knew. So Mrs. Browning, who had been saving Arthur for his cousin whom "a fool of a father" was taking round the world, resolved to leave the future on the knees of the gods. With this arrangement Arthur and Marion seemed content, so long as they could name the god.

De Donkey-Debble

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

DONKEY-DEBBLE am a pes'.
(Hush ma honey chile)
Little Lady, tak' yo' res'.
(Hush ma honey chile).
He woan 'sturb yo', newah feah,
Not while you' ole mammy's neah.
(Hush ma honey chile).

Whoa, Donkey-Debble!
Go, Donkey-Debble!
Doan yo' scar' ma chile.

Donkey-Debble's awful tall,
(Hush ma honey chile);
See him when de shadders fall,
(Hush ma honey chile).
My! his yers is dreffle long,
An' his laigs is pow'ful strong,
(Hush ma honey chile).

So, Donkey-Debble!
Slow, Donkey-Debble!
Doan yo' scar' ma chile.

Donkey-Debble's ole as sin,
(Hush ma honey chile);
Luck goes out when he comes in,
(Hush ma honey chile).
Sho' we got de rabbit's paw
Nail up overneath de doh;
Donkey-Debble's fooled foh sho',
(Hush ma honey chile).

Whoa, Donkey-Debble!
Go, Donkey-Debble!
Doan yo' scar' ma chile.

Social Evolution and Advertising

By J. D. LOGAN

Mr. Logan discovers an interesting evolution making for higher culture in trade

MORE than a quarter-century ago we first heard of the "New Chemistry"; later we heard of the "New Theology"; to-day we hear of the "New Knowledge." It will, however, surprise many to learn that there is such a thing as the "New Advertising." And, in view of their experience and prejudices, it will surprise them all the more to learn that the new advertising is conceived and applied as a positive efficient cause in social evolution.

By this it is not meant that modern advertising develops trade and commerce, and keeps the world a-moving. It is true that from its beginnings in the publicity of proprietary medicines to our own day, modern advertising has increased the energies of men, opened new channels of trade, transformed the methods of commerce, established innumerable industrial arts and crafts. But it is conceivable that advertising may have done all this service, without having added an iota to the spiritual culture of the world, without having changed the ideals or the structure of society. In this regard we may consider how the matter works out in so simple a case as trade-marking a manufactured article, say, for instance, a breakfast food. It is not long since those of us who are in our thirties ate for breakfast the crudely ground groat, under the name of oatmeal porridge—the Scotchman's "parritch" and the Yankee's "mush." The oatmeal itself from which the food was made arrived at the retailer's in bulk. Whose it was and whence it came was not even thought of as a pertinent question in domestic economy. It was just oatmeal—nameless, unidentifiable, and retailed to the purchaser in bulk, with what lack of cleanliness and what loss in quality and wholesomeness we may merely surmise. But the genius who for purely business reasons, or under social and legal restrictions, first thought of trade-marking his foodstuffs served society in many ways. First, he created and developed several industries and arts—the designing, weaving or printing of trade-marks, the manufacture of sanitary wrapping papers and of handy cartons. Again, he decreased the awkwardness and slowness in handling, shipping or delivering the commodity, with a consequent saving of time and money to the manufacturer, the retailer and the purchaser. Further, by means of mental suggestion through the trade-mark on a commodity, he increased the demand for the article and established a standard of excellence. The manufacturer thenceforward must enlarge his output and maintain the standard of quality which his foodstuff was originally known to possess. A trade-mark, or the exploiting of a mere name, then, has wrought significant commercial, economic, hygienic and ethical results in society. But these may have been, as in all likelihood they were, the outcome, in the first instance, of quick wit seizing a business chance. The whole may have been inspired merely by the desire to make money. What honesty or other moral quality was involved in the process may have been selfishness masquerading in the guise of disinterestedness. At any rate, the service to society, while undoubtedly real, is in no sense below the surface of things, and, save for the incidental benefits, is in no degree spiritual. The good, in short, advertising thus viewed has done is ephemeral, secondary and unconscious.

On the other hand, modern advertising, though it began as a commercial

instrument, in literary and moral quality ranking no higher than the machinations of the patent medicine fakir, has become—in the new phase yet to be described—a spiritual force, slowly, but surely, transforming the ideals and the structure of society. Not merely by theory or doctrine, but by deed and practice, it is changing humanity from competitive into non-competitive society. In general, this is what is meant in submitting that the "new advertising" is conceived and applied as a positive and efficient cause in social evolution.

I

On first view such a thesis is hardly creditable. For as competition is the life of trade, so advertising is the life of competition. If advertising does anything at all, seemingly it ruthlessly promotes wider and keener competition. This was indeed the truth; to-day, however, such a belief is either a survival or the result of imperfect observation and induction. The ideals and tendencies of advertising in some departments of commerce have wholly changed, and in others are rapidly changing. We may note a few of the general and superficial changes.

First: The conception of the function and methods of advertising has become sublimated. Formerly it was conceived as a species of sensational and sophistic pleading that called for no thorough knowledge, intelligence, literary skill, good taste or moral integrity, but only for *tours de force* in vulgar expression of doubtful fact. Unfortunately this conception of advertising still obtains where we might reasonably expect better. For the most part (I write from first-hand experience) many advertisements are profound untruths, conceived and constructed, without science or art, to deceive and hypnotise the common people. On the other hand, in the case of the advertisements of manufactured articles, from textiles to automobiles, the advertising itself, especially as it appears in the literary and popular magazines, is conceived as a science and an art, and is written under this conception by men of education and intelligence, gifted with literary skill and conscious of their moral responsibility to the common weal. So true, indeed, is this to-day, that the readers of the better class of popular magazines turn to the advertising pages with as much curiosity and attention as to the strictly literary pages, and derive from the advertisements considerable entertainment and instruction. Perhaps it is not too much to say that often they are more entertaining and instructive than the literary pages as such. The slightest examination of the advertisements of many well-known commodities in the current magazines will reveal the cause. The advertisements are thoroughly interesting, because they embody in an eminent degree that fine good sense which is the psychological and moral basis of all fine art. It is comparatively easy to write an essay on Greek Metaphysics, because the interest in the subject is special and esoteric, the processes expository and argumentative, and the space allotted for treatment practically unlimited. It calls for knowledge, but not necessarily for literary skill; it will be read in spite of the treatment. But to write within a very limited space an advertisement of textiles, or foods, or furniture, that will be read for its own sake, that will interest, inform, entertain, or point a moral, and do so within the bounds of fact, good taste and to the detriment of no other commercial enterprise, to do this requires no mean knowledge of men and things, no small gift of intelligence, no uncertain skill in literary expression, and no lack of moral strength.

Advertising, as now conceived, is original and creative. It is not at all too much to say that in America the men who conceive and construct it are those who "in any other country would fill places in the church or state, in diplomatic work or the army, and who in any other age would be makers of history." Indeed, they are (and in the special way yet to be described we shall see how they are) already makers of history. For the present it is at any rate not too much to say of the twentieth century advertisement writer, that his psychological processes are in elemental func-

tion identical with those of the teacher, the journalist, the man of letters and the artist. For him advertising means not merely the constructing of an announcement of the qualities and prices of a commodity, but rather the publishing of interesting and important news, the awakening and sustaining in the mind and imagination of the public a desirable train of thought and feeling. On the intellectual side, advertising is the publishing of a given idea with such aptness and power that it becomes eventually part of the general conscience.

Now what is to be said of the moral processes involved in modern advertising? These, too, are as human and ideal as those of the teacher, man of letters, or artist. In the mind of the later advertisement writer, a thoroughly proper advertisement is overtly or implicitly a moral force. For one thing it must be the embodiment of truth. This does not mean that it must state exact fact, or not tell a lie. It means rather that the advertisement must come from one who believes on reasonable grounds the commodity or institution advertised to be thoroughly worthy of what is said about it, and that the writer must express in the advertisement sincerity of intention and a positive aim to benefit society. No man, indeed, who has not the spirit of truth in him can write a thoroughly good advertisement. He may simulate its outward form and method. But though he write with the pen of a ready writer, and never so cleverly, in the end he shall fail to convince the public conscience or control the public will, unless he thinks the truth and expresses it wisely in what he writes. From the moral recesses, then, of a man's being, as much as from his intellectual and æsthetic processes, is born the knowledge and the art which create thoroughly good advertising.

The results of these changes in the conception of the function, methods, and psychological bases of modern advertising are noteworthy. To-day reputable psychologists, economists, sociologists, statisticians, and historians are busy investigating its origin, its data, methods, and aims, and formulating its laws, fitting it for a place in the department of science. Finally, men of letters (or at least men of thorough education and skill in literature as such) are engaged in originating and writing advertisements, not merely as a remunerative pastime or as a means of livelihood, but seriously as a profession within the department of letters, quite worthy of the ambition and energy of trained and cultivated minds. Through them what was originally in function and expression a blatant, vulgar instrument of commerce has become a dignified vehicle of truth and a trustworthy social servant.

Before we pass to that phase of modern advertising which has its basis in a definite social theory, and which consciously aims to affect social evolution, it is worth while to offer some empirical proof of the justice of the high claims we have so far made for the new advertising. It is well, however, to submit here two 20th Century advertisements—one in the old spirit and one in the new social spirit.

Under the caption "*An Impressive Informal Showing of Beautiful Spring Millinery*" a large store in New York City had the following dithyramb on Spring Hats for Women:

"Unquestionably one of the most interesting informal displays of exquisite hats in New York. This exposition is a positive revelation It is a splendid surprise. It will delight and enthuse, for it affords you a great opportunity to buy a new spring hat at much less than you would have to pay at some exclusive shop. It is a display that will compare brilliantly with the choicest popular lines in New York. There are hats of every imaginable size, shape and effect. Combinations both as to colour and material that are simply irresistible. Hats that are gems. Hats that owe their inspiration to the Empire Period. Hats of striking originality. Paris hats daringly Americanised. Styles that are beautiful; that are radically different from those of last year. There is a wonderful variety of these hats, and spring blooms sunnily in them. Fresh as newly plucked roses; doubly beautiful; intensely becoming. Daintily trimmed with flowers, ribbons, wings and malines. In no other store in New York is there a better, more delightful showing."

This is supposed to be strong advertising. You will be told that it is so because it draws immense throngs of

people and "sells the goods." It contains nothing but a series of overcoloured statements of doubtful fact. It sells the goods. Yet the merchant who permits his advertising merely to sell goods, and at the expense of the public conscience, will some day not sell goods at all. Such stuff on the literary side, to say nothing worse about it, ranks with the senseless utterances of the old-time darky preacher, and in our day with the specious and insincere rhetoric of the political spellbinder. On the moral side, it is thoroughly false and harmful. It breeds vulgarity, hypnotises the imagination and the will, fosters covetousness, envy, hatred, and underhand competition. And in the total social aspect it is worse than wasted energy. For it abets the spirit of strife from the thrall of which the home, the school, the church and the State are, each in its own way and degree, working to deliver us.

Contrast now, in every quality, with the foregoing advertisement the following announcement, under the caption, "*The Cost of It*":

"In a board walk the largest item of expense is the lumber. In a plain wall the stone is the chief cost; in a piece of classic statuary the cost of the stone is hardly reckoned. This principle, in a certain degree, applies to the making of fine varnish. We do not pretend that we put from two to five dollars' worth of material into each liquid gallon, but we do put in the scientific knowledge and the expert skill and the long-continued care which no ordinary varnish contains. If you wish to get rich music or a treasure of the sculptor's art, or a job of varnishing that will be satisfactory, you must pay for something more than the raw material."

This is a well-written, sensible, sincere, truthful, interesting and social advertisement. Its aim is to establish a reasonable ideal in the mind of one who may want to purchase an article in which fine varnish is a significant element, as in an expensive piano or an automobile. An advertisement of this sort serves society in a double way. The appreciation given the manufacturer for his efforts to supply the world with a high-grade quality of goods fixes a standard of worth as his own ideal and increases the demand for worthy goods by causing the purchaser to be solicitous about the varnish itself. Nothing could be more genuinely moral, non-competitive and social than this advertisement, when a contrary spirit was not only possible, but would sell the goods, worthy or not worthy, and would have been commended as smart business.

III

We may now pass to the latest phase of modern advertising, a phase which is hardly more than begun, which has its basis in a definite social theory, and which aims to be constructive. We must not, however, confound the constructive phase of the new advertising with its general performances in social service. It is true that largely to the new advertising we owe advances in industrial arts and commercial methods. To it we are indebted also for advances in public utilities and domestic economy, sanitary foods, clothing, and housing, improved highways, and mail service and educational methods and appliances. Finally, to the new advertising we owe significant changes—perhaps not always advances—in thought and feeling, in language and customs. But these services, while real and desirable, are not embraced within the conspectus of advertising, are not consciously promoted by it for their own sake, altruistically. They are the accidents of competitive commercial enterprise which by persistent advertising first creates the demand for what it would supply, that it may reward itself abundantly.

To say this does not derogate from the manliness of the advertisers' character or from the reasonableness of their business ideal. The old advertising is pathological; the later advertising is sane; both are equally strenuous. The old advertising had its origin in fear and its impetus in greed. It sprang from men who had business sense and energy, but who aimed by pathological methods of persuasion to seduce possible purchasers to prefer and buy A's goods rather than B's, whether the commodity was really preferable or really needed. The later advertising sprang from men who had business sense and energy, but

who had also good taste and who aimed to give plain and competent publicity to commodities of honest worth. They worked on the theory that the energy spent in the pathological advertising, if in the commercial plane not wholly waste, were better spent in establishing thorough merit in the commodities advertised. In other words, they believed and acted on the belief that meritorious goods, if justly and competently advertised, will abundantly sell themselves. And so, as a matter of fact, it happens. The pathological advertising, however, is doomed. Already its death is practically compassed by the men who with scientific knowledge and literary skill are now applying to the substance, to the form, and to the method of the later publicity the so-called Social Theory of Advertising.

These men base their theory and practice on an ethical interpretation of one of the chief doctrines of evolutionary science. With Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Kidd, they agree that all the world processes are remorseless. But they believe that the survival of the fittest is only a formula for stating in terms of mechanics and biology a phase of a universal ideal, namely, *the inevitableness of worth or excellence.* Might and competition are in their time, place, and function necessary and excellent, though indeed tragical. So, too, love, friendliness, humane and just rivalry in occupation, are in their time, place and function necessary, and in the end much more excellent. Let, then, they say, the world processes, cosmic and social, be, if they will, remorseless, tragical, still men may see to it that these processes shall nevertheless be also free, human, and spiritual. Others had fixed their attention on the obvious remorselessness of things as they are. They did not see in the historic process the birth-throes of a pregnant social ideal. Things as they are, they said, are as they shall be, as they ought to be, and in the commercial consciousness this took the form of a mighty system of inhuman, ingenious, unscrupulous, and ruthless competition. The new band of advertisers, on the other hand, are the first, by actual practice and success in result, to bring home to the general social consciousness, through the commercial consciousness, the idea that *society is under no inward necessity to be competitive and has no moral right to be competitive.* And this doctrine, as we said, has its basis in the belief that the survival of the fittest means, even in the commercial plane, the ultimate triumph of worth. If nature seemingly overstocks the world with human beings struggling for life and possessions, then it is the duty of all to establish standards of worth as the most excellent thing in what one conceives, produces, or markets, and leave the result to nature. Despite the remorselessness of things as they are, the God of Worth will take care of his own.

This does not negate good business sense, or reduce commercial enterprise to pure philanthropy; it implies only the socialising of the conspectus of advertising. Rivalry and endless energy must still exist in the commercial plane. But what rivalry may exist under the new movement is not in any sense competitive; it is not the offspring of any unsocial obsession, such as fear, envy, or avarice. There shall be only the rivalry of intrinsic worths themselves and of the desire to serve society disinterestedly through sane and truthful publicity. By these high aims and human methods in the commercial plane, the new advertising is a positive efficient cause in social evolution. It establishes and makes real by practice a standard of worth as the end and law of commercial conduct and enterprise. It denies the necessity and efficacy of competition. It fosters truth, sincerity, honesty, and justice. And so through the foolishness of the new advertising it has pleased the power that makes for righteousness to reassert in society the ideal of reason.

The Parting of the Ways

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Showing that slight, almost unnoticeable things are sometimes important milestones in the pathway of life

MRS. LONGWORTH crossed the hotel piazza, descended the steps, and walked out of sight down the shore road with all the grace of motion that lent distinction to her slightest movement. Her eyes were very bright, and an unusual flush stained the pallor of her cheek. Two men who were lounging in one corner of the hotel piazza looked admiringly after her.

"She is a beautiful woman," said one.

"Wasn't there some talk about Mrs. Longworth and Cunningham last winter?" asked the other.

"Yes. They were much together. Still, there may have been nothing wrong. She was old Judge Carmody's daughter, you know. Longworth got Carmody under his thumb in money matters and put the screws on. They say he made Carmody's daughter the price of the old man's redemption. The girl herself was a mere child. I shall never forget her face on her wedding day. But she's been plucky since then, I must say. If she has suffered, she hasn't shown it. I don't suppose Longworth ever ill-treats her. He isn't that sort. He's simply a grovelling cad—that's all. Nobody would sympathise much with the poor devil if his wife did run off with Cunningham."

Meanwhile, Beatrice Longworth walked quickly down the shore road, her white skirt brushing over the crisp golden grasses by the way. In a sunny hollow among the sandhills she came upon Stephen Gordon, sprawled out luxuriously in the warm, sea-smelling grasses. The youth sprang to his feet at sight of her, and his big brown eyes kindled to a glow.

Mrs. Longworth smiled to him. They had been great friends all summer. He was a lanky, overgrown lad of fifteen or sixteen, odd and shy and dreamy, scarcely possessing a speaking acquaintance with others at the hotel. But he and Mrs. Longworth had been congenial from their first meeting. In many ways, he was far older than his years, but there was a certain inerradicable boyishness about him to which her heart warmed.

"You are the very person I was just going in search of. I've news to tell. Sit down."

He spoke eagerly, patting the big gray boulder beside him with his slim, brown hand. For a moment Beatrice hesitated. She wanted to be alone just then. But his clever, homely face was so appealing that she yielded and sat down.

Stephen flung himself down again contentedly in the grasses at her feet, pillowing his chin in his palms and looking up at her, adoringly.

"You are so beautiful, dear lady. I love to look at you. Will you tilt that hat a little more over the left eye-brow? Yes—so—some day I shall paint you."

His tone and manner were all simplicity.

"When you are a great artist," said Beatrice, indulgently.

He nodded.

"Yes, I mean to be that. I've told you all my dreams, you know. Now for my news. I'm going away to-morrow. I had a telegram from father to-day."

He drew the message from his pocket and flourished it up at her.

"I'm to join him in Europe at once. He is in Rome. Think of it—in Rome! I'm to go on with my art studies there. And I leave to-morrow."

"I'm glad—and I'm sorry—and you know which is which," said Beatrice, patting the shaggy brown head. "I shall miss you dreadfully, Stephen."

"We *have* been splendid chums, haven't we?" he said, eagerly.

Suddenly his face changed. He crept nearer to her, and bowed his head until his lips almost touched the hem of her dress.

"I'm glad you came down to-day," he went on in a low, diffident voice. "I want to tell you something, and I can tell it better here. I couldn't go away without thanking you. I'll make a mess of it—I can never explain things. But you've been so much to me—you mean so much to me. You've made me believe in things I never believed in before. You—you—I know now that there *is* such a thing as a good woman, a woman who could make a man better, just because he breathed the same air with her."

He paused for a moment; then went on in a still lower tone:

"It's hard when a fellow can't speak of his mother because he can't say anything good of her, isn't it? My mother wasn't a good woman. When I was eight years old she went away with a scoundrel. It broke father's heart. Nobody thought I understood, I was such a little fellow. But I did. I heard them talking. I knew she had brought shame and disgrace on herself and us. And I had loved her so! Then, somehow, as I grew up, it was my misfortune that all the women I had to do with were mean and base. They were hirelings, and I hated and feared them. There was an aunt of mine—she tried to be good to me in her way. But she told me a lie, and I never cared for her after I found it out. And then, father—we loved each other and were good chums. But he didn't believe in much either. He was bitter, you know. He said all women were alike. I grew up with that notion. I didn't care much for anything—nothing seemed worth while. Then I came here and met you."

He paused again. Beatrice had listened with a gray look on her face. It would have startled him had he glanced up, but he did not, and after a moment's silence the halting boyish voice went on:

"You have changed everything for me. I was nothing but a clod before. You are not the mother of my body, but you are of my soul. It was born of you. I shall always love and reverence you for it. You will always be my ideal. If I ever do anything worth while it will be because of you. In everything I shall ever attempt I shall try to do it as if you were to pass judgment upon it. You will be a lifelong inspiration to me. Oh, I am bungling this! I can't tell you what I feel—you are so pure, so good, so noble! I shall reverence all women for your sake henceforth."

"And if," said Beatrice, in a very low voice, "if I were false to your ideal of me—if I were to do anything that would destroy your faith in me—something weak or wicked—"

"But you couldn't," he interrupted, flinging up his head and looking at her with his great dog-like eyes, "you couldn't!"

"But if I could?" she persisted, gently, "and if I did—what then?"

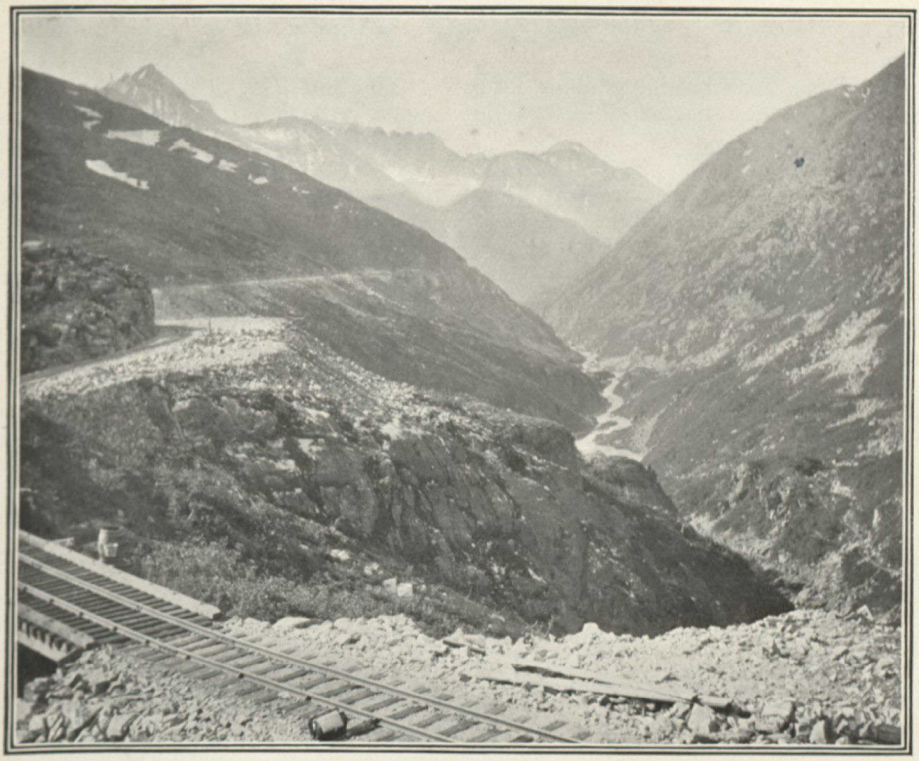
"I should hate you," he said, passionately. "You would be worse than a murderess. You would kill every good impulse and belief in me. I would never trust anything or anybody again—but there," he added, his voice once more growing tender, "you will never fail me, I feel sure of that."

"Thank you," said Beatrice, almost in a whisper. "Thank you," she repeated, after a moment. She stood up and held out her hand. "I think I must go now. Good-bye, dear laddie. Write to me from Rome. I shall always be glad to hear from you wherever you are. And—and—I shall always try to live up to your ideal of me, Stephen."

He sprang to his feet and took her hand, lifting it to his lips with boyish reverence. "I know that," he said, slowly. "Good-bye, my sweet lady."

When Mrs. Longworth found herself in her room again, she unlocked her desk and took out a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Maurice Cunningham. She slowly tore it twice across, laid the fragments on a tray, and touched them with a lighted match. As they blazed up one line came out in writhing redness across the page: "I will go away with you as you ask." Then it crumbled into gray ashes.

She drew a long breath and hid her face in her hands.



DEAD HORSE GULCH, WHERE MUCH HARDSHIP WAS ENDURED. THE GULCH IS SEEN FAR BELOW THE WINDING RAILWAY

The Gateway of the North

By HIRAM A. CODY

How lust for gold led to stupendous hardships and great endurance in the making of a highway to the Klondyke

"Portal that leads to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of gold,
Vast tundras, lordly summits, touched with snow."

WHEN the great gold discoveries in the Klondyke thrilled the whole world and thousands of people pressed into the country, suffering untold hardships, many were the schemes planned for transferring freight over the mountain passes and down the Yukon River. Steam motors, traction sleds, and railless locomotives were almost as numerous as the stars. One man, who had no knowledge of freighting and had never been near the Yukon River, invented a machine with cog wheels with a treadmill behind to run on the ice. He imagined the river was as smooth as a skating rink, and knew nothing of the jammed and twisted piles of ice which in winter mark every foot of the way. Another invented a machine even more cumbrous and ridiculous, but this contrivance got no further than Dyea, for when the inventor

looked upon the frowning Chilkoot Pass he took the first boat for Seattle and never returned.

When the gold fever was at its height, and all sorts of wild schemes were being daily put forth, the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company looked around for the best route for the proposed railroad. Many surveys were made and the whole contour of the country carefully considered.

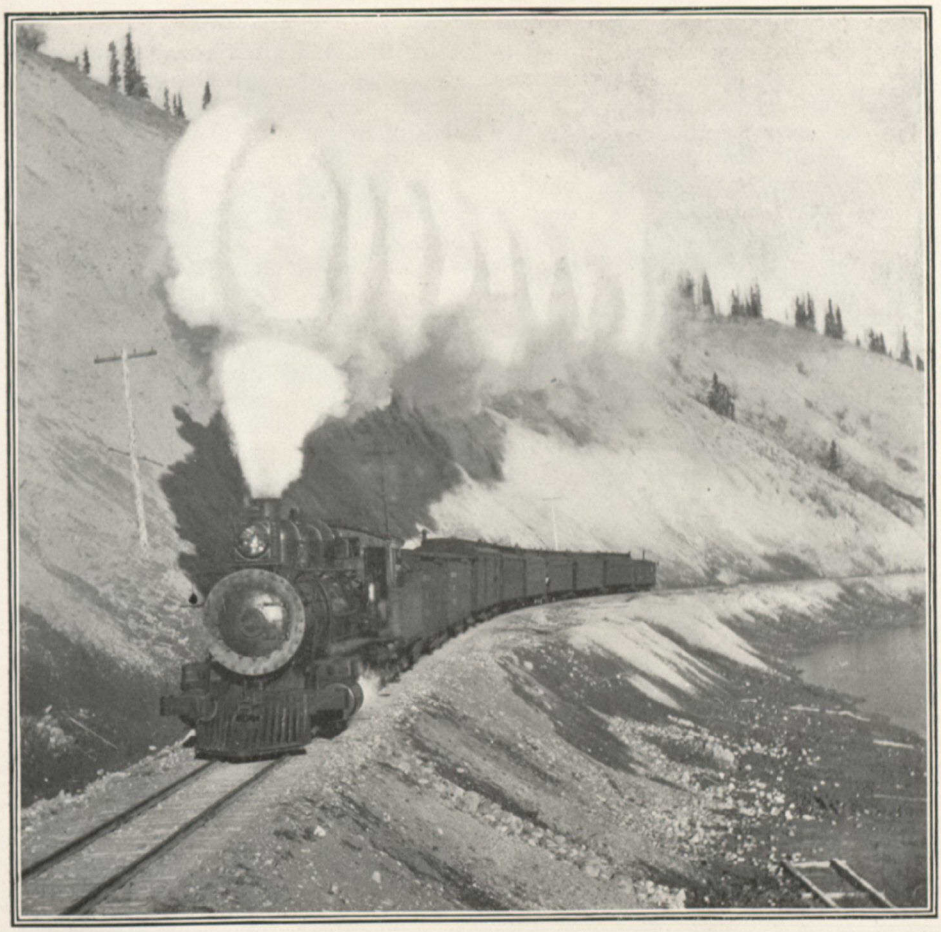
Stretching away from Skagway, on the Lynn Canal, was the famous White Pass route over which thousands of people passed to the gold fields. In 1887 Mr. Ogilvie, who was sent out by the Honourable Thomas White, then Minister of the Interior, for the exploration of the country drained by the Yukon River, heard of a low pass which led to the head waters of that mighty stream. The Chilkat Indians professed to know nothing of the way, wishing, no doubt, to keep it a secret for trading purposes with the Indians along the Yukon River. After some difficulty a Tagish Indian was obtained who knew the trail, and guided Captain Moore over the summit, which was then named by Mr. Ogilvie the "White Pass," in honour of the Minister of the Interior. This was the route finally settled upon by the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company when in 1898 they began the building of that narrow-gauge road which has become so famous.

It was a great engineering feat, worthy to be classed with the celebrated labours of Hercules. On the seventh of July, 1897, the first pack train started from Skagway over the White Pass trail to Lake Bennett, and on the same date one year later the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company ran its first locomotive through Skagway's central thoroughfare.

The first fifteen miles of the road rises to an altitude of nearly three thousand feet, winding up and around the stone-walled confines of the Skagway Valley. On the old trail there was the "White Pass City," where thousands of packers rested in their terrible climb of 1897. Above the remains of the old resting-place the strenuous workmen carved the road into the mountain side along a high bluff, whilst far below, the men who were working on the same line appeared like so many dots, and the houses of the deserted resting-place like children's toys.

How foolhardy the whole work must

PASSENGERS AND MAIL ON WHITE PASS AND YUKON WINTER STAGE ROUTE, HEADING FOR DAWSON CITY, 320 MILES AWAY



SWINGING INTO WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY, WITH A LOAD OF GOLD-SEEKERS

have seemed to an ordinary onlooker! But the engineers knew their work. Thousands of tons of powder were used, an army of workmen employed, and millions of dollars poured out in the construction of that road, and yet, without the brains of those great engineers, the work would have been in vain.

Up, steadily up, the road forced its sinuous way, passing along the side of a sheer wall of rock, from which a splendid view was obtained down the valley to Skagway and the waters of the Lynn Canal; whilst away to the westward towards Dyea, great snow-capped peaks could be seen, bleak, rugged, and grand.

At the summit, a distance of twenty-one miles, an altitude of almost three thousand feet was reached, and then the road began to dip on the other side. Across that wind-swept region, where in winter the snow piles like mountains, the workmen stretched, week after week, those two steel bands till the silver sheen of Lake Bennett burst into view. And there, on the border of that memorable sheet of water, those toil-worn men paused for a time to indulge in a well-earned celebration—a celebration which is full of interest for us to-day.

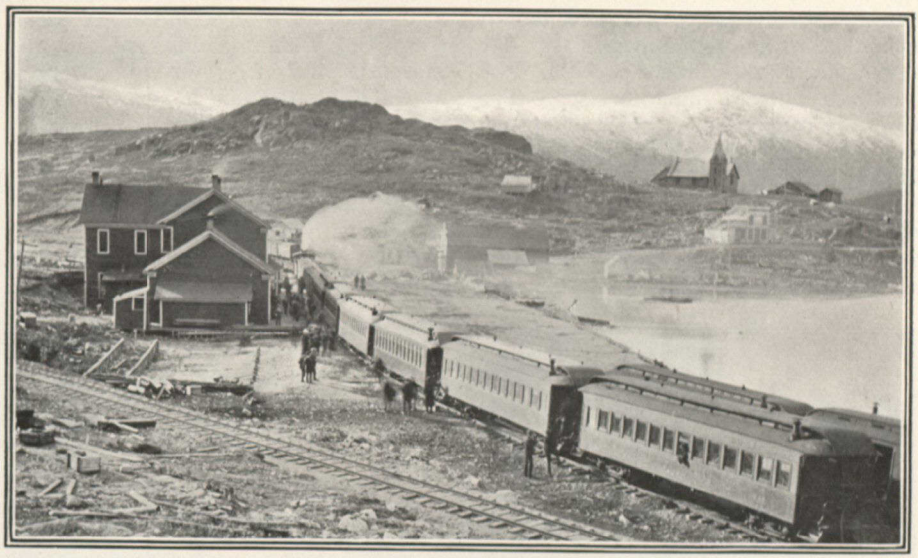
Bennett was beautifully situated on the border of the lake, which received its name in 1883 from Lieutenant Schwatka, of the United States army, in honour of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. This place at the

present time is almost deserted, but, in May, 1898, the people in and around Bennett numbered twenty-five thousand. It was the central point for gold-seekers who travelled over the Chilkoot and White Pass trails. From one hundred to one thousand tons of supplies were daily shipped into the interior of the country through this point, and it is estimated that as many pounds of gold were taken out. There were two banks, one newspaper, sixteen hotels and restaurants, ten general stores, two sawmills, three physicians, seven churches, and two saloons.

This was the town which, on July the 6th, 1889, arrayed itself in holiday attire to celebrate the driving of the golden spike which completed the road from Skagway to Bennett. Carloads of excursionists came from the coast to view the ceremony, which was most imposing. From the steel track to the water's edge the carts of the Red Line Transportation Company were drawn up four tier deep, whilst on the lake, forming a splendid background, floated numerous steamboats. Not without reason was this arrangement, for the impressive act signified that the connecting link was forged which united Skagway with St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon River, over three thousand miles away. Since then over that unbroken line multitudes of people have passed, and thousands of tons of freight carried to all parts of the country. But the glory of Bennett was soon to depart, for the tide of progress swept on, and the once prosperous place was left desolate and forsaken, a city without inhabitant.

The building of the extension to Whitehorse was less difficult. The country was not so rugged, and the course lay past many lakes, over creeks and rivers, through woods and fens, into lowlands covered with poplars, wild fruit, and flowers, and through a meadowy, swampy country till Whitehorse was reached. Yet there were many interesting problems for the engineers to face during the building of this portion of the road. One is significant. A lake of considerable size threw its sheet of water as a barrier across the way. It was proposed to drain it, and when the work was partly completed, the clay soil gave way with a mighty rush, and the lake, confined for ages, burst forth glad of its freedom, carrying everything before it into the Watson River, and now the huge basin is seen with clay-cracked sides, through which a little stream winds its devious way. Such speed was made with this portion of the road that on July

A GLIMPSE OF THE FAMOUS LAKE BENNETT—THIRTY MILES LONG; THREE MILES WIDE. ELEVATION, 2,150 FEET ABOVE THE SEA



A DESERTED CITY

Bennett, which once had a population of 25,000, has now only a few employees of the White Pass and Yukon Railway. The church and house in the background are stripped and bare

the 30th, 1900, the first passenger train ran from Skagway to Whitehorse, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Since then, the latter town has been the terminus, and all passengers and goods bound for the interior of the country are transferred, in summer to the fine river boats of the company, and in winter to the comfortable sleighs which ply between Dawson and Whitehorse.

Whitehorse was at first but a very small camp called "Closeleigh," after the Close Bros., of Chicago, stockholders of the railroad. The experiment of the name was a bad one, and later, April the 21st, 1900, the company officially announced that the name henceforth would be the "old one, well known on two continents—'White Horse.'"

Too much credit cannot be given to one man, Michael J. Heney, the contractor and physical constructor of the famous line. For two-thirds of its way it is the most costly road in America, and it was by the expenditure of millions, and the untold energy of an army of men, horses and mules, and thousands of tons of powder, that the highway was blasted and forced through the stern defiles to the Yukon basin. Through the blizzards of winter, the rains and summer days of sunshine and dust, Michael Heney and his men forced their way. The following is characteristic of the many stories told of the building of the road:

Financially the road has been a great success, and it is estimated that during the first year after it was built from Skagway to Bennett it paid for the whole cost of construction. The charge for travel, twenty cents per mile, is considered very high. Freight is in the same proportion, though great reductions have been made in the latter since the road was built. During the year 1904 almost twelve thousand passengers were carried over the road, and over thirty thousand tons of freight. The gross earnings were nine hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars, and the operating expenses five hundred and fifty-one thousand.

The furious storms of winter militate against the good working of the road. On the summit, especially, for weeks at a time it has been impossible to clear the track, and the rotary snow-plow with three or four engines plunging its way through vast drifts is a magnificent spectacle, though to the men working the plow great danger is often experienced. Dur-

ing the heavy storms of 1906 a snow-slide struck a seventy-ton rotary and sent it rolling down the mountain side with the crew inside, all of whom escaped as if by a miracle, though much bruised. The plow was caught by a bench thirty feet below the track, where it remained bottom side up, buried in the snow.

In the early days of the road, when the rotary surged through after a heavy fall of snow, it would be followed by many dog teams making for the interior over the track. At times the trains are forced to cease running, owing to the extreme cold. Last winter when it registered from seventy to eighty degrees below zero, the rails snapped like glass as the train passed over them, and great danger was encountered.

The new mining town of Conrad on Windy Arm, a southerly branch of Lake Tagish, is occupying much attention at the present time, and surveys have been made by the engineers of the White Pass and Yukon Railway. One was made from Carcross (formerly Caribou Crossing) along the shores of Lake Nares, Tagish Lake, and Windy Arm, to Conrad, a distance of twelve miles. A second from Log Cabin station, on the main line of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, above Lake Bennett by way of Tutshi Lake to Windy Arm.

Should Conrad prove to be an important mining centre the branch line will no doubt be soon constructed, which can be done with little difficulty.

What the future of the White Pass and Yukon Railway will be we can only conjecture now. Much depends upon the development of the natural resources of the country, and that they are great and valuable there can hardly be a shadow of a doubt. Hitherto, the rush has been for gold, and the vast deposits of silver, copper, and coal, almost overlooked. The country is only in its infancy. Other railroads are in operation in Alaska, and proposed routes are talked of as rivals to the White Pass and Yukon Railway, but come what may the latter will be recorded on the pages of American history as one of the marvellous feats of the nineteenth century.

THE OLD WOODEN TRAMWAY, USED FOR CARRYING FREIGHT AROUND THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS BEFORE THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY WAS BUILT

Canada's Champion Choir

By E. R. PARKHURST

A Canadian amateur organisation that will face the New York critics this month

THIS month of February will be notable in the musical annals of the Dominion, inasmuch as it will witness the first appearance of a Canadian choir in full strength in the metropolitan city of New York. The Mendelssohn Choir having carried the fame of Toronto as a musical centre to Buffalo, have decided, with rare enterprise and confidence, to invite the verdict of the musical people of New York itself—a city in which there is often an embarrassment of music of all kinds, a city which hears the best singers and instrumentalists in the world, and consequently a city in which critical opinion is very advanced and very exacting. But despite all this, Toronto need have no misgivings as to the result, for it is doubtful whether New York possesses a chorus of equal distinction. The only choir, I understand, that can challenge comparison with the Mendelssohn Choir is a small professional organisation. The visit of the Mendelssohn Choir to the metropolis will most directly redound to the credit of Toronto as a centre of musical culture; but in a measure Canada as a whole will participate in whatever honours are won. The undertaking of our local choir in deciding on giving two concerts in New York without making an appeal to the general public for financial aid is in keeping with its general history. And yet it seems somewhat ungenerous on the part of the public that they have as yet made no offer to provide a financial guarantee for the very heavy expenditure which will of necessity be entailed by the excursion. The first music festival of Toronto was guaranteed to the amount of about $25,000. The Mendelssohn Choir projects for this season are of greater magnitude than was that historic musical celebration. They are to give four concerts in Toronto, one in Buffalo and two in New York, all in conjunction with the Pittsburgh orchestra —truly a stupendous programme for an amateur Toronto Society.

"Lest we forget," one may profitably take a retrospective glance at what has been accomplished by this remarkable chorus, and their equally remarkable conductor. The inspiration which led to the inception and the development of the choir was found in a German city. While studying in Leipzig, A. S. Vogt was so profoundly impressed by the singing of the St. Thomas Choir of that city—a choir with a history of centuries and one which could point with pride to the fact that its roll of conductors included such names as John Sebastian Bach, Hiller

MR. A. S. VOGT

Founder and conductor of the celebrated Mendelssohn Choir

THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR, A CANADIAN ORGANISATION ENGAGED TO SING IN NEW YORK THIS MONTH

and other great musicians—that he became fired with the ambition to found a Canadian choir which might emulate the highly finished choral singing of the ancient German society. His ideas, which for some time germinated in his mind, bore forth its first fruition when he became choirmaster of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. In less than two years he had trained this select body of singers to a degree of efficiency that made its name favourably known throughout Canada. The next step was the organisation of the Mendelssohn Choir, with which he carried out his theories of choir training on a more comprehensive scale.

The Mendelssohn Choir was a success almost from its inception. Originally its mission was intended to develop the art of singing unaccompanied part songs and choruses with refinement and oratorical expression—something attempted with success a few years previously by Mr. Elliott Haslam with his Vocal Society. But the Mendelssohn Choir's maiden effort in 1895 transcended in quality and distinction the achievements of the Haslam Society, creditable as they were. The public and the press at once recognised that a new factor had come into existence in the musical art life of the city. The critical notices of the Toronto press on the first concert were most appreciative and encouraging, and after the re-organisation of the choir in 1900 the praise their singing received became more unqualified. Speaking of the February concert in 1901, *Saturday Night* said: "The singing was as remarkable for its rich musical and tonal qualities as for its precision, certainty of attack, and fine shading. In close harmonies the voices coalesced with the perfection of a fine instrument." The *Globe* said: "The choir, while they have retained their former beauty of tone and finished detail work, have gained in power and breadth of treatment." The *Mail and Empire* of Jan. 31st, 1902, said: "The chorus has never been surpassed on this continent."

The logic of circumstances and the force of public opinion influenced Mr. Vogt and the society to enlarge their field of operations. And, step by step, and without encroaching upon the special work of our oratorio societies, the choir has expanded its repertory to include the great choral compositions of the best masters, with and without accompaniment; have taken into association one of the best orchestras in America, and have multiplied their single concert by four, so that their undertaking has grown to festival proportions. But above and beyond all this they have twice crossed the border and delighted thousands of the citizens of Buffalo with their beautiful singing, and as already mentioned, this month their enterprise will culminate in their visit to New York itself.

The creation, the development and the success of the Mendelssohn Choir have all been due to the genius of one man—Mr. A. S. Vogt, their conductor. Possessing high artistic ideals and an exceptional capacity for directing and instructing a chorus, Mr. Vogt joins to these qualities consummate tact, sound business instinct and steady, untiring and persistent perseverance and energy, the last none the less effective because it has none of the American ostentation or strenuousness and none of its feverish restlessness. To his artistic ideals and his ability for direction may be attributed the enlistment under his banner of the best chorus singers of the city; to his tact, the fact that he has been able to retain them from season to season, to hold their loyalty, to increase their interest and enjoyment; to his business capacity, the summoning to his aid committees of hard-working, clear-sighted men; and to his energy and perseverance, the attainment of a high standard of perfection in the performances of the choir. And financial success has kept hand in hand with artistic success. The choir, I believe, has never had to struggle with adversity. Public recognition of Mr. Vogt's labours was from the first prompt, responsive and generous. And so during the ten seasons of the society they have progressed from triumph to triumph, each one being more pronounced than the last.

The question may be pertinently asked, what has Mr. Vogt and his choir accomplished for which the musical community should be grateful? I offer the following answer:

1. A general elevation of the standard of choral singing, not only in Toronto, but in all the cities and towns in Ontario where there is a mixed choir, large or small, sacred or secular. As soon as it was found that the public were attaching supreme importance to the refinements of choral singing, to the production of beautiful and varied tone, to appropriate oratorical expression, choir leaders endeavoured to follow the example set them by Mr. Vogt. I may go further than this and say with good grounds that the influence of the Mendelssohn Choir has extended across the border. Since the visit of the choir to Buffalo a number of mixed choirs have been organised there, the frank admission being made that the aim was to accomplish results similar to those accomplished by the Toronto choir. This fact is direct evidence of the practical influence of the work of our society. It is difficult to say how far-reaching this influence has been, the recent concerts of the choir having been attended by nearly every musician of eminence in the Province, and by many from outside points in Quebec and the States of the adjoining Republic.

2. By supplying first-class orchestral music regularly since 1902, the choir have within that short time developed an increased taste on the part of the public, not only for purely orchestral compositions but for choral works in which an efficient orchestra is the medium of accompaniment. In this the public appetite seems to have grown on what it has fed. Other societies have found it to their advantage, artistic and otherwise, to co-operate with first-class orchestras. In Toronto I may point to the fact that the National Chorus now sings regularly in association with the splendid New York Symphony Orchestra, while Mr. Fletcher has engaged the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for the concert of one of his choirs.

3. The very surprising increase in the number and variety of important musical works of different schools performed in this city. It is a matter of general admission that for several years prior to the re-organisation of the Mendelssohn Choir in 1900, the list of works performed in Toronto was very limited. "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" During the past two seasons it has puzzled the newspaper writers to deal adequately with the numerous novelties or new works that the Mendelssohn Choir alone have introduced. The effect cannot but be a broadening of the public taste and the replacement of narrow, provincial standards by a catholic and intellectual appreciation of whatever is good in music, no matter what its origin may be.

It will be interesting to know that the chorus that will be heard in New York and Buffalo will number two hundred and twenty-five singers, divided as follows: Sopranos, 63; altos, 52; tenors, 50; basses, 60. The quality of the voices is exceptionally good. The altos and basses have, it is said, not the breadth and fullness of the similar sections of the crack Yorkshire choirs, but the beauty of their tone more than compensates for lack of weight.

I have not attempted in this article to give a chronological history of the choir, nor to enumerate the compositions they have produced. The programmes of the concerts since re-organisation reveal an eclectic taste in the selection of the numbers and they have been of great educative value. The supreme achievement of the choir was, it is considered by advanced critics, the production last season of Beethoven's colossal Choral Symphony, a work which has been the despair of many conductors and many societies. The Symphony will be repeated this season, and will also be sung at one of the New York concerts.

Worry–the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Further evidence that worry enfeebles the bodily defences and thus helps to prepare the soil for the germ of disease

II.—WORRY AND DISEASE

ONE should not use such a term as disease without an attempt to define it, and this I propose to do by as brief a description as possible of its opposite—*ease*, or health.

So accustomed are the majority of people to a standard of their own which custom has led them to regard as normal, that any plain statement of what constitutes real health will perhaps be regarded as too rigid and overdrawn. Nevertheless, it surely seems reasonable to assert something like the following as the condition of health. The reader will notice that I do not include any estimate as to the number of foot-pounds of work that a healthy man should be able to perform in a day, or as to the number of hours that he should be able to spend in intellectual labour. These things depend upon a thousand factors, varying in almost every individual. Of such variations my definition of health will take no heed. I am not satisfied with the definition of health as freedom from disease; that affords me no more visible enlightenment than the proposition that disease may best be defined as a departure from the state of health. But without drawing upon my imagination, or attempting to set any standard that is not realised by many persons, I will offer some such description as the following, of the man whom I regard not necessarily as robust or energetic, but merely as well. My concern here is not with what we call rude health, but merely with health.

When the healthy man wakes in the morning he should have no recollection of any state of partial or entire consciousness later than, say, half an hour after he went to bed the night before; that is to say, his sleep has been unbroken, continuous, complete: if he has had any dreams at all, he has, at any rate, no recollection of them. This is the kind of sleep that refreshes a healthy animal, and that is possible for a healthy man. The sleep that is broken or that is not readily attained when the hour comes and light is banished, is so, not because it is in the inherent nature of human sleep to be broken, but because there has been too much strain, either upon the brain or the stomach, or both, before sleep was sought. We need say no more upon this subject at present. Having waked as one really should do, because one has slept enough, and not because it is time to get up, and an earlier riser has told one so—the healthy man wants to be up and doing. That is a sign of health which I admit very nearly entails an effort of my imagination. Nevertheless, this should be so. One should wake because one has slept long enough, and should no more want to lie abed than one wants to be in prison. The healthy man's next business is to perform his toilet without delay, for he is hungry, and has visions of breakfast. This over, his concern, like that of the two kings in the "Gondoliers," is to proceed without delay to the business of the day. This business may be great or small, mental or physical, long or short; but he leaves it with a surplus of energy, in disposing of which by a happy paradox he recreates himself. I will not dogmatise as to whether he should walk, or play with his children, or read; but I am sure that the healthy man has more energy to dispose of every day than he is compelled to dispose of. At some time or other during the day he indulges in work or play of his

own choosing. If, like most of us, he has compulsory work, and leaves it ready only for dinner and bed, he cannot hope to answer to my description, for he is over-worked, and if over-worked he cannot be healthy. His work done, and contented with his recreation, my model man goes to bed. I have already said how long he takes to get to sleep, and what sort of sleep it is that he gets. During the whole of his conscious day his health has been marked not only by positive achievement, but by certain negations. Bored he may have felt, perhaps, but never weary. He has had no pains of any kind, neither headache nor backache, nor any other. Throughout the entire day, he has been totally unconscious of his own person and of all its parts, save incidentally, as when washing and dressing. He has never once thought about his digestion—all the information that he can afford on that score would amount simply to this: that at intervals during the day he deposited certain pleasant materials in the largest aperture of his face; but that of their subsequent history he has no record whatever. As for his tongue, he does not remember ever having seen it.

If this desirable state be health, it is little wonder that, as we know, the fear of disease is a kind of worry that has played a part in men's minds since the earliest times. The history of medicine was, until quite recent times, the history of superstition, and the superstitious beliefs and practices to which worry about disease has given rise are without number. Of late years we have come to a rational understanding of disease, and the manner in which we worry about it has undergone corresponding modification. No longer do we conceive disease as hurled upon us by an avenging providence, nor by outraged and slighted divinity. Nor do we any longer believe in the evil eye, nor in the pestilent influence of bad air, such as has coined for us the name of the disease "malaria." Nowadays we universally accept the germ theory of disease. We know that an overwhelming proportion of all disease is due to the fact that the world is inhabited by a host of invisible creatures, many of which have need of man's body as their host and diet. We believe that these creatures are not generated in the body, but enter it from without; and we see that our business, if we would be free from disease, is to obviate such entrance, which we call infection. We thus have a very definite process to worry about, and only too many must do so to much purpose.

The purpose served, however, is not our own, but that of the microbes which we fear. Let us consider the curious but true proposition that worry about a given disease may be the deciding factor whereby it is enabled to attack and even to slay us.

When first the microbic origin of disease was discovered, the problem of infection seemed to be a simple one; if you met the microbe you succumbed, if not you went free. But nowadays we know that the case is by no means so simple. The bacilli of tuberculosis are now known to be scarcely less than ubiquitous. They must repeatedly gain entrance to the throat and air passages of every city dweller. More alarming still, discovery of the bacillus of diphtheria has led us to the remarkable conclusion that the immediate and exciting and indispensable cause of this terrible disease is apparently a normal inhabitant of the mouth and throat of many healthy people. Not so long ago this last proposition would have seemed to imply that such a bacillus could not possibly be the cause of the disease. But we are discovering that the microbe of pneumonia may similarly be found in the throats of healthy people. The doctors and nurses who work in hospital wards containing cases of the three diseases I have mentioned, and many others, are quite frequently found to have abundant supplies in their mouths and noses of the causal organisms.

It is plain, therefore, that there must be another factor than merely the presence of the seed in the production of any case of disease, and plainly that factor must be the suitability of the soil. The characters of the human soil in relation to any disease are expressed by the correlative terms, immunity and suscep-

tibility. It is now known to be not enough that the seed be sown. It may die; it may be killed where it falls.

The whole problem of immunity is perhaps the most complicated and obscure in the whole field of the medical sciences. It varies in different cases according to a thousand circumstances; age, race, temperature, diet, habits, previous attacks, the strain of microbes, and so on. Of these circumstances there is one which, though of great importance, is entirely ignored by bacteriologists. I am not acquainted with any work on immunity—not even that which has lately been published by Professor Metchnikoff—wherein the importance of the mind in relation to infectious disease is duly recognised. It is true that experiment cannot be made upon this subject; it is true also that no exactitude can be hoped for in its study. But though we are confined to more or less casual observation, and though we cannot express these consequences of mental state in terms of the reactions per kilogram of rabbit, we may be assured that the mind *does* play a most important part in determining whether or not an individual shall suffer from a given disease. Doubtless, infectious diseases may be divided for convenience into two classes. There are some, such as malaria in the case of the white man and measles in the case of every child, to which the individual must succumb, so soon as he encounters the microbes upon which they depend. In such cases we must admit that the influence of the mind, if it has any place at all, is practically negligible. But on the other hand, we know that there is a large number of diseases, susceptibility to which is determined by the general health, as we may conveniently if vaguely term it; so long as we conform to a certain standard of vigour we may harbour the tubercle bacillus, the diphtheria bacillus and the pneumococcus in our mouths and suffer no harm. Doubtless they multiply but slowly, and live either upon one another or upon the secretions of the mucous membrane near which they lie; at any rate, they make no inroads upon the living tissues. But if there comes a chill or a bout of drunkenness, or an attack of influenza, or any other devitalising factor, the resistance of the individual is diminished, and he may well fall before the attacks of microbes which he has housed for months without hurt. In the case of such diseases, then, it would appear that it is simply the general vitality or lack of vitality that determines immunity or susceptibility.

The reader will draw for himself the obvious conclusion. If there be diseases which depend for their success upon failure of general health—the exciting microbic causes being unable to act save with the co-operation of predisposing causes—then it is plain that any factor which lowers the general health may turn the scale in favour of the attacking forces. Now, if there is one fact more indisputable than another, it is that worry is able to weaken the bodily defences. It was care that killed even the nine-lived cat.

Whenever it is possible, I dearly love to support a proposition by distinct lines of argument—the argument which asserts that the proposition must be true because it necessarily follows from other propositions assumed to be true, and the more properly scientific argument that the proposition is true because when we come to look at the facts they confirm it. Now, by the first or *a priori* method, we have already convinced ourselves, I think, that if the accepted theories of disease be correct, worry about disease must necessarily be a predisposing cause of disease. But it is also possible to quote the evidence of experience and observation in support of this proposition.

I must insist upon the manner in which I have qualified this statement. It is impossible to assert that lack of fear will protect an unvaccinated person from smallpox. In such a case, immunity and susceptibility depend not at all upon the general health, but exclusively upon the circumstances whether the threatened individual has or has not previously suffered from the disease or any of its modifications. The *rôle* of worry in the causation of infectious disease is confined entirely to those diseases which

depend for their power upon failure of general health. Worry acts not in any mystical fashion, but merely in virtue of its effect upon general vitality, and if the estate of the general vitality be irrelevant, as it appears to be in the case of a large number of diseases, then worry must count for very little, one way or another. This admission does not at all prejudice the fact that in a very large number of instances worry counts for a great deal in this connection.

But when we have exhausted the consideration of worry and fear in relation to diseases of microbic origin, we are very far indeed from having reached the end, for we have yet to consider the innumerable diseases or disordered conditions of the nervous system, and these, as might be expected, are profoundly affected by worry.

It must not be supposed that all we have here to say is simply that if one worries long enough about a nervous disease the worry will be justified at last. For, let us take the instance of the modern curse of sleeplessness. It is the fact that worry about sleep, as distinguished from worry about one's affairs, is in itself sufficient only too often to cause a sleepless night. In attempting to control a case of sleeplessness, nothing is of more importance than, if possible, to restore the patient's confidence in his power to sleep. Only too many people, whose sleep tends to be uncertain, begin to worry about their prospects directly they get into bed, and their apprehension *justifies itself.*

The case is the same with many other nervous functions, as, for instance, digestion. The more conscious attention one pays to it, the less likely is it to succeed.

Indeed we may now recognise a general truth which is of very great psychological interest: that, in general, those bodily processes and functions which are under the control of the lower levels of the nervous system are best performed when those lower levels are left undisturbed by orders from above. This is true, not only of such functions as sleep and digestion, but also of other functions which, at one time in the history of the individual, have required the most direct and painstaking efforts of conscious attention. This is conspicuously true of various games and arts. When playing billiards, for instance, the trained organism may be trusted to perform simple strokes, almost automatically. If the player begins to devote too much attention to them, he is the more likely to fail. But the most conspicuous instance of my proposition is furnished by singing. It is the common experience of, I suppose, every singer that he is capable of attacking and sustaining without difficulty, provided that he be unaware of their pitch, notes which, as a rule, he does not dare to essay. A bass singer knows, for instance, that his upper limit of comfort is E; if he knows that there is an F coming he begins to worry about it, and often pays the penalty. But if a song which he usually sings in E major be played for him without the music in F, he will take the upper tonic with ease, simply because he thinks it is E. Similarly, in the case of variations in pitch between different pianos; if one has a piano of the sensible French pitch one does not venture on an F, but will easily take an E elsewhere, though as a matter of fact it is almost identical with the F, on which one never ventures at home.

This suffices to illustrate the proposition that *excess of attention*—and this is an accurate definition of certain kinds of worry—interferes at least as markedly as carelessness with the performance of many subconscious or semi-automatic acts. In the case of sleep and digestion, we cannot pay too little attention. In the case of organised compound acts, like violin playing and singing, a measure of attention is necessary, but directly that measure is exceeded and the consciousness becomes too eager (which means that it begins to worry) failure is imminent. But everyone who knows anything about executive art or sport knows what this fact means.

This digression will suffice abundantly to prove that the behaviour of the nervous system, whether in relation to the necessary functions of life, or to its arts and sports, is capable of very great modification by means of the mere direction of

consciousness thereto. In its popular meaning, the word *self-consciousness* precisely signifies that excess of attention to self, always with the emotional tone of apprehension or worry, which so often leads to failure. "Nervousness" again, in its popular meaning, implies a similar emotional tone, and we all know its consequences. Now, if we once admit the fact that the functions of the nervous system are somehow modifiable by the mere direction of consciousness to them, it must necessarily follow that worry about any nervous function may cause disease. Such disease, for convenience, we may call a disease of function or a functional disease, and in point of fact the distinction between organic and functional nervous diseases is everywhere recognised by neurologists. From every point of view, practical and theoretical alike, the distinction is one of the first importance, and we cannot begin to make any progress in our study of the relations of worry to disease until we have the clearest possible conception of the difference between these two great classes of nervous disorder

With the general structure of his nervous system the reader is doubtless familiar. A cerebro-spinal axis, consisting of brain and spinal cord continuous with it; a series of nerves passing to and from all but the highest portions of this axis; and a broad division of nervous tissues into cellular or grey matter, and conducting or white matter, every such conducting fibre being really a linear continuation of a nerve cell—these are the outline facts of the nervous system. It is a material structure or complex of structures, to be handled, seen, or eaten, as in the case of the brain of a calf. And though the anatomy of the nervous system is a matter for many volumes, we may say that, even in the minute anatomy of the nerve cell, there is nothing which does not or might not conceivably yield to patient and expert study. As far as the anatomist is concerned, the nervous system of a Shakespeare or a Newton is simply so much matter arranged in a certain way. However complex the arrangement, there is nothing in it which suggests itself to be inherently insoluble.

Nor does the morbid anatomist or pathologist find anything at which his intellect chokes in his study of the nervous system. He simply finds matter in the wrong place; a clot of blood pressing a volitional tract and causing paralysis or speechlessness; a thickened projection of bone pressing upon a certain area and depriving it of its function; a fluid accumulation in the cavities of the brain causing a hydrocephalus—and so on. You may spend a lifetime on this study and be a learner at the end of it; but you will never be brought up sharply at a problem the terms of which you cannot even frame. Your difficulties, like those of the anatomist proper, are at any rate never unthinkable.

Of these "gross lesions" of the nervous system, then, much is definitely known. They are responsible for what we call organic disease of the nervous system, meaning thereby that there is some matter of some sort out of place in the material organ of our study. And to cure the malady you must re-arrange the matter involved, in the normal way. This you may roughly do in a few instances—as by the removal of a tumour of the brain. This may be difficult or impossible; but the problem presents no inherent difference from that presented to the watchmaker when, let us say, some dirt has got into a watch. It is simply a question of altering the position in space of certain portions of matter.

In contrast with all the organic diseases of the nervous system, the neurologist recognises an indefinite number of other maladies which he calls functional. Morbid anatomy, aided even by the microscope and chemistry, reveals nothing in such cases. There is no organic change to be discerned, but there is disorder of function, which may be, and often is, quite as grave as that done by a structural change which you could see ten yards away, were it exposed.

Typical of these functional maladies—the number of which appears to be constantly undergoing addition in civilised communities—is the protean disorder which is called hysteria. Despite etymology, hysteria is met with in both sexes and at all ages. It is a reality, to be

confused with malingering or shamming only by those who know nothing of it. Though nothing does the hysterical patient more harm than sympathy, he is as much entitled to it as if he had a cerebral tumour as big as your fist. But, though to assert the reality of hysteria or any other functional disease of the nervous system is easy, to define its nature is, in the last analysis, not only impossible, but as impossible as it is to define the relation of mind and matter—the unknowable, unframeable, unthinkable problem. The physician may glibly say of his patient's malady, "Oh! it is only functional"—but he has not solved the ultimate problem with that phrase.

We cannot believe, indeed, that any "functional malady" is not the symptom of an organic or material change—a change too subtle for any of our methods. That we may hold as a pious belief; but we possess, with a very different conviction, the knowledge that in the cure of the two classes of nervous malady there is a difference as profound as the difference between mind and matter. This may readily be shown.

You have before you two persons who are unable to move the right arm—the inability in the two cases being identical. The first is a case of organic disease. You remove the tumour which is pressing on the arm area on the left side of the patient's brain, and he regains the use of his arm forthwith. The expert who removes an obstacle to the movement of your watch performs a precisely comparable operation. But the second patient has a functional paralysis. You will not cure him by altering the position in space of any portions of matter whatsoever. But if you act on his mind—as in the instance of the miracle wrought on the Sabbath Day—and say, "Stretch forth thine hand," the paralysis is no more. In attempting to review an enormous subject in a few lines, I may therefore say that in all diseases of the nervous system—insanity of every kind included—a cure is conceivable by an *action on matter* or an *action on mind*.

The piles of crutches at Lourdes indicate real cures of real diseases. The cures wrought by Christian Science are real cures. Faith healing is a fact. Neither faith nor Mrs. Eddy can remove mountains—or kill a bacillus—but mind can act on mind. Terrible maladies exist which the united wisdom of every physician on the earth might be impotent to affect, but which would yield instantly and finally to the nonsensical jabbering of an immoral imbecile, if only the patient's mind were affected thereby. These are scientific facts, as certain and as important as the infectiousness of cholera, the germ causation of tubercolosis or the triumphs of Listerian surgery.

But my assertion of these facts will not delude any reader into forgetting the immeasurable distinction between a description and an explanation. The first we have already; the second would explain not only hysteria, but the cosmos in its entirety. If Tennyson could say as much of the flower in the crannied wall, it may certainly be said of an explanation which, in answering one question, would leave none unanswered.

Having thus attempted to define, as clearly as possible, the difference between organic and functional nervous disease, we must now note some qualifying considerations which complicate the matter in practice. For instance, there is often found what we call a functional element superadded to cases of organic disease as in the case of disseminated solerosis of the brain and spinal chord. Such cases frequently deceive the physician, who is apt to regard the disease as entirely functional, because of the functional element which it displays, and because he is familiar with functional disorders which exactly simulate this disease. On the other hand, functional disorder, by interfering with the general nutrition, may lead to organic disease, and thus introduce the converse complication. Hence we find that in practice it is impossible to maintain any ultimate distinction between the two classes of disease.

We have already hinted that the distinction between malingering or shamming and hysteria is a real one. When the patient is pretending to be ill his disease is fictitious; when he suffers from hysteria

we may describe it as factitious, but none the less real therefor. With fictitious disease we have here no concern at all.

I have just used the masculine pronoun, and the reader may think it out of place in relation to hysteria, but there is such a thing as male hysteria, and the derivation from the name of a distinctively feminine organ implies a libel upon the gentle sex. Doubtless hysteria is more common amongst women, but that is all that can be said. No real distinction can be maintained between the various forms of what it is usually agreed to call hysteria, and the countless other forms of functional nervous disease, and we may consider them all together indifferently. Now, what are the relations of worry to the two classes of nervous disease?

We may say that worry does not directly cause organic disease. I cannot subscribe to the opinion that the organic disease (not nervous) called cancer may be induced in any organ by the constant fear of its occurrence there. Worry can only cause organic disease—such, for instance, as the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain—indirectly by its influence upon general nutrition. On the other hand, worry may, and constantly does, cause functional nervous disease. We have already seen that worry about the possibility of disorder, such as sleeplessness, may induce the very disorder in question. But worry about anything, whether in this world or the next, is a potent cause of functional nervous disease. It is only consistent with this fact that such disease should be curable by mental influences. It may be fairly argued that even in these cases, the worry may cause the disorder by its interference with appetite or sleep or both; but the manner of its operation is not so important as the fact that it does so operate.

We have already said that the distinction between organic and functional disease, all important though it be, cannot be universally maintained. An instance of this is now furnished by the common disorder which goes by the good name of neurasthenia—the Greek for nerve weakness. This has gone by various names—general debility, nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, létat nerveux, the vapours, and so on. It is unquestionably distinct from typical hysteria; yet on the other hand it is equally distinct from definite organic disease, such as that due to a tumour or a hæmorrhage, and it is curable in a way in which ordinary organic disease is not.

Both hysteria and neurasthenia are frequently caused by worry. In both cases, however, we have to recognise that worry, the exciting cause, cannot act without the help of a predisposing cause, which is very difficult to define, but which is undoubtedly a reality. It is a matter of inheritance, and we may call it inherited nervous instability, or the neurotic tendency; but if we use this word neurotic, we really must guard ourselves against attaching any unpleasant or sinister meaning to it. It is the neurotic people that do the work of the world, and fortunate are those who have the finely strung, delicately organised nervous system which that adjective indicates. This definitely asserted, we may go on to assert that worry can scarcely cause hysteria, neurasthenia, or any other functional nervous disease in people of the phlegmatic or even the average type. But it is, of course, the neurotic people who are temperamentally inclined to worry.

Miss Pontigreve's Parrot

By BEATRICE ROSENTHAL

How a feathered creature disturbed a quiet neighbourhood and caused an aging spinster's reconciliation to a nephew's plebeian tastes

I

MISS PONTIGREVE dwelt at Cherrystead, that pleasant and still countrified suburb within easy reach of South-West London. Her house, "The Acacias," with its spacious garden, was the largest and most picturesque of all the "desirable residences" in Western Avenue, and, as regards wealth and social position, Miss Pontigreve was accounted one of the "best" people in the neighbourhood.

But as she sat in the bay window of her handsome drawing-room that bright autumn morning she looked anything but a contented old lady. She held in her hand a letter which she had just shown to her old friend, Dr. Bedford, who had come in to look at the cook's scalded hand. Miss Pontigreve had read the letter several times herself, though she had resolved not to answer it. Her heart was sore against the writer, her nephew and godson, the Rev. Felix Pontigreve, who, after delighting her by a brilliant career at the university, had declined the easy duties of the curacy his aunt had desired for him, to go and work in a back street district, very far east of Cherrystead.

"The quixotic perverseness of the young people of the present day is only equalled by their ingratitude," remarked Miss Pontigreve to her medical adviser.

"Well, we must give these idealists scope," answered the old gentleman. "That slum experience goes to the making of the best doctors, and the best parsons, too, so I'm told. It must be an interesting part of the world. Why don't you take the boy at his word and pay him a visit?"

"I shall do no such thing," said Miss Pontigreve with asperity, folding up the letter. "He has run counter to all my wishes. You know that the Rector offered him a title, and I meant him to live here with me. Isn't there enough scope in a growing place like this for any reasonable young man? However, it has taught me a lesson," she added. "I shall do no more for thankless people."

Miss Pontigreve took up her work as the doctor went away—the fine lace-work she could see to do without spectacles in spite of her sixty-odd years. Her last words gave the clue to the grievance she was weaving into the delicate mesh. She brooded bitterly over the ingratitude of the world in general, and in particular of the favourite nephew whom she had adopted and educated, whose sense of a vocation had thwarted her plans, and whom she missed more than words could tell.

Presently she looked up, and called through the open window:

"Fluffy!"

A small black spaniel scampered across the smooth stretch of turf, and came to a stop on the gravel path, all four legs set wide, regarding his mistress with a bright, attentive eye; then frisked through a clump of cactus dahlias.

The hard lines of the old spinster's face relaxed as she watched the little creature. She touched a hand-bell on the table beside her.

"Tipples," she said to the elderly manservant who answered the summons, "tell Richard to take Fluffy for his walk. He is in the garden."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Tipples, whose name was an obvious libel on his person. "Anythink else, ma'am?"

"Tell Simpson to come round and speak to me about the bulbs when he is ready."

"Yes, ma'am."

He withdrew, and Miss Pontigreve

dropped her work into her lap and fell into a fit of musing, from which she was roused at length by a step on the gravel.

"Is that you, Simpson?"

It was not her respectable Scotch gardener, the inventor of a new variety of rose-tulip, but a man of seedy appearance carrying a large dome-shaped object, shrouded in a piece of dirty blanket.

He set it down on the ground, and saluted the lady seated in the window by touching his forehead with a grimy finger.

"Bewtiful day fer the time er year, mum," he began in an insinuating voice.

"Did they tell you at the back door to come round here?" asked Miss Pontigreve disconcertingly. "I don't give to beggars or organ-grinders."

The individual touched his forehead again.

"I ain't a beggar nor a horgan-grinder. I'm a pore feller, wot's trapsed many a weary mile," he said, plaintively, "and has I wos a-passin' the gate of this yer bewtiful garding, and see the little dawg a-bouncin' hover the grars as 'appy as cud be, I sez ter meself, 'There's a beneverlent lidy livin' 'ere,' I sez, 'wot wouldn't refuse ter do a reel genuine kindness."

"I don't help people on principle," said Miss Pontigreve. "You had better apply to the Charity Organisation."

"'Tain't fer a 'uman bein' I am a-arstin', mum," went on the man eagerly. "Not fer meself, but a pore 'elpless bird in this yer cige, fer 'om I am a-tryin' ter find a 'ome. Money's no objeck. It's the 'ome that's the consideration."

"What kind of bird?" inquired Miss Pontigreve.

"A parrit, mum—a mawvil. You never see 'is like. 'E belonged to a station-master wot is a-emigratin' to Canada with wife and fam'ly, and arst me ter find a 'ome fer 'im. Only a couple o' guineas, mum, jest wot the chap's out er pocket by the cige—noo, as you see," he added, beginning to unshroud it; "that's nothink fer the bird 'isself—jest the good 'ome—"

The old lady shook her head.

"I have no experience of parrots," she said, rising nevertheless to look out of the window.

The removal of the blanket revealed a large cage wherein a grey-white bird with an orange-pink crest and a powerful beak was swinging itself on a metal ring.

It descended from the ring to a much-gnawed perch, and danced from side to side, bobbing and whistling with pleasure in the light and air.

"What species of parrot is it?" asked the old lady.

"Well, mum, there is parrits, macaws, parrakeets, but this yer is a mawvil of a bird. See 'im now chucklin' at yer. Look at the wink in 'is heye. You'd never be dull with 'im fer a minnit. 'E's a knowin' one, 'e is, as grateful as a Christian."

"You need not bring that in," said Miss Pontigreve tartly. "It is no recommendation to me. I think it is the grey African birds that talk."

"No offence fer contradictin', mum," replied the man, holding up the dingy blanket as a foil. "Torks! 'E's at it all day. Pretty Polly, Pretty Poll," he whistled, as the bird bobbed up and down. "Where's Polly's 'amper? 'E was put in one onst, and 'e's never fergot it. 'E can imertate trains and boys ter the very life."

"Not swearing, I hope?" said Miss Pontigreve.

"Never known to use langwidge but onst. 'E called the station-master's wife a name which you would not wish me to repeat, mum. She give 'im the stick fer it, and ever sence 'e's 'ad a sort of a slight prejerdice agin the female persuasion. But with a lidy in a bewtiful 'ome—"

"I haven't said I would buy him," said Miss Pontigreve, quickly. "I know nothing of parrots. What are they fed on?"

The man produced a packet from the breast of his seedy coat.

"'Ere's the mixture. You can buy it at any seed shop. 'E's an uncommon bird—be wunderful comp'ny fer you, mum. You cud stand the cige in there on the floor, or get 'im a perch out 'ere and 'e'd set on that with a chine round 'is leg as 'appy as possible. 'E'll keep you alive. Look at 'im bowing. 'E's tuk a reg'lar fancy ter you, mum."

"I don't know," hesitated Miss Pontigreve, looking at the bird, who had erected his crest and was curtseying on his perch.

"The station-master's emigratin', and

in cors a bit er money 'ud come useful, but 'e won't arst more 'n two guineas. It's jest the 'ome. It's been a rare job fer 'im ter part with the bird."

"The parrot is in good health, I suppose?"

"'Ealth! 'E's in prime condition—a fine young bird. 'E'll live a censhury barrin' axdent, and in years to come—may the time be far distant, mum!—you cud will 'im ter the Zoo. They ain't got none like 'im. Two guineas; it's nothink—cige, food, kiver——"

"You may keep the cover," said Miss Pontigreve, feeling for her purse. "Leave the cage there. Yes—take the cover away with you, please."

II

Mr. Tipples sat in his pantry with a disturbed expression on his countenance. The cook, a buxom personage, with her right arm in a sling, was standing by the door; also Emma, the housemaid. Both looked "upset," and the cook held a handkerchief in her uninjured hand. All appeared to be listening for something.

"Hall—eeee—looo! Hall—eeee—looo! Hall—eee—looooo—oo!" The shrieks were repeated twice and thrice with increasing force each time. The expression on Mr. Tipples' face deepened into a look of ineffable disgust.

"Sunday afternoon," he said. "And a week ago this was a respectable 'ouse."

"I 'aven't a nerve but what isn't shattered completely," bemoaned the cook, pressing the handkerchief to her eyes. "And there's Richard with four fingers tied up with the cruel nips 'e's got putting the food in the cage, and the poor little feller goin' about lookin' so miserable, feeling that the dog got lost through him being late in the garden."

"It's my firm belief and conviction," said Mr. Tipples, "that the miscreant what took in the missus with tales of good homes and emigrating station-masters—though I could understand anybody going to the end of the world to get away from that feathered demon—is the person we should look for if we want to find the dog. I'm a man of observation, and I can put two and two together."

"Hal—lee—loo!—Hal—lee—loo! Hal—leee—loooo!"

The shrieks were even more piercing than before. The cook and housemaid put their fingers in their ears. A bell rang sharply.

"That's for Richard to bring the bird indoors," said Mr. Tipples, rising. "I dessay he's in want of a lead pencil or a finger to chaw up. The neighbourhood must be thinking we've gone mad. There was complaints yesterday. To-morrow you may be on the lookout for summonses."

With this reassuring forecast Mr. Tipples departed. He found his mistress at the drawing-room window. The cage was on the middle of the lawn, with the disconsolate Richard in attendance.

"I thought that green might be soothing," said Miss Pontigreve. "But perhaps he had better bring the bird in, and—"

"Hal—lee—looo—oo!" broke the afternoon stillness.

Some passers-by stopped to look over the gate.

"Bring in the cage at once, Richard," called his mistress.

The boy picked it up gingerly from the bottom, holding his head back as far as possible, and staggered past the window.

Some cheerful screeches marked the passage through the house, and, with a significant grunt, Mr. Tipples opened the door.

Richard put the cage down, and stood nervously aloof. However, the parrot now seemed restored to good humour, and bobbed and chortled gaily. The bottom of the cage was littered with a variety of propitiatory offerings reduced to splinters of wood and bone.

"As he gets more used to us, he will calm down; it is being with strangers, no doubt," said the old lady. "Well, Polly! Pretty Polly!"

But her approach seemed to goad the bird to frenzy. He swung himself wildly on his ring, and dashed against the bars, uttering a series of the most vociferous "Ha!—lee—loos."

"Where's the cloth? Throw it over. Anything to stop that desprit noise," cried Mr. Tipples.

It ceased as suddenly as it had begun,

and queer, low chuckles emanated from beneath the cover as though the bird took a delight in his scandalous behaviour.

"They talk best, I believe, when covered up," said Miss Pontigreve, clinging obstinately to a last hope.

"This one's no talking bird," said Mr. Tipples firmly, feeling that she must be undeceived. "Not a word has he said since you've had him, ma'am. He's nothink but a screamer; it's a shameful imposition on a lady, as I ventured to remark before, and if we could lay our hands on that swindling rogue, it's my belief we shouldn't be far off from Fluffy."

Richard gave vent to a melancholy sniff. He was burdened by a sense of guilty responsibility for the loss of the pet whom the whole household mourned.

The spinster's face quivered slightly.

"Go and ask in the kitchen for another chicken bone," she said, walking over to the fireplace where the poor little empty basket stood. "I will double the reward if we hear nothing by to-morrow," she added.

"Well, we must hope for good news," replied Mr. Tipples in a despondent voice. "It's clear enough to me. Fluffy wasn't a dog to wander. He was took, picked up by that scamp. I can see the whole thing with my eyes shut."

Richard returned with the bone, and a note, which Miss Pontigreve opened and read:

"MALABAR LODGE, Western Avenue,
"Sept. 28th.

"Colonel Curry presents his compliments to Miss Pontigreve, and begs to state that his life has been rendered absolutely intolerable for the past three days by the squalling of the parrot she has introduced into her household. Unless the nuisance subsides, he will be forced to put the matter into the hands of his solicitors."

Miss Pontigreve sat down in perplexed silence, which was speedily broken by a "Hal—lee—loo!" in the bird's most enthusiastic manner, accompanied by a yell from Richard, who had been poking the bone under the cover and retired with another wounded finger.

"Any answer, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Tipples, who divined the contents of the communication with considerable accuracy.

"Take the cage into the morning-room, and shut the door and window," said Miss Pontigreve, "and tell Richard to call at Dr. Bedford's on his way to church, and ask him to come to-morrow morning."

III

"The man told you he imitated trains and boys—two of the noisiest things in the world," said Dr. Bedford. "Really, my dear lady—"

They were in the morning-room, where the bird, exhilarated by change of air and scene, had given them a spirited greeting.

Dr. Bedford stood in front of the cage, eyeing him with a professional air. "Well, Polly, and how are we to quiet you? Is it a case of severing the vocal cord?"

"Don't talk vivisection," said Miss Pontigreve sharply.

Her old friend laughed heartily. "Well, what am I to suggest? Something will have to be done for the sake of the neighbours."

He turned towards a number of letters scattered on the table. Miss Pontigreve took up one, written on scented paper, with a heavy gilt monogram.

"'INVERNESS, Western Avenue,
"Sept. 28th.

"Mrs. Waterford-Smythe encloses a medical certificate showing that she is laid up with a severe attack of nervous prostration from the fearful screeching of your bird. She does not want to make unpleasantness, but it must be put a stop to immediately."

"Waterford-Smythe, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, flinging down the missive. "Did you ever hear such impertinence? They were Smiths till they made their fortune out of waterproofs and mackintoshes! And I believe the bird will quiet down when he grows more accustomed to us—he did not shriek once while the man was with him. I wish you could help me to find poor Fluffy."

"I take Tipples' view," said Dr. Bedford. "However, the reward is a bait. Shall I call at the police-station, and give notice that you will increase it? Very

well. Perhaps they might take Polly at the Zoo. Why not inquire? Let me know if I can do anything."

His going was a signal for a fresh outburst on the part of the bird, in the midst of which Mr. Tipples appeared. His face wore a hopeful look which had been strange to it of late. He bore a salver, on which was a plate containing a small quantity of green stuff.

"Cook says she's heard that parsley is poison to 'em, ma'am," he said, dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper. "It might be worth trying."

But experiment only falsified another theory. Polly's cage was strewn with morsels of the classic herb, and the many "fatal" doses he assimilated only acted as a tonic as far as his voice was concerned. After lunch he was banished to an upstairs room to see what solitary confinement would do, but his protests grew so uproarious that Richard and Emma took turns at keeping him company by ten-minute shifts.

Miss Pontigreve spent the afternoon in a fruitless visit to the Zoological Gardens, and thence went to the Dogs' Home, where there was no trace of Fluffy. A full domestic conclave was held meanwhile in Mr. Tipples' pantry, at which Richard, during one of his ten minutes off, timidly made a suggestion which seemed so promising to Mr. Tipples that he resolved to communicate it to his mistress.

Miss Pontigreve had little appetite for her solitary dinner that evening. She gazed with abstracted eyes at the vacant chair and cushion which was wont to be occupied by her little companion.

"I will not take any dessert," said she, pushing aside a dish of fine pears.

Mr. Tipples took the decanters back to the sideboard, fidgeted a little, and returned to the table.

"The lad, ma'am, has an ideer," he observed.

The old lady looked up.

"About getting rid of the bird," he continued.

"Yes," she said.

"The lad's early 'ome was down by the docks," the butler went on, "and he says he knows shops that buy parrots and sech from the sailors. Why not send the bird there to be disposed of for what he would fetch? You would not mind if it was less than you gave for him, ma'am?"

"No," said Miss Pontigreve, thoughtfully. "You and Richard might go and try, perhaps."

Mr. Tipples gave a deprecating cough.

"Well—under the circumstances, ma'am, I really shouldn't like leaving the 'ouse. It might not be pleasant for you, ma'am, with these complaints and injunctions coming in, and I know nothink of them low parts. I would suggest that cook should go with Richard. She's willing, and the lad knows the way well, he says."

Miss Pontigreve considered the proposal.

"No," she said suddenly, "I will go with Richard myself to-morrow morning. Send him to me."

IV

The cab stopped at the corner of a narrow street, blocked with meat and vegetable stalls, around which surged a throng of dirty, foreign-looking people.

Richard jumped down from his place by the driver.

"It's down 'ere, ma'am," he said at the cab door. "Cabby says he can't drive no further. Shall I go and you wait? It's a rough place."

At sight of the numerous faces peering in on either side, a nervous qualm passed over the old lady, sitting erect in her black silk mantle, but she braced herself to the adventure with characteristic determination.

"I think I will come, too," she said.

The cage, neatly shrouded in brown paper, was lifted from the roof of the cab with the driver's assistance, the bird, who seemed to approve of motion, contenting himself with a few bass chuckles. They walked down the street, followed by a curious throng, who made free comments upon Miss Pontigreve's appearance and the neat livery of her attendant. They stopped at length before a dingy shop with a glazed front, over which was the inscription, "S. Hyman, Live Stock Merchant, Dealer in Foreign Curios."

A collarless youth, with an unpleasant squint, who was smoking and lounging in

the doorway, stared sharply as they entered. It was a dark, ill-smelling place, full of cages and hutches containing parrots, canaries, dogs, cats, rabbits, and a lively family of monkeys. There was a stack of empty cages in one corner, and on the other side a litter of dusty objects, evidently the foreign curio department.

A door at the back of the shop stood ajar. A tattered curtain was half-drawn across the upper glass panels. Two or three figures could be seen beyond.

Richard set down the heavy cage with relief. The youth who had entered after them fixed his crooked gaze on them both.

"Votcher vant?" he said in a thick voice with a strong Ghetto accent.

"We wish to dispose of a parrot," said Miss Pontigreve, holding her black silk skirt clear of the floor.

"Boss!" bawled the youth, without relaxing his stare.

The door opened, and the proprietor of the establishment appeared. He was as unkempt as the other, with a dark, cunning face.

"Vant ter sell parrit," said the youth, with a jerk of his thumb and a private wink.

The man walked up to the cage and pulled off the wrappings. The bird swung himself excitedly, danced, and curtseyed, as though he recognised an old acquaintance, contributing his part to the incessant chorus of chirps, crowings, and yelps.

"Vy do you vant to sell 'eem?" asked the man, turning to Miss Pontigreve.

"To tell the truth, I find him rather too much for me as a pet," she replied. "I did not know that parrots were so noisy—"

"'Taint a parrit," he interrupted shortly; "it's a bare-eyed cockatoo. Screecheth orful, and thet's vy you do not vant to kip 'eem."

"He gets on better with gentlemen than with females," put in Richard, feeling that the value of the goods was being unduly depreciated.

"Does 'e, ole sport?" said the youth, with a coarse laugh, in which the man joined. Then he turned to the cage again.

"Vell, vat do you vant for 'eem? Or vill you take anoder bird for exchange?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Pontigreve, hastily, "but I shall be glad to come to terms," she added. "What do you offer for him?"

The pair exchanged another wink; then the man said:

"You vish to be rid of 'eem? Dot is vot it is. You can leave 'eem 'ere fer a quid."

"A quid?"

"He means you to pay a sovereign for him to take the bird, ma'am," explained Richard in a rapid aside. "Let's try somewhere else. I know another shop."

"You von't choke 'im orf no cheaper," said the youth. "'E's a screecher. Nobody von't buy a bare-eyed cockatoo if they know it."

"He was sold to me for two guineas," said the old lady. She broke off with a sudden start, and stared, as though fascinated, at the door in the background. A young woman, with a head bristling with curlers, was looking out, and behind her stood a man, half screened by the curtain.

"I 'ave my beezniss. Vill you leave 'eem or take 'eem avay?" said the man in the shop.

"I will leave him," said Miss Pontigreve, decisively, taking a pound from her purse and handing it over. "Come, Richard."

With a final glance in the direction of the torn curtain, she turned to go, stumbling and almost treading on a little black object which had bounded out from somewhere, and was tugging the border of her skirt, and jumping about her feet, with ecstatic little snaps and barks. Miss Pontigreve stopped down with a cry of amazement.

"Fluffy!"

Dirty, uncombed, and collarless as the squint-eyed youth, it was Fluffy himself. His mistress picked him up with trembling hands.

"This is the dog I have lost. However came he here?"

"Dot's a nice von," said the man, roughly. "A vallable schpaniel vort five quid."

"It is my own dog," repeated Miss Pontigreve, clasping the recovered treasure tightly under her cloak.

"Oh, come, ma'am, come!" cried Richard, excitedly.

They had the advantage of being close to the doorway, and were quickly outside,

followed, however, by the man and the youth. The young woman with the curlers came running out also, and a crowd gathered as if by magic.

"Hand back that dawg!" demanded the man threateningly. "It is vort five quid."

"It is my own dog, which was stolen from me," said Miss Pontigreve, endeavouring to press on.

"Dere's a revort out fer 'im, ain't dere?" said the youth. "Den p'y up ze revort."

"I have paid a pound already and left the bird and the cage."

"Det's a good 'un," said the youth, addressing the crowd. "She's a bilker, she is, comin' down 'ere in silks and settins to schvindle pore people."

There was an ugly murmur in response from the mob, who were beginning to press them in.

"Had I better try and push through and get the cabman?" whispered Richard, breathlessly.

"No—no, stay by me!" gasped his mistress, clutching Fluffy tighter.

"You don't go a step furder till you give me back de dawg," the man said, seizing hold of her arm. The red-haired assistant thrust Richard aside. The crowd swelled and pressed tighter. Their faces began to swim before the old lady's eyes. Rough hands were pulling at her cloak, but she clutched Fluffy tighter still.

"What's all this?" cried a voice strangely familiar to her ears.

A tall young man in a long black coat, to which Richard was clinging desperately, strode into the middle of the fray.

"What's all this——? Why," in a voice of utter astonishment, "Aunt Felicia! What on earth are you doing here? What is the matter?"

"Felix!" ejaculated Miss Pontigreve, with relief and surprise. "Help me to get away. Our cab is at the corner."

"Take your hand off this lady's arm at once," said the tall young man, sternly. Hyman obeyed, but stood menacingly.

"She's got a dawg of mine under 'er cloak, vich she must p'y for."

"A dog of yours?"

"It is my own dog, Fluffy, who was stolen last week. I found him here," said his aunt.

"P'y up ze revort zen!" interposed the red-haired assistant.

"I have given him a sovereign and the parrot," returned Miss Pontigreve, pointing to the "Boss."

"The parrot?" echoed the Rev. Felix.

"I will tell you everything as soon as we are in the cab. Oh, do go on!" the poor lady urged.

"Make way at once, please," said the tall young clergyman to the crowd still hanging eagerly around them. "Now, one moment," turning to the angry man and his assistant. "You accuse this lady of taking a dog which she declares is her own property. What is your name?"

"Solomon Hyman," replied the man sullenly.

"And that is your shop, Mr. Solomon Hyman. Very well. You and I will settle this matter later on. You will find me at St. Mary's, Blackyard Lane. Now, please."

Before Miss Pontigreve would have believed it possible she found herself in the cab driving back to the station with the faithful Richard on the box, Fluffy safe in her lap, and her nephew beside her.

"I can't help thinking that the man I saw behind the door was the man who made me buy the parrot," she concluded.

"That is quite within the bounds of possibility," said the Rev. Felix.

"And that you should have happened to come up!"

"I had been to the hospital to see a poor dying child. It was that smart lad, Richard, who spotted me."

"As if anyone could help spotting you, as you call it," said the old lady, with a proud glance at the tall form beside her. "But, oh! my dear boy, what a place! What people!"

"You have seen one little glimpse," said her nephew, with his hand on hers. "And there is so much more—infinitely worse. I have wanted you so much to see for yourself, for I knew that when you realised what the need is you would feel you could spare one to it."

Miss Pontigreve stroked Fluffy's tangled mop with tremulous fingers, and was silent awhile. "I have been a foolish old woman, Felix," she said suddenly at last.

CANADA'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD ON CHURCH PARADE

Patriotic Military Service

By LT.-COL. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT

A further plea for a popular military service in Canada, with an appreciation of the Swiss System

IN a previous article we endeavoured to show that the feeling in Canada is that the Dominion should exist as it is. To that end Canada needs some form of military service, having as its basis patriotic or universal service, many types of which exist all over the world.

I endeavoured to point out that much misconception exists with reference to the so-called conscription, patriotic or universal service. I quoted Col. Favre, an eminent Swiss, on the marked benefits to the individual and the people at large that had resulted in Switzerland since the adoption of that form of military service and since they had discarded the "dollar system" which we have in Canada.

It is a curious thing how in the minds of some the cart has been twisted before the horse with reference to military service, how the paid professional has been given the place of honour as over the patriotic citizen soldier, who, at personal loss and inconvenience, is giving his time and means to his country because it is absolutely necessary.

The misconception is not confined to Canada; it exists in the Motherland, as is evinced by the following verses which appeared not long ago in the London *Punch:*

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE FREE

(Mr. Haldane, in exposing his new army scheme, gave it as his opinion that the country "will not be dragooned into conscription." In other, and less conventional terms, it is the

inalienable right of the freeborn British citizen to decline to lift a finger in his country's defence.)

O city clerk, in whom the hopes are stored
Of England's manhood, let me talk with you—
With you, whose pen is mightier than the sword
(And far, far safer, too).

Soon you will trip to some salubrious Spa,
Or pluck delight from South-end shrimps and tea;
Flaunting beneath a so-called Panama,
Beside the so-called sea.

There you will blow the expense and softly lie
In some hotel abutting on the brine,
And have your food (en pension) served you by
A waiter from the Rhine.

Him you will treat with well-deserved contempt,
Poor Teuton, seared with vile conscription's brand,
Not, like yourself, a gentleman exempt
From duty to his land.

You are a free-born city clerk, and boast
That you can buy the necessary slaves—
Tommies that undertake to man the coast,
And Tars to walk the waves.

Besides, the leisure hours in which you slack
Are owed to sport—the Briton's primal law;
You have to watch a game of ball, or back
A horse you never saw.

Splendid, mon brave! you have a sporting nerve
Unknown to these dull churls of Teuton breed;
Yet here's a man has learned at least to serve
His Fatherland at need.

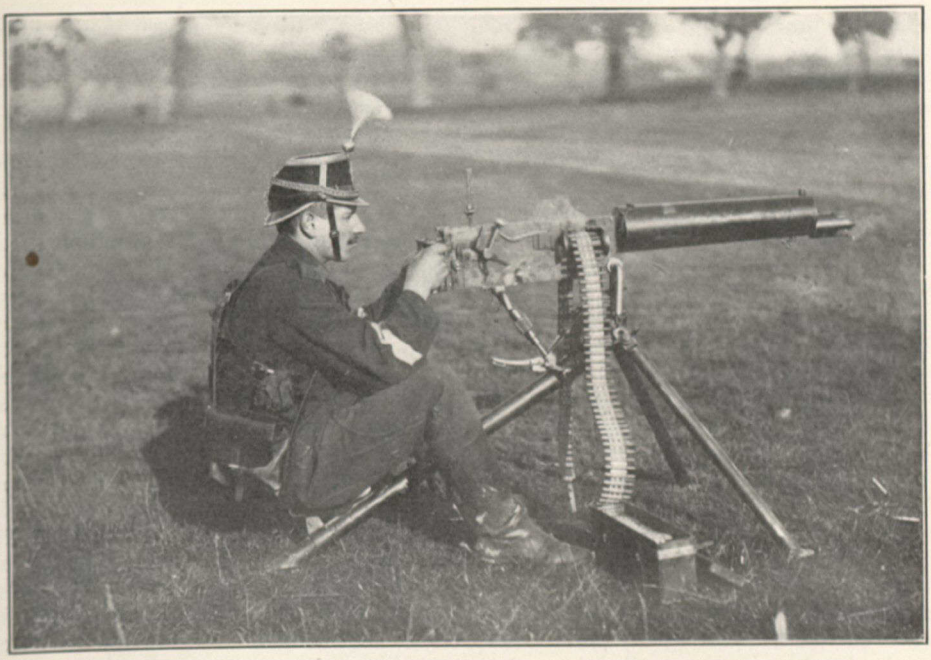
He sings his Wacht am Rhein, and, if the thing
Wants watching with a rifle, he'll be there;
When you've invited Heaven to "save the King,"
You think you've done your share.

They've taught him how to march in fighting kit
And drill a likely hole in human butts;
You have no discipline and couldn't hit
A haystack, not for nuts.

His women-folk are safe in their appeal
To his protection when the bullets skirl,
While your "fionsy"—well, I really feel
Quite sorry for the girl.

For this poor "conscript" whom the tyrants grind,
Though he may miss your British freedom's scope;
Yet knows the use of arms, where you would find
Your legs your only hope.

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A FIELD HOSPITAL



SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—CAVALRY PORTABLE MAXIM

So doff your hat to him when next you meet,
And pray that, when his prentice task is done,
If you should cross him on a raiding beat,
He'll give you time to run.
—London *Punch*

England gradually has developed a permanently paid and maintained army because of her widespread possessions and the constant wars in all parts of the world in which she has been involved. This force, as explained by the present War-lord in England, is for *over-seas-purposes*, must be thoroughly efficient, every man an expert—though some cannot hit a barn-door at 300 yards—and the force must be as small as it can be kept with safety. England relies on her navy to keep foreign foes out of her territory. On the other hand, the continental nations consider home-protection, the integrity of their Fatherland, as the matter of first moment with them, and, as set forth in the verses in *Punch*, they think, in their simple way, that it is the first and highest duty of man to serve his country, to defend his hearth and home, and even to make some sacrifice to fit himself to do so.

The Prussians developed great excellency under this system, and England, seeing this, commenced to copy many features in the German organisation without adopting the underlying principle.

To a certain extent it was like trying to mix oil and water, hence we have seen chopping and changing, copying and remodelling in the British military service, heartburnings and recriminations, Royal Commissions and reorganisations, until out of it all comes the discovery of the aim and object of the professional army as laid down by the present War-lord, W. L. Haldane, Barrister-at-Law, who has struck the right nail on the head, as above quoted. In the last article I alluded to the powerful organisations and to the influential personages in Great Britain who are advocating the patriotic service system, either in addition to the force for "over-seas-purposes," or to include this as a voluntary branch, I do not know which. I pointed out the patent fact—which it almost insults a Canadian's intelligence to stop to allude to—that if the slightest shadow of a reason exists for patriotic service in England, protected by her battleships, every argument is emphasised a

thousand times for the same for Canada with her long line of undefended frontier, which never can be protected by other means than by loyal men and true!

Strange to say in our case, in Canada, while situated similarly to the patriotic service countries on the continent of Europe, and unlike England, we have blindly followed the British dollar-system for the militia of Canada, and have been raising an "over-seas-purposes" permanent force because it exists in the British Service. Of course the more services of any kind with appointments in the hands of the Government the more positions there are for friends of whichever party happens to be in power; therefore, so long as the taxpayer is satisfied, so long will the number of a permanent force continue to grow.

But is the force permanent? Does the taxpayer get value for the cost? These are matters I will not undertake to answer other than to observe that it is very commonly reported that many newcomers to the country use the so-called permanent force as a convenient stepping stone to the United States, and as these do not become citizens of the country at all, it really does not deserve its name of permanent. Then it is hinted that all of the officers, N.C.O's and men are not expert instructors, or even first-class rifle shots. There is no doubt about the demoralising influence of a large body of officers and men, housed and kept at great expense, who, so far as the average citizen can observe, have nothing really useful to do. The atmosphere of the whole thing has a depressing effect on the rest of the community. If it was patent to every one that all of the officers and other ranks were expert instructors and were distributed as leaven among the regiments of citizen soldiers, as adjutants, caretakers and instructors, then the average citizen could soon see by results that the leaven was "working." Where the professional soldier is hived, with his uniform as a very special care and etiquette a study, then it is not to be wondered at that a feeling of personal superiority and a tendency to belittle the citizen soldier is soon engendered; even though the latter would be an expert guide in his own district, is enured to stand any hardship, can "rustle" for himself in the field, has used his rifle since boyhood. But, bless

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A FIELD BATTERY

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A BALLOON DETACHMENT OF THE ENGINEERS

your heart, how can a man be a soldier with a wrinkle in his serge and who eats with his knife!

There is one very important consideration in connection with this whole matter which affects the civil as much as the military aspect. This comes under that of the influence of some form of military training on the people at large. I have already alluded to the great improvement in the personnel of the Swiss army since the adoption of universal service as pointed out by Col. Camille Favre. The same officer in connection with discipline and health goes on to say:

"In a battalion of national militia where men of 10 or 12 different classes or years are mixed, there are always some of at least 30 years of age who are accustomed to dealing with men and are used to exacting obedience, who have a proper feeling of their own responsibilities in civil life, and as high a sense of their military duty as an officer. It is to the good feeling and pride of these men that we have to appeal for the preservation of discipline, just as in the case of their superiors we appeal to their sense of honour. There are, of course, others, rough, insubordinate, incapable of any finer feelings, for whom there is,

alas! nothing but the guard-room and the cells. But on the whole the discipline of the heart, which is, so to speak, natural to the better class of men and carries the coarser natures along with it, makes common cause with the discipline of the head in the progress of military science, and fits in with the requirements of modern war, which demands from its humblest participants, including the private soldier, so large a measure of initiative"; and "Health is only another word for the discipline of the body, and the physical advantages that accrue to the nation from military service are no less than the moral gains.

"This is so universally believed throughout the country that I am not aware that there has ever been any necessity to prove it. I shall not, therefore, quote any statistics, but I shall confine myself to asserting that according to the best authorities, the effect of military service upon the general state of public health is, in spite of the exertions it involves, excellent. Certain risks must, of course, be run, but the occasions on which serious consequences ensue are rare. The young men return to their homes thin, sunburnt, and ready to drop from want of sleep, but not sick. Their outing has been practically one long holiday—of untold benefit to those of sedentary habits. It is really surprising how little sickness there is among the troops. Judging from my own experience, and that of my comrades, I believe that I am right in saying that in general the sick men in a company of infantry do not exceed five per cent. of the strength, except in times of epidemic. And this five per cent. includes many trifling cases such as sore feet, toothache, etc., which a day's rest will put right."

"I have already shown how important it is for strictly military reasons to recruit only sound men. It is no less important for hygienic reasons."

Viewed therefore in the light of Switzerland's experience it would appear that if Canada reverted to the militia basis laid down by our forefathers, and which we would be obliged to adopt if there was danger of war, two things at least would happen:

1. We should have not only an immensely stronger militia, but one composed of a uniformly higher-grade representation of our population.

2. A most salutary result to the health, manners and bearing of the whole people from a course of military training and its necessary discipline.

"Mens sana in corpore sano" comes to

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—A DRESSING STATION

us unchallenged from the palmy days of the Grecians and Romans. It is too self-evident to require argument or statistics to prove that the physical training, the fresh air, the plain diet would do far more than all the doctors and medicine in the country to a young man.

And then with regard to manners and bearing. It is not found possible in any civilised part of the world to carry on military operations based on the fact that all men are equal, and that the outward and visible sign of that is best evidenced by brusque independence of expression, amounting on the part of many of those serving the public to downright insolence. Such is, unfortunately, the standard of a very large proportion of Canadians, which, as a native born Canadian, I deeply deplore, and especially that it is by no means limited to the male sex. If for no other purpose than remedying this sad national defect, the result of ignorance and selfishness, not of real intelligence resulting from education, enforced military training would be a thing to be deeply thankful for. Then again from a sense of national security it is a matter of great moment. The Japanese achieved their success against a giant people because of their intelligent, high standard of sense of obedience and self-abnegation in their duty to Emperor and Fatherland. The contrary standard, cultivated in Canada, is fraught with danger to the country we all love so well.

No more conclusive proof of the advantage of some military training, in its results on the citizens, can be offered than by noting the improvement in physique, manners and bearing in those comparatively few young men who are patriotic enough to devote time voluntarily to the work under the existing system. Were the disadvantages of the captains being obliged to go down on their knees for recruits and the custom of not treating the term of enlistment seriously no longer in vogue, then a still further advantage would occur from a training which would be done on a business basis and not as a casual condescension or an easy way of making a few dollars.

In this article I have alluded several times to the system of military training in Switzerland, as a desirable thing for Canada to copy, being perhaps the nearest model to the system our forefathers deemed essential as the result of their three years' fighting for their country.

The Swiss system is a form of patriotic service which interferes very little with business and gives a thorough short training in the field, in alternate years, to the majority of those serving, and also a certain amount of shooting every year. The preparation for the military training commences at school and the trainings conclude before a man has lost any of the vigour of youth.

There is no standing or regular army in Switzerland, but in its place a small number of expert instructors assist to train the citizen army, and a handful of skilled artisans work in the two fortresses to keep them in repair, etc., and prevent surprise until that part of the citizen army which is detailed and trained for that special defence work can be mobilised for war. This latter common-sense procedure is in marked contrast to our expensive "overseas-purposes" forces at Halifax and Esquimault. For practical results of the two systems it may suffice to say that for less money than we are spending in Canada on our small force, Switzerland has an army of 282,000 strong, better trained, armed and equipped than our militia. A tax is levied on each man who does not serve. In Switzerland young men strive to get passed as recruits because the mere fact of not serving is generally considered as a mark of inferiority.

Col. Favre very strongly advocates a very severe medical test. He says:

"In fact, whichever way we look at it, we see that the medical examination of the recruit must be the primary foundation of a universal militia force like ours, and no pains ought to be spared to make this foundation absolutely sound. For not only is the presence of men physically unfit injurious instead of beneficial to themselves, but they become the greatest possible hindrance in the way of tactical efficiency. I need not remind you of how a few feeble individuals, unable to support fatigue to the same extent as their comrades, may ruin the work of the whole of their company. A great many people

seem to think that anyone is good enough for a militia, and that all you have to do is to put a man with a rifle behind every tree in the country in order to obtain the most magnificent results. In point of fact there could be no greater mistake. The less time there is to train an army in, the more necessity it is to exercise care in the choice of men and the means of training them."

As opposed to the dollar-system, Col. Favre explains that "In exchange for their military services, the confederation pays its soldiers at a rate supposed to cover the cost of maintenance and food while on duty. The amount is not, of course, payment in return for services rendered, but is simply intended as compensation. The men keep their uniform and arms in their own homes; when they are called out they report themselves at the place of assembly in their own cantons, and are then, in the course of a few hours, fitted out with all the gear they require to put them on a war footing—ammunition, stores and carriages. By this means every man is made familiar with the process of mobilisation."

It is contended that this system would not work for Canada, that it would not here be possible to keep tab on the men and their arms. In reply to this I would ask how many men does a civilian tax-collector keep tab on and collect taxes from? If a civilian were posted to the work of checking over the arms, etc., in possession of citizen soldiers, as in Switzerland, and using legal means of having deficiencies made good, there would be found to be no grounds for objection to the system. Indeed, the great advantage in allowing a man to become thoroughly familiar with his rifle, its exact shooting-power and peculiarities, the practice in cleaning it—which is very important—and to acquire the same love of it as is given to a horse and dog, are all matters of such paramount importance as to far outweigh any sentimental feeling against forms of universal service which so improperly exists in the minds of many of us to-day. Lastly, let me now say a word for the much-imposed-upon officers under our existing dollar-system.

Not only have they to give up their time for the performance of annual training, which less patriotic and more selfish fellow-citizens can shirk, but they are required gratuitously to devote an immense amount of time in recruiting, superintending the cleaning of all stores, corresponding at endless length about every trivial claim connected with pay, injury to men and horses or loss of any stores, etc.—under the system which brought forth from the *Times* History of the South African War: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole army spent the greater part of its existence in checking its own accounts."

The Swiss system provides for no such thing, and the extra time put in by officers is given in improving their military knowledge by courses of instructions at special schools for the purpose. Even in England, where there are so many men of wealth and leisure, no such sacrifice is demanded as here. In Great Britain every regimental commander and quartermaster is assisted in the mass of detail neither can escape by a Government paid permanently engaged officer as "adjutant-quartermaster," who saves the commanding officer and quartermaster much of the time they are obliged to put in for no pay under our "dollar-system." There is also provided a permanently paid regimental sergeant-major who, besides being instructor, is no doubt also the caretaker of regimental stores, and to each squadron or company is given a permanent instructor who undoubtedly is also caretaker of the squadron or company stores.

While the permanent instructors, of the corps of instructors, could be used for this work, if thoroughly competent, yet under our existing system I fear that if the average standard of those existing in the present permanent corps were unloaded on regiments in above-mentioned capacities there would be a precious howl from one end of the country to the other.

That a danger of this might exist I might instance a case in point, without in any way venturing to criticise an order recently issued, which apparently has the effect of requiring all caretakers of regimental stores to be members of the permanent corps. In my corps there was a very proficient regimental sergeant-

major who had worked his way up from trooper, and who had acquired much experience by twice serving in our own contingents in the Boer-Briton war. Besides this, his whole heart was in the work, and I hoped that such a patriotic expert and enthusiast could be appointed as a member of the corps in which he had been for many years, to look after the stores with which he was thoroughly familiar.

The above-mentioned regulation, however, made it necessary for him to get his discharge from his own regiment, relinquish the honourable position he had worked up to, and enlist as a private in the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

It might be considered a pity if in any system adopted to assist the over-burdened citizen militia officer, on the basis of that existing in the Motherland, regulations should debar enthusiastic officers or N.C.O's from improving themselves up to any required point and then, on the recommendation of their regimental commanders, being eligible for appointment as permanent instructors and caretakers.

In Switzerland their officers for the staff are taken from all branches of the service, but must not be below the rank of captain. As already mentioned, there are no permanent troops in Switzerland, as in Canada. Col. Favre says: "The corps of instructors are permanent military officials, taken from all branches, who make up the corps of instructors. They receive pay and devote themselves exclusively to military instruction.

"Their principal duty is to see that the accepted rules and principles of military science are observed and put in practice on a uniform plan in each of the army corps. To enable them to do this they have special charge of the recruits' course, where both officers and men come under the influence of this methodical instruction. Besides exercising a general supervision over details of the annual training, the instructors are—at any rate, in the higher ranks—the natural advisers of the officers, to whom the latter may turn when in difficulty, their experience in the method of teaching being of greatest value. The object aimed at is, year by year, to make a better use of the time—necessarily very short—during which the troops are under arms. With this end in view, conferences of instructors are held annually, at which they bring forward for the consideration of the authorities proposals for improvements which they think desirable—this arrangement ensuring uniformity in the teaching throughout the army. The results of these conferences are communicated to the chiefs of each arm. The number of instructors of all arms is about 200. Besides these, there are officers who are aspiring to the position, and N.C.O. assistant-instructors. The principle adopted in Switzerland is that an officer or N.C.O. of lower grade must act in the superior rank to see if he could do the work, if promoted. To keep the instruction thoroughly practical as well as theoretical, the instructors themselves are occasionally taken away from their teaching duties and given a temporary command, but the law distinctly lays down that not more than one-fourth of the total number of instructors are to be incorporated in regimental units. If the higher commands were always held by instructors, not only would their duties be interfered with but there would be nothing to encourage the ordinary regimental officers. These latter would obviously be relegated to an inferior position without any hope of promotion, and would consequently lose all their keenness; this would simply mean the ruin of the army. The function of the instructors, therefore, is not to take the place of the regimental officer, but to help the latter in his work and give him the benefit of his experience. Their influence is particularly felt in the schools where the training of the recruits is the main object, not in the regimental units to which the recruits are posted after their preliminary training is completed.

"If we admit that the instructors are indispensable in their capacity of teachers it does not at all follow that they are suited for high command simply in virtue of their experience.

"There will always be plenty of good regimental officers, frequently men with considerable tactical ability, in a national militia. The great thing is to pick out the good men. In order to have officers who reach a certain standard of excellence it is absolutely indispensable that the

militia should form a genuine army, bound together by the traditions of its past, the hopes for its future, and above all, confidence in itself. If the work of the officer is made too easy for him, if he is held in leading strings all his life, the result will be that he will lose his power of initiative, and that the army instead of being improved will become demoralised."

It is perhaps quite outside the scope of this article to touch on the matter of military training except in so far as it affects the health and general tone of the people. But while we are on this subject, and taking a few leaves out of the Swiss book, it might be well to consider the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war." We will only apply it thus far. Taken as mere hypothesis, if the class and plan of our training should be so inferior as to be of little use for practical purposes, then it might be well to consider the manner in which the Swiss carry on their training in the light of an existing example. In Switzerland the object of their training seems to be to test the practicability of each part of their system by field tests on an actual war scale. We in Canada have local mobilisations, our troops being delivered by train or boat, and then, in comparison to the Swiss work, for the most part perform the set work of barrack-square manœuvres on commons. As a description of the Swiss system I shall quote Col. Camille Favre once more. In his article before alluded to, he writes under "Manœuvres" as follows:

"The work of the regimental units lasts eighteen days every other year combined with manœuvres more or less extended. Every second occasion on which the infantry and also the special services are called out, *i.e.*, every fourth year, the time is devoted principally to the detail of company and battalion training in which, as we have seen, is included musketry. This training is usually carried out under the direction of the commanding officer of the regiment, who is charged with the drawing up of a programme of work, concluding with regimental manœuvres of a small scale, some of our specialised services sometimes taking part in them. At the alternate trainings the work takes the form of Grand manœuvres; the time available for detailed instruction is greatly reduced, and musketry is not attempted. The latter part of the course is divided thus: two of brigade manœuvres, three of divisional manœuvres, and two of army-corps manœuvres. The whole is brought to an end with a review of the army-corps. The manœuvres, and especially the final review, are a source of very great interest to the people, the visitors who come to look at, and who sometimes seriously hamper, the troops forming a small army in themselves. All the carriages and equipment required for active service are brought out on these occasions, and the troops are detailed by the military authorities precisely as they would be in war. This has the advantage of ensuring that the gear is kept constantly in a serviceable condition. In addition to this, the employment during the manœuvres of the full equipment, complete as regards quality and quantity, is of the greatest value from an instructional point of view.

"The manœuvres are a very fair substitute for partial mobilisation, and the railways play an even more important part, for they take not only troops, but civilians as well.

"An attempt is made to approximate the conditions as closely as possible to those of active service. At the beginning of the campaign, therefore, the two sides are each mutually ignorant of each other's disposition, and as a rule nobody knows where he is going to spend the night. The only information they have is what is supplied to them by the Director at the last moment. This state of things naturally causes some hardship to the men. It often happens that troops are on the march from early morning until late in the evening, or even till night before they reach their billets, but this has not been observed to have results at all prejudicial to their health. I need not say that the manœuvres take place over a wide stretch of country, and not on familiar ground.

"The regulations for the conduct of the manœuvres have been simplified, and everything which experience has shown to be unnecessary has been abandoned. Thus, manual exercises and battalion drill

have been reduced to a minimum. At one time it seemed to certain of the officers that the process of simplification was being carried too far; but it has been shown that in the long run the discipline of the troops has not suffered. The manœuvres are, of course, the best possible training for officers, and particularly for the staff. *Without them our army would practically cease to be an army.* Therefore, the tendency to give them a continually wider scope, even if this entails a sacrifice of more minute instruction. Moreover, the army-corps system leads directly to decentralisation, which undoubtedly helps to develop to a constantly increasing extent the individual capacity and initiative of the regimental commanders."

Finally it appeals to common sense that the principle of a standing army is totally opposed to the idea of progress and industry in a new and growing country. Where it is necessary to keep such an expensive burden the only justification is when it is (in the words of the Secretary of State for War) "required for over-seas-purposes."

When it is so required, as in the case of Great Britain, then and then alone is the enormous expense to which it puts the country justified. With us here in Canada it might be held that it would indeed be better if the money were sunk in the ocean for, on the one hand, the false sense of security, from the large expenditure it involves, would not be given to the people at large, and, on the other hand, there would not be the example of enforced idleness which is the inevitable result of barrack-life existence.

Therefore it would seem altogether in the best interest of the safety of our country, and the physical and moral development of our countrymen, that we should "harkback" to the principles laid down by our forefathers, and adopt some form of patriotic military service in Canada; and especially when we could have under it a truly strong and effective national army for less money than our skeleton substitute is costing us to-day.

Experience

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER

IF I could tell you how I drank that cup
You raise so madly to your lips again,
And how the beaded liquor poisoned me,
Convulsing all my veins in mortal pain;
And, if you'd learn from lips that once were stung,
You'd save a bitter taste upon your tongue.
If I could write in words of flame, the truths
The hoary years have taught me as they roll,
How much of pain you'd miss by marking mine!
What profit on your part to read the scroll!
But, since you deem me little consequence,
Go, learn in that hard school, Experience.

The Governor-Generalship

By W. D. LIGHTHALL, K.C.

An outspoken criticism of the Governor-General's function in Canada, and a plea for a radical change

AMONG the manifold adjustments, national and Imperial, which the development of both Canada and the Empire force upon us, it is obvious that a time will arrive when we shall have outgrown the Governor-Generalship in its present form—the method of bringing over an incumbent from Great Britain. In a simple Crown colony, the Governor must necessarily be sent from Home. In a small possession with representative government, he is still necessary, although with reduced powers. But when the colony develops into a nation in the sense in which we apply it to the Canadian people, the head should be an integral part and outgrowth if the office is to properly express and fulfil the national life. It is the object of the present lines to consider the question whether the time for a change has not arrived already. The period for its discussion at least seems ripe.

Let me not be assumed as attacking the office, and least of all the genial statesman who now graces it. The fact of its being so satisfactorily filled for the current term should render the discussion more free from any suspicion of personalities or malice, and should make it possible to examine it in the light of only the public good.

The first aspect of the office is that of *the link with Britain*. If the connection of the Canadian with the British people and the rest of the Empire were to suffer, it would indeed be a calamity; but surely the coming of an English Governor-General is greatly overestimated if it be seriously regarded as the real bond, or even necessary or very useful to that bond. The real bond must be found in the mutual patriotism of the Imperial peoples. In so far as he is a personal link, the same purpose would be better met by an Imperial representative, somewhat of the nature of a High Commissioner, appointed expressly to serve the interests of union. Such a representative, sent here from the Homeland, as at present, would have a freer and more natural position, and, from the very nature of his office, an immense influence, at least as large as, and probably much larger than, the real influence of the Governor-General of the present time. He could speak for the outer connection much more freely, would not be checked by the limitations of a nominal headship of the nation itself, and could do a number of things for which the Vice-regal officer would be called to account.

For the Governor-General is in a false position. He must pose as the exponent of national feelings and interests of which he can only have a superficial acquaintance, and at first not even any acquaintance. He comes knowing little of Canada, except in the sense of a stranger; he possesses none of that lifelong experience of our men and movements which every intelligent native has stored up; he makes no real connection with the intellectual, moral and art movements of the country; when he ventures to deliver speeches about "*our* national future" or "our national ship" he knows as well as we that the words have a hollow sound; he has sometimes been in the hands of subordinates of the type of Major Maude, who have made his intended courtesies mildly ridiculous; but far graver is the fact that he is prevented by the delicacy of his situation from dealing boldly with many subjects with which a surer hand might grapple beneficially to our well-being. He is restricted in fact to a few ornamental functions; yet, even these it is not always possible for him to perform without mistakes, although his good-will

be great and the responsive good-will great also. The achievements of a Dorchester, a Durham, an Elgin, or even a Dufferin, are no longer possible because the conditions are outgrown. Contrast the round of balls, addresses, horse-shows and bazaars, brightened by an occasional Imperialistic speech—the true purpose with the profound influence and striking rôles of the successive Presidents of the United States—Lincoln, whose words and deeds have struck home to the hearts and consciences of many millions of Americans; Garfield, a noble national type of self-made man; Grant, the master of iron determination; McKinley, undaunted and forgiving in death; Roosevelt, rough-riding with manly courage and masterly insight against the giant wrongs and evils of his people. These contrasted records of the Governors-General and the Presidents, are the results of the two differing systems, of imported leadership and native leadership. It is not that the Governors-General have not been for the most part men of high principles and sufficient ability, but their limitations are against them. They cannot reach down into the national heart for an obvious reason: the union of their office of representative of the Imperial organisation with that of head of the Canadian national organisation is unnatural.

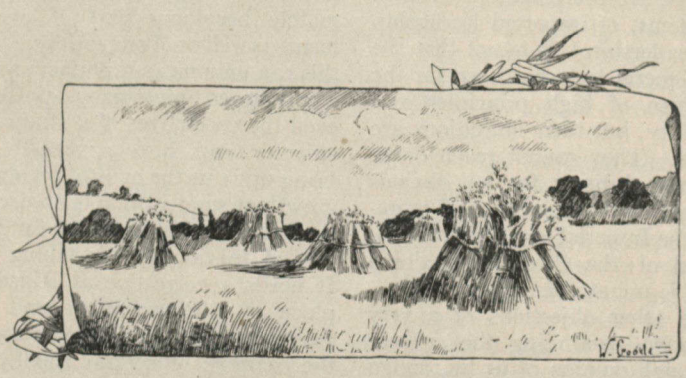
There are other objections of a very solid nature to continuing the present system. A high opinion of us by foreign peoples is of great value to us. Yet it is well known that the importation (pardon the term) of our Governors-General gives rise to a most false and injurious impression of our status and life even among people so well informed and so near us as the Americans. The notion is widespread that we are "ruled" by England through the Governor-General; that we have no autonomous status of our own. Among even the most enlightened element the situation is regarded as a mark of inferiority, and to so regard it is perhaps more natural than we may be prepared to admit, knowing as we do the kindly nature of the relationship. Another grave objection is the importation of certain ideals which represent old-world evils, inimical to the welfare of our people. The tenants of the position are invariably members of the House of Lords of Great Britain. They embody a system of publicly recognised privileges and grades of social precedence; implying the importation also of a system of social inferiority, which is contrary to our institutions and bad for our people. Our bitterest internal struggles have been concerned with the abolition of such systems, and the hope of a large proportion of the people of the Old Land is to get rid of them. If these ideas could have no other effect in Canada than a little amusing snobbery they would scarcely deserve remark; but it is evident from many social signs that a mimic system, based upon wealth, is actually making headway through the Dominion, of which Rideau Hall is the centre, and of which the effect would be to gradually erect, all through the land, a reign of class distinctions, of privileges and monopolies, ultimately becoming part of our Government, as well as of our society. In Canada this can only mean a plutocracy; and such a privileged plutocracy, possessing not even the correctives of a strain of ancient chivalry and history, would inevitably bring upon us the evils of revolution. The growth of such a thing is no dream, but is the inevitable goal of the American process of trusts which is taking root here. It needs a corrective at Rideau Hall in place of encouragement and a model. Another objection is the introduction of the example of certain English customs, such as the winedrinking and horse-racing influence, which we are better without. Another lies in the fact that the Vice-regal household is, still more than the Governors, out of real touch with the country and its interests. There is also the absence among our young men of one of the largest possible opportunities for a noble career, that of filling worthily the highest position in the State, an ambition which has had a wonderful effect on American youth.

On the other hand, the proposal of a Canadian for the position of Governor-General raises several pertinent questions. Would he be impartial? I think as much so as the Lieutenant-Governors. Why cannot the Prime Minister serve the same objects? Because he is too much

occupied and restrained by cares of another kind. Alexander Mackenzie, however, used to serve some of the purposes of a national mentor. He would have made a splendid Governor-General. So would have D'Arcy McGee.

How should the Canadian Governor-General be appointed? The easiest method would be by simple appointment or nomination by the Cabinet. But he should be elected; and even if chosen by a victorious party after election, the public would exact some previous assurance from each party on so important a subject, which would be the equivalent of direct election. Election by the whole people to such an office would certainly bring out a type of man the like of whom we have rarely seen in public life. Each party would be forced to discover a candidate who could stand the whitest light, and the process would be a good thing for all.

Would not his party alliance restrict and injure him? Obviously no more than the United States President's. Would his career not resemble the quiet, colourless careers of the Lieutenant-Governors? No, for popular election and the greatness of his office would both bring out a more vigorous type of man and furnish a powerful stimulus to action. The world today holds no more interesting opportunity than would be that of a Canadian-born Governor-General, possessing the living headship of a vast land and vigorous people, and while loyally true to the Empire and its chief, he would take a rightful place among the sovereigns of the world.



Ethics of the Farm

DOLLARS do not pass easily and loosely amongst those who till the soil, for they represent too great an amount of genuine labour. So I pay as little as possible for clothing, for groceries, or for seed grain. Otherwise, the mortgagees would come around to inspect. I find it necessary to "strike a hard bargain." I calculate this way: If a clothier asks me twelve dollars for a suit of clothes, and I can buy the same suit, or one just as good, for ten dollars by creating rivalry a few doors down the street, I make two dollars. The whole transaction need not detain me more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Could I make two dollars as easily following the plow or hauling cordwood?

After all, farm-life is the great economical drill. Of course, we know that oftentimes we are regarded as "skinflints," but our only apology is—to use a metropolitan expression—we need the money.

Farmer John

The Habitant's Valentine

By GRACE WINNIFRED BORIGHT

How the heart in distress crys back to the old love and present disappointment is modified by the hope of future atonement

WE had been sitting in silence—he, with his chair tipped back against the wall, half asleep, I thought, puffing at his old pipe; I, lounging lazily on the opposite side of the stove, thinking of the sender of a certain missive I had received that morning. Then, prompted by the lightness the dainty bit of paper created in the heart against which it lay, I shot a sudden question at the old man:

"Ever receive a valentine, 'Poleon?"

A picture of his extraordinarily tyrannical and sour-visaged wife down in the village flashed into my mind as I spoke, and I laughed softly at the absurdity of my question.

"What's dat you call a valentine?" he inquired. His voice sounded thoughtful rather than sleepy.

"It is something your sweetheart sends you on the fourteenth of February to tell that she loves you."

'Poleon drew up closer to the fire, leaned forward with elbows on knees, and gazed at the red glow, with eyes that saw neither it nor me.

"Yas, yas, I git som't'ing lak dat once, me. Lena, she geeve it to me," he murmured. Then he went on in the same soft tone:

"I work on beeg lumber camp over on de Wes' Mounting, togeder wid lot of oder fine, young fello—*bons camarades*—all ole men now, too, an' some are dead also. From Monday mornin' till Sat'day night we work hard lak one nigger. It was fun for work in dem day, de sun he shine so bri'te, de bird he sing so sweet an' we so young an' strong! But cam' Sunday we put on de bes' clo'es an' go to de church on de village for to walk home wid de girl, an' mak' de spark wid dem. Bat Viens he have ten girl. Dey all very nice girl, but I don' get struck for mak' any of dem *ma femme* till Lena she cam' home from de plac' on de Stats w'ere she work for two, t'ree year. De very firs' tam I see her I love her. I t'ink for sure de *bon Dieu* He mus' have mak' it so.

"At firs' she don't care for me any more dan for de res' of *de garçon*, which was not 'tall. But af'er a w'ile, w'en she see how much I love her, she get kin'er, an' at las' one day on de Spring she promise me dat bimeby we mak' de marrie. Oh, dat's de mos' bes' tam of all *ma* life! In de woods no oder man can't keep up wid me 'tall, I feel so good. De fello dey all say dat dey each one goin' for get him a girl if it mak' him work lak me. An' Lena she's so kin'—jus' lak some leetle bird wid her mate. I don' t'ink, me, dat w'en we get togeder in de nex' worl' we can be any more happy dan we was den. But—de Spring tam don' las' forever—dough why not I don' know, me."

'Poleon sighed deep and drew long at his pipe before continuing:

"One day two surveyor dey cam' an' offer me five dollar for show dem de way over de mounting. I vera glad for mak' dat monie, so de nex' mornin' we start. We don' have no troub' till we get up in de gully. Den one beeg rock she start for come down right on de top of dem surveyor. I do *mon possible* for stop her an' she brak ma leg in two, t'ree place. Dey take me to a cabane dat's not a long way off, an' put me to bed. Den de pain she cam' so great dat I loose *ma* head an' don' know not'ing for long, long tam. De ole *bonhomme* who leeve dere he tak' care of me an' bimeby I begin for get better, but I don' dare move me for fear *ma* leg she come to pieces again. So I lie dere lak one log in de forest, an' all

de tam I t'ink of *ma belle* Lena. W'en I sleep I dream she's sitting beside me; w'en I wak' I keep t'inkin' I hear her comin'. I know vera well, me, dat de way over de mounting is too long an' rough for her to come to her 'Poleon, but jus' de sam' I keep lis'ning, lis'ning for her footstep."

Even as he spoke, the old man seemed to pause as if expecting still to hear her coming.

"At las', jus' as I'm beginnin' for walk aroun'," he continued presently, "Bat Viens he cam' for see me. Dat mak' me vera glad, an' as soon as we shake on de han' I say quick:

"'Mamselle Lena, how goes she?'

"Bat he look vera queer, an' for a moment he don' spik. Den he say: ''Poleon, *mon garçon*, dere is som't'ing I mus' tole you. Lena don' love you no more, 'Poleon, she's gone clean crazee over one fello she used to know on de Stats, who cam' on de village de sam' day dat you lef'. He vera han'some fello, more swell dan de poor habitant, but I don' lak him one leetle bit, meself. I tole her: 'Lena, you fool, can't you see dat fello's no good? Plentee nice looks an' fine clo'es on de outside, but on de inside he's bad, bad, *mauvais!* Bimeby, af'er you get marrie, he'll get tired of you an' go off an' leeve you for starve. How you know,' I ax her, 'dat he ain't got two, t'ree wife already? You can't tell not'ing by what he say. You'll be sorry all your life if you geeve de mitten to de *vrai Canadien* who love you, for dis Yankee man. But she won' lis'en to de ole man, an' she's of age, so I can't stop her. I'm vera, vera sorry for you, *mon garçon*, but *ma* ole heart she's jus' brakin' for *ma* foolesh leetle girl.'"

A hard light shot from the old man's eye as he hastened on:

"I don' wan' for t'ink of de tam dat cam' to me den. *Le bon Dieu*, He know dat 'Poleon's not 'Poleon 'tall, but jus' one beeg, poor crazee man, an' He'll not lay up against him de t'ing dat he do den. Yas, yas, jus' one beeg, poor crazee man! An' one day I mak de marrie wid Marie Bedard.

"Dat nite, it was de fourteent' *Fevrier, mes camarades* dey geeve a gran' partie for to celebrate de weddin'. Suddenment, w'ile I'm mak' de dance an' shout an' lafe wid Marie, de *garçon* he come in an' geeve me a letter. 'She's marked "Rush," 'Poleon, so I brung him along,' he say.

"She's from Lena, an' I tear him open quick. ''Poleon, I'm dying—all alone—come to me.' I read dat; I hear de Boston express w'istle, an' I joump tru de door an' run lak de diable for catch dat train. Marie, she yell af'er me, but I can't stop for not'ing. I spring on de car jus' as he start for leeve de station. *Le bon Dieu*, He's not de only one dat t'ink for sure 'Poleon's crazee dat nite. At las' I cam' to where she lay, *ma cherie! ma cherie!* all w'ite lak a leetle lam'. An' she reach out her arm for me an' call ''Poleon!'"

"Cherie! Cherie!" The old man half stretched out his arms and his cry of heart-longing rang through the room. Then he sank back, and went on softly:

"She say: 'I've spoil *ma* own life, but for dat I don' care now, me. I t'ink only of you, 'Poleon. Ever since I'm tak' sick an' Malcolm he go 'way, I've been saying de prayer nite an' day dat de good God he sen' me some way to geeve back to you de happiness dat I tak' away. A leetle w'ile af'er she die. Her face so sweet—jus' lak some ange' in Heaven.

"Sixty-t'ree year come to-night she leeve me. Sixty-t'ree year I've been all alone, 'cept for Marie. But I've done jus' as she tole me—never mak de quarrel or go on spree, though Marie, she's been terrible hard, an' have gone on de Church too. 'An now I'm eighty-nine year ole, me; an' I guess I no' got much longer for wait till de tam w'en I'll have ma cherie again."

Last week I happened to be in 'Poleon's village, so I called to see him. His old wife, Marie, came to the door, more sour-visaged than ever.

"'Poleon's dead," she announced, calmly. "Died las' year jus' 'bout dis tam. He say if ever I see you to tell you he got his las' and bes' valentine. I don' know what he mean. He vera crazee on de head clos' to de las'."

THE INCUBATOR IN WHICH EXPERIMENTAL BLOOD AND BACTERIA MIXTURES ARE KEPT AT BLOOD HEAT

Opsonins in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A readable account of the practice in Canada of new methods to conquer man's arch enemy, the disease germ

NO young country anywhere has produced a more notable aggregation of professional men with international reputations than Canada. We have turned out two eminent Oslers, a David Mills and an Aylesworth, a Dr. Douglas, a Charles Eaton and a Dr. Mackay; a Schurman and a Parkin—and three eminent medical men, of whom this article concerns one.

Three Canadians have become internationally eminent in medicine. Dr. Osler, the "grand old man" of medicine, needs no eulogy here. He has just returned to Oxford from a Canadian visit. His successor at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Barker, the middle-aged man of medicine, is all but as conspicuous in America as Osler is in England. The young man of medicine, Dr. G. W. Ross, has just left Canada to take charge of a new department in bacteriology in the Rockefeller Institute, New York. His present specialty is the subject of this article.

Dr. Ross promises to be as well remembered in the history of medicine as his father in the history of Canadian politics.

The second son of the ex-Premier of Ontario, he graduated from the Toronto Medical School in 1902 and spent two years abroad in post-graduate work. At St. Mary's Hospital in London he was the first American pupil of Sir Almroth E. Wright, the eminent discoverer of "opsonins"; the man whom doctors are now beginning to place on a par with Lister and Pasteur. Dr. Ross introduced opsonins as a practical laboratory study into the Toronto General Hospital last November. The Toronto General was the first hospital in America to practically exploit opsonins. Therefore it seemed that a brief look-in at this, the latest large thing out in medical science, might be of more than passing interest to Canadians.

What are opsonins? You will not find the word in even the latest dictionary. It stands for a treatment that cures boils, carbuncles, typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis and blood-poisoning—in fact all diseases caused by microbes. By the discovery of opsonins people afflicted with any of these things stand a much better chance of being cured than ever before in the history of medicine; and the study of opsonins is, therefore, as practical as ventilation or the reduction of taxes. The treatment is just about two years old in England, and is just getting a practical introduction into America; therefore it is a novelty.

Having been shown over part of the General Hospital a few weeks ago by Dr. J. N. E. Brown, the Superintendent, I was suddenly asked, "Have you heard anything of the new opsonic treatment?" Of course I had not.

"Well, come into the laboratory."

Dr. Brown gave me a cursory initiation. "Come back to-morrow," he said. "Dr. Caulfield will explain it to you thoroughly.

Dr. Caulfield is the house surgeon who was left by Dr. Ross in charge of the new department, and has since been invited to London to assist Sir Almroth E. Wright.

Opsonins are a new principle in vaccine. Vaccine, of course, is fairly well understood; for instance, that by injecting a fluid prepared from a cow infected with a mild attack of smallpox, you might escape smallpox; by another sort of injection—thanks to Sir Almroth E. Wright—that you might be made immune to typhoid; and so on. But vaccine has always been popularly regarded as the ounce of prevention; Sir Almroth E. Wright has done a great deal to make it the pound of cure.

CENTRIFUGALISER SEPARATING BLOOD CORPUSCLES AND SERUM AT 300 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

But how does vaccination either prevent a man from taking or cure him of a disease? A paradox—by the injection of a fluid which gives him in a mild form the disease for which he is being treated. The fluid contains the microbes of the disease or the product of such microbes—killed by heat but not altered in their chemical composition; so that the sterilised microbes or their products injected into the system at once set the blood the task of getting rid of them, while being dead, they have no power to multiply

and dangerously infect. Given the task of carrying off dead microbes, the blood rises to the occasion on much the same principle that when a man's blood "is up" he can fight a man twice his size, whereas before he gets the stimulus he might be as harmless as a baby. Or to make a closer parallel, a man might feel like writing poems about mosquitoes till he meets a few—then he feels like killing a thousand with one hand. And what mosquitoes are to a man's irritability, microbes are to the blood; they swarm everywhere continually out for plunder, and always liable to get into trouble because of the fighting properties in the blood. So that to inoculate a man with dead germs rouses the blood to resistance and gives it the power to fight the live microbes when they come.

COUNTING BACTERIA IN WHITE CORPUSCLES TO GET "OPSONIC INDEX"

Microbes are international and most diseases due to microbes are to be found in Canada as far north as the last Hudson's Bay Company post, and in Africa as far south as Capetown. Civilisation has spread germ diseases. Consumption, for instance, was once unknown in the Canadian Northwest; now, nearly every Indian has consumption—a germ disease. Smallpox was once a novelty in the Saskatchewan Valley. Five years ago half that valley was under quarantine for "varioloid," and a doctor whom I met at Onion Lake vaccinated 200 Crees in a single day.

Germ diseases spread rapidly; the "laity" are beginning to ask the question, What diseases are not caused by germs? Even appendicitis, once regarded as a simple inflammatory malady, is now explained by a germ; so with typhoid, diphtheria, consumption, measles, scarlet ever, boils and carbuncles. So that whereas once upon a time the man with the telescope who could see solar systems in a pack of star dust was the subject of awe, now the man with the microscope who is able to see microbes at work in the spreading of disease has become of greater importance.

The laboratory at the Toronto General Hospital was full of microbes or bacteria. The doctor had several glass jars, each containing millions of pet microbes. There were glass tubes full of them in emulsions. There were little microscopic films smeared with them. The white guinea-pig, huddled morbidly in his cage under the table, was probably alive with them, for he had been inoculated with just about every disease that microbes cause and was still able to sit up. That guinea-pig probably knows more about opsonins than I do.

For brevity's sake the doctors rather

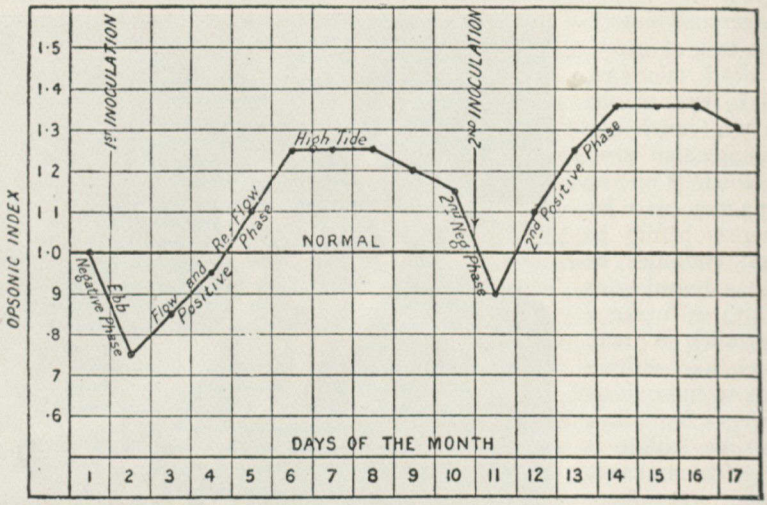


DIAGRAM OF OPSONIC CURVE—VARYING AS A RESULT OF INOCULATION

flippantly call these micro-organisms—"bugs." I had always been under the impression that "bug-house" was bad slang. Opsonins has convinced me that every man is a literal "bug-house!"

"Did you ever see bacteria?" asked Dr. Caulfield. "Well, take a squint through this microscope at that film." The film was smeared with blood. I did so, and at first the thing was a blur.

"Do you see to the left of the field a splash of pink things?"

"Oh, certainly—yes; it's nearly all pink."

"Well, those are red blood corpuscles; you've got about six hundred million of those in every cubic centimetre of blood in your body."

This seemed highly interesting as a branch of higher mathematics, and I was just about to compute how much of a multi-millionaire I might be altogether, when he said:

"But, never mind them. Look for a large, white, rather kidney-shaped figure."

"Yes, I see that—pink in the background."

"Well, that's a white corpuscle. Now, you'll see in that white corpuscle several pale blue shapes."

"Oh—they're the bugs, are they?"

"No—not yet, they're nuclei from which are being formed new corpuscles, and the pink layer in the background is the protoplasm out of which are being developed the nuclei; so you see every corpuscle is a little factory in active operation, and if it wasn't we'd soon all be dead ones."

"Ah! Now I see them!"

"Oh, you've got them, have you? What colour?"

"Deep blue—four in one bunch and two over here, and two more yonder—eight bacteria in one corpuscle. Hm!"

"Yes, that's easy. Sometimes we find fifty."

These blue bacteria were "staphylococci," such as may be found in boils and carbuncles; one of many kinds that may be rampaging through the human body by myriads.

Now for a few facts about the blood. Blood is red because of its red corpuscles. It also contains white corpuscles which have been regarded as the germ-killers. It also contains serum which you may notice when you cut your finger and the blood clots as it cools. The serum is the part that clots.

Now all vaccinists before Sir Almroth E. Wright claimed that the white corpuscles did all the germ-killing; that every morning you got up feeling fit and proper after a headache, for instance, it was because the "leucocytes," as they are called, had been busy all night throttling and lugging out the bacteria that were generat-

ing poison in your system the day before. And when you can look through a microscope and see twenty or thirty dead bacteria in one leucocyte ready to be dumped into the sewer, it looks very much as if the cheerful little leucocytes were the real policemen on the job. Well, Wright had great respect for these leucocytes, but he had spent years making experiments on bacteria and vaccines which convinced him that the leucocytes without the serum would be beaten in any average scuffle with bacteria. He discovered to his own satisfaction and that of his pupils that it's really the serum which catches the bacteria and makes them ready for the leucocytes which are dotted here and there among the red corpuscles like snowflakes on a red roof. How he demonstrated this is no particular business of ours; the property in the serum which enables the white corpuscles to take up bacteria, he called by the name "opsonins," which comes from the Greek word "opsono" and means "I prepare a feast for." That is, the serum was the caterer, the bacteria were the meat, and the white corpuscles were the guests for whom the bacteria were served up.

Microbes breed faster than mosquitoes. You can't escape them any more than you can avoid hunger. Most of them are hungry. They have no particular designs on the human body; all they want is a good, comfortable place to live in. The blood is such a place. Here microbes are able to multiply, and if left unchecked would soon rush by thousands of millions all through the body. But though microbes may thrive on blood, blood does not thrive on microbes. The first thing is to get them out. The blood protects itself by elaborating a protective substance which directly attacks the microbes. The bacteria do the same thing; they elaborate a substance that attacks the blood corpuscles. This substance is called toxin, which is a general name for poisons such as course through the body in typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis and the like. The progress of every disease of that sort is a pitched battle. The winning of this battle by the blood depends on the serum being able to elaborate protective substances enough to overcome the microbes.

Now in many cases the blood has this power in only a low degree. To stimulate the blood certain vaccines have been injected during the progress of the disease. These vaccines were sometimes prepared from animals previously infected with the disease to be cured. But here arose a difficulty, which was the real emergency that led to the practical application of opsonins. It had been found that in its battle with microbes the blood has a habit of passing like the mercury in a thermometer from a low-resisting power to a high-resisting power. This is true in both man and animals. A horse, for instance, was infected with the diphtheria microbe for the purpose of taking from its blood a fluid to help in the cure of diphtheria in a human body. But often the vaccine was prepar d when the blood of the horse had swung to its low-resisting power. Consequently the vaccine had not the property of stimulating the human blood, but quite the reverse; hence patients have been known to die from the effects of vaccine. Again vaccine has been injected into a patient when his own blood was at its low-resisting power. This also had the effect of weakening rather than stimulating and only made the disease worse instead of better.

So it became evident to Sir A. E. Wright that some more scientific method must be evolved. By his repeated experiments with the blood he had found that the serum contains a germ-destroying power not possessed by the white corpuscles; that the two were engaged in team-play in the battle with microbes; and that upon the condition of the patient's serum depended his power to fight a microbe disease.

This was his first new departure. His second was this—to find out from a microscopic examination of the patient's blood just what its resisting power might be at any given time, and by this to find out when to inject the vaccine. In this way the treatment is made to conform to the patient, and not the patient to the treatment. This was a study in practical humanism, and is only a scientific way of

saying that in the cure of disease the personality of the patient is a very important factor. The third step is having determined what microbe the patient has, from it to prepare a vaccine for injection.

You walk into the laboratory of the Toronto General Hospital and ask for the opsonins treatment. The doctor tells you that the carbuncle on your neck is caused by a "staphylococcus" germ—and you have nothing in your vocabulary to contradict him.

"Ever see that germ?" he asks. "Well here——" He picks up a bottle containing a piece of gelatin, or something of that sort, on which he has cultivated a furze something like a mould. "There they are. That carbuncle contains millions of them."

Here again you are wise not to argue. You expect that he will at once inject a fluid into you and next morning you will have no carbuncles. Not so fast, my friend. He must first discover your "opsonic index."

"And what might the opsonic index be?" you ask him.

He smiles. "We shall see"; picks up a glass needle about the size of a hair and jabs it painlessly into the top joint of your finger. Blood comes. This he must analyse in order to see what your serum is doing; but first to prevent the serum from clotting as it cools, he draws off this blood and mixes it with a saline solution to prevent it from clotting. Then he empties the mixture into a machine that looks like a diminutive cream separator, which in effect really it is. He sets this centrifugaliser jigging, and in a glass tube appears the mixture, but the red corpuscles are at the bottom, then the whites, and on top of that the serum. Now, having got these elements separated, he is well on the road to getting your opsonic index. Into a long needle-like glass tube with marks on the outside and a syringe rubber at the big end, he draws a certain measured quantity of white corpuscles; then a pad of air; then by measurement an equal quantity of serum; then more air to keep them from mixing for the present; then an equal quantity of an "emulsion" which he has prepared from the bacteria in the bottle.

This threefold mixture he squirts into a tube, shakes them up like medicine and sets the tube away in an incubator. This incubator is kept at blood heat, and it brings the mixture of serum, leucocytes and bacteria to the same temperature as the blood in your body from which the serum and the leucocytes came. Fifteen minutes is long enough for that, and during that fifteen minutes at blood heat in the incubator your opsonic index has been figured out to a dot by the serum and the leucocytes in the mixture.

The mixture is now smeared on films and the films put under the microscope. The doctor wishes to find how the germ-killing power of your blood compares to that of a healthy man or to that of four healthy men averaged up. He has already got the opsonic index of the healthy blood. The comparative result shows five of your white corpuscles containing ten dead bacteria; with five corpuscles from healthy blood containing twenty bacteria. From this he figures that the germ-disposing properties of the serum in your blood is as 10 to 20; or that your opsonic index is .5. That may be the fighting power of your blood at the first injection of vaccine.

The first result of the injection is that your opsonic index goes down; then it rises as shewn in the foregoing curve and rises a little higher than before—that is, your white corpuscles take up more bacteria. Then again is the time for another injection; and so on, time after time, always injecting at the favourable moment when the resisting power of the blood is on the upward movement, till your opsonic index rises to normal or above it and does not go below that.

This, as far as possible free from technicalities and from at least radical inaccuracies, is the treatment known as the opsonic theory of which a Canadian doctor was the first American student.

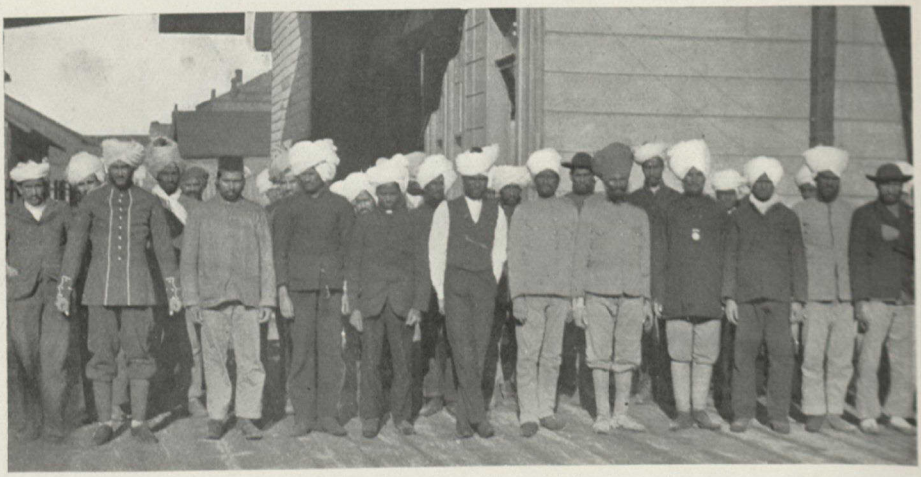
EX-HINDU SOLDIERS AT VICTORIA, B.C.

Canada's New Immigrant

By J. BARCLAY WILLIAMS and SAINT N. SING

Mr. Williams, a Canadian, and Mr. Sing, a native of India, widely differ regarding the desirability of Hindu immigrants

MR. WILLIAMS writes: The Province of British Columbia seems doomed to have a standing trouble in the matter of immigration. For years the intrusion of the Chinese and Japanese gave rise to all manner of difficulty, and resulted in the passing of exclusion acts by the local legislature, to be in turn disallowed by the Federal Government at Ottawa. This difficulty was overcome some seventeen months ago, when the Dominion Government practically excluded the Chinese by the raising of the head tax to $500. As a precautionary measure the Japanese Government had prior to this taken upon itself to restrict the emigration of subjects from that country, rather than submit to the indignity of having exclusion laws enacted against their admission. But no sooner had the Chinese and Japanese immigration been brought to a satisfactory condition than a new contention arose. This was an invasion from India, which promises to be a more difficult one to control, owing to the fact that the Hindus are British subjects, and as such cannot be excluded from the Empire. The word has apparently been passed



NEWLY-ARRIVED HINDUS LINED UP ON C.P.R. WHARF AT VICTORIA, B.C.

around, and each steamer from the Orient brings its quota of these people.

The class of Hindus that have invaded British Columbia are commonly known as Sikhs, meaning the lower class, entirely dependent upon their physical capabilities —those who have no set aim in life. They are the "coolies" of Calcutta. In stature the average Sikh is taller than our countrymen. His limbs are slender and his body gaunt. The complexion is dark brown, while his hair is long and black. In dress he copies the European with the exception of the head adornment, which is substituted by the turban.

The Hindu is not adapted to take the place filled by the Chinamen and Japs in this country. He is not satisfied in turning himself to any and every class of work which presents itself. A job lasting a day or a week has no allurement for him. He must be ensured steady work for a

HINDU IMMIGRANTS PREPARING A MEAL ON C.P.R. WHARF AT VICTORIA, B.C.

year or longer. The caste system excludes his employment as a cook, as well as in many other lines of work. No meat would be prepared by him, much less would he handle any animals about to be slaughtered for the purpose of food.

The caste of the Hindu embodies many singular and fancied beliefs. According to the laws of Brahmanism, the Hindus are divided into hereditary classes or castes. All members of one caste are, theoretically, of equal rank, and of the same profession or occupation, and are prohibited from intermarriage or eating with those not of their own caste. The original castes are four, namely: the Behmins, or sacerdotal order; the Kshatriyas, or soldiers and rulers; the Vaisyas, or husbandmen and merchants; the Sudras, or labourers and mechanics. Men of no caste are Pariahs, or outcasts. Numerous mixed classes or castes have sprung up in the course of time. The castes emigrating to Canada seem to be a mixture of Kshatriyas and Sudras, although they have transgressed the commandments originally laid down by their different Mahomets.

Unless these ridiculous forms of worship are totally relinquished, the Hindu will be practically worthless in a country like ours for numerous reasons. He is forced to do his own cooking, and partake of only such morsels as are prepared either by himself or a member of his caste. Two castes are not permitted to work side by side, nor for the same company, and were the number of one caste inadequate, it would be necessary to delegate a member of that sect in quest of reinforcements, or be under the penalty of losing those already employed. This naturally has a deterrent effect on the welfare of the Hindu.

Probably the two most prosperous communities of Hindus in British Columbia are those working in the rural district near Victoria, and at Mileside, near New Westminster. At the former place over 100 are employed; in the latter place there is a similar number. These have, so far, proved satisfactory to a certain extent, but do not equal the Orientals.

As tradesmen, these East Indians do not seem to become apt scholars, and their knowledge of domestic duties is very limited. Physically, they are unfit for manual labour, their diet being so light and unsustaining as to have reduced them to weaklings. Not accustomed to the mode of labour as conducted in this country, they soon become weary, and only by dint of force do they manage to hold through the day.

The condition of these deluded Hindus is a sad one. It is a daily sight to see them wandering here, there and everywhere, half-starved, half-naked, hording in wretched hovels, ordered here, excluded there, and despised everywhere. Their clothing is of the thinnest and poorest. Some are clad only in scanty pantaloons, a sweater or undergarment, and possibly a coat; barely warm enough for the warmest summer weather. On rainy days they wrap themselves in blankets, which scarcely cover their shaking bodies. The following taken from a local newspaper explains the conditions of these Sikhs graphically:

"Vancouver's Black Hole of Calcutta. Horde of freezing immigrants take possession of a wretched tenement condemned by health authorities. It was a combination of Libby Prison and the Black Hole of Calcutta, with a little touch of Dante's Inferno, and a free fight thrown in. One Hindu has a shack rented on Elm Drive near Powell Street, in the locality known as Cedar Cove. It appears that he acts as a runner for his own lodging house whenever a steamer laden with Hindus arrives here. He is generally successful in getting a large bunch, all of whom pay in advance. He expects them to trust him, but he trusts nobody. This shack was formerly occupied by a family comprising two parents and twelve children. The only way they could crowd in, as it was notorious in the neighbourhood, was six in a bed, and two on the floor. To this, after benevolent Dr. Munro, Dominion Medical Health Officer for the Port of Vancouver, had seen that they were supplied at their own expense with proper clothing, there wended yesterday some ninety Hindus. The shack is one from which the health authorities have six times bodily 'fired' the occupants. It is suited for about six people, allowing the widest stretch of the law regarding

the amount of cubic air space that should be allowed for each individual. About seventy of the Hindus got inside, only a man who has packed sardines can ever tell how. That still left a number outside. They had paid for shelter and they wanted it.

"Then the first row started. The crowd outside wanted in, and the crowd inside wanted to hold their advantage. People who witnessed it say that the fight was terrific. Blood flowed like water, turbans were torn off and trampled upon, Dr. Munro's slick yellow slickers were torn to shreds, and, for a time, it looked as if the cottage itself would be torn from its foundations. Some who were out got in, and some who were in were pulled out, and finally the fight ended from sheer exhaustion on the part of the participants. It was then something like the afterclap of a college cane-rush. The ones outside slunk away to the vacant spaces alongside the street and laid down to rest; the men inside made as merry as their exhausted state would allow.

"Then there was quiet for a while till the men who were inside wanted to lie down to rest. It was just as possible for them to do so as it would be for one of the aforementioned canned sardines to turn a somersault. Then started another pandemonium that the people in the vicinity say could hardly be paralleled. These cooped-in men fought for a chance to lie down, just as the men in Libby Prison did, or as the poor wretches in the Black Hole of Calcutta fought for a place near the ventilating hole.

"The yells, oaths, curses and shrieks awakened every one for blocks around, and when Policeman O'Grady arrived he found a scene of filth and blood and battered, frenzied faces that he hopes never to have duplicated before his vision.

"He telephoned from a nearby residence for help, and with the aid of some Hindus who could speak English, enough of the crowd were induced to seek shelter in a woodshed and under the porch, and in the wide, wide world, and temporary peace was obtained, but at intervals the row was kept up all night."

Since the foregoing account was written, an old abandoned cannery on the Fraser River has been requisitioned for the use of these homeless unfortunates, which is little better than nothing. It is so situated that the cold winds from the gulf sweep through the ramshackle building with seemingly double force. In this have been housed nearly three hundred men, who are required to pay a rental of two dollars a month each for their privilege. Besides this, there has been erected a temporary refuge in the city, where there will be at least partial shelter for those who, as yet, are not accommodated. A large tent has been purchased by philanthropic persons, and all expenses defrayed by the Hindus themselves.

That the city or the Federal Government will have the keeping of these destitutes is evident. It is the opinion of all that steps should at once be taken to apprise the Indian Government of these circumstances, and warn intending emigrants of their unfortunate brothers' mistake.

From January 1st, 1906, to the 31st of October, there arrived in British Columbia, 2,195 Hindus; 100 were deported on account of infections. Since the end of October, there have arrived over 470, and of these twenty-five were deported owing to infections.

The general feeling throughout the districts affected by the immigration of the Hindu is not at all favourable to him. Although no outward manifestation of enmity has been apparent, there lies underneath a simmering of dislike as evidenced in several instances of late. That the time is not far distant when the Sikh will retrace his steps is the popular belief, as it only needs the necessary cost of transportation to induce him to do so.

MR. SING'S VERSION

"I HOPE you will strongly condemn the disgraceful habit of speaking of the 'black man,' which is wrong as it is untrue. The East Indians are of the same origin as we ourselves, and have quite the same features as we have. I have now had for nearly six months two Indians constantly about my rooms, and helping me in many

ways, and I never saw better servants or more amiable, more high and well-bred people, or more attentive or intelligent, and devoted in their service. Many who have been in India will tell you the same, and it is disgraceful to think how shamefully they are often used by the young Englishmen, officers and civilians."

There is a certain ring of sincerity and conscientious wrathfulness about the foregoing which renders it peculiarly charming. These noble words are reproduced from an autograph letter written by the late Queen Victoria to George, the late Duke of Cambridge, a life of whom has just been published.

I am reminded of these words by the disgraceful treatment that has been given to the British India immigrants into British Columbia, and it is a great consolation to me to know that if the late Queen were still alive she would be the first to condemn in fullest terms "the extreme spirit of hostility which has been evinced towards the Hindus who have arrived in British Columbia."

Why "men who have been joined by the ties of danger, suffering and death are now bid to be strangers and enemies" it is the purpose of this article to show.

The causes that have led to East Indian emigration, the conditions under which the immigrants into British Columbia live and work and their future prospects have been grossly misrepresented or utterly misunderstood. The discussion of the subject by the press and public of the Pacific Coast of Canada, has been not only frantically furious, but it has been characterised also with the densest ignorance about the lives, habits and influence of the East Indian immigrants in particular, and about the present conditions in modern India, in general.

The East India immigrants are in British Columbia "out of compliment" to the Canadian West. The province is rich in mineral and material wealth, and has a uniformly healthful climate. But it is unfortunately very thinly populated. A typical Canadian remarked to the writer: "British Columbia is probably one of the richest areas in the world, and I can not but feel pleased that this fact is known even so far away as in distant India."

But, how did the country attract the attention of some of the India immigrants? is a question that has puzzled many a Canadian. Specious explanations have been offered, which reflect great credit on the plausible inventive genius of their authors—but these are not only wrong, but entirely misleading.

It is less than five years since the first India pioneer landed in Vancouver, B.C. For three years, India immigrants kept coming in small parties of about two or three in number. From searching enquiries, I find that these early pioneers were full of fearless enterprise and dash, and the search for newer and richer fields of work attracted their roving dispositions and made them drift to British Columbia. In every instance they had rambled through one or more of the far eastern countries. A little later came some ex-soldiers, who were doubtless actuated in coming to this land, having heard glowing descriptions of the future of the Canadian West from their English military authorities. All of these early pioneers knew a smattering of English and soon after their arrival in Vancouver readily secured work. Concerning their occupations it may be said that they did odd jobs, taking care of gardens, clearing the ground of the stumps of trees, working in the mills and the like.

According to the statistics available, the number of India immigrants who are at present in British Columbia is roughly 2,500 persons. They are chiefly scattered around the Pacific Coast, but some have gone into the interior of British Columbia. Seventeen hundred of them arrived in the province during the last eight months of last year. With very few exceptions, these men hail from the Punjab or the north-west frontier Province. In the earlier batches, they migrated from the China coastal towns, Manchuria, Siam, the Malayan Isles, the Straits Settlements and Burma, where they had worked either as policemen or watchmen. A large percentage of the India immigrants into British Columbia

consists of soldiers who have earned honourable discharge. In the latter shipments, the immigrants have arrived straight from India, coming direct from their rural farms and villages. They are chiefly peasants and farmers. They are mostly Sikhs and Mohamedons, with some Hindus.

The cause of the present influx is simple and can be easily explained. In India the wages are extremely low, and of late years people are growing dissatisfied with existing conditions, throwing away caste and religious prejudices, and migrating to foreign countries where hard, honest work brings in comfortable competence. Tradition and religious sentiment in India teach perfect allegiance to the British throne and the East Indian people greatly revere and love the reigning sovereign. Accordingly, emigrants from India prefer going to the new countries which are integral parts of the British Empire, expecting cordial, brotherly welcome, and British fair-play, which they themselves accord to the Britons in India. Letters from the advance guard in British Columbia are the immediate cause of India immigrants having increasingly arrived on the west coast during the last few months. I was recently travelling through the far eastern countries and had the opportunity of observing how eagerly these letters were circulated by the recipients, read with interest and decisions made with precipitate haste to take the earliest opportunity to go to a *British* country where honest, hard work earned competence.

The City of Vancouver has grown rapidly and the house accommodation there is very insufficient. Accordingly, the India immigrants on arrival have to put up with any sort of housing they can get. That most of these houses are poor, miserable shacks, ill-ventilated and badly plumbed, damp and unhygienic is unfortunately true. But for this the immigrants are not to blame. Commenting upon the lack of house accommodation, Dr. Alexander S. Munro, the Dominion Immigration Inspector at Vancouver, remarked: "It is a shame these Hindus are treated as they have been. They all have money in their pockets to pay for whatever they get, but the trouble is they can't get it."

Yes, the trouble is, "they can't get it." But the men who have the fearlessness and enterprise to cross many seas and oceans, their indomitable spirits undauntingly trampling that East ndian fiend of fiends—the caste—have the pluck and perseverance to endeavour to overcome these difficulties. To surmount the lack of house accommodation they have united in organising houses on co-operative plans and building Sikh temples and Mohamedon mosques, which beside furnishing places for worship will meet a very acutely felt want by supplying housing for the newly-arrived and unemployed immigrants. These ideas have passed the chaotic stage of early conception and are fast getting materialised.

As for personal cleanliness, the Hindus have been baselessly slandered. Those who know aught about the people of India admit that the East Indians attend to their ablutions with religious sacredness, and the India immigrants who are now in British Columbia are no exception in this respect.

Coming as these men do from the north-western parts of India and belonging as they do to the martial races of the country, the Hindu immigrants are splendid-looking men. They are tall and broad-shouldered and deep-winded; muscular and robust—men who can patiently put up with a hard, struggling, tough life. In their unique eastern head-dress they look picturesque, which, so far as their dress goes, is the only link connecting them with the Orient. But in this twentieth century, the commercial spirit of the age has rendered sentiment subservient to utility and the picturesque head-dress, though quaint to the western eye, is fast disappearing amongst the advanced section of the immigrants. In their tidy and smart semi-uniforms, in their trained gait, in quick perception and bright intelligence, these men compare favourably with any immigrants that have ever entered British Columbia from the Pacific coastal towns or drifted from the eastern parts of Canada. Morally they hold their own against men of the same class and condition amongst whom

they now live and with whom they work. In his abstemiousness from inebriating drinks the average India immigrant can set a very timely lesson to his fellow-workingman of other nationalities. It is the cause of much gratification to the writer that never in the annals of the police court in British Columbia has yet any India immigrant been convicted of crime. Can any other immigration of equal dimensions show a better record?

I look with favour upon the strenuous struggle the India immigrants are making to adjust themselves to the new conditions, ways, manners, and language of a new country. But it would be a very great misfortune if in this adjustment the immigrants lose to any extent their high tone of morality or learn the peculiarly western vice of drinking.

From what already has been written here it will be readily seen that the East India immigrants are in no danger of suffering from the climatic change. The districts of which they are natives are cold in winter and have a long "wet" rainy season in addition. Besides, they possess hardihood of a very distinct kind and in a most remarkable degree, which has been put to very trying tests and proved on the battlefields of China, Thibet and Afghanistan, making it easy for them to get readily acclimatised and thrive in any climate. Coming as they do from the proximity of the Afghan border, where the institutions of caste are freer than anywhere else in India, and being gifted with spirits that do not respect prudish or conventional prejudices, they are naturally not hampered with that strictness of caste regulations that would interfere with their work or everyday life.

Yet, if one were to believe the statements that are being conspicuously paraded in a section of the British Columbia press, one is apt to think that this community of the India immigrants in the Canadian West is most criminally inclined, filthy and unsanitary by habit; roguish in instinct and thoroughly undesirable.

The nature of these flamboyant and imflammatory yellow emanations from the morbidly rabid press organs of Vancouver and Victoria can be judged by the fact that I would deem myself guilty of a most heinous crime were I to quote the mildest of them. Well may Colonel Falkland, C.M.G., say:

"When I hear the Sikhs who are here now in Vancouver, men who have served in regiments bearing on their colours the names of battles as testimony of their loyalty in the darkest days of the Mutiny, with the historic names of the great soldiers who commanded them, the King and members of our Royal Family as their colonels—when I say that I hear these men speak of the treatment they have received here, the vile abuse of themselves, the falsehoods as to their character and loyalty, I can say nothing, but only hang my head in shame.....As regards the inhumanity of their (India immigrants) treatment on arrival and since, on that score, shame must forever rest upon the name of this city, and especially upon those who have engineered the present great public scandal."

Hard words, the proverb says, break no bones. But the East Indian immigrants have not only been indiscriminately vilified, but they have been most arbitrarily and high-handedly treated. Reference has already been made to the malicious spirit which has shown itself in refusing house shelter on payment to the East Indian immigrants. Allusion may be made to the inhuman utterance which a leading city father was reported in the press to have blustered forth—that he would rather see a Hindu immigrant die of hunger and cold before his very eyes, than succour him, a statement of which any living being having pretension to humanity ought to be ashamed. Bad as these instances are they pale into insignificance when compared with the act of the Mayor of Vancouver, who on October 15th last arbitrarily detained very nearly two hundred East Indian immigrants on board the steamship Empress of Japan. The detention lasted for more than two days.

In a mob meeting organised by the "Mayor," the character of which can be judged from the fact that Colonel Falkland Warren, late R.A., while speaking of the gross misstatements that were being made about the immigrants, was

howled down and not allowed to speak, a knot of political and socialist agitators said that "Canada is a white man's country" and every possible means should be employed to keep out the "millions (of Hindus) that are going to arrive unless we stop them." A leading lawyer referred to the harangues delivered at this gathering as the "height of frenzied folly" and added:

"The Mayor, in order to rouse public feeling against them, has declared that this is a white man's country. It is certainly not a white man's empire, and it cannot be a white man's empire as long as it retains within its boundaries three hundred million subjects in India. As long as the empire exists surely every member is entitled to be received at least as well as such foreign races as the Galicians, Doukhobors, Japanese and Chinese. .....They are not only of the same empire but of the same race with others. They have been the supporters of the empire. Their fine appearance and military bearing, even under so many adverse circumstances, compares very favourably with the appearance of any equal number of their detractors."

But who set this ball of iniquity rolling? Who is at the bottom of this shamefully and meanly-conducted agitation? Who is answerable for the injustice, iniquity and brutality that has characterised for several months the treatment given to the East Indian immigrants?

A very prominent citizen of Vancouver on being introduced to the writer feelingly apologised, saying: "I feel ashamed of myself when I shake hands with you. Our people have treated your people disgracefully."

I do not in any way wish to minimise the great opposition that has been offered to the India immigrants in British Columbia. But, after touring the entire length of Canada and gauging the sentiments of not only representative British Columbian men and women, but also of the Canadians in other cities, I am convinced that the sensible portion of the community has not only nothing to do with the disgraceful liberties that have been taken with the East Indian immigrants but some of them have shown marvellous courage of conviction in denouncing in no mincing manner the authors of this great public scandal.

The opposition that the East Indians have met in British Columbia is at best (or worst) merely *sectional*. Who are the authors of it, it is not for the present writer to say. The charges that have been framed against the East Indians point out in an unmistakable way the people who have engineered this agitation.

These lines have not been written in any rancorous or carping spirit. The writer is an East Indian himself; but has attempted to approach the subject from an Imperialist's point of view. What is going to be the upshot of this deplorable agitation? Where is this unfortunate and misguided hostility directed against men of the same origin and empire fated to end? are questions that are being constantly asked.

That the East Indian immigrants are labouring under very great disadvantages at present can not be disguised. Imagine a set of newcomers being hounded by a knot of maliciously persistent and unscrupulous agitators and detractors, pluckily endeavouring to give lie to the prejudicial statements about their lives, habits, virility, adaptability and worthiness. Think of these men securing positions for themselves when systematic efforts are being made to convince the employers that these men are without brawn and muscle, that they are incapable of enduring hardship, that they are unsanitary and infested with objectionable caste prejudices.

These are serious drawbacks. But that the wonderful hardihood of the East Indian immigrants, their great capacity for bearing trying hardships and overcoming difficulties, which has been sorely proved in many places and found successful, would not desert them in Canada is hardly to be doubted. That they will eventually succeed in conquering the disabilities and drawbacks under which they labour and lead prosperous and noble lives is an assured and foregone conclusion with those who know them intimately. As it is, there has been some difficulty with which the recently arrived immigrants have found work. But most

of them who are already in the country have secured work or have the prospect of getting jobs in the near future.

It would doubtless be deemed impertinent on my part were I to tell Canadians that the Canadian Far West has splendid mines, fisheries, lumbering and fruit-ranching districts that are suffering from scarcity of labour. That the East Indian immigrants who are already in British Columbia, or may arrive later, should find no difficulty in finding work in the fisheries, mines, mills, fruit ranches, railroads, or clearing forests, is apparent. The immigrants have done similar work in India and elsewhere. The Mayor of Vancouver, in a conversation with me, said that there was room for at least a thousand domestics in that city alone. The testimony of the late Queen quoted at the outset of this article as to the excellence of the East Indian servants, is daily corroborated by those who have lived in India. Talking of his East Indian employees, Mr. J. F. McRae, of the Rat Portage Mills, said: "That he would rather increase the wages of the Hindus he employed than lose them." Canada has learned to associate tea with India. The tea industry in India is of recent growth, and where the tea plantations exist to-day, there once stood huge forests and thick jungles. The northwestern parts of India, whence these men hail, are known to be the fruit regions of India. India is already well intersected with railroads. The past experience of these immigrants, or those who may arrive later from India, is a great asset, and with the remarkable aptitude they possess to familiarise themselves with the new methods prevailing in Canada, they will prove of inestimable service in developing the country.

It is surprising and unfortunate, indeed, that such men should be received even with *sectional* hostility. It is all the more surprising that the labour union people should oppose them. These immigrants have suffered most poignant pain by living and working at starvation wages, and, if there are any people in the world who know the baneful effect of wages, and who are utterly opposed to the very idea of starvation wages, they are these immigrants from India. In working against the interests of these men, the unionists endeavour to supplant the motives and the cause which brought them into existence. The India immigrants have already given ample proof that, instead of cheapening labour, they will stick to a reasonable price for the work they render.

In the estimation of the writer of these lines, the influence these immigrants are destined to wield in this country will be uniformly good and healthful. That they will improve the tone of morality and promote soberness amongst the working people, that their peaceful, thrifty and law-abiding lives, that their hard, honest and patient work will make for the good of the whole community, time will doubtless demonstrate.

India is waging ceaseless struggle for self-government. But this struggle is constitutional and untainted with blood. India does not desire to sever the Imperial bonds. During the last half-century, Canada pursued the same policy. Canada enjoys perfect internal self-government, and still remains as one of the staunchest integral parts of the British Empire. India will reach that stage later on. Meanwhile these immigrants supply additional cords to cement the union of the respective countries of the empire, and supply the link which will make these members of the same empire take more than passing interest in the successes and problems of one another. Let every one wish that Canada be for the Canadians and India for the East Indians—but, not at the sacrifice of Imperial ties. While it is extremely unlikely that the immigration from India will ever assume the proportions of an "invasion," let it be hoped that the East Indian immigrants would not think the British Columbian people to be like those "who, 'gainst the houseless stranger shut the door."

Current Events Abroad.

AT the convention of the German Chambers of Commerce Herr Dernberg, Germany's Colonial Director, explained what he called the Kaiser's world-policy. Herr Dernberg wanted his hearers to infer that the employment of German workmen, the livelihood of millions, and the investment of German capital in trade and navigation were dependent upon the maintenance of the colonies. The thought at the back of this is that a colony is a place where you can sell your commodities free from the competition of other nations. The colonists are to have nothing to say in the matter. Their rôle is to consume German goods at monopoly prices and look pleasant.

Herr Dernberg said that in the middle of the 18th century 9,000,000 people spoke English and 20,000,000 spoke German. Now, 120,000,000 speak English and but 70,000,000 German. The Colonial Director should follow his reasoning out. Has the spread of English been due to a close corporation policy in colonies? Not at all. She has become a great colonising power by pursuing the principle of leaving colonists to manage their own affairs, even to the extent of putting prohibitive customs duties on her goods. Notwithstanding the Revolutionary War the United States were no real exception to this rule. She is the only country in the world that has self-governing colonies, and perhaps Herr Dernberg would find in that fact her success, rather than in the cultivation of the idea that colonies are places where the consumption of the products of the home-land serve to furnish employment for its people and trade opportunities for its manufacturers and merchants.

The Colonial Director's speech is a contribution to the election contest that is now impending in the Fatherland. The Reichstag was dissolved because it refused to vote the full sum asked for the pacification of German West Africa. The struggle is really between those who not only have a colonial programme, but who also support the movement for the creation of a strong navy. Germany's activity in building warships is generally thought to have sinister meaning for the British Isles. There may at times have been an idea that Germany could make an alliance with some power possessing a considerable navy and that the combined fleets might dispute the mastery of the sea with her who is so universally regarded as supreme there. Is that not a far-fetched and improbable aim? It is far more likely that the United States is the power upon which the Kaiser has his eye. Germany has never subscribed to the Monroe Doctrine, and she never will, so long as there are fair lands in South America, the ideal raw material of noble German Colonies. The Monroe Doctrine is merely a pleasing international thesis unless there is a fleet behind it strong enough to prove its general soundness and tenability. If ever Germany feels strong enough to deny its applicability she will do so, but by that time there may be powers other than the United States sufficiently interested in the maintenance of the doctrine to be prepared to aid the latter in preserving it as a working rule for this hemisphere.

Germany with its Emperor has occupied the front of the stage for some time now, and the Hohenlohe disclosures have increased this interested attention. The Emperor is charged with having so conducted his foreign affairs that the country is at length isolated in Europe. There is something, however, that should not be forgotten to his credit. He has occupied the throne for 18 years and during that time he has had at his hand the most complete war machine that Europe has known since the time of Napoleon. He

is young, high-spirited and ambitious. It is true that Germany has sometimes been regarded as a menace by her neighbours, but the actual fact is that in all these years not an ounce of German powder has been burned in anger. Do not forget that when you are estimating the Kaiser's position in Europe.

INHUMAN!

—*Tokyo Puck*

A LITTLE TOO FAMILIAR

UNCLE SAM: "Between ourselves, my yellow friend, couldn't you study somewhere else?"—*Rire* (Paris).

President Roosevelt in his first and main message to Congress dealt with the exclusion of Japanese children from the ordinary schools in San Francisco in his customary frank manner. "To shut the Japanese out from the schools," he says, "is a wicked absurdity.....It is unthinkable that we should continue a policy under which a given locality may be allowed to commit a crime against a friendly nation, and the United States Government limited, not to preventing the commission of the crime, but, in the last resort, to defending the people who have committed it against the consequences of their own wrong-doing." His concluding declaration is not lacking in forcefulness: "In the matter now before me affecting the Japanese, everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed."

The Californian papers do not appear to have been intimidated by the President's firm attitude, and the School Board of San Francisco authorised the writing of a defiant letter which has produced a bad effect in Japan. The southern newspapers raised the cry of state rights, and even some of the northern papers not at all unfriendly to the President urge the same ominous view. What can the President do if the schools are obstinately kept closed to the Japanese children? The use of force to compel their admission is unthinkable, and if there is no remedy what will Japan do? One thing is certain, the conqueror of Russia, with a great navy at her command, will not endure contumelious treatment of her citizens in any part of the world. President Roosevelt is taking a statesman's course in putting the strongest pressure to bear on California—but will he succeed?

Long ago the Russian constitution was described by a grim wit as an autocracy tempered by assassination. The tempering part of the constitution is being applied very freely just now. Scarcely a week passes without the assassination of a high official, and a correspondent says that newspaper readers in St. Petersburg deem their daily journals tame if they fail to record some horrid outrage or deed of blood. To confer upon a man any office charged with the enforcement of the laws is to virtually sentence him to death. Where it is going to end defies computation. Places like Lodz or Warsaw are in a state of chronic lawlessness and rebellion and yet rebellion never quite arrives. The

NICHOLAS—"Hang it all, that's the third time I've missed that bear! Do any of you happen to have, er—a bomb?"
—*Jugend* (Munich)

powers of government which are specially designed for guaranteeing the enjoyment of life and property break down when an attempt is made to exercise it among a population a small proportion of which is ready to immolate itself so long as it can by so doing destroy those whom it hates. That is the terrible condition of Russia and the end of its troubles is not in sight. Repressive measures have not so far succeeded in their object.

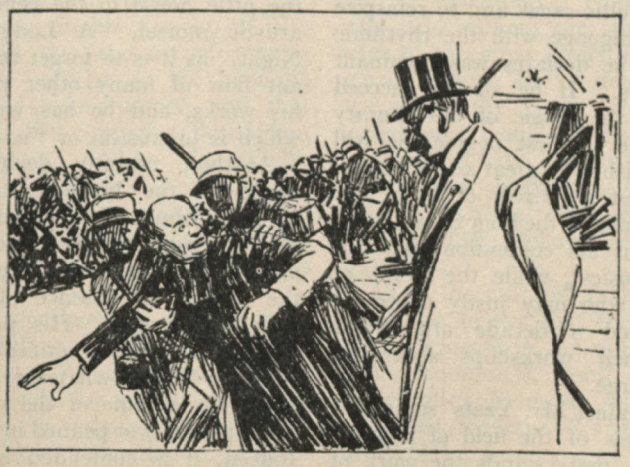
The conflict over the separation of church and state in France goes on as an epoch-making event. It is probable that only the most intimate acquaintance with France could make any opinion on the matter valuable. A perusal of what is being written does not offer much light. The effect produced by such violent measures as the expulsion of the Papal delegate from France, the eviction of Cardinal Richard from his palace, the scenes incident to the inventory of church property, and the other acts in connection with the enforcement of the law, which have all the outward appearance of confiscation and spoliation, have created sympathy for the clergy in unexpected quarters. English newspapers, which are not certainly the mouthpieces of Rome, have entered their protest against the ruthlessness of the separation law and its accompanying executive acts.

However vague the details may be the large outlines are clear enough. The Republican leaders of France have for years complained of clerical hostility to the Republic. It must be thought that public opinion supports them in this feeling of resentment, for the elections of a few months ago turned mainly on the question whether the campaign against what has been termed clericalism should be continued, and the friends of the Republic won an overwhelming victory. The tendency and purpose of the separation law is to democratise the church. The affairs of each church building will be in the hands of a committee of laymen, who would have the means of making it unpleasant for the incumbent should he be suspected of harbouring hostile feeling towards the political *status quo*. It is scarcely to be expected that the Vatican could at once accept a resolution so unwelcome and so contrary to its ideals in church government. In refusing to accept the legislation or to accede to public opinion the Holy See has at least shown undaunted resolution, for the difficulties in its way seem insuperable. The statement is made that in almost every parish the annual declaration required by law for the holding of public meetings, or in other words for the preaching of the Gospel, has been made, although not by the priest. Churchmen assert that the declaration has been made by the friends of the Government who "never set their foot within a church door." What is the priest to do? Is he to go on ministering

to his flock thus organised or obey his superiors and abstain from preaching? He cannot gather together a flock elsewhere without applying for leave to hold a public meeting. And then there is the question of the maintenance of the clergy when the public aid upon which they have hitherto subsisted is withdrawn. The Pope has promised large contributions from his revenues for this purpose and further contributions are expected from Great Britain, Austria and America. We of to-day are assuredly the spectators of the most extraordinary changes in the intellectual, spiritual and political world that have occurred in any time in the history of the world.

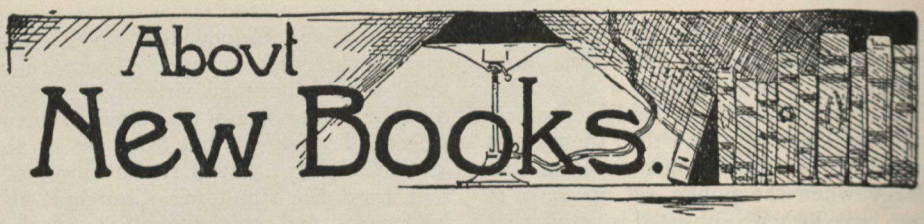
The letters patent granting responsible government to the Transvaal have been issued and there is now before Parliament a similar constitution for the Orange River Colony. The difference between the two cases is that in the Transvaal the British population bears some equality with the Boer population. In the Orange River Colony the Boer overwhelmingly predominates. There has been some outcry at virtually handing over the government of the colony to men whose rifles are still hot from use in an anti-British war. It may be supposed that Lord Elgin and Mr. Churchill, his lieutenant, feel the difficulties of the situation as strongly as any one. But whatever course were taken there would be difficulties. There seems no place in this Empire of ours for a constitution that deprives white men of the right to govern themselves. Safeguards have been inserted in the instrument which may be supposed to be efficacious in preventing the liberty conferred from being employed in subverting the political allegiance of the state, but in the main they bear a likeness to similar provisions in the constitution of Canada. The King has the right of veto, and the Upper Chamber is an appointive one. The same statements can be made of Canada, so that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State cannot think that they are being treated to new-fangled constitutional principles.

John A. Ewan



THE SEPARATION LAW

FRENCH PREFECT: "Can't you fellows understand that it's liberty we are giving you?" —*Figaro* (Paris).



MUSICAL PROSE IS PRESENT YET

MR. W. B. YEATS, Celtic lyrist and chief mourner for the literary music of a by-gone day, declares that the soul of prose is dead in our time and that only the inert carcass remains in the nk-wells of to-day. This he attributes to the fact that the writings of the authors of our age are not heard, and were never intended to be Mr. Yeats harks back to the days of the minstrels of old, who dowered mighty deeds with immortality in reverberant sagas which were intoned to the accompaniment of the harp. He lauds the rustic of the time as one who drew culture from Mother Earth at first hand.

"Everywhere the same respectable, lifeless, insipid product," he complains, in speaking of the prose productions of present-day writers, and he seeks to revive the old Celtic sagas and to reinspire our written language with the rhythmic charm which he declares was dominant in earlier days. If he should succeed in adding to the music of our literary product in the smallest degree, he will have accomplished a great and a beneficent work; but a search of even the passing literature of the hour does not entirely bear out his contention that our prose is unmusical, while the works of those writers who may justly expect to be remembered a decade after their exits from their workshops absolutely refute the charge.

As proof against Mr. Yeats' somewhat pessimistic view of the field of present-day literature, there stands the work of a Canadian. In the American metropolis there lives a man, tall and eccentric of appearance, arrived at middle age, but whose work retains all the joyousness of youth, whi'e always through his pages croons the wizardry of an exquisite rhythm. Bliss Carman is writing poetry and prose which, if pure lilting music is to be the standard of excellence, need fear comparison with the products of the pens of none of the greatest who have gone before. His lyrics are all melody, which sing themselves upon the mental tongue, and can scarcely be read inaudibly, while one cannot read from the pages of any of his collections of essays without a haunting suspicion that the printer has inhumanly erred, and that the whole thing should have been set in verse form.

Nor is this an isolated case. The prose of Robert Louis Stevenson, who is too recently gone to claim citizenship in the realm of the past, and certainly not in the dim antiquity which Mr. Yeats laments, is another instance of singing prose. It is just as impossible to evade the slow and soothing rhythm, as he describes the snow falling on the roof of the little house in the cemetery in that artistic morsel, "A Lodging for the Night," as it is to forget the more buoyant flow of many other passages from his works, and he has written nothing which is unmusical or "insipid."

Another, recently departed, and a friend of the brave-hearted Louis, is William Ernest Henley, poet and critic. His writings, whether prose or verse, are all impossible of impeachment on the ground of absence of music from their construction. His prose is buoyant and his verse is veritable song.

Oscar Wilde, whatever he may have been, wrote some of the most exquisite prose poems ever penned in any language. Indeed, it is contended by many adequate critics, that in this regard he has never been equalled.

Writing to-day is Kenneth Grahame, whose words, while set in the conventional garb of prose, bear with them all the magic melody of verse. His unstudied studies of child-life breathe out

the breath of a summer's day, while their clear vision of the child-heart shed the radiance of sunlight on the half-forgotten fields of long ago.

The names come fast. It is not a search of collection but of selection. Barrie, LeGalliene, Roberts, and a host of others all attest the living presence of music in our prose. In fact, there are but few, other than purely scientific or economic writers, who have attained even a measure of favour from readers of any culture whose lines do not, at least occasionally, sing themselves into the memory.

But there is some reason for Mr. Yeats' contention, though perhaps attributable to other causes than those to which he ascribes the ill. The great bulk of the written matter of the present deals with financial and economic questions. With these, the pages of the daily press, the monthlies, and even the fiction of the hour are filled. The clear appreciation of these writings demands a mental rather than a sentimental attitude of approach, and to the task of understanding treatises on the ills of public institutions, or the constructive propaganda of this exponent or that, one must bring a mind unclouded by the soothing charm of rhythm.

Bliss Carman, in his Kinship of Nature, has said that the art of writing musical prose partakes of the hypnotic power of the snake-charmer, and that it is even achieved through a description of auto-hypnotism, lulling the intelligence, so that freer access may be had to the doors of the heart. This must be found to be true by all who read his wonderful book and resign themselves to its spell.

Take for experiment a passage from the essays of Prof. Goldwin Smith, one of the greatest of living stylists. Having perused this, you know that you have read a piece of immaculate prose, a clear and incisive enunciation of a mental process. But turn to Mr. Carman's essays on Nature, and you have walked in a spring wood or watched the autumn leaves falling through a golden glory. In the one case you have read a book; in the other you have enjoyed an experience. It is the difference between head and heart appreciation.

Music has not fled. It is only that the literature of the world has become so much more prolific that the everyday matters which, in the earlier times, were confined to the converse of men in the market place and upon the highway have now found their way into the world of print. Of old, the learned few wielded the pen for the few learned enough to read their works. The minstrels were men, aloof from the battle of life, who sat by the wayside dreaming or singing the gallant deeds of their more active fellows.

To-day this body has increased in numbers, and has been swelled by the entrance of men of action who speak through the printed page with impassioned pen to larger hearings than they could have reached in many lifetimes of the old exhortations. Again, the government of the people by the people requires a great share of the space of the press which alone has made it possible. The great task of teaching the unlearned the very rudiments of education falls largely to that medium. In the old days the king governed, and secured the necessary knowledge of his realm by private report. To-day the people rule, and without the spread of knowledge of the great questions of public interest through the various branches of the press, the power of representative government would be as empty a right as it would have been in the days when the common people gleaned their knowledge of such matters as were not purely local from the alehouse gossip of passing travellers.

As to the cultured rustic of old time, I venture to say that the farmer of to-day, engrossed in the question of crops, as he doubtless is, absorbs quite as much appreciation from the soil he tills with the most modern of appliances as did his plodding prototype as he laboriously pressed his rude ploughshare along the uneven furrows of his meagre plot.

Mr. Yeats declares that no man may attain to a high order of culture and leave himself sufficient time to make a material success of his life. The most

cultured of the successful in material things may, he says, be put to shame by the "ragged art student who occasionally calls to borrow a sovereign." It is also true that any cobbler may put him to the blush for his lack of knowledge of boots. But the culture of the art student is like the craft of the cobbler, the knowledge required for production. It is necessary that the world should have artists and cobblers that the world may have pictures and boots. It is likely that the art student would not have found it necessary to "call" had he mixed with his special knowledge as much of the financier's acumen as that gentleman has managed to acquire of his cultured taste.

The jesters of the early courts were also perhaps the most cultured men in them save for a few hoary sages whose chief merchantable wares were gloomy prophecies. This culture of to-day, which Mr. Yeats thinks so inadequate, is not the culture of an individual nor of a lifetime. It is the accumulated culture of ages. The ancestors of the men of whom he speaks were probably reckoning with notches on sticks when the sagas which he laments were composed. Further, it must be remembered that those sagas were written in the days of gallant deeds, the "Days of Chivalry," and any newspaper reporter will tell you that the big "story" tells itself. It is the "items" that tax his vocabulary.

Mr. Yeats is wrong when he says that the weary have not the energy for any but meretricious books. Granted a man of some taste, the greater the rhythm of the prose the easier will be the reading, while poetry will be found the easiest and most restful of all. There is a wider spread of culture in the world to-day than there has ever been. The average ability to appreciate literature is vastly higher than in earlier days. We are still progressing, and the prose of present-day writers which is not unmusical or "insipid" is doing the lion's share of the work.

Nevertheless, good luck to Mr. Yeats in his mission. His view may be a trifle gloomy, but no great work was ever done by an absolutely contented man, and if he can add one note to the music of our prose, the world will be his debtor.

James P. Haverson

THE HOHENLOHE MEMOIRS

SELDOM has the publication of political observations and experiences caused greater or more widespread interest than has the appearance of the memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), who died about six years ago. The memoirs have been before the public for some time, but the English translation was later to appear. The mere fact that the German Emperor was much annoyed because of the publication of these manuscripts, sufficiently attests their importance and significance. In them is revealed a great deal of the intrigue and narrowness that is characteristic of many of those who get close to the Crown. Prince Hohenlohe, during his lifetime, had a rare opportunity to observe the influences that sway the destinies of nations, and posterity will thank him for having the courage to order, contrary to a severe custom and rigid etiquette, the publication after his death of many things of importance that he saw and heard. One cannot help wondering what prompted him to do that, but little importance, after all, attaches to the motive, if it was a good motive. The revelations of most interest outside the German Empire are those that show the dire influences that made for the promotion of war, and that imperilled international peace and goodwill. Bismarck is not pictured as the great statesman we have supposed him to have been, but he is set up rather as a crafty, unsparing, astute diplomat, with the military tendency highly developed. When we come face to face with conditions such as are revealed in these memoirs, we cannot help shuddering at the stupendous consequences (perhaps nearer to us than we imagine) that constantly wait the world over on the whims and caprices of individuals. To be a king or an emperor or a prime minister is a thing of importance in times of peace, and of supreme importance in times of

war. Surely the day is not far distant when no individual in order to further sectional, family or personal ambitions, shall be able to cause the clashing of nations. If the Hohenlohe memoirs do nothing more than to arouse men in power to the sacredness of their trust, they will serve an excellent purpose.

THE HUMOUR OF LOVE

TWO more delightful volumes could scarcely be conceived than the ones entitled "The Humour of Love," by Tom Masson (New York: Moffat, Yard & Company). One volume is a selection of humorous writings on love in verse, while the other covers the same ground in prose. Most persons have been accustomed to read of love as an all-consuming quantity, as something that must not be considered in any but a serious mood. Mr. Masson is not one of that kind, and his own verse has an excellent reputation as an antidote of the customary overdone morsel. He is editor of *Life*, and therefore has had an excellent opportunity to observe the style of verse and prose of which his two volumes deal. The selections in prose run from Thackeray to Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") and most of the favourite humorists are represented, such as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and E. W. Townsend. The verse runs from Shakespeare to Wallace Irwin and Tom Masson, and includes Byron, Lover, Cowper, Ben Jonson, Bret Harte, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Russel Lowell and Clinton Scollard.

Here is a sample by John Boyle O'Reilly:

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

THE ANCIENT GLORY OF IRELAND

FEW countries afford a more attractive field for the lover of picturesque historical associations than does Ireland, the land of Brian and Cormac and St. Patrick and the valley of the Boyne. Most persons who attempt to deal with it historically fall into sectarian discussion or unhappy abuse, and thus the higher purpose of historical writing is sacrificed. One of the most pleasing books on ancient Irish legend and the more reliable traces of early Irish history, appeared recently under the title "The Fair Hills of Ireland" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). It is written by Stephen Gwynn and illustrated by Hugh Thomson. There are four coloured plates, all done in excellent taste, and thirty-one other illustrations. The frontispiece is a character sketch, "The Shanachie," done in colours. While the work is of much greater dignity than a guide-book, it will be found of invaluable service to those travellers who are not mere "birds of passage," but who wish to glean information from actual observation, and to carry lasting impressions of value. Beginning at the Boyne the book describes the evidences that still remain of the early occupants of the Emerald Isle, and the descriptions embody in an entertaining way the history of the country as it is given in some particular mound or ruin or tomb or hillside. It is a book that will appeal to Irishmen in particular, and to travellers and lovers of antiquity in general.

NOTES

"Three Boys and a Girl," by Anne Helena Woodruff (Cincinnati: Jennings and Graham), is a thoroughly wholesome and natural story for either boys or girls, and is intended to inspire a love of useful amusements and undertakings. The book is well illustrated.

Admirers of Jack London's writings find it almost impossible to keep up with his prolific pen. One of his latest productions is "Scorn of Women," a play in three acts, published in a chaste, artistic volume by the Macmillan Company of Canada. The scene of the play is Dawson City, and the time 1897. The action is complete in thirteen hours. As the piece is so replete with "business," it is difficult to judge its merits off the stage.

THE WINTER LAKES

OUT in a world of death, far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
Miles and miles of lake far out under the night;
Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Wilfred Campbell

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

DURING the last few years there has been a steady growth of an association whose influence extends throughout the homes of Ontario. Canada is a country of few cities and of many farms. That such may long be its condition is the wish of most patriotic citizens. Therefore, any change that affects the life of the farm means a change to the whole nation. For a long time, the Farmers' Institutes have meant much to the men engaged in agricultural pursuits. But of recent years the movement has extended to the wives and daughters, with a result which is simply amazing. Now, the Ontario Women's Institute includes a membership of ten thousand, doing a work the value of which cannot be overestimated.

It was all very well for Dr. Watts and other men to preach to women about the beauty of sweeping floors and washing dishes. There is a point where the drudgery of such toil becomes unbearable, and the modern woman is not going to become a drudge if she can help it. Hence it became necessary to discover something in household science that would show the reason and the method in all keeping of the home which would raise it above the unmeaning toil it too often becomes. Women of superior intelligence found that there is no more important sphere for the latest scientific effort than may be discovered within the walls of the farm home. "The man with the hoe," according to Millet's brutal figure, is seldom seen in Canada; but the woman over the washtub was a picture not much happier.

It has dawned upon the world of womankind that the operations of the kitchen, the laundry and the garden need not be drudgery, but may be, when carried out after the most approved methods, productive of that real satisfaction which comes from effective work carried out in the spirit of intelligence and progress.

The Ontario Women's Institute is in sympathy with this practical movement, especially as it relates to rural life. Throughout the year, wherever there is a branch of this organisation, meetings are held where subjects of domestic interest are discussed, and suggestions of the widest scope are received and reviewed. The report for 1905 shows the great variety of subjects under consideration, including First Aid to Injured, Courtesy in the Home, Economy in Small Things, Poultry Raising, Nature Study and Home Nursing.

But in order to understand the Women's Institute, you must visit (as I did last December) the annual meeting, and see and hear for yourself just what is

SNOWSHOE GIRLS OF MACDONALD HALL

being done. The meeting takes place appropriately in the Massey Hall, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, where on December 12th, 1906, hundreds of women gathered from all over our wide-scattered Province. Mr. George A. Putnam, Superintendent, reviewed the year's work in a fashion that showed the growing enthusiasm in the association, and Miss Agnes Smith, of Hamilton; Miss Isobel Rife, Miss M. U. Watson, and Mrs. Helen Wells contributed to the day's programme of "lecturettes." Dr. Hodgetts, of Toronto, spoke on the "Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis," a subject that is of the utmost importance wherever the white plague exists.

But the greatest interest of the convention was shown in Miss Watson's address on "Labour-Saving Devices for the Housewife," which was accompanied by practical demonstrations in connection with certain articles of domestic use. Miss Watson is at the head of the Macdonald Institute, and is a most capable chief officer for one of the finest institutions in Canada.

On the second morning of the convention, Professor H. H. Dean spoke on the production of milk, Miss L. Shuttleworth on its care and handling, Dr. Helen MacMurchy from a doctor's point of view. If you wish to know the difference between milk that *is* milk and that which is a mere apology therefor, drink a glass of Ontario College milk, and then come home to the city product. The disease that lurks in filthy milk has been heard of many times, but Dr. MacMurchy made it exceedingly clear that modern dairy conditions are not at all what they should be, and that it is woman's duty to see that they are improved.

The afternoon was devoted to a paper by Dr. Webster on the care of the mouth and teeth, and an address by Professor Evans on colour in the household. Then there was an opportunity given to the delegates to visit all departments of the College, which in itself is an inspiration to those who want to do things.

There is an absurd antagonism manifested by some "advanced" women towards the other half of humanity, as if any really intelligent man were going

to oppose the true progress of women. Such is not the case in Canada. Canadian women, in their various undertakings, can usually rely on masculine support, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the reeve of the township. There is no more enthusiastic believer in the Women's Institute than President Creelman or Mr. C. C. James. The latter gave a sympathetic address, which was a happy combination of culture and agriculture.

Best of all features of this convention is the atmosphere of optimism and good-will. You can fairly hear and see the country growing and prospering as you listen to the speakers and watch the eager faces of the audience. As Mrs. Brews said, referring to Ella Wilcox's classification of people into those who lift and those who lean—"we want more lifters and fewer leaners."

If you ask, What has been done by the Institute?—the answer must take varied aspects. It has gathered thousands of women together who have learned from the best modern lecturers of the laws of health and home-keeping. It has created a sympathy such as has never existed before among the home-makers of the Province. It has broadened and therefore brightened the lives of a host of women who have found a new interest in the interchange of domestic ideas. Every good comes from an idea—whether it be planted in the brown earth, put in a drain, baked in the oven, or hung upon the wall. Therefore, to the Ontario Women's Institute there is warm congratulation on what has already been accomplished and every good wish for future development.

ARE WOMEN UNBUSINESSLIKE

A WOMAN possessing or assuming the charming name of "Maud L'Estrange" has written with some indignation to an English magazine protesting against the recent charge that women conduct their business meetings with scant regard for parliamentary rules, and are guilty of knowing practically nothing about business methods.

Miss L'Estrange points out that it is really the so-called "smart set" against which this charge is made, and that a Charity Bazaar or a Hospital Ball can hardly come under the head of business. She forcibly concludes with the statement:

"There is a very large, a very considerable body of women workers who do use their fullest capacities in the furtherance of public work, such as Mrs. Scarlieb, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Frances Low, Miss Cobden, and others with brilliant records, who have helped forward the great movements of modern times towards the emancipation of women and the betterment of the condition of humanity, whose names will shine out on the rolls of fame long after the 'Smart Set,' with their extravagances and follies, have been forgotten for all time."

PICTORIAL OR CREATIVE

WE British are sometimes told weird things by our friends in the United States. Some one actually wrote an article of about four thousand words to the effect that Dickens did not know anything about the celebration of Christmas until his famous visit to Uncle Sam's country, and that all his tender, immortal Yuletide tales are founded on his experiences on this side of the Atlantic. A New York editor accepted and published this extremely amusing bit of fiction. Washington Irving might have told the writer better.

A woman, writing some months ago for the *New England Magazine* on the creative element in works of fiction, made this somewhat astounding statement regarding Sir Walter Scott: "But did the wizard create? Never! He wove the finest stories known. He threw his soul into the making of his tales, instead of making his men and women."

O rare Sir Walter! We pity the reader who has found merely the story and has failed to know the Dominie, Friar John, Caleb Balderstone, Flora McIvor and, above all, Jeanie Deans, who is one of the noblest figures that haunt the galleries of imagination. In fact, such a crowd of old friends come at the very mention of Sir Walter's

name that we are embarrassed by the riches of their memory.

LUXURY OR COMFORT

MRS. ALEX. TWEEDIE is an English woman with a decided fondness for travel and with an ability to discourse vivaciously on the people she has met and the conditions she has observed. She approves highly of the attention bestowed upon women in this western world, finding the United States women exceedingly attractive, but the men of the country rather dull and absorbed in business. She is of the opinion that there is "any amount of luxury in the States, but little real comfort. It is a life of *foie gras* and champagne, ill-swept rooms and dirty harness. Things are done on a magnificent scale, gorgeous dinner parties and lunches with every possible luxury are common; the people dress superbly, and yet little comforts are often missing; the joy of clean boots is a luxury; there are few libraries to which one can subscribe and see all the latest books for a small sum; newspapers are more filled with horrors than news; and the pretty flowers one is accustomed to in English homes are seldom found, in the first place because they are so expensive that they can only be enjoyed on occasions, and secondly because the housewife has so many more important duties to fulfil that she cannot spend her time in watering and arranging flowers. Even afternoon tea is still a luxury."

THE BORROWER OF TROUBLE

WHO does not know her—the woman who borrows such a deal of trouble that she is in eternal debt, and keeps those about her in the eternal torment? In the days of our grandmamma she took hysterics, but in these days she has "nerves" which are always getting tied up on the slightest provocation, until their owner betakes herself to a rest-cure and her friends get a chance to have a little of the same.

The borrower of trouble seems to consider herself an unselfish character, but she is really a source of unpleasantness and sometimes of actual distress. Worry spreads as easily as the measles, and, alas! there is no isolation hospital in which the worrier may be kept. She worries about the coffee getting cold and about her husband not wearing a heavy overcoat, and about the probability of the cook becoming the wife of the butcher's assistant and deserting the scene of her present activities. The born borrower of trouble can find nothing too insignificant to be worried about.

The over-anxious parent is a familiar object, shrieking at Tommie lest he fall from the tree and break his precious neck, urging upon Dorothy the desirability of rubbers. Then there is the spinster borrower of woe, who is sure that her darling "tabby" is going to take a fit and that the coal merchant is not giving her the proper weight of the necessary fuel. Who cares? No one is going to take your small worries or mine to heart, but everyone will vote us bores if we keep on crossing these bridges to which we seldom come. The art of living is to conceal your woes, real and imaginary. "Grin and bear it" is a good if prosaic bit of advice, and if you cannot grin you can at least put up with the present. The curious fact is, that the people who have real troubles face the world with serene aspect, and those who are everlastingly fretting have small cause for complaint—which is more than may be said for their friends.

WOOD-CARVING FOR WOMEN

THERE is a department of manual training for women which has lately come in for a large share of over-due attention. In most cities and towns of Canada there are now classes in this useful and ennobling art. The cheap atrocities of poor furniture are gradually being replaced by better workmanship. Women are learning that plush bags and a multitude of "drapes" are not necessary to an attractive interior, and they are also going back to the ideals of our great-grandparents in the matter of home furnishings.

Jean Graham

A New Canadian Poet

By W. T. ALLISON

An appreciation of the qualities that have given Miss Coleman a leading place among our native singers

IN the days of Keats and Wordsworth, yes, even in the age of Tennyson and Browning, a new poet, no matter how worthy, was never sure of a warm reception when first he made his bow to the reviewers. We order things differently in the twentieth century. It is safe to say that both in England and in America a new poet of originality and power, a singer with a real message, will meet not only with kindness at the hands of the reviewers, but with quite an enthusiastic welcome. A fresh voice has been heard of late in our own Canada, and merit has been instantly recognised. A book of poems with the very plain title, "Songs and Sonnets," was published by William Briggs at the Christmas season just overpast, and has already been crowned by leading literary critics of this country as a most valuable contribution to Canadian literature by a new writer. We really owe the appearance of this attractive and much-discussed volume to the leading spirits of the Tennyson Club of Toronto, who prevailed upon one of their number, Miss Helena Coleman, to allow her poems to be published under the auspices of the club. The members of this Toronto literary circle have done well; they have cause to rejoice over the fact that the Queen City possesses a poet who can rival even the Ottawa singers in style and strength of thought.

MISS HELENA COLEMAN, AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND SONNETS"

Special Photograph by Herbert E. Simpson

Although Miss Coleman, the new poet, is an entire stranger to the writer of this article, and is averse to any personal introduction to the reading public, there are two or three facts which may give the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE some idea as to her identity.

Miss Helena Coleman is the only sister of Professor Coleman, the well-known geologist, with whom she has

lived in Toronto for some years. Although in one sense somewhat of a recluse, owing to the result of an illness in early life, Miss Coleman has been a great traveller. At various times she has made more or less protracted visits to Europe, the West Indies and the Southern States. Her poems indicate that she has viewed life in its many aspects both at home and abroad. Most frequent references, however, are made to Canadian scenes. Miss Coleman knows her own land well; she has camped in the Rocky Mountains and is a lover of the stern grandeurs of that Alpine region, but knows better the serene beauties of the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence. She usually spends some months of the year at her summer home, "Pinehurst," one of the Thousand Islands.

Although Miss Coleman has been writing poetry for many years, she has never yielded to the poetic impulse from ambition or from any desire to figure prominently in the domain of letters. During the last few years she has been contributing occasional prose to the "Atlantic Monthly," and verse as well as prose to many American magazines, but each and every piece of work has been published over a *nom de plume*. We understand that the publishers of her present volume had very great difficulty in persuading her to allow her name to appear. Miss Coleman invites criticism and shrinks from praise. Poets or artists of this disposition are very rare and, when they are discovered, the critic, however anxious he may be to expose defects, finds, as in the present instance, that there is scarce opportunity to do anything but applaud. Having given these sparing touches of a personal kind, let us examine the style and subject-matter of these poems introduced to us by the Tennyson Club.

"So far as criticism goes," says a recent writer, "it is the technical side of verse which needs most to be studied."* A poet stands or falls according to the construction and cadence of the verse. Very rich ideas may be ruined by redundancy of words in expressing them; a large and ordered beauty of imagination may fail in effect because of a lack of a stately measure; in any body of verse if the rhymed words and the stressed words are frequently insignificant, the rhymer may be dismissed with scant ceremony as no poet. Redundancy, harshness and poverty are the infallible marks of the poetaster. The latter weakness has to do with a writer's content of thought, but the former evils are essentially faults of style. The poet's claim to fame, then, depends very largely on his or her mastery of outward form or technique, on skill in phrasing, in emphasis and in sonority of verse.

Measured by such canons of taste, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Coleman's style singles her out at once from the great crowd of latter-day lamp-poetry magazine versifiers. Her command of rhythm is very pleasing, and because of her love of Latinised English reaches a certain degree of opulence which cannot fail to give any lover of cadence great delight. Yet in spite of her love for colour and sonority our new poet is at all times eminently clear. Her ease and precision of phrase enable her to avoid that sin of redundancy which more than anything makes for obscurity. Miss Coleman is such a lover of the concrete, that even when dealing with abstract subjects the reader finds no difficulty in taking her meaning. With regard to her choice of subjects, she is a disciple of Browning, but she is entirely free from Browningesque hardness and diffuseness of style. Her titles are too often uninviting and abstract, but her verses while dignified are easily understood. Such unfortunate titles as "Postponement," "Invocation," "Conquest," "Confidence," "Inaction," "Gifts," "Achievement," "Analogy," "Opportunity," "Monotony," "Enlargement," "The Sense of Mystery," "Certitude," and "Absence," are truly formidable, and suggest the index to Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics." On first reading these gray and dreary titles we expect nothing but a cold douche of abstract disquisition. Miss Coleman's titles, however, need not frighten the reader; let him dip into the poem, and all becomes

*C. F. Keary, *Fortnightly Review*, Nov., 1906

warmth, colour and light. This reassuring word can be said even of "Analogy," the worst-named and hardest-grained poem in the whole collection.

Miss Coleman shows her mastery of music and saves herself from the sin of monotony by her attempts at different measures and by variety in stanza form. Her metre, which is sometimes too irregular and at times faulty, but on the whole exceedingly well managed, varies from the swinging music of such a verse as the following from "On the Trail":

> Oh, there's nothing like the prairie
> When the wind is in your face,
> And a thunder-storm is brewing,
> And night comes down apace—
> 'Tis then you feel the wonder
> And immensity of space!

to the graceful playfulness of her poem "Since Reading Maeterlinck":

> I used to think the honey-bee
> A harmless little fellow,
> An animated symphony
> Done up in brown and yellow.
> But since I read my Materlinck
> I really don't know what to think!

or advances to the stately and solemn cadence of her sonnet-style in which she is at her best:

> Encompassed by a thousand nameless fears,
> I see life's little day begin to wane,
> And hear the well-loved voices call in vain
> Across the narrowing margin of my years;
> And as the Valley of the Shadow nears,
> Such yearning tides of tenderness and pain
> Sweep over me that I can scarce restrain
> The gathering flood of ineffectual tears.

From these quotations, which for musical charm could be matched fifty times in this book of poems, we have surely arrived at the conclusion that Miss Coleman's style is an instrument of clarity, grace, flexibility and power.

It is a very great triumph to have evolved a style of such sonority and strength; it is a still greater triumph to have uttered a message of corresponding distinction. The modern makers of lamp-poetry are, as a rule, hollow voices sounding down the wind, mere echoes of their masters, or else trifling jongleurs whose only object is to amuse. Their chief sin is one of omission; their verse is worthless because of poverty of thought. They have no individuality, no message, no impassioned word for a waiting world. They are entirely unable to measure up to Matthew Arnold's dictum that the poetry which reaches the soul must be at bottom a criticism of life. We believe that Miss Coleman's songs and sonnets would have pleased even such a severe critic as the serious-minded apostle of sweetness and light. Our new Canadian poet has much in common with Matthew Arnold. Just as he did, she knows how to combine concreteness and colour with a certain noble simplicity and restraint of style, and like Arnold, she loves best of all to devote her thought to the deep things of the soul. If we miss in her bracing pages the gentle pessimism of Arnold, we discover over and over again that she too is acquainted with the doubt and restless intellectual questioning of our day in matters of faith, and she shares with him a tremendous earnestness in dealing with the problems of life and destiny. To every thoughtful Canadian Miss Coleman's poetry should prove deeply interesting, for it is a criticism of life; this new poet of ours knows life in its sadness, gladness and beauty, and sings of it in relation to Nature and to God.

It is in her treatment of Nature that Miss Coleman's loyalty to the Arnold dictum is most pronounced. Of the many nature-pieces in this book, only three or four stand unrelated to human life. A passion for landscape-painting has been one of the vices of Canadian poets; they have never tired of drawing cameos, picturing the lonely lakes, the autumn woods, the flowery fields, yet, beautiful as many of these poems are, somehow we feel that our poets as a class are unsympathetic with the toils and heart-aches of humanity. Miss Coleman has indulged in this popular form of art for art's sake in her poems on "September," "The Dawn," and "The Coming of Autumn," but in nearly all her nature-pieces she links the world of trees and fields and flowers to the struggles and joys and sorrows of the soul. If she paints a landscape she places a human being in the foreground, and it would be well if her example might be

followed by all the wood-ranging, botanical, still-life school of Canadian singers. We have had much description of Nature in her many moods, but we need more warm soul life in our poetry. It is all well and proper to luxuriate in hectic descriptions of Indian Summer, and every Canadian poet has tried his hand at this fascinating subject, but few, few, all too few, have been the rhapsodists who have combined beautiful description with spiritual teaching. The following stanzas illustrate Miss Coleman's manner:

The fires that in the maples glow,
The rapture that the beeches know,
The smoke-wraiths drifting to and fro,
Each season more endears;
Vague longings in the heart arise,
A dimming mist comes to the eyes
That is not sadness, though it lies
Close to the place of tears.

We share the ecstacy profound
That broods in everything around,
And by the wilderness are crowned—
Its silent worship know.
O when our Indian Summer days
Divide the parting of the ways,
May we, too, linger here in praise
Awhile before we go!

Again, our new poet goes to Nature for the joy of comradeship, which she finds in field and wood:

The silence of thy forest ways
Has given peace to troubled days;
And all thy lovely, leafy things
Have brought the joy a comrade brings.

Nature not only gladdens her but gives new strength and inspiration with which to face the duties of life. In one of the loveliest of her poems, Miss Coleman describes the lilacs spreading their fragrant arms about the deserted old homestead:

As if with beauty they would hide
The fallen fortunes of the race,
Still cherishing with love and pride
The old traditions of the place.

So year by year they closer press,
And every season slowly spread,
Praising with silent loveliness
The unknown, long-forgotten dead.

One of the poet's favourite fancies, a thought which she emphasises in several poems, and which she expands in sonnet-form, is that the earth grows more beautiful as we grow old. This is her richest contribution to the study of Nature. But Nature would be neither beautiful nor charming if she could not see "the living soul behind."

And lovely are Earth's various moods,
Her winter snows, her summer woods,
Her meadows green and broad;
But O, I find no loveliness
In mountain, sea or sky unless
Their changing forms to me express
The changelessness of God!

Her thought of God is

Of some enfolding Care that dwells behind
The fixed, dividing walls of circumstance.

Her teaching with respect to the Fatherhood of God is summed up for us in one of the most effective stanzas in her book:

With beauty lavished everywhere,
With love still ours in priceless store—
And back of all the unseen Care—
O faithless heart, what would'st thou more?

Cherishing such a firm belief in God, Miss Coleman might be expected to maintain a sure and certain hope that this life does not end all. Steeped in the questionings and analogies of modern science, it can still be said of her that she walks by faith, not by sight:

So in the vast and limitless unknown,
That wraps us with its fearful night around,
At first the beam by faith or knowledge thrown,
Seems but to make the darkness more profound,
But presently one step ahead is shown—
Enough to prove that it is solid ground.

In another sonnet she argues that because there may be colours beyond the violet rays so there may be

Far wider realms that lie
Beyond our spirit borders.

In this matter, however, she trust to logic not so much as to

That fine sense whereby we are aware
Of something in ourselves that does not spring
From life without, or in its fulness share;
But like a captive bird with quivering wing,
Strains ever to its native, purer air.

It is in the hour of pain and suffering that she becomes most certain of the life beyond:

But in the night of trial and distress
The quickened soul to vaster realms draws near;
And o'er the borders of our consciousness
Foretokens of the Infinite appear.

Her thought on this subject is gathered

into compact form in the poem "Analogy," concluding with the following stanzas which cannot fail to appeal to every soul that yearns for fuller life beyond the borders and the coasts of time:

The heart attuned to love doth find
Love waiting at the door;
He who to knowledge turns his mind
Finds knowledge there before,
And shall the deepest want we know,
The spirit's anguished cry
For kinship through the darkness, go
Unanswered from on high?

Along with these finer intuitions and spiritual perceptions we find in Miss Coleman's poetry a warm humanity. She loves the human brotherhood. In what is probably the most strikingly original poem in the collection, she tells us how she sorrowed at a stranger's burial. Had she met him in his day of health and youthful strength, perchance she would have passed him by, but death drew forth her sympathy and became the great revealer of brotherhood.

And though I went my way with eyelids wet
For grief of one whom I had never met,
Because his day so soon was ended, yet
I turned my face up Heavenward again,
Believing human love is not in vain;
And, moved and softened by the sudden strain
Of fellowship, I touched the larger mood
Of universal love, and understood
The passion of our common brotherhood.

With such a fellow-feeling for her kind this poet enlists our sympathy for those who struggle on enduring the common lot of toil and grief and pain, and she would not have us forget the obscure heroes who are fighting losing battles amid the hum-drum and monotony of life:

God pity those unknown who daily tread
The desolate, monotonous ways of pain;
And nightly bivouac with their hosts of dead
On silent battle-fields where hearts are slain!

With all her rich and tender sympathy for the human brotherhood, Miss Coleman favours the cultivation of a certain joy of battle and stoicism wherewith to welcome the brunt and pain of life. Her own love of action, of struggle, of grim endurance gives her poetry a tonic power. She would welcome even

The battle-plain,
Where drum and fife
Call to the deadly strife,

rather than spend her days in inglorious idleness and ease. Possessed by a perfect hatred of apathy and inaction, she sings:

Far better in a losing cause to fight
Than feel one's sinews wasting day by day;
Give me the hemlock draught and dreamless night
Before this daily death of apathy!

Actuated by such a spirit she declares that we can master pain, and that good may be the outcome of apparent loss:

O not in vain
These earthly crucibles of pain,
In every loss may still be gain.

Of the many poems in this book which belong to this class, the vigorous lyric, "Opportunity," is worthy of Browning in his stoutest mood, and ought to be sufficient to nerve the most faint-hearted, the most pessimistic, the most sorely-tried, to fight on determined not to yield:

Hast thou been driven to the wall?—
Sound once again thy battle-call.
Thou knowest not what store of strength
Determination yields at length;
When all the outer forces fail,
Sheer inner courage may prevail.

Art thou from service set aside—
Thy cherished hope and work denied?
The greatest task of all may be
To show steadfast serenity.
Not all is lost while we may make
One comrade stronger for our sake.

To make an exhaustive study of this book of poems, devoting adequate treatment to the love element and the lyrics with a distinct Canadian flavour, such as "I Am Content with Canada," would demand impossible space. We shall be content, however, if this appreciation will serve to call the attention of the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to the work of a sincere and high-thoughted poet, whose optimistic message to all of us may be summed up in the terse phrases—Enjoy Nature, trust in the Unseen Care, love the brotherhood, and fight life's battle with a brave heart.

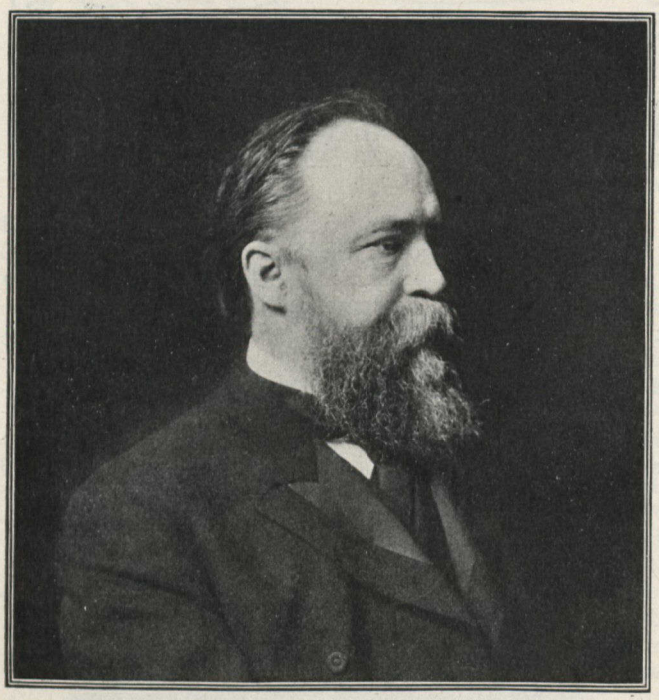
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE COLONIAL PRESS

MR. ARTHUR W. à BECKETT, F.J.I., a Past President of the Institute of Journalists and of the Newspaper Society, recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute a paper entitled "The Colonial Press." Judging from what he had to say about the press of Canada, it must be presumed that he was not even tolerably well qualified to discuss the subject in at least its special aspects, and in justice to him it can be said that he admitted his disqualification in that respect, having been compelled to form his conclusions from the opinions, solicited, of journalists who were supposed to have had opportunities of observing at first hand the press of the colonies in operation. The following is quoted from the paper: "I hear from an expert that the Old Country has nothing to learn from the Canadian press, which is gratifying to my natural, as distinct from my imperial, vanity. It is not unnatural that some of the manners and customs of the neighbours down south should have crossed the Canadian frontier. There is one matter which is certainly deeply interesting to us stay-at-home journalists. The leading Canadian dailies get their British news through New York and through the Canadian Associated Press —which is subsidised by the Canadian Government and is represented by a Canadian in London. I have been told that the Canadian press is unconsciously developing a strong Nationalistic spirit. This is seen in the almost universal advocacy of 'protection for Canadian industries.' The press of Canada, like its

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD

It was painted by Mr. Fred Roe at Buckingham Palace, where His Majesty sat specially for it and now hangs in King Edward VII Grammar School, lately opened at King's Lynn



MR. BYRON E. WALKER
New President, Bank of Commerce

politics, is largely influenced, if not actually dominated, by the manufacturing interest, whose motto is 'Canada for the Canadians.' It is a curious fact that while London letters reflecting British opinion go all over the Australian States, India and the United States, I know of no London letter sent to Canada, except to one or two unimportant papers. The space is devoted to local interests rather than to the interests of the British Empire. So I have been told by those who have been connected for many years with the Canadian press. The papers are, from a journalistic point of view, quite excellent. If there is any fault to find in them it is the absence of the British bias."

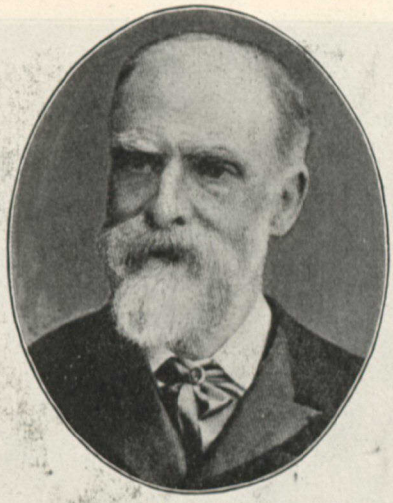
It is rather a sweeping statement to say that the Old Country has nothing to learn from the Canadian press, particularly when just two things are considered—make-up and conciseness. Of course, it must be admitted that as yet the Canadian press cannot support independent cablegrams, and therefore a good deal of foreign and British news does come in through New York. Most of it is sent, however, by the Associated Press, through Buffalo. But it is not fair to presume that there is an American bias, because, generally speaking, the despatches contain what comes under the category of fact and not of comment. Perhaps Mr. à Beckett is not aware that the majority of the papers he mentioned as the most important of the press of Canada publish from time to time special cabled articles from the *London Times*. So far, owing to various reasons, the Canadian Associated Press has not been a success. The "curious" fact that few London letters reflecting British opinion are published in Canada is a credit to Canadian journalism. The letter is out of date even before it arrives, and therefore is of decreasing interest to newspapers that are used to keeping up with the increasing mass of important events all over the world. The comprehensive article finds its place in the monthly magazines.

Mr. à Beckett said, also, that he had been told that in Canada newspaper space was devoted to local interests rather than to the interests of the British Empire. That is as it should and must be. Let Mr. à Beckett look over the newspapers of Great Britain and see whether as much space is given to colonial news as to the news of the British Isles. But it is not only news of the British Empire that we want; we want to know also about the rest of the world. And in this connection it might astonish Mr. à Beckett to know that the very newspapers he accuses of local restrictions, publish more world news, according to their means and opportunities, than the press of any other

country in the world, perhaps without exception. Even the news of our own Dominion is carried by wire over immense distances and at great cost.

Finally, Mr. à Beckett finds fault in the press of Canada because of an absence of the British bias. That is a strange statement from so seasoned a journalist. What we want is fact and a proper balance. There is enough bias now. If there is anything in the Empire to be deplored, let us deplore it; if there is anything to be praised, then let us praise it. But please do not give us things cut on the bias.

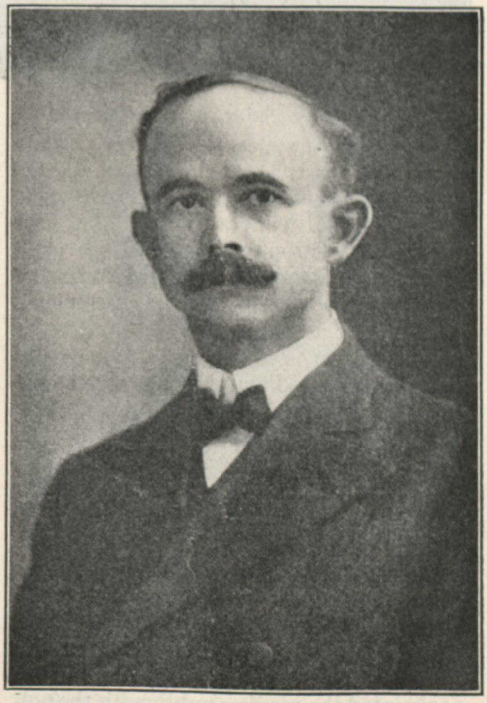
If Mr. à Beckett would do a real service for Canada and the Empire, he would use his good influence to induce the British postal authorities to place Old Country newspapers and periodicals entering Canada on at least the same rate with United States publications.



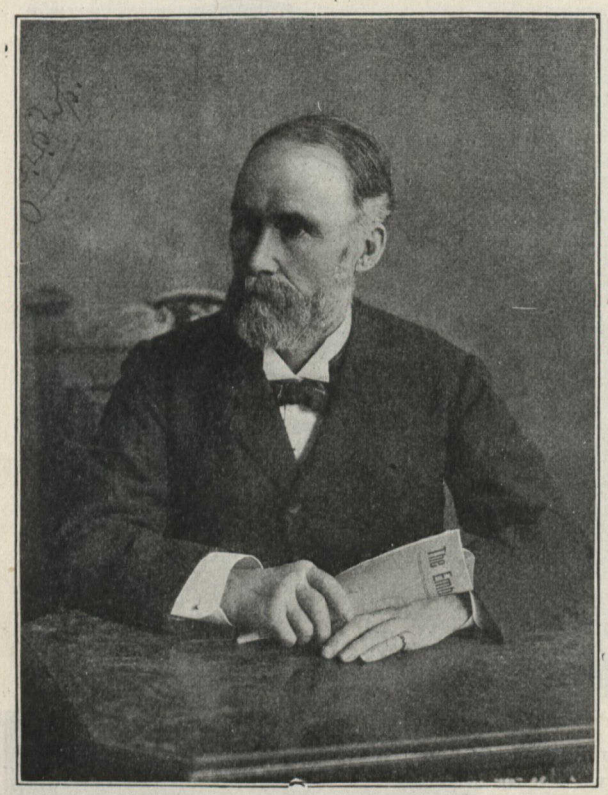
MR. JAMES BRYCE
The new British Ambassador to the United States

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF COMMERCE

IT had been known to a few persons that Hon. George A. Cox wished to be relieved of some of his most active responsibilities and that one of the first to be relinquished would be the Presidency of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, because there was a gentleman already well-seasoned for the position—Mr. Byron E. Walker, the General Manager. Apart from that, Mr. Walker had long been *de facto* the head of this great banking institution, and his appointment therefore came as a matter of course to those who had been at all qualified to forecast the situation. While Mr. Walker ranks with the great bankers of his time, in the United States and England as well as in Canada, he should be known to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as a gentleman whose high culture and artistic aspirations are rarely exceeded even by those whose daily walk and conversation have not to do mostly with the more prosaic affairs of finance and commerce. He is an educationist of Provincial reputation, having been successively a Senator, a Trustee, and now a Governor of the University of Toronto. Few persons in Canada have done more to encourage art at home than he has, and his sympathies have been extended in this connection towards the establishment of a compre-



JUDGE LINDSEY
Renowned for his success in reforming criminal tendencies in children



HON. G. W. ROSS
Who was recently appointed a Senator

hensive museum of art and to give art a place in the deliberations of the City Council of Toronto. He is also a geologist of widespread reputation, having earned a fellowship of the Geological Society of England.

Mr. Walker is fifty-nine years old, and was born in Haldimand County. He has been connected with the Bank of Commerce for thirty-nine years.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

THE recent visit to Ottawa, Toronto and other Canadian cities of Judge Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, has been of more than ordinary interest. During the last year, *The Century*, *McClure's* and other magazines have fairly acquainted the reading public with the policy of reclamation pursued by Judge Lindsey in his treatment of youthful offenders. Instead of committing a boy to a penal or industrial institution, he tries to win his confidence and thereby discover the circumstances which led to the act of offence. By this means he has been enabled to clear out whole districts which had criminal environment.

The proof of the policy is in the improved condition of a city and state, while the fact that business men of Denver are willing to take Judge Lindsey's "boys" into their offices and factories and give them a trial speaks emphatically for itself. The secret of his success lies in a personal investigation of every case and a personal supervision by the probation officers of all boys who come into court.

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

THE new British Ambassador to the United States, Mr. James Bryce, who has been, since 1905, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is one of the most eminent men of letters of to-day. It seems almost like an acceptable arrangement of fate that the man who in his "American Commonwealth" should have so well appraised the constitution and institutions of the United States should be sent to the capital of that Republic as the Ambassador of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Mr. Bryce has written, also, "The Holy Roman Empire." His writings and speeches have been marked with singular keenness of observation and loftiness of expression. Undoubtedly, he is the most acceptable choice that could have been made for Washington.

A CHANCE IN ONTARIO

THE removal of Hon. George W. Ross from the arena of active party politics in Ontario to the Senate at Ottawa affords a rare opportunity for distinction,

for now, if ever, the Liberal party of Ontario is crying for a Joshua. But will the cry be in vain? Able men there doubtless are, but the "ideal" man seems to be not available at the moment. It is a great opportunity, and it is to be hoped for the general good of the Province that a man of distinguished parts will arise to the occasion. To suit the circumstances, he must be more than a politician and more than an orator. He must be both of these, but as well a man of exceptional resource, unimpeachable character and unfailing magnetism.

Mr. Ross will be remembered in Ontario for his long years of service, particularly in the Department of Education. He will be remembered also as one of the most brilliant orators of his day, and it was in the field of oratory that he afforded a strong impetus to the younger members of the Legislature. His entrance into the Senate should enlarge the interest taken in the debates of that august body.

SPELLING REFORMERS AWAKE

THE movement that began in the United States some time ago to introduce what is called "simplified spelling" is still feeling the impetus it received from President Roosevelt. A "Simplified Spelling Board" has been organised, and a systematic campaign has begun. The board is composed of influential persons, including editors, college professors, and such gentlemen of prominence as Andrew Carnegie, Mark Twain, Isaac K. Funk and Lyman J. Gage. Literature is being distributed broadcast to editors, and an invitation is given to join others in the adoption of the simple forms of spelling, provided a satisfactory number of editors and publishers agree to do likewise. That is a good way to go about it, and it will likely effect a change in the spelling of many words. The list submitted contains about six hundred. The simplified forms suggested are of this nature: Ardor, instead of ardour; accurst, instead of accursed; cue, instead of queue; brazen, instead of brasen; kist, instead of kissed; clue, instead of clew; egis, instead of ægis; scepter, instead of sceptre, and so on.

We have not joined the new throng yet, our type-setters still being willing to go on in the old way. But perhaps the type-setters have not heard about it. Maybe they will later on. Meantime, we shall continue to be convinced that all the ladies of our acquaintance would be highly indignant if we were to say that they had often been k-i-s-t. To our minds, so far, there is nothing like the old-fashioned k-i-s-s-e-d, no other form just quite so good. Then when it comes to cutting down accursèd to accurst, we freely sympathise with those who have been used to reading the Old Testament aloud with fitting emphasis.

Why should not those who are zealous to reform spelling begin at the beginning, by inventing a few more hieroglyphics to represent the vowels that are really outraged in such words as t-r-o-u-g-h, trough, and t-h-r-o-u-g-h, through?

Following is a sample of reform, as the *Pall Mall Magazine* sees it.

THE NU SPELLIN

"What name, please?"—"Hemmaremmins."
"Beg pardon?"—"HEMMAREMMINS."
"Oh, ah, would you kindly spell it?"
"He-Hem-Hem-Hay Haitch-He-Hem-Hem-Hi-Hen-Hess!"

The Editor

IDLE MOMENTS

THE TRINITY OUTDONE

LITTLE Rob considered it a great privilege to help his father and mother to butter as he was often allowed to do. One morning there were four individual butter chips, instead of the usual three. Rob looked at them for a while; then counted slowly to himself, several times: "One for papa; one for mamma; one for me. One for papa; one for mamma; one for me."

Picking up the extra dish, he hesitated a moment; and after a blessing had been invoked, observed: "Well, this one must be for the Lord." *P.C.S.*

A DEMERARA BOY IN NEW YORK

THE following unique letter was recently received by a coloured woman in Demerara (British Guiana) from her son, stranded in New York. The letter is written from "Washington Street, New York, U.S.A.":

My Dear Mother,—I now take my pen in hand to write you these few lines, hoping that they may find you well, as they leave me very bad indeed at present. You must beg Mr. Brathwaite what I used to work carpenter with, if he please to go with you to the Governor Hutchson. But I got a mind that if you was to ask the Archdeacon to give you a letter to the Governor and say how bad I am suffering this side, the Governor obliged and bound to give me a passage home, because I am entitle to it as I am a true born native of the colony. Or you must carry your jewels to Mr. Antony and get money to borrow to pay my passage and get Miss Pilgrim to lend her rings till I come back and work for money to take them out. If your jewels pawn already, you will never see poor Gussy again. I has not tasted food since early to-day, and I don't look for none till I get your letter next month. Hungry going kill me before the answer come, but pray to the Lord plenty and I will try to keep heart. A prayer is answered more quicker in Demerara than in New York, so it is no good for me to say I going to pray this side, because I know before I begin nothing going to come of it. The more I pray the lesser I gets to eat and nobody here don't care about if I tastes food. The whole of this place are inhabited savages. I never see no respectable people like what you got in Demerara. All is avaricious and greedy and fallen short of Glory of God. Expecting to hear from you soon, or else you never see me no more, no more again, but like the prodigal in the far country I eats husks with the swine.

Yours repeatedly,

Gussy C.

P.S.—Be not weary in well doing. Search the scriptures daily and be wise unto the salvation of your soul. Sick and imprisoned and you visited me not. Depart into everlasting darkness where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Verily I say unto you you will not come out thence until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing. He that is often reproved and hardeneth his heart shall be suddenly cut off, and that without remedy. Behold the lilies of Palestine. Poor me, Gussy, I will work at the trade when I come back.

Commenting on this plaintive appeal, which he publishes in full, the editor of a Demerara newspaper facetiously remarks:

Master Gussy is evidently in a tight place, and knows it, and there may be a cheap funeral in Washington Street. I like his remark about eating husks with the swine, but I wonder if he means his fellow New Yorkers. One more fool disillusioned! Having been on the rack in New York myself,

however, I cannot well afford to poke too much fun at the home-sick creature, whoever he may be. I know what it feels like to be homeless and hungry in that wilderness of a city, and how cold it is sleeping on benches in the parks, except when a policeman comes along and makes it warm with a nice hard knock laid on anywhere. Sick of these night visits from our enemies, I and another Demerarian slept for a night in trees, but one night I awoke to find my fellow-sufferer being hauled to earth by two policemen, who were using a hook-stick like those grocers use to unhang hams with. They did not hook me, I dropped, surrendered, and took a clout on the back of my head like a peaceful citizen of the U.S.A. And then we crawled into an empty boiler at the river side in South Street. It was a perfect little paradise until the police put a hose through the man-hole and swamped us out. I pointed out to my tormentors that as I happen to be in the world I was bound to sleep somewhere, but one of them replied by asking in a strictly confidential whisper: "Why the h— don't you die?" No such luck.

Such is New York's reputation in the tropics! And since Gussy eventually got back to his native land and is no doubt telling the boys all about it, we may be sure that the ill-repute of the metropolis is receiving considerable emphasis.

G.M.L.B.

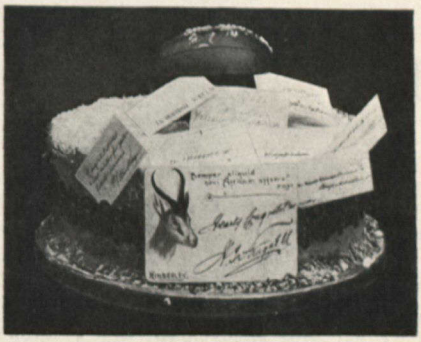
HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

THE quaint house shown in the picture is situated on Elysian Street, St. Thomas, Ont., and has been locally named "The House of Seven Gables." It is composed of seven distinct parts and formerly included several more. Then, too, like the original "House of Seven Gables," its title appears to be somewhat

uncertain. It belongs to what is known as the Ainley Estate, which has for years been in Chancery, and for some years it was not definitely settled as to whether the heirs of the estate had the legal right to collect rent from the tenant.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAKE

BEFORE the South African team started for England, a cake was presented by the Editor of the *Kimberley Star* to the captain of the team on the condition that it was not to be cut until they had won their first match in England.



On the top of the cake there was a small Rugby football made of chocolate containing the visiting cards of well-known residents in Kimberley. Only the captain and the manager of the team were in the secret, and the cutting of the cake came as a complete surprise to the rest of the players.

SMITH: "I say, Jones, can you pay me that five bob you owe me?"

JONES: "Sorry, Smith, but I haven't got it."

SMITH: "Can you lend me ten bob, then?"

JONES: "Certainly, old chap, with pleasure!"—*Selected.*

A CAT AND DOG CEMETERY

CAT or dog banquets, and even cat or dog shows, often strike the unsophisticated as being extremely ridiculous, but these things seem quite reasonable enough when proof is seen of an actual cemetery for cats and dogs. The accompanying illustration, taken from a photograph, shows a cemetery of this nature in Kensington Gardens, London.

A PRETTY MIX-UP

THE CENSUS TAKER: "Your name, mum?

"I don't know."

"Beg pardon, mum?"

"I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this State. In several States it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three States it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name."

"This your residence, mum?"

"I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighbouring State, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband."

"Then you're married at present?"

"I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts; divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California; a bigamist in three other States, and a single woman in eight others."—*Chicago Tribune.*

ACTIVE SERVICE

FRIEND—"Have you ever seen active service, Colonel?"

Colonel Grass—"I have, sir—very active. I once promised a waiter two shillings if he served me quickly."—*Tit-Bits.*

FIRST Physician—Has he got an hereditary trouble?

Second Physician—Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CEMETERY FOR DOGS AND CATS

The Growth of a Great Business

"SEMI-READY," HEADQUARTERS IN MONTREAL

THE whole of this five-storey factory on Guy street, in the city of Montreal, is occupied by the "Semi-Ready" Company and its staff of 400 expert tailors, each man an efficient master of certain secrets and details in Semi-ready tailoring system, one man a pastmaster of them all.

Designed and finished for their occupancy but three years ago, the premises are already too small for the needs of the Semi-ready Company, and at certain seasons of the year supplementary tailor shops are occupied in doing some of the less important work.

The first floor of the big building is entered from St. Luke street, and it contains the bonded warehouses, the employees' dining-rooms, and the master mechanics' shops. There is also a kitchen for the working staff adjoining the power rooms, where the company manufacture their own electric light and power.

The main entrance on Guy street brings the visitor to the head offices, and behind are the worsted warehouse, the shipping department and the stock rooms.

On the floor above is the designing room of the President and his staff. Under his close supervision the cutting of all the expensive cloths and fabrics is conducted.

The chief examining office is on the fourth floor, as are also the tailor shops where all the vests and trousers are made.

On the top floor all the coats and overcoats are tailored, and here is another examining department, where each coat is carefully scanned by critical eyes at 21 different stages of its making. Not a single bad stitch would pass if these eyes were as infallible as the Company wish they could be.

Ten years ago one small factory in Montreal made all the Semi-ready garments with a small set of tailors. New and inexperienced in their work the first few years saw slow progress because of the discouraging task in training the ordinary tailor to the better system. But all difficulties were overcome by the indomitable energy and perseverance of the founders. The way out was found only when the Semi-ready Company equipped their own tailor shops. This was done in a small way as compared with the present huge establishment, but even then the result was a quick expansion and a strong demand from many of the progressive towns and cities in Canada.

There are 71 Semi-ready tailoring stores to-day in the best towns and cities in Canada. The General Manager said that, "With a few more, which we have already

arranged for, we cannot undertake any more new agencies until we have either cancelled some contracts or enlarged our buildings. In the language of the golf club, we have now a 'waiting list' of merchants desiring the Semi-ready rights for certain towns."

Early in the history of the Company it was found necessary to protect the new idea against the veneered imitations which were hurled on the market by the ready-made clothiers. A trade mark was registered, and on a silk label this is sewn on the inside pocket of every genuine Semi-ready garment.

Here, then, was a new business launched on new ideas, and carried to a successful issue by the force of compelling merit.

The conception of an idea which may be entirely new is an everyday occurrence. It is only when the idea is perfected, and the public come to recognise it and adopt it that the man who conceives it can be called a genius.

John E. Kennedy, a native of Pembroke, conceived the Semi-ready idea of tailoring fine clothes whilst he was managing director of the Montreal *Herald* some twelve years ago. Mr. Kennedy's friends long ago accorded to him the possession of an Aladdin Lamp, for his career has been one which marks the creative talent which is commonly called native genius.

Mr. Kennedy was not a tailor, nor yet a maker of clothing. He was a newspaper man with a talent for vivid description of industrial enterprises. He argued that the finest leathers were put in good shoes and made in so many widths and sizes and shapes that any man or woman with normal feet could be easily fitted. He found that the gentleman who wanted a suit of clothes in a hurry could only get cheap clothes and ill-fitting clothes; if he was not of average build he could not even get these. And then he figured carefully that the same process of manufacture as was used in the making of shoes could be applied to the making of clothes. After studying physiology and physique types, he conceived the method of making clothes for every weight, height and shape of man. He studied the average physique type in every part of Canada. In the Maritime Provinces he found tall men. In the cities he found that many men were slightly stooped by office and desk work, and the average weight and height was smaller. In the mining districts and in the northern lumber countries he found men of larger girth, with broader shoulders. Going back to the earlier days he studied the environment and causes of physical development.

For some years Semi-ready garments were made in a small factory. These were the years of trial and experiments. A few stores were opened in the larger cities. The idea was explained to the people. They approved of the new system. A gentleman could, for $25, buy a suit of fine worsted, and save $10 on his purchase. He could buy a fine dress suit for $25, and have it delivered within two hours.

The garments were left unfinished at certain parts where only mechanical sewing was required to ensure an exact fit. The fitter marks those parts carefully when the garment is tried on. That was another part of the system, one of the many details.

In a few years there was a demand, strong and sustained, from every part of Canada and from the United States, for Semi-ready tailoring. The business grew faster than the young company could take care of it. There were many ideas in the Semi-ready system. Some clothiers, who ascribed the success of the system to advertising, copied the advertising. Others caught another single idea and exploited that. The Semi-ready Company both benefited and suffered from the counterfeits. They would be injured only by the wrongful judgment of people who bought the imitations and then gave a verdict against the genuine.

Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg were the first cities selected by Mr. Kennedy. Then came Ottawa, Quebec, London and Hamilton, with their exclusive Semi-ready stores. To-day there are seventy-two Semi-ready tailoring stores in the Dominion of Canada.

THE SIGNET OF SURETY

Have you ever noticed the paper bag that forms a lining in every package of **Orange Meat?** The manufacturers of this famous whole wheat food demand extreme cleanliness in the whole process of manufacture, and in order to preserve the nutty flavor so peculiar to **Orange Meat** they have secured a specially prepared mercerized bag for this purpose. The peculiar paper in this bag is manufactured by only one paper mill in America by a secret process, and is guaranteed to preserve its contents from moisture, taint or odor, from contact with any other goods.

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colors include the latest shades, rich tints of red, green, blue and brown and new evening shades.

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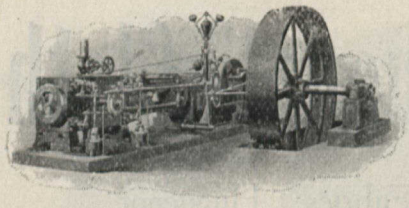
It will be the leading dress fabric for Spring wear. For sale at all the best dry goods stores.



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and the price is **20c. each. 3 for 50c.** Ask for the **WALDECK**, the Mirror of Fashion, the reflection is a collar for evening dress. The shape is conventional, therefore established. Notwithstanding the efforts that are made to introduce wing collars for dress occasions, the collar with a poke holds its popularity well. Made in Canada by Canadians for Canadians.

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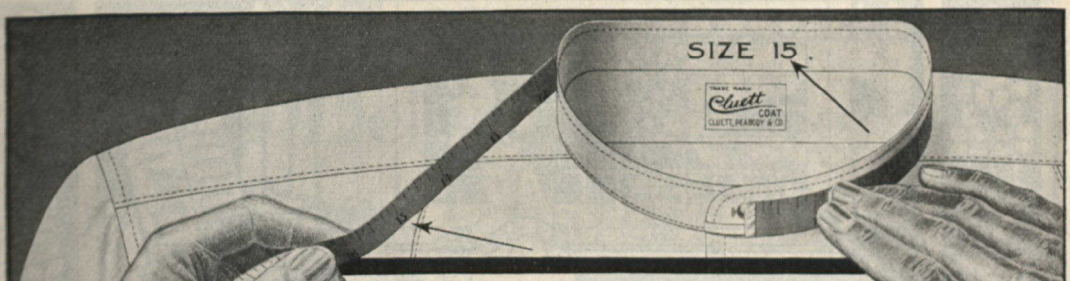

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GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.), 1900.

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Tasty and nourishing—it is just the food to build up robust health and to make a good supply of warm, healthy blood.

Clark's Pork and Beans is a perfectly cooked and tastily seasoned dish, which can be eaten cold or served steaming hot in five minutes. The name of W. Clark guarantees purity and high quality.

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NEW BRUNSWICK'S "GRAND OLD MAN" COMES OUT STRONGLY IN FAVOR OF "FRUIT-A-TIVES."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day one of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics. To-day, at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be always reckoned with in Parliament. When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvellous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.

OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my lifetime from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives," and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public, as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)

JOHN COSTIGAN.

Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this? Here was a great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic Constipation, made absolutely well in three months.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and combined with tonics and internal antiseptics.

Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills, and all preparations containing calomel, cascara, senna, licorice, etc. —"Fruit-a-tives" act like fruit DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. They arouse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move.

Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach —regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and build up, strengthen and invigorate the whole system.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

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In all cases of general debility and convalescence.

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They fit perfectly, and cling to your form as tho moulded to it—in fact, are distinctive models.

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¶ Everyone needs "Rodgers" cutlery because it is the best and the most economical; and because it must come up to a very high standard of strength before it leaves the factory.

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Cutlers to His Majesty
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Dr. H. Pye Chavasse in his "Advice to a Mother" says:

"The best artificial food in my opinion is cow's milk and

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This food has long been used in the Royal Nurseries of England and Europe, and is daily becoming more popular throughout Canada.

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The New Models *of the* Remington Typewriter

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FOR BABY'S BATH

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Some soaps are made to look like "Baby's Own," but the refined vegetable oils and flower perfumes which distinguish "Baby's Own" and make it so good for the skin are absent from these imitations.

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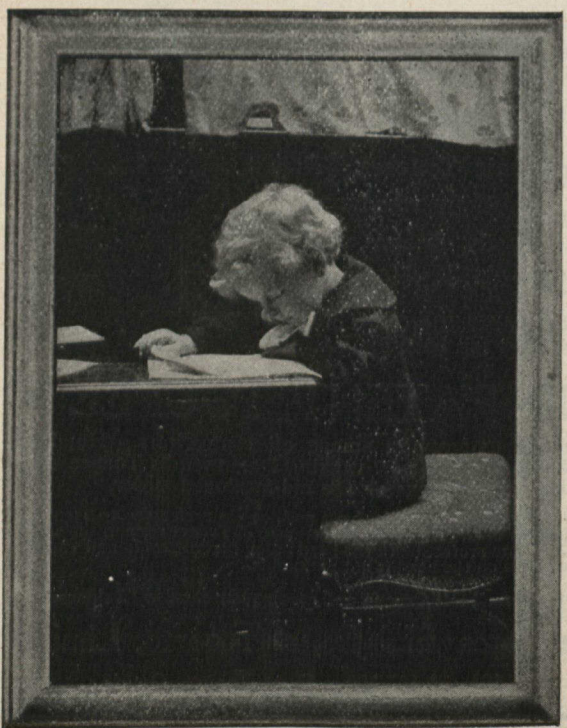

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Enables the player (even one who cannot play a note by hand) to give a sympathetic and correct interpretation of the world's great music, for the instrument responds to any demand with the desired intensity on every single note, and an instant change in time or shading whenever necessary.

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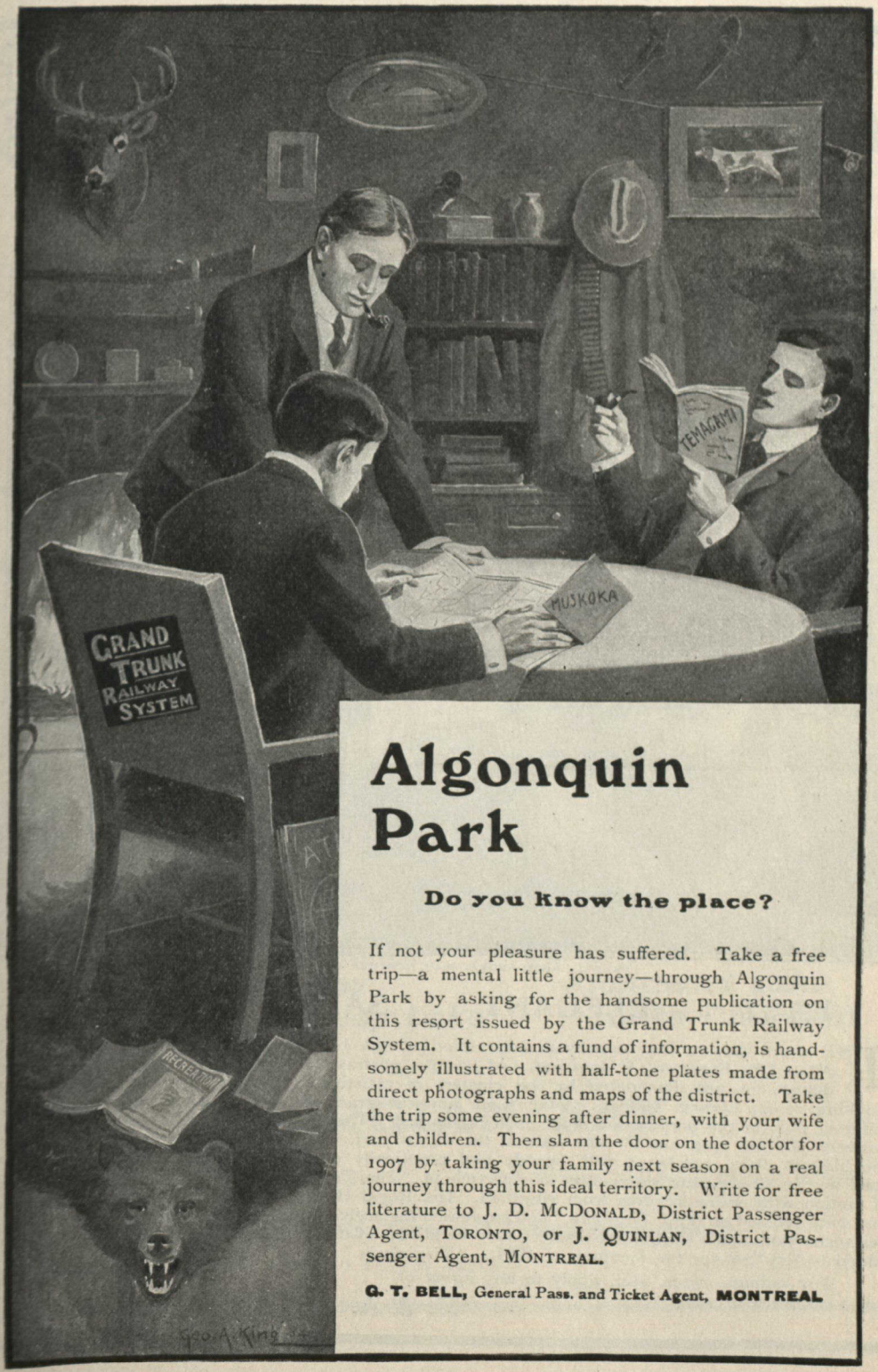

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
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FAST ELEGANT SAFE STEADY

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For sailings, rates, etc., apply to any agent or

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Backed up by a Factory { Near enough to take care of you
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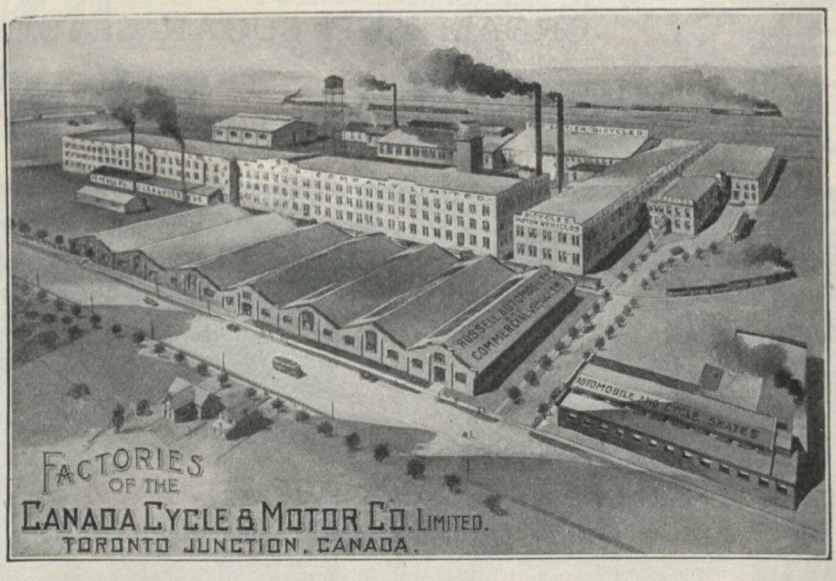

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COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

ACCORDING to the expert analysis of government authorities in the United States and Great Britain, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain the exact elements provided by nature for digesting food in the healthy stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have saved sufferers from stomach disorders millions of dollars by giving them, in one small 50 cent package, more relief than countless treatments by physicians would bring about at $3.00 per visit.

Perhaps you are afflicted with dyspepsia—or some kindred disease arising from a disordered digestion. It may be headaches, heartburn, palpitation, liver trouble, insomnia, nervous debility. They all have their beginning in a stomach which does not secrete the juices or grind the food which is taken into it.

If so, we urge you to send for a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. It will cost you nothing and surely will bring us no gain unless you find, after using it, that you are benefited and feel that you need a full-sized package.

There is absolutely no danger in using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Nothing is contained in them that has not been subjected to the closest scrutiny by the government officials.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest your food without demanding a careful diet. One grain of these Tablets has power to digest 3,000 grains of ordinary food. You can be sure, therefore, that no matter what your condition, these little tablets taken after each meal will shortly restore your stomach to its normal condition and render it capable of doing its work unassisted.

We withhold the names of hundreds who have written us voluntarily expressing their gratitude to this simple substitute for nature.

Send for trial package today. F. A. Stuart Co., 70 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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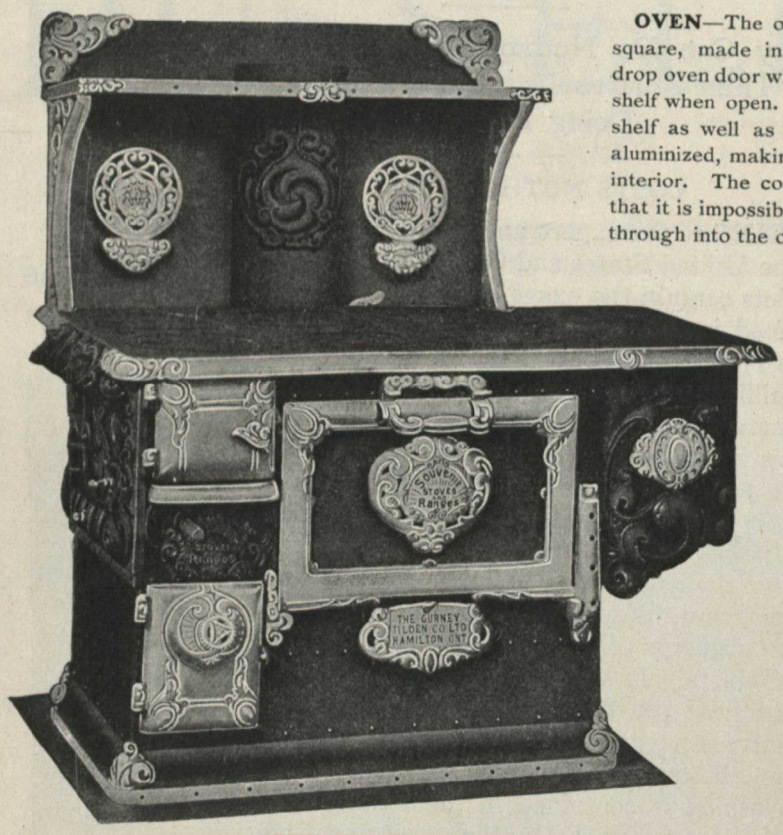
Here Are Some Points of Interest in Our Newest Steel Range



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OVEN—The oven is large and square, made in three sizes with drop oven door which forms an oven shelf when open. The inside oven shelf as well as the oven door is aluminized, making a bright, clean interior. The construction is such that it is impossible for ashes to leak through into the oven.

FIRE BOX—The construction of the fire box is such that the parts which are exposed to the fire are made exceptionally strong and simple, and the duplex grates can be taken out and replaced through the side door without disturbing the rest of the fire box.

"AERATED"—This Range, as is the case with all Souvenirs, is fitted with the celebrated **"AERATED OVEN"** by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular **"AERATED"** feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

ALL BEST STOVE MEN SELL THIS RANGE

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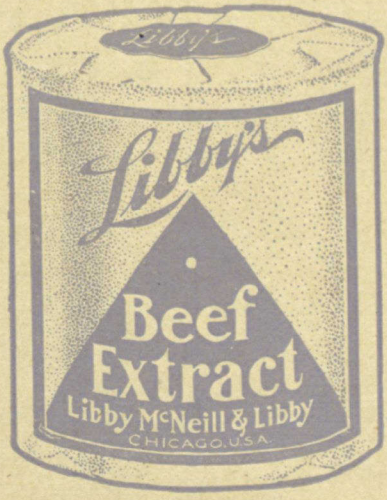
The True Food Test is Purity

The highest praise that can be given to any food product is to say that it is absolutely pure. Conscientious cleanliness throughout the Libby establishment insures positive purity.



Appetizing flavor, extra strength and absolute purity are the result of the perfected Libby methods, the model Libby kitchens and the use of choice lean beef in the making of

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Extract of Beef

The new 84-page book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat", gives many delightful recipes for luncheons, dinners, and evening spreads, that every housewife will appreciate. It will be sent free on request.

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that is in my soul."

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who can plan and execute; who can work and endure; who have clear brains and breathe deeply.

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That food is

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It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

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It builds up the strength of man and woman, girl and boy—and holds it up. It is the most wonderful tonic-food in the world.

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is usually the painful penalty of overeating, but is sometimes caused by fatigue, nervousness, or through neglect to be regular in habits. No matter how brought on, Beecham's Pills will bring speedy relief to most severe and obstinate cases. After a dose or two, sick headache entirely

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because this famous remedy goes directly to the seat of the trouble and passes it out of the system. Beecham's Pills combine certain vegetable properties in exact proportions, which act gently on the stomach, liver and bowels and restore the natural functions of the body. They are as carefully compounded as a doctor's prescription and as standard as a gold dollar.

You can relieve sick headache, constipation, indigestion and sleeplessness

With a Dose or Two of

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