

133

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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BATOCHÉ: A FORGOTTEN  
CAPITAL.  
LONDON POOR  
IN WAR-TIME.  
REFUGEES IN PARIS.  
DREAMS AND THEIR  
CAUSES.  
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1916

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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVI

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¶ "Prehistoric Remains in Canada," by Day Allen Willey, describes the wonderful discoveries, made in Southern Alberta, of remains of Dinosaurs, huge reptile-like creatures that inhabited the swampy regions that are now traversed by the Red Deer River. An account is given of the work done in discovering and restoring these remains, and photographs are shown of the results.

¶ In "Richard Hakluyt: The Spirit of our Race," Professor W. P. M. Kennedy traces the development of the peculiar genius that gives to British people their mastery of the sea. While the essay is essentially historical, it is as well a moving appreciation of the sea and its relation to man.

¶ "Historic Cap Rouge," by Miss Q. Fairchild. This is a fascinating description of the promontory and picturesque surroundings that have helped to make Quebec famous. There are excellent photographs of a spot that is full of beauty and romance.

¶ Among the fiction for April there is a play by Arthur L. Phelps and a short story, "The Dancing-Bear Man," by Marjorie Cook.



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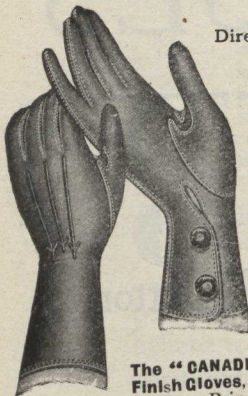
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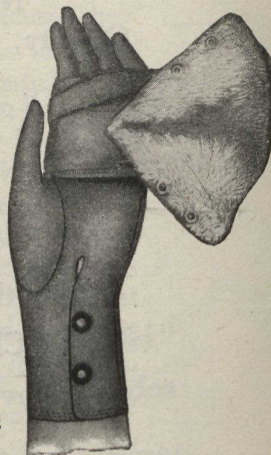
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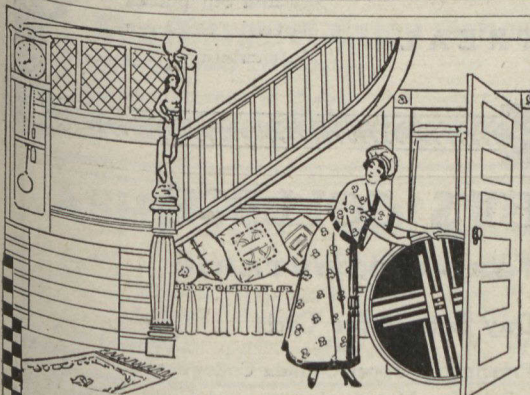
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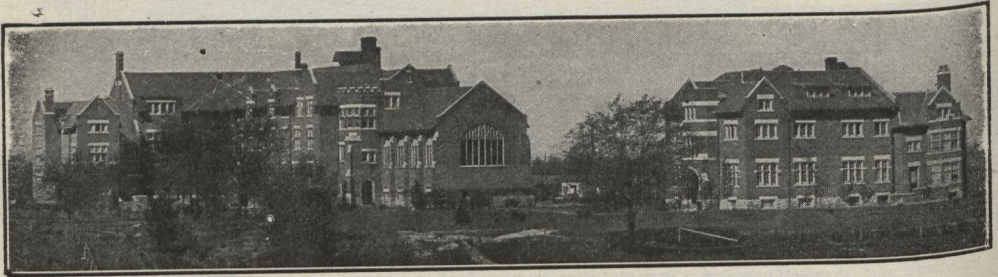
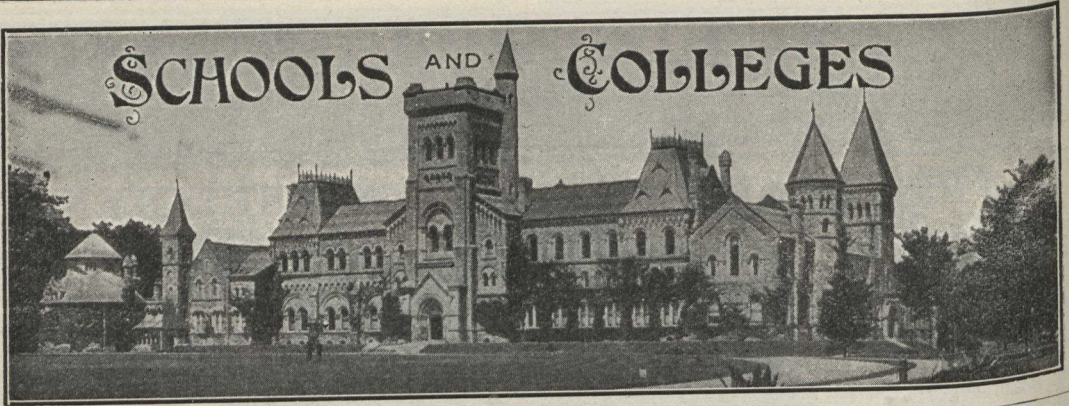
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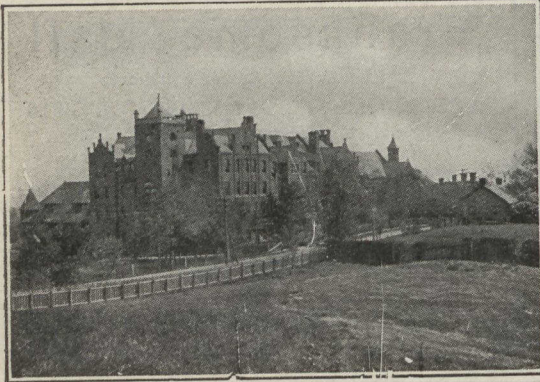
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THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained. Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

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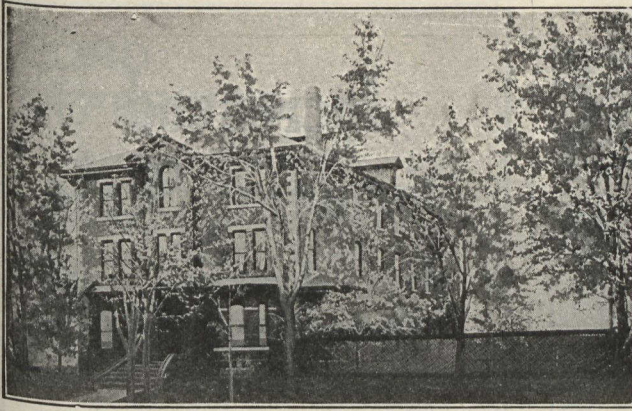
**G. J. DESBARATS,**

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, January 11th, 1916

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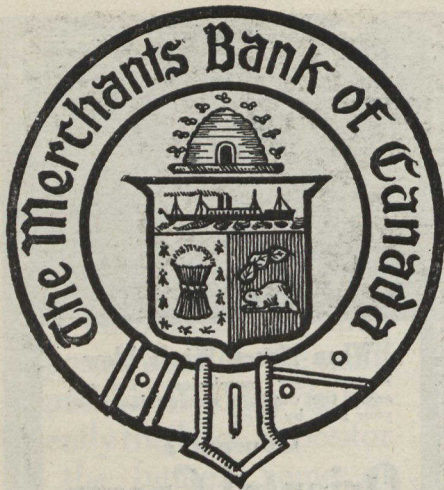
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**325—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—325**

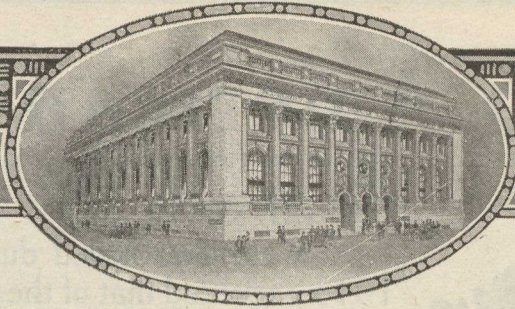
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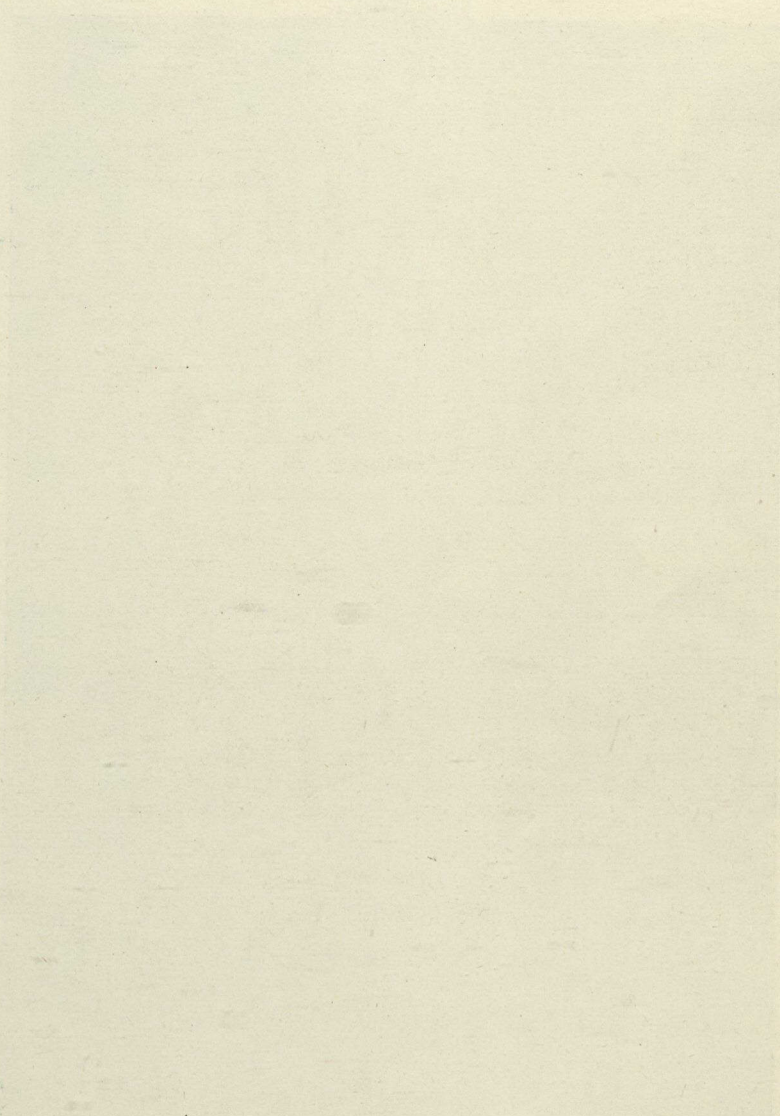
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED.. \$5,000,000

CAPITAL PAID UP..... \$3,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES











THE MARKET-PLACE, ST. MALO

From the painting by  
J. W. Morrice

Exhibited by the  
Canadian Art Club





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI

TORONTO, MARCH, 1916

No. 5

BATOCHÉ: A FORGOTTEN CAPITAL

*By H. W. Hewitt.*

WHEN I missed the train which should have carried me to Saskatoon, the Wonder City of the British Empire, I determined, on second thought, that fate had been kind to me. Here was I, watching the fast receding smoke from the "Capital Cities Express" losing its identity in the blue air of the limitless prairies, left by fortune to celebrate the birthday of the Dominion of Canada in a town where business was going on as usual because every day is a holiday there.

There is little in the modern Duck Lake to interest the commercial traveller, the theatrical manager, the real estate speculator or the tourist whose interest in the West dates no farther back than the day of the traction engine and the gang-plough. To such as they the eighteen hours of waiting between trains seems like a veritable eternity. It was because I had scanned the pages of history with perhaps as much, or more, interest than the pages of the daily newspaper that I determined that Dame Fortune had served me well. I would have been sorry had the train, on arrival at the

next station, learning of my absence, backed up to carry me on to Saskatoon.

Duck Lake has a history, though its appearance does not betray its past. It is built on the model of every other Western town, with its main street running parallel with the railway and a second business street meeting it at right angles near the station. A couple of hotels, for the first time in their history feeling the pinch of temperance legislation, by reason of the banish-the-bar legislation, which became effective that very day, a bank, a number of stores, a flour mill, some elevators, and numerous telephone poles disguise effectively its romantic past to all save those able to penetrate the veneer of twentieth century progress which hides nineteenth century history.

On this forty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of the Dominion of Canada I stood on ground where patriots had spilled their blood in its defence before it had attained its majority, and where equally patriotic, if more misguided patriots, had spilled their blood in defence of one of the most





THE BATOCHÉ HOUSE

Batoche had the blood of four races in his veins. He was wealthy, and built this house, which was a pretentious one for that time and place.

remarkable governments ever established on the North American continent—the government of a madman whose hallucinations were to lead him to the scaffold—Louis Riel, the métis leader.

Within a stone's throw of the station platform were those who had walked and talked with the two dictators, Riel and Dumont, who had tried to dissuade them from pursuing careers which could have but one termination, but who sympathized with them as fellow-pioneers who realized that sacrifices such as they and their compatriots had made in building homes in a new, wild country deserved recognition. Others there were, no doubt, within the same range, who had marched under the strange banner of the "Exovede", giving and taking hard knocks, and now living, with the past forgiven, in love and charity with their neighbours. Up by the lake, where the old town stood before the advent of the railway, lies the first battlefield of the Rebellion of 1885. The unripened grain waved over the spot where halfbreed and red-coated police and volunteer grappled and shot in an uproar which was destined to reverberate throughout the

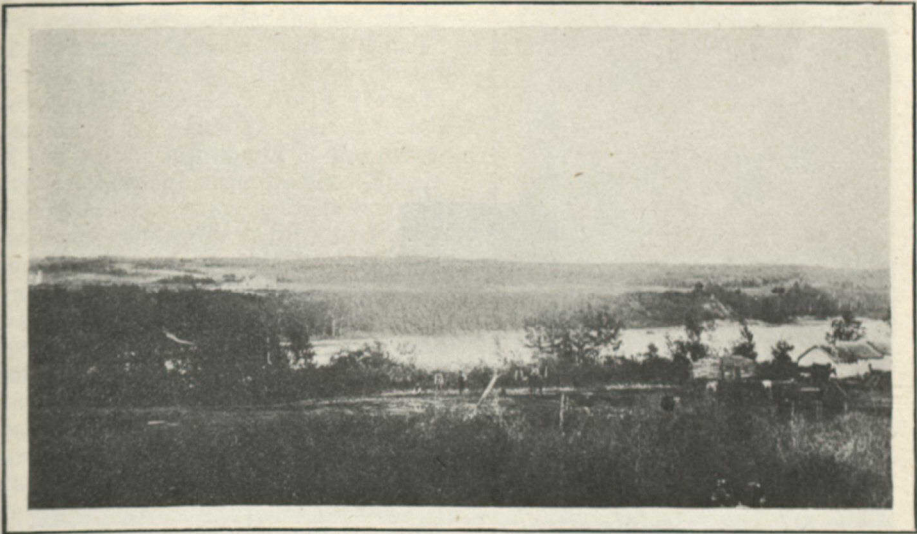
whole length and breadth of Canada.

Across the Saskatchewan, hidden in the seclusion of a heavy growth of aspen, their leaves quivering perpetually as if with fright at the horrors they had looked down upon, lies Batoche, the most romantic capital west of the Great Lakes, preserved by its very inaccessibility in a condition practically the same as in the stirring days of the "Exovedate".

I traversed the intervening miles between Duck Lake and Batoche battlefields in a livery motor car, annihilating distance at a rate which would have made the two dictators, Riel and Dumont, gasp for breath. "Joy riding" is not particularly conducive to romancing, and it was with a sense of relief that I stepped from the car to the romantic streets of the erstwhile capital.

Most of those who answered the roll call of the two rulers have crossed the valley which lies between the church of the living, St. Antoine, and the historic cemetery on the opposite hillside, where repose the ashes of those killed at the battle of Batoche, many of those who took part in the different battles of the rebellion, and Gabriel Dumont, whose body was brought from Belle-





THE BATTLEFIELD OF BATOCHÉ

From a photograph taken in 1885

vue, Saskatchewan, on his death on the nineteenth of May, 1906, for burial in the national cemetery of the métis. This cemetery, with its great wooden cross crowning the hilltop, and its scores of smaller wooden crosses marking the graves of the pioneers of the country, is held in reverence by all halfbreeds. It is an example that death levels all distinctions. This year marks the thirtieth anniversary of the rebellion, and in all probability the grave of Dumont would have been suitably marked by a monument had the great war not upset all plans for a commemoration. On the twentieth anniversary, however, there was erected to the memory of the fallen métis, a granite shaft containing the list of those buried at Batoche and different places who fell in the battles of Fish Creek, Batoche and Duck Lake. As a compliment to the métis leader, whose life was taken by his conquerors as the penalty for his rashness, Riel's name heads the Batoche list. A great part of the cost of the monument was defrayed by men whom Riel had designed to expel from the country, but who buried all differences and gladly took this opportunity to do honour to

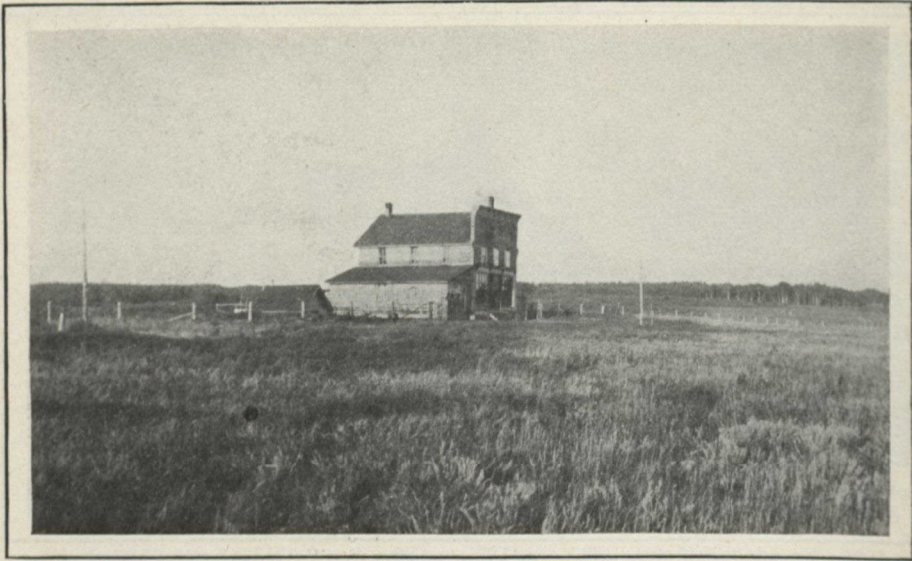
a brave, if misguided and impetuous, foe.

Some living links with the past remain, one of the most interesting being the parish priest, Father Julien Moulin, O.M.I., who still attends to the spiritual wants of the resident métis. Bent by the weight of many years, the aged priest finds abundant time to muse on the events of the stirring past, in spite of the fact that up to the present year he coupled with his parochial duties that of postmaster.

Doubtless Father Moulin was the oldest postmaster in the service of his Majesty, and at the same time one of the most respected. He carries with him a perpetual reminder of the days of the Exovidate, for a chance shot from a gatling gun lodged in his left thigh during the siege of the capital, while the parish house, in which he and three other priests were detained by the dictator, was under fire. Riel, disregarding his protests, had seized his church for occupancy as a barracks, and the loyal priest suffered the weight of the Exovede's displeasure.

Batoche, as it is now called, but which at the time of the rebellion was





A PRAIRIE STORE

It was looted by Riel's followers and used as a prison for Canadian soldier

generally known by the church's name (St. Antoine), received its present name from Batoche, whose name actually was not Batoche. This nickname was given to him by his compatriots, and the ferry below his house took its name from the nickname, likewise the village. When the trouble broke out Batoche left the scene, but his departure helped him little, for his pretentious home was confiscated by the Government and converted into a barracks for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police detachment which was stationed there for some time after the rebellion.

In one of the front rooms upstairs Captain French lost his life at the hands of a half-breed. The bullet-hole is visible still in the board partition. Across the road is the store used by Riel as a prison, after he had attached its contents for the use of his little army. Like the church, parish house, Batoche's house and most other dwellings in the one-time capital, this building bears the marks of the assailants' bullets. The rifle pits about the popular bluffs still remain, and it is comparatively easy, with the assistance of

a local guide, to conjure up a vision of the days gone by.

Batoche, when the rebellion commenced, was a place equalled by few others in importance. Here it was that the distribution of freight, brought by the voyageurs or traders from Winnipeg, was made to Duck Lake, Fort Carlton, Prince Albert and other northern points. Sir William Butler thus describes the characteristics of the French half-breeds:

"They are gay, idle, dissipated, unreliable and ungrateful; in a measure brave; hasty to form conclusions and quick to act upon them; possessing extraordinary powers of endurance and capable of undergoing immense fatigue, yet scarcely ever to be depended upon in critical moments; superstitious and ignorant, having a very deep-rooted distaste for any fixed employment; opposed to the Indian, yet widely separated from the white man."

Politically, Butler found them a counterpart of their Manitoba compatriots.

Batoche was one of the greatest buffalo hunting centres on the continent up to a time bordering close upon the rebellion. It had the distinction



of being the capital of a buffalo hunters' confederacy, under the leadership of that most famous hunter Gabriel Dumont. General S. B. Steele, in his recent book entitled, "Forty Years in Canada," has much of interest to tell of the buffalo hunts and of the necessity for thorough organization. Speaking from experience, gained through his long connection with the Police, and from personal acquaintance with Gabriel Dumont, he pays a tribute to the latter and describes the great hunts of the spring, summer and autumn. How the men of the band were organized with councillors and leaders, the word of the latter being law, and how the buffalo would be slaughtered by a simultaneous rush on the part of all the hunters at the conclusion of a prayer of one of the older members of the band, and again how the hides were tanned and the flesh converted into pemmican.

With the herds numbering in many cases from 50,000 to 60,000 bison, all ready to stampede at the first sign of a human being, it is manifest that strict regulations regarding concerted action had to be enforced for the benefit of all concerned. Modern seal hunting and other such operations are governed by a recognized code, and none are allowed to transgress. Gabriel Dumont, who was recognized all over the West as the prince of buffalo hunters, saw the need of this organization. He united the two great bands operating from Carlton and Batoche into a confederacy. As no legislation provided a procedure for the hunt, Dumont made rules which received the support of everybody except a few lawless members of the bands who defied the authority of the leader. Dumont, elected to the highest office in the gift of his compatriots, claimed independence of the Dominion and governed his countrymen from his capital at Batoche.

Whenever the law of the plains was violated, Gabriel took strong measures to enforce it. A charge of assault was once laid against him, and a newly-



FATHER MOULIN, PARISH PRIEST  
AT BATOCHÉ

He was wounded during the siege and held as a prisoner by Riel

appointed Justice of the Peace, not in sympathy with the leader, issued a warrant for his arrest. The attempt to carry out the order failed, but this state of affairs could not be winked at by the authorities charged with the enforcement of the law, and Major-General Sir E. Selby-Smith, who was on an inspection tour of the Northwest at the time, held a conference with the half-breed chief at Batoche, at which an understanding was reached, under





THE FERRY AT BATOCHÉ  
Propelled by the current of the River

which the confederacy was dissolved and the dictator's powers curtailed. This ended the first government at Batoche.

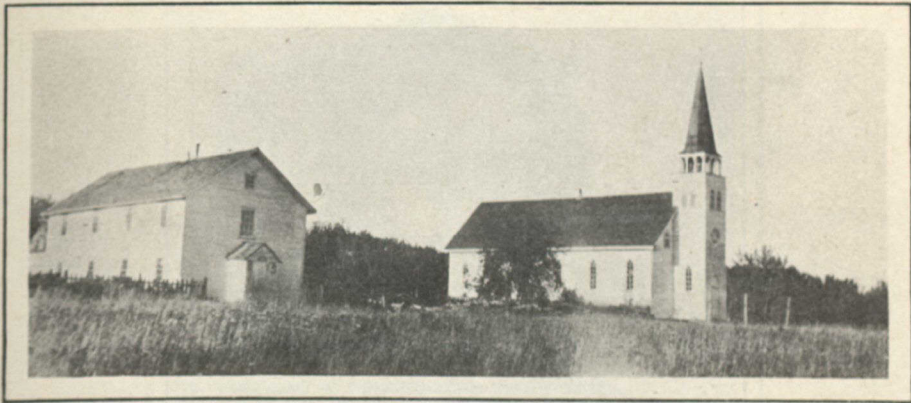
Naturally the man selected by his compatriots to govern a body of men altogether unaccustomed to restraint had outstanding qualifications for the position. When the confederacy was formed in 1875 Dumont was only thirty-seven years old, but even his father and his uncle, mighty hunters as they were, deferred to him when trouble loomed large on the horizon. There was not, from the border settlement of Pembina to the far northern post of Carlton, a braver or a kinder-hearted half-breed. Happy-go-lucky, spending as he acquired, utterly uneducated in the matter of letters, but a living dictionary in regard to nature, a born horseman, an unerring scout, and a faithful friend, Dumont was beloved and respected by white and half-breed alike, and feared by the Indians. It was only after all the poor members of the hunting bands had filled their carts with buffalo meat that Gabriel Dumont began to fill his own. His industry benefitted him little pecuniarily, for he was a born gambler; he sat at the gaming table on some occasions for days at a time.

He was a good loser, however, and took his defeats philosophically.

When Dumont, in order to avoid arrest and persecution, was obliged to release his prisoners, return their properties and the fines collected from them, he relinquished the reins of government and retired to his home at Gabriel's Crossing, not far from his former capital—Batoche. He was still looked to as the leader of his people, and none worked harder than he to secure justice for them. It was natural, when organized opposition to the Dominion in defence of their rights was contemplated, that he should be one of a delegation sent to Montana to persuade Louis Riel to espouse the cause of the métis or half-breeds. Largely by reason of his representations, Riel consented to return with the delegates to Batoche, and thus, ten years after the inauguration of the first government under Dumont at Batoche, a second government, under Riel, with Dumont as military commander, was established.

The causes leading to the establishment of the new government had multiplied as the years went by, as a result of inaction on the part of the Dominion authorities at Ottawa. It had required a rebellion to secure jus-





CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE AT BATOCHÉ

Both were riddled with lead during the storming of the place

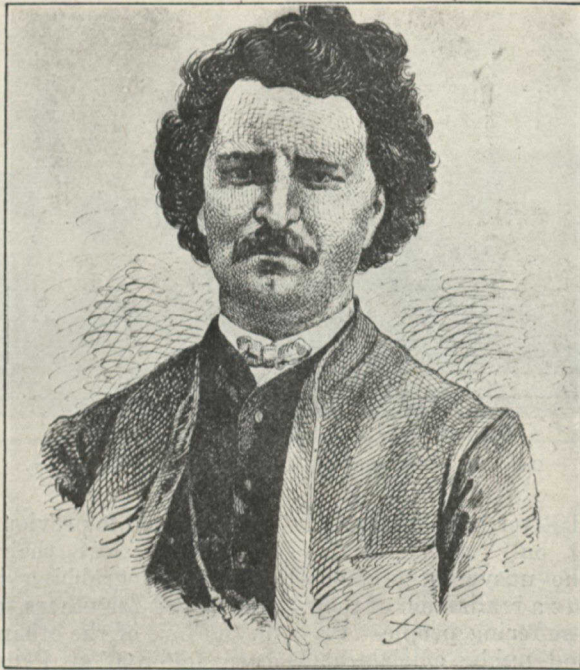
tice for the Red River half-breeds and it seemed that only similar action would bring the unsympathetic officials at Ottawa to a realization of their duty to a long-suffering people. Private citizens and public officials had frequently written to Ottawa in support of the half-breeds' contentions. A petition from the French half-breeds of Batoché, dated September 4th, 1882, summarizes the situation in other parts of the country. It draws attention to the fact that owing to the extermination of the buffalo they had been obliged to settle on the lands bordering on the South Saskatchewan, with a view to farming. They had located on unsurveyed land and, in ignorance of the regulations, had done so without taking into consideration the charge of two dollars an acre on land in odd-numbered sections. They asked that their lands be considered as even-numbered sections, and that an exception be made in their case, on account of their people having held the country at the price of blood against the Indians. They asked, also, that when the survey should be made, the lots should be surveyed along the river, ten chains in width by two miles in depth, the established mode of division in the country.

The answer in this case was a survey on the forty-chain-square system,

without heed to previous claims. Some half-breeds lost their lands, their neighbours grabbing it, and others had sowed for others to reap. All this in the face of the other system having been followed at Prince Albert and elsewhere, leaving everybody there satisfied. Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney wrote that many of the half-breeds were *bona fide* settlers and deserved consideration. It is no wonder that the half-breeds assembled in conference and passed a series of resolutions, and that, later, under Riel's guidance, a Bill of Rights was adopted and sent to the Federal Government.

This Bill of Rights contained seven demands or provisions, namely, the subdivision of the Northwest Territories into provinces, similar grants of lands and advantages to the Saskatchewan half-breeds as those given the Manitoba half-breeds, patents to the colonists in possession, the sale of half a million acres of Dominion lands to provide for institutions and privileges for the half-breeds, the reservation of a hundred townships of swamp land for distribution among the children of half-breeds during 120 years, a grant of at least \$1,000 for the maintenance of an institution to be conducted by nuns in each half-breed settlement, and better provision for the support





LOUIS RIEL

Who set up a provisional government at Batoche

of the Indians. No reply was received to these demands.

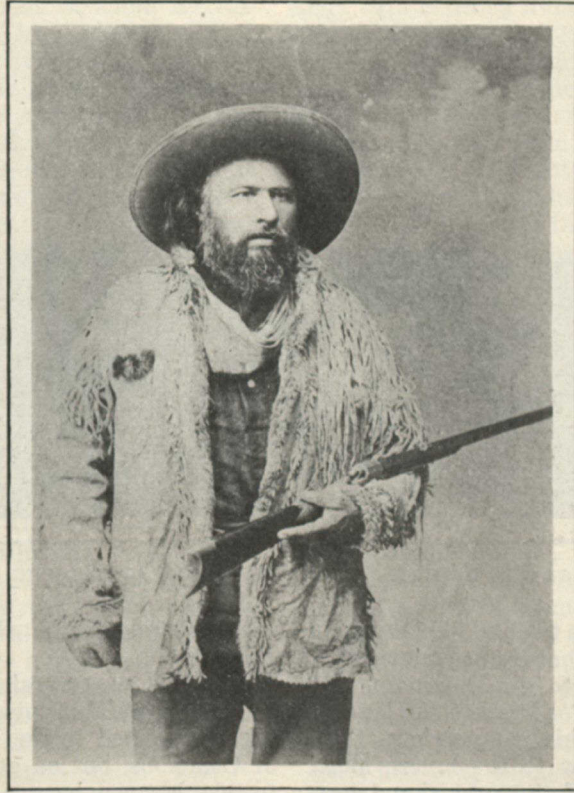
Why the half-breeds sought the assistance of Louis Riel can be best learned from a short recital of his life up to that time. Born at Red River, now Winnipeg, in 1844, he had for his father a man who had organized an armed force to secure justice for his half-breed compatriots. His mother was the first white woman born in the great West. Riel was one of three métis lads in attendance at the little college at St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg, on the occasion of a visit by Archbishop Taché to St. Boniface. He, with them, were sent, through the Archbishop's influence, to colleges in Quebec, to complete their education.

It was expected that Riel would become a priest, but his college escapades showed his unfitness for the priesthood. On one occasion he entered a house in Montreal and demanded

\$10,000 from its wealthy owner. On another occasion his poor mother sold all her possessions, on his persuasion, to further his plans. On his return to the West he became the acknowledged leader of his compatriots by reason of his superior education and his prepossessing appearance and disposition.

Opinion differs on the point of Riel's action in the so-called Red River Rebellion of 1869-70. The Canadian premier himself declared that the resistance of the half-breeds was evidently not against the sovereignty of his Majesty or the government of the Hudson's Bay Company, but against the assumption of the government by Canada. When the Dominion Government bought Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company and planned to annex it to the Dominion, the ten thousand settlers, whites and half-breeds who had their homes in the country were ignored in the matter,





GABRIEL DUMONT

As he appeared while a leader of the Métis of Western Canada

and the action of arrogant land surveyors and other officials sent out to change existing conditions made the colonists suspicious and determined to assert their rights. A provisional government was formed in December, with Bruce as its president; but it gave place in the early days of January to a government under Riel. Riel claimed that his was a constitutional government, and had he not taken the irrevocable step of executing Thomas Scott, one of his most persistent and annoying opponents, he might have emerged from the whole affair honoured at least by his own people.

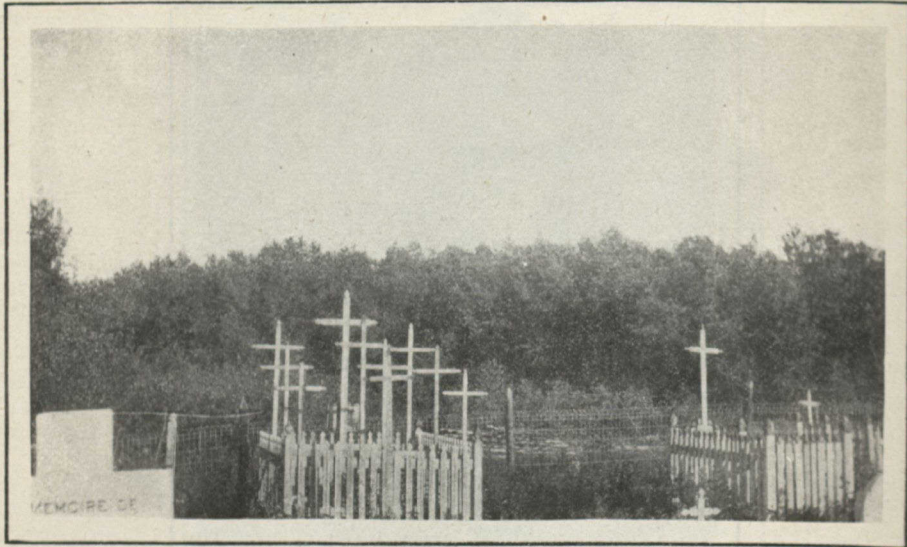
The late Lord Strathcona, who, as plain Donald Smith, was sent to the Red River to establish order, speaks of Riel's personal appearance as follows:

He was "a short, stout man, with a large head, a shallow, puffy face, a sharp, restless, intelligent eye, a square-cut, massive forehead overhung by a mass of thickly clustering hair, and marked with well-cut eyebrows—altogether a remarkable looking face, all the more so, perhaps, because it was to be seen in a land where such things were rare sights."

Couple his appearance with his manner and add the appeal of youthfulness to the trinity of his attractions (for he was only twenty-five years old when called upon to act a part which many an older man would have taken with far less success and tact), and one can imagine that a great career might well have been his had he not alienated so many former admirers by his arbitrary execution of Scott.

Disloyalty to his Sovereign cannot be ascribed to Riel, and as Manitoba





GRAVES OF METIS REBELS WHO FELL AT BATOCHE

did not become a part of the Dominion till 1870, it can hardly be claimed that he was a rebel to the Dominion. At any rate, Riel was loyal to the land of his birth and his compatriots. The Union Jack flew to the breeze along with the flag of the provisional government, and even the arrest of his two delegates at Ottawa failed to make him accede to O'Donoghue's demand that the British flag be replaced by that of the United States. Riel placed an armed sentry at the foot of the flag-staff with orders to fire on anyone attempting to lower the Union Jack. This O'Donoghue, the secretary-treasurer of the provisional government, represented the Fenian element in Riel's council. Archbishop Taché is authority for the statement that "sums of money amounting to more than \$4,000,000 and men and arms had been offered" by Fenian Americans on condition that Riel would support annexation to the United States. Riel had refused. In 1871, when the Fenians again threatened to invade Canada, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba himself asked Riel to render assistance, and two hundred and fifty mounted half-breeds were placed at

the disposal of the Government by Riel.

Riel was, on several occasions after the union of Manitoba with the Dominion, elected to the Federal House of Commons, but on going to Ottawa to take his seat he was confronted by a true bill on the part of a grand jury, naming him as the murderer of Thomas Scott. He was never placed on trial, however. This true bill, together with a reward of \$5,000 for his arrest, made the East a troublous place to live in. Notwithstanding this, on being again elected to represent Provencher, Riel went to Ottawa and tempted fate to the extent of signing his name on the members' register. By vote of the House, he was banished from the country for five years, being first expelled from the Commons.

Defying the Government, the ex-dictator went to Quebec, but his mind was becoming unbalanced. In 1876, at Montreal, on one occasion he interrupted the celebration of mass and demanded permission to conduct the service, claiming superiority over the celebrants of the mass. His commitment to the insane asylums at Longue Point and Beauport followed, eighteen



months being spent at those institutions. He, on his release, visited Washington, where his insanity brought about his arrest. He was released in a short time, however, and allowed to rejoin his family. He went, in 1878, to Minnesota and thence to Montana. Everywhere suspected, and with his erratic career known, he came into conflict with the Montana State authorities in 1879. He then sought seclusion.

Down in the half-breed settlement of the Judith Basin, at the little mission of St. Peter's, in the county of Lewis and Clark, overshadowed by the majestic Rocky Mountains, Riel found employment and rest. He married a French half-breed woman and had two children. He was employed as a teacher in the Industrial school of the Jesuit Fathers, and devoted his spare time to inducing the half-breeds to vote for a political party he had affiliated with. Here it was that the delegation from Batoche found him, presenting their credentials and the public invitation to assume the leadership of the half-breed movement. The recipient of these honours asked for twenty-four hours in which to think the matter over.

Riel lived in absolute simplicity, his surroundings giving eloquent proof of the fact that he had not profited in a financial way by his extraordinary career. This duly impressed the delegates, who were overjoyed when, at the expiration of the twenty-four hours, Riel and his family left with them for the little village which was to become the capital of the crazy school teacher. He stated to his employers that he would return in the fall.

Had the leader's reason stood the strain it is quite probable that the agitation would have ended in a peaceable settlement. But hitherto revealed passions came to the surface. He became inordinately egotistical, believing himself to be not only a leader of his people but a priest and a prophet, the centre of a national move-

ment. He believed himself entitled to \$35,000 from the Government, which he demanded as the price of inactivity on his part. This money, he claimed, he would have used to establish a newspaper to advocate the rights of the métis. It is doubtful if he contemplated bloodshed before the fight at Duck Lake. After this battle, however, his previous weak mentality gave place to a total lack of self-control, and he became a menace to the cause he was to have championed.

Riel became a permanent resident of the settlement, having been presented with a house and a purse of money by his admirers. His eloquence in the cause of the half-breeds enrolled under his banner most of the half-breeds and many of the Indians. On March 18th, 1885, in the face of the granting of scrip by telegraph to the half-breeds of Manitoba, Riel established a provisional government at Batoche, himself assuming the presidency and delegating to Gabriel Dumont the task of organizing the half-breeds as a military force.

Riel had long claimed supernatural power. At his trial he stated that a realization of his power came to him on the 18th of December, 1874, while seated on the top of a mountain near Washington, Dakota. The same spirit who showed himself to Moses appeared in the midst of fire and cloud to him, saying, "Rise up, Louis David Riel, you have a mission to fulfil." Stretching out his arms and bending his head, he had accepted the mission.

Naturally excitable, the half-breeds were deluded by the earnestness of their temporal leader, and his followers, for the time being, disowned the Roman Catholic faith. To allay the uneasiness of the half-breeds, who at times fretted over their alienation from their mother church, Riel hoisted a flag of his own making, bearing the ten commandments on a white field. His *Commonplace Book*, written at Batoche, is full of dreams and visions. He prays that an unbelieving councillor, Moses Ouellette, will



turn from Rome. On the 6th of April he had a vision showing him that the great Captain of the Eternal City would shortly arrive at Montreal, where Ignatius Pierre Bourget was to be made Universal Bishop or Pope. He prays that the French Canadians in General Middleton's expedition, advancing to overthrow his rule, will lay down their arms or make peace with him. He ascribes the loss of so many half-breed horses at the Battle of Fish Creek to the métis practice of betting on horse-races.

Four-days of fasting having been observed, the half-breed leader, late in April, comments on the good effects of fasting, prayer and mortification. He asks God that a good arrangement may be made with the Dominion of Canada and that Canada will pay him the indemnity due him; "not a little indemnity, but one just and equitable before Thee and before men". He asks for the gifts of the priesthood for his councillors. In a sort of oratory in the church of St. Antoine de Padua, decorated with a cross and some holy pictures, and an old letter from Bishop Bourget of Montreal, whom he intended to make Pope, and a special blessing for the half-breeds from Bishop Grandin, Riel spent much time in prayer. Very often military operations were greatly hampered by his interpretation of visions.

On May 6th Riel addressed a frenzied appeal to the "Citizens of the United States of America" through *The Irish World*. His commonplace Book of the same period is not at all flattering to that nation. He narrates that the Spirit of God put him and Michael Dumas into a conveyance and they set out for the United States. Dumas went on, he returned.

He writes:

"O, my God, preserve us from the misfortune of having anything to do with the United States. Let the United States protect us indirectly, spontaneously, and by the arrangement of Thy Holy Providence, but never by a direct engagement, or by any understanding on our part.

"I have lived miserably in the United

States among serpents, in the very midst of poisonous vipers. I was there so surrounded that whenever I wished to place my feet I saw them swarming. The ground was positively alive with them. The United States are, in a sense, a perfect hell for an honest man. The virtuous, respectable family is there held in discredit; it is turned into ridicule; it is made a jest of. O, it is an awful misfortune to be obliged to seek a refuge in the United States!"

Riel's council, fully believing in his supernatural power, promulgated his religious orders as they did his civil orders. They as a body acknowledged by resolution their belief in him as a prophet in the service of Christ, a prophet at the feet of Mary, under the powerful and most favourable protection of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the patron of the half-breeds, the imitator in many things of St. John the Baptist, patron of the French Canadians. Only one of the councillors refused to subscribe to this belief.

With only three dissentient votes the Council changed the Lord's Day from Sunday to Saturday, "the Holy Day of the Lord's Rest". The pagan names of the days of the week were to be replaced by others of a more Christian character. Sunday was to be Vire Aurore; Monday, Christ Aurore; Tuesday, Vierge Aurore; Wednesday, Joseph Aurore; Thursday, Dire Aurore; Friday, Denil Aurore; and Saturday, Calme Aurore.

It is interesting to learn that Riel regained his religious balance as the time for his execution arrived. At the Regina prison he wrote a very touching letter to his mother and expressed his love for his wife and his family, and in his last will and testament, having little of this world's goods to leave, he extends to them his blessing. He announces his entire adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith, retracting what he had said and professed contrary to her teaching, asking pardon for the scandal caused by his deflection, and concluding by stating that it was his wish that there should not be the difference between the priests and him as great as the



point of a needle. He died bravely, repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Life at the woodland was anything but monotonous after the establishment of the rebel government, called by Riel the "Exovidate," a word originating in his fertile mind. He styled himself "Louis David Riel, Exovedo," the David being added to his name to indicate his combined kingly and priestly attributes. Hundreds of half-breeds responded to his appeal for supporters, and numerous Indians joined his ranks. Half a thousand of his compatriots and Indians at one time were gathered about their chief at Batoché. Their devotion to him and the cause varied, and defections took place after the real outbreak of hostilities, so that, when the capital was captured by Middleton's troops, only ninety supporters were to be found in the vicinity.

The period of actual fighting was of short duration. At Duck Lake Dumont defeated the Police and Volunteers from Prince Albert. Riel rode among his followers unarmed, carrying a crucifix in his hand and dissuading the rebels from following up their victory. Dumont was shot in the head towards the conclusion of the battle. On April 2nd, Big Bear's Indians massacred the settlers and two priests at Frog Lake. At Fort Pitt Francis Dickens, a son of the great novelist, with his twenty-three police, repelled the Indians and afterwards made his escape in good order. At Cut Knife Creek, not far from Battleford, Colonel Otter's force was defeated by Poundmaker and his Indians. General Middleton, with his troops, met Dumont at Fish Creek, on the way to Batoché, and was greatly surprised at the splendid fight put up by the rebels. His experience there caused him to delay his attack on Batoché until May 9th, when the three-days siege of the capital commenced, culminating in its capture on the fourth day. The church and parish house and other buildings in the village still bear the marks of bullets from the gatling gun

under Howard, as the rebels had to be driven from the church and other structures and the rifle pits in which they entrenched themselves. Riel evaded capture for several days by escaping to the woods. On the morning of the fifteenth Moses Ouellette reached him with a note from Middleton promising him protection until the Dominion Government should take action.

The deposed leader could even then have escaped to the United States, but he preferred to give himself up in the interests of his followers. His trial at Regina resulted in his conviction and execution on the 16th of November, 1885. His body was taken to Winnipeg and interred in the cemetery at St. Boniface, under the shadow of the church with "turrets twain" immortalized by Whittier. The great Cathedral which replaced this church was erected quite a distance back from the grave, around which his grateful compatriots annually gather to decorate the grave with flowers. The simple monument over his remains bears no eulogy, merely the name "Riel" and the date of his death, doubly eloquent by reason of its simplicity.

Dumont, faithful to his chief till the end, searched for him till he heard of his surrender, when the redoubtable commander, with a very scanty ration of sea biscuit, accompanied by Michael Dumas, another of Riel's councillors, who had accompanied Dumont to Montana less than a year before for the purpose of bringing Riel to Batoché, rode the six hundred miles between their former capital, where the miserable survivors of the ill-fated rebellion were kept from starvation only by the generosity of their victors and the United States. Few would have cared to stop him, and many helped him to make his escape. Four years later he visited Montreal, where his story of the rebellion was taken down and published. Respected by friend and former enemy alike, he passed to his reward in 1906.



# THE DEVIL'S POOR

## By A. M. Belding.

A MILD FORM OF SLAVERY AS PRACTISED IN NEW BRUNSWICK

THERE is proof of "poor farming" in New Brunswick as recently as the year 1914. "Poor Farming" is, in many instances, an inhuman method of dealing with paupers. In some counties in New Brunswick, and, though perhaps not so recently, in Nova Scotia also, the keeping of paupers was sold at public auction to the lowest bidder. A useless old person cost the county more than one that was able to work. The idea was that if one man offered to keep another man a year for fifty dollars he would expect to get much more than that in actual service.

In January, 1914, *The Press*, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, published the following paragraph:

"To our shame be it said, this prosperous county of Carleton has continued in the old inhuman way of putting up its poor by auction to the lowest bidder. In some cases we are told the offer to take care of the poor man is very low, as the bidder expects to use his charge for work around the farm, and in consequence the pauper is made to work when physically he is not able to do so. There are many other objections to the present method."

*The Press* made these observations in the course of an article in which it pleaded for the establishment of a poor farm for Carleton county where all those who through poverty had become a charge upon the public could be cared for in a proper way. The article appeared on the day the municipal council met, and the council appointed a committee to investi-

gate the whole subject and report. The councillor who moved for a committee said there were forty-five persons who were a charge upon the various parishes, and he deprecated the term "devil's poor," which some persons applied to those who became a parish charge. In his view the interests of humanity demanded something better than the system of farming out the poor to the lowest bidder. The result of the council's action is shown in the following paragraph from *The St. John Globe* of June 17:

"The county of Carleton is preparing to establish a poor farm, and at the first session of the Legislature will ask the necessary authority. It should be made obligatory on each county in the Province to establish and maintain a proper home for its poor, either by itself or in conjunction with some other county or counties. An end should be put forever to the system which still prevails in some sections of farming-out the poor."

I very well remember a vigorous agitation in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia more than twenty years ago, and there can perhaps be no better illustration of the steadily growing recognition of the humanitarian principle in Canada than a comparison of present methods of caring for the poor with those in vogue a quarter of a century ago. Speaking of conditions in New Brunswick, with which I am most familiar, a reference to the conditions, say, thirty years ago could no doubt be applied to a much wider field.



Here, for example, is a copy of a notice (names omitted) which was publicly posted for the information of the people of Sussex, one of the thriving villages of this Province in 1884:

## NOTICE

The board, lodging, and clothing of  
(names of four persons),

## PAUPERS,

will be let to the lowest approved bidder for a period of time, on Wednesday, the 31st December, inst., at the railway station, at two o'clock.

.....

.....

.....

Overseers of the Poor.

A later report shows that the board, lodging and clothing of one of these paupers was "let" for a year at \$90, that of another at \$72, and a third at \$64.50. No one would bid on the fourth, and a private arrangement was necessary. The newspaper correspondent, who attended the sale, wrote: "Your correspondent does not hesitate to say that the purchasers are unable to keep these paupers in the way they ought to be kept". It may be added that the county of Kings, in which Sussex is situated, now has an admirably conducted home and farm for the helpless poor.

In one of the villages of the county of Kent a notice posted a year or two later than that already quoted was even more brutal. It read:

## AT THE LOWEST BID

I will sell at the lowest bid, on Monday, 5th of May, at or near L. Block (names of two persons).

.....

Overseers of the Poor.

The newspaper correspondent, referring to this sale, said:

"Competition is generally pretty keen, and as a consequence in many cases the amount is so low that the successful bidder does not consider himself obliged to bestow any great amount of care upon his unfortunate purchase. He has as absolute possession of the latter during the year as any southern planter had of his slaves, and at the end of the year the bargain is sometimes renewed by private arrangement with the overseers, especially if these officials consider they have made

a good bargain. It is said by those who have attended these slave-sales in this vicinity that only a few years ago they have seen the human chattels taken to the place of sale in an old cart, that the purchasers might become better able to judge of their condition."

The writer added that of the two men offered to the lowest bidder one was nearly a hundred years old, and the other had a son who apparently was a well-to-do farmer of the county.

A correspondent writing from Queens county about that time said:

"At the late sale at Briggs's Corner, three paupers on the parish were disposed of in the usual way to the lowest bidder."

This prompted the editor to observe:

"Had they been horses, cattle, or dogs they would have been mercifully emancipated from their misery, or the S. P. C. A. would have seen to it that they were provided with a sufficiency of food and shelter."

At these sales it was quite the common thing for the paupers to be taken to the place of sale, in order that those who "bid for their keep" might be able to form an estimate of the amount of work they might reasonably expect to get out of their charges during the year; and the comments of bystanders were not always sympathetic, since the care of the unfortunate men and women was a charge upon the taxpayers. When an agitation was begun in the newspapers to bring about a change in the system, it was learned that many people regarded any change with absolute disfavour. For example, one correspondent, protesting against a change wrote:

"We are taxed quite heavy enough at present, without being burdened with the maintenance of a poor-house. We are more in need of some protection against fire than an almshouse. If a certain amount is needed to keep the poor at present, what amount will be needed to erect an almshouse and pay the salary of a head officer, with two or three assistants? The number of paupers will surely increase, if an almshouse is erected, where



they will fare probably as well as the taxpayers who keep them, and have other conveniences and enjoyments, such as fire escapes, Christmas trees, etc., which the taxpayers can seldom afford at home."

Other economists protested against "an endless tax upon the ratepayers of the county" for an expensive public building, and one sympathetic soul drew a picture of a poor widow with two or three children sent to the poor-house to have the finger of scorn pointed at her ever after, when a few dollars a year for a few years would tide them over their difficulty. Protests which did not reach the newspapers were made on the ground that the paupers had spent their money for liquor or had wasted their substance in some other way, and therefore did not deserve any consideration from the hard-working taxpayers.

But perhaps the most remarkable case was reported from Nova Scotia, and at a period somewhat later than that of the cases already mentioned. *The Halifax Herald* contained a letter from the rector of a parish in Nova Scotia who made an appeal for \$354.77, for a man who had been subjected to law costs to that extent in an effort to prove allegations he had made about the inhuman treatment of the farmed-out poor. The rector wrote:

"Old abuses, sheltering in the pockets of interested and influential people, can only be attacked through danger and expense. This man, whose graphic pen was mainly instrumental in exciting pity for the farmed-out poor in their secluded dens, was violently attacked by maintainers of the old system, and subjected to heavy expenses in proving his allegations. Being a poor man, his outlay so far has cost him the mortgaging of all his property."

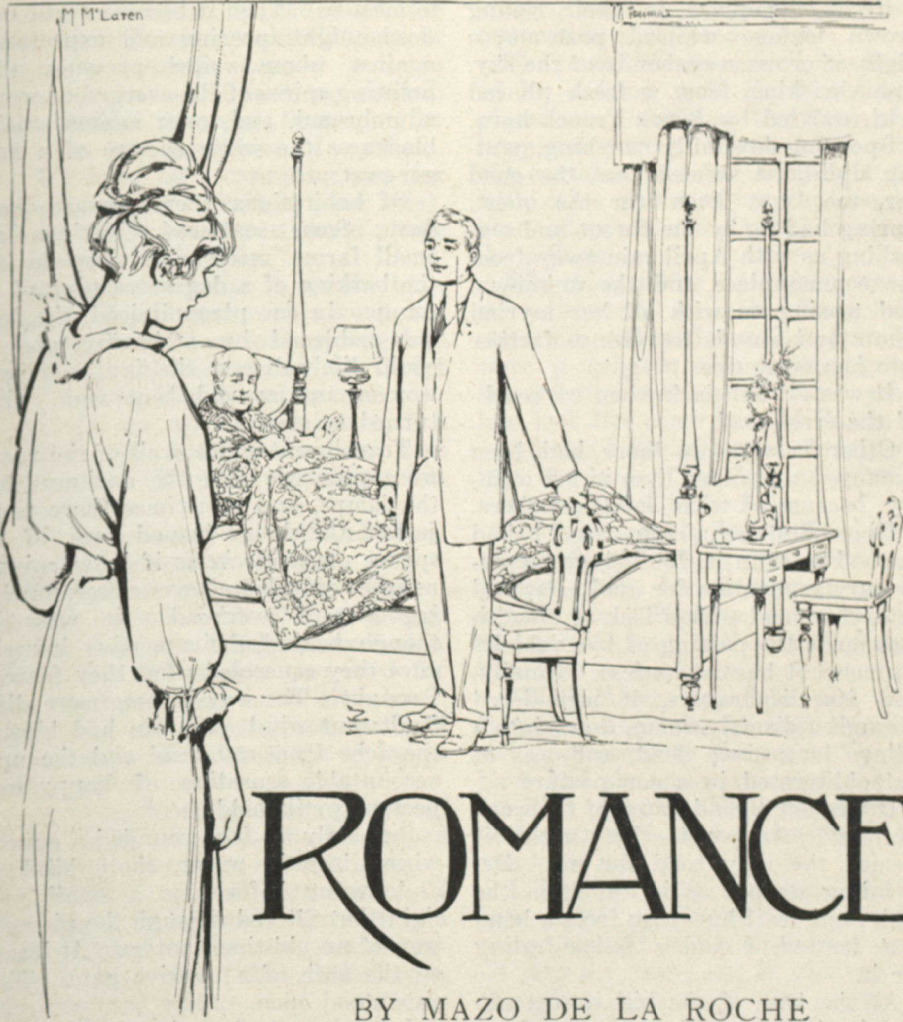
The rector added that the amount must be raised, even if he were compelled to go out and make a personal canvass. Let us hope that mortgage was lifted.

In the years that have elapsed

many municipal farms have been established, and the article in the *New Brunswick* newspaper, from which the opening quotation is taken, came as a surprise to most people who had perhaps come to believe that the old system of farming-out the poor had been entirely abandoned. No doubt it has been abandoned in its more brutal aspects, but it is obvious that, wherever the care of those who have become a public charge is let to the lowest bidder, there must arise a doubt as to the quality of the care to be bestowed upon them, and the amount of work expected from them by bargainers who hope to profit by their bargain.

Possibly we are not yet ready to adopt the principle of old-age pensions or that of state aid to indigent widows with children; but that the principle should be growing in favour throws into sharp contrast the system which even within a quarter of a century has had stout defenders, among men who would be deeply grieved or grievously offended to be told that they were not obedient followers of the Man of Nazareth. The mere suggestion that they might not themselves enjoy everlasting felicity as a reward of their Christian life would have been regarded by them as but the ignorant chatter of a perverse mind. The broadening circle of humanitarianism is a hopeful sign of the times, when there is so much to weary and perplex the souls of those who study social problems and find them hard to solve. When it has so broadened and developed that it will insist upon the fit earning their own living, while it cares for the unfit, and strives earnestly and diligently to create social conditions which will prevent the rapid multiplication of the unfit, the Christianity which sold paupers to the lowest bidder will have a nobler conception of God's purpose and of man's duty.





# ROMANCE

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

JUST as the car rolled from the city pavement to the more buoyant smoothness of the country road, the rain, which had been threatening all day, began to fall, an April rain that shot in long silver lances from a gray-veiled sky.

I had spent a wearying day in my profession of hospital surgeon, and that at the end of a winter which had made more than ordinary demands upon my endurance. Furthermore, to combine the tenderness of a woman with the nerves of a grenadier had cost me something, and to-day my

head had paid the price in grinding pains that had driven me finally to summon *Jean* from the garage and take to the open road.

So it happened that this uncivil shower allured rather than repelled me. I whipped off my cap and bade the wind and weather work their will.

I wanted to forget the exigencies of my daily work; even the thought of my comfortable red brick house, where at that moment my good aunt doubtless waited tea for me, brought no sense of comfort. It was my soul that hungered.



Rows of poplars in their young brown leafage whirled past us; a flight of crows, vagabonds of the sky, rose shrieking from a fresh plowed field, startled by *Jean's* French horn.

Speeding downhill, crunching, panting uphill, it seemed that the good car, too, was keen for the quest. Spring had us by the throat and was lashing us with April rain away from the commonplace and the unknown, and teasing us with all her myriad scents and sounds to venture farther into her mysteries.

It was all but dark when we reached the cross-road.

Other cross-roads there had been a-many, but it alone lives in my memory, because of what befell me there.

Upon first acquiring *Jean* I had learned to shun it, for it bore an unsavoury reputation for mud-holes and ruts, combined with a lack of breadth that made the passing of two vehicles a somewhat hazardous feat. Finally, said its disparagers, it meandered through a dismal swamp, down into a village long since dead, and was at last obliterated in a cow-pasture.

It was not a road to tempt the wary motorist. And yet—that night it seemed the only road for me. Descending steeply as it did from the high road, as if hurrying from a bond that fretted, I had a fellow-feeling for it.

At the base of the hill it was undermined by a shallow stream, from which rose the ardent piping of frogs. Perhaps it was this insinuating moisture that gave an added greenness to the trees that shouldered each other on either hand to watch our progress across the moss-grown bridge of decaying logs that led to their fastnesses.

There were many sudden curves blocked out of giant cedars, and deep ruts brimming with water, which made the way an arduous one for *Jean*.

After a little the rain ceased, and a white fog, heavy with the tang of fern and fungi, trailed down the road

to meet us. Then it became night indeed—night, peering and expectant, against whose veiled presence the pointing spires of the evergreens were adumbrated, and, once against their blackness the white spectre of a finger-post.

Of habitations there seemed but few. Some scattered clearings of small farms, made more desolate by the barking of a dog or rasping of a pump. In one place, indeed, the fog was reddened by a bonfire, and I could dimly discern the figures of two women and an old bent man, who turned to stare.

Translucent white ovals of the road were plucked from the darkness by the lamps, and sometimes there projected the long draped arm of a spruce or hemlock, as if in warning.

Trees crowded always closer, touching fingers overhead. It was as though behind their pensive luxuriance they concealed what they feared I sought. The way became more difficult, but wind and rain had blown the ache from my head and the unaccountable sensation of happy expectancy still held me.

Suddenly as *Jean* rounded a curve, wheel deep in water, there blinked and swung before me a small red light that filtered through the pierced iron of an old-time lantern. It hung on the arch of a massive gate. The gate stood open.

I know not the wherefore of it; perhaps *Jean*, despairing of the road, turned in the gateway of her own accord. Be that as it may, the next moment the red light was blinking above my head, and the wheels crunched the gravel of the driveway.

I felt rather than saw the towering row of poplars that marched on either side of the avenue that led to the front door of the house, which appeared, even in this uncertain light, to be a fine specimen of Georgian Mansion. Stained glass windows cast a flowery radiance from a light within, upon the white pillars of the porch.



As I slowed up at the steps, the door opened and an elderly man of decorous bearing stepped out, as though he had anticipated my arrival.

I ascended the steps; thereupon the old man took possession of my hat.

"We have been expecting you for some days, sir," he said in a low voice. "I was to ask you if you would please to go upstairs directly."

At any other time I should have dispelled his illusion with a word, but to-night, as I have said, spring had me by the throat and now she thrust me headlong into the adventure.

"I will go up on the instant," I replied. "I should have been here before, but the road was almost impassable."

We were now in the hall and he assisted me to remove my coat.

"Well, you *are* wet, Mr. Cadenhouse," he exclaimed. "These muggy spring days are highly disagreeable. There is a hot supper prepared for you when you come down, sir. I will light you up the staircase now, if you please. We still use the oil lamps here as you see."

As he spoke, he picked up a small brass lamp from a marble-topped table and advanced to the stairway.

I followed without perturbation. I had begun to persuade myself that I was destined to do some act of service in my role of Mr. Cadenhouse, the expected guest.

I could see as I glanced downward that the hall below was furnished in dignified old walnut pieces, and that the walls were hung with oil-paintings, mostly of rigid gentlemen in side-whiskers and military uniforms. Above the fireplace a great moose-head glowered beneath its antlers.

The butler, as I took him to be, led the way down a dim corridor, where the deathlike stillness was broken only by the solemn ticking of a grandfather's clock. He paused at a closed door.

"He has been asking constantly for you," he whispered, then turned the knob softly and opened the door.

"Mr. Aleck Cadenhouse," he announced in a subdued voice.

The room thus discovered was lighted by a lamp with a green shade, placed on a table at the head of a large four-poster. The bed was without curtains, and the lamp-light fell with calm radiance on the leonine head of an old man, propped up on the pillows.

His thick white hair fell over a stern brow and hung in strong locks about his well-bred aquiline face. He wore a crimson silk dressing-gown, the Oriental richness of which, made him look like some fine old Rajah.

All this I saw as I went three paces into the room. The door closed with a subdued click behind me.

He loosened his fingers from their tense grip on his long white beard and pressed them for a moment on his sunken eyes. Then he opened his eyes and turned them with a sort of stern gladness on me.

"Well, Aleck, man," he said slowly with a slight Scotch burr that was not unpleasant to the ear. "So you have had the grace to come and see me die? Eh, Eh! Well—sit down. I believe there is a chair nearby. Ah, you have it."

I fumbled with the chair and at last seated myself by his side. He raised himself on his elbow and peered into my face; and it was not till then that I perceived with a start of mingled pity and relief that his deep-set black eyes were sightless, and that it was the yearning look of the blind that shadowed his face.

"God," he groaned, "if I could but see you—to know what sort of heart you've brought back to me."

I could not for the moment frame any reply, and he exclaimed bitterly, but as though to himself, "sullen as ever. Sullen as ever." Then—

"Give me your hand!"

His hand closed on mine with an icy pressure, yet tenderly I thought. For my life, I could not bring myself to speak. Then he sank back on his pillows.



"Eh, boy," he said, more kindly, "it will not be long till I see the mother that bore ye—see her dear face. And having you near like this—you were her little lad once—makes me long for the time." His long fingers moved restlessly in his beard. Then he turned again to me.

"But first," he said, "we must talk about our trouble, yours, and mine, and—Grace's. You know why I sent for you?"

"No," I answered, almost in a whisper, and think of me what you will. I did not undeceive him. "I do not know."

"You knew she had come back to me. You've known that all along. Come now—come now," he insisted vehemently.

"Yes, I knew she had come," I said to pacify him.

He laughed harshly.

"You knew that and yet you let us both pine away, for the sight of you—eh, for the sight of you—your father go blind—like a dog. But, by Heaven, she has been a better daughter to me than you ever were son. What?"

"I know," I said. "I know." His face softened.

"Such devotion as she's given me! You'd never believe it. Read till her eyes ached, I know—led me about, talking brightly of this and that, that she saw, to make my growing darkness less unbearable. Ordered the house so carefully—even your room was not forgotten, Aleck. Often I've heard the faint rustle of her dress in there. Just a perfect daughter. And all the time her heart breaking for you—don't speak—I know what you are going to say—about Murray, hey?"

"Yes," I stammered, "Murray."

"You drove her to it! No woman could stand your neglect of her and your complete absorption in your horses and dogs without a bitter resentment. Then came Murray. And Grace is just tender flesh and blood. She thought you did not care. Now,

I know how much you cared. And mind you, Aleck, I respect you for bidding your time too, 'though it was hard on Grace and me'."

His long fingers fluttered about his beard, then he laid them on my arm with a pleading gesture, and went on:

"Now when all is said and done, she left Murray that same day and came and told me everything—wanted me to intercede with you for her. And you know how I did that, Aleck, and how you flung away in spite of her entreaties, ay, and my commands!"

He pulled at his under lip in silence for a moment as though lost in sad reminiscence. When he spoke again it was in a deeper stronger voice than I could have believed possible for him. Evidently he had held some force in reserve for this last great effort of his—the re-union of the two he loved best on earth.

He said,

"Aleck man, you know what I want—and it's dying I am—but no, I'll do no whimpering—not begin it now. You take her back freely and fully, or sure as there's a God above, I'll leave her everything—cut you off with the little your mother left you! That touches a tender spot, hey? But, Aleck, I want to leave it to you *both*. My heart is set on it. It should be easy to forgive a winsome creature like Grace, should it no?"

His voice broke and his darkened gaze sought mine with passionate wistfulness. I saw that the end was very near.

Well, seemingly, it lay in my power to make the passing of this fine old man a little less sad, and, Aleck or no Aleck, I was going to do it. I took both his thin hands warmly in my own, and I answered in a low but sturdy voice:

"It shall be just as you wish. I will take her back with all my heart."

Any scruples I might have had vanished before the radiance that transfigured his worn features.

He gripped my hands tightly and



held them so for a moment to his breast in silence, there.

"Man, I'm proud of ye! I knew the Cadenhouse would show in you yet. My boy! Eh, eh, but there's no time to lose! Grace! "He called the name strongly, jubilantly—"Grace!"

A door half-hidden by a crimson repp curtain was instantly opened, and a woman appeared in the aperture. Against the blackness of the room beyond her white gown and pale face and crown of cloudy fair hair showed with austere purity.

I stood transfixed. I had sprung to my feet at the opening of the door. I think I prayed for dissolution. As a last hope I tried to make some sign to her to implore silence, but she hesitated in the doorway, straight and slender as a wand, with downcast lashes, while the only sound in the room was the difficult breathing of the old man, and the hammering of my own heart.

A voice came from the bed.

"Don't be afraid, child," And then, "Go to her, Aleck."

She took a couple of steps towards me, waveringly; then I sprang forward and caught her as she swayed.

"Try to control yourself," I whispered, with my face against her hair, "I will explain later on."

But with my touch, what self-control she had possessed, seemed to vanish and she clung to me sobbing passionately. If I could only get her from the room before she discovered her mistake!

I said in a trembling voice:

"Had I not better take her away, sir?" She is not well. You must not be excited too much, you know." He smiled.

"Take her down to the library, poor lass—I think there is a fire there—be good to her, Aleck, and God bless you both! The nurse will come to me."

I led her out to the dim hall and closed the door behind us with a groan of exquisite relief. Yet here was the woman to face!

Well, I was prepared to deal with her, and that summarily. No scream of consternation or terror should break the peace of the dying man. So, when we had reached the staircase, I just picked her up in my arms, as though she had been a sick little patient of mine, and carried her down the thickly carpeted stairs. At the foot the library door stood open and a warm red glow haunted the book-lined walls.

She slid to her feet on a bearskin that lay on the hearth. So we stood for, say ten heart beats, she clutching the lapels of my coat in both hands, and her forehead pressed against my gray tweed breast. A delicate perfume rose from her hair and caressed my face like a cool scented hand. I was deeply moved by her fragility and loveliness.

Suddenly she tilted her chin upward—her lips were pouted—her eyes closed—a smile flickered over her face, like moonlight over a white flower. She was wanting to be kissed!

I have tried to lead an honourable life; I know I have lived a sedate, even prim one. I do not think that I had ever willingly kissed any woman save my aunt who had brought me up.

Yet it seemed that this madcap April was not done with me. At her whim I had become an interloper and deceiver; now it appeared that she would make a villain of me. Wherefor I kissed this defenceless girl, ardently, as a lover might have done; as, in truth, I had never expected to kiss any woman. I like to think that Aleck Cadenhouse had never given her such a kiss as this; I felt her tremble.

A mound of coals collapsed with a sputtering, hissing noise, and fierce blue flames and sparks from the ruins. She drew a long breath, and, opening her eyes, looked straight into mine. A look of bewilderment crept into hers. Her body stiffened.

I was poignantly miserable, yet mysteriously elated. All the while I was thinking: "So this is what all the



events of the evening have led up to—in short, what all my life has led up to! So your eyes are a deep hare-bell blue, just as I expected!”

Neither of us had heard the sound of voices in the hall, nor a step on the heavy rug. I think what made me raise my head with a start was the sibilant intake of a man's breath through his clenched teeth. At the same instant Grace Cadenhouse pushed me fiercely away from her with a cry of terror and turned to face the man who had entered, with her hands pressed to her throat.

He was a tall strongly made young man. Our proportions were nearly equal. He had black over-hanging brows above small fiery dark eyes. An outdoor life had given him a full well-coloured face, which now glistened with the moisture of the fog. He wore riding breeches and carried a crop.

“So this,” he spoke with difficulty, “this—by God!—is my home-coming!”

His wife had reached his side and clasped his arm with her hands.

“Oh, Aleck, Aleck,” she cried, “believe me, I had never seen this man until to-night!”

He shook her off roughly.

“Egad! I believe you!” He grinned with bitter irony. “I take your word for it! I go away leaving you in Murray's arms, and I return to find you in the embrace of this—fool! How many, may I ask, have there been in the interval?”

“If you will only let me explain—” I broke in.

“If I can only keep my riding-crop off you—” he thundered.

“Oh, my dear!” cried Grace Cadenhouse pleadingly. “Your father is dying upstairs!”

“Well, by the Lord Harry! He shall not die till he hears of this!” retorted her husband, striking his leg furiously with his riding-whip.

I saw that it behoved me to keep my temper with this man, for the sake of the woman who swayed, white

with fear and indignation, between us.

I began coolly—

“I am a physician—”

“Whose specialty is grass-widows, eh?”

“Have you no sense of decency?” I burst out, losing my temper.

His ruddy cheeks turned pale, and he advanced towards me menacing, a powerful figure. I held my ground.

So we stood facing each other, motionless, rigid, all our primal passions aroused. And the woman stood beside us, motionless, alert. She seemed to have lost her identity and become an instinct. A red core of fire glowed deeply on the hearth.

Then, changing, transfiguring all, like a gust of cold air on a scene of torrid heat, the linen-clad figure of the trained nurse appeared in the doorway. She looked intently at each of us in turn with her pale composed eyes, then she said quietly.

“I am sorry to tell you that Major Cadenhouse has just passed away.”

Aleck Cadenhouse did not move for a few seconds, but he lowered his gaze from my face to the floor, and stood thus, switching his leather legging with the riding crop. His face worked as though he were going to cry. Then, sharply, he wheeled about, and without a glance at either of us, he shouldered past the nurse in the doorway, and hurriedly mounted the stairs. We could hear him springing up, two steps at a time. Then a door closed upon the retreating sounds. The nurse moved sedately away. I turned to look at Grace Cadenhouse.

She began to walk feverishly up and down, wringing her hands.

“Oh, take me away!” she sobbed. “Take me away from this terrible house!”

I stepped in front of her. My longing to take her away, into the April night, was intense.

“Are you in earnest?” I asked.

She threw her hands out in a gesture of despair. All her movements





"If I can only keep my riding-crop off you"

were full of a delicate and sensitive grace.

"What else can I do?" she said. "Now that he is gone from me? And Aleck thinks of me what he does? There is nothing left. We have a friend—a neighbour—Mrs. Leigh—I can go to her for a while—if you will take me!"

She seemed to accept my part in the affair with the simple fatalism of

a child. After all the flagrancy of my offence against her, she was about to put herself again in my hands, without resentment, without suspicion. It was delicious to me; and yet, in that moment, my anger toward Cadenhouse became pity.

"My motor is at the door," I said, "and I am—at your command. I only regret that what I can do is so little.



Her blue eyes looked questioningly into mine, then she said slowly,

"Of course, I don't understand why you are here, and—all the rest. Perhaps you will tell me everything, when we are outside. I stifle here." She pressed her hand to her forehead and raised the thick fair locks from it. I felt for the moment that she belonged to me.

We went to the hall, and found a velvet wrap of hers, thrown over a settle.

This room was deserted, save for a gaunt old staghound, that, when he saw us in our outdoor coverings, rose, stretched himself, arching his back, and came forward, with his upper lip lifted from his teeth in a deprecating grin. At the sight of him the eyes of the girl filled with tears. She caught his grizzly head between her hands, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Ah, Roderick, old fellow," she whispered, "you will never see your master again!"

The dog made little noises, half yawn, half whine, when we closed the door upon him. Then we could hear the joint of his hind leg tapping the floor as he scratched himself—and made the best of things.

A warm moonlight was whitening the fog. The trees seemed to have moved closer to the house as though to guard it.

As we sped softly down the avenue, it seemed to me as though she who sat at my side had come to me by a miracle.

I was strangely happy. I was filled with the hilarity of youth.

The march of trees on either hand led like a lofty aisle to the gateway, where the rosy light of the lantern glowed like an altar lamp. As we passed beneath the arch, I had a momentary glimpse of her, sitting, fragile, and composed in her corner of the seat. One hand lay palm upward in her lap.

The road now seemed less execrable, although the searchlight showed deep

ruts glimmering like ribbons, and, now and again, a well-like puddle. I think I gave an exclamation once, as the water splashed over us, for her voice came with a note of compunction.

"I am so sorry! But really, it will soon be over—even now, I can see the Leighs' white fence."

It was quite true, and in a moment more the house itself appeared, white and many gabled. There were lights in several windows.

"Now," she said, "before I get out, will you please tell me *everything*?"

I turned sidewise in the seat to face her.

"How far back shall I begin?" I asked.

"As far back as your name and—and why you came—and whither," she replied with a judicial air.

So, clasping my knee in my hands, I peered into the gloom at her, and told her everything.

"There!" I said, when I had done, "now, can you forgive me?"

"Oh," she said earnestly, "there is nothing to forgive! The one great thing that stands out is that you made father's last moments happy. I shall never, never forget that!"

"But," I argued remorsefully, "I have evidently spoiled all *your* chances of happiness."

She spread her hands in front of her, and looked at them. "I don't know," she said slowly. "These two hands thought once that they had caught the Blue Bird and would hold him fast forever, but—he slipped away! He comes and he goes. Even now I thought I heard the flutter of his wings among these trees!" She listened with upturned face.

"Do you think," I ventured, "that there is any hope—?"

"I think it is very doubtful that Aleck and I could ever be happy together."

"But—" I hesitated, "I understood from the way—your father spoke, that you greatly desired his return. Of course, I have no right—"



"Well," she answered, with an air of brave candour, "I did long for his return. I longed for life, and love, and romance. What woman doesn't? I have lived in books—and dreams. And then you came riding into this lonely valley like a knight errant bringing adventure and romance. Everything is wonderful and beautiful that happens to me. I have no resentment against life—nor you." She laid her hand for a moment on my arm, and our faces like white blurs against the darkness of the trees were close to each other. A vapour, twining around us, seemed to cut us off from the rest of the world. I could not speak, but I was thinking to myself—"So this is what all the happenings of to-night have led up to—what all my life has led up to. By Heaven, I'll see this thing through!"

Suddenly, with a start she rose. "Look," she said, "the Leighs' lights are going out. "It is getting late, I must go."

I went to the gate with her. It was a low white wicket gate, and a vine-covered arbour led from it to the front door. It looked to me like a long dark tunnel through which she would run like a rabbit to its burrow and be lost to me forever. She held out her hand. I wondered if she were thinking of the kiss I had given her.

"Good-bye!" she breathed.

I took her hand.

"I suppose it is forever," I said.

"I suppose so," she answered, and passed through the little gate, and ran through the tunnel, just as I had expected.

As I cranked up the machine, I could not help thinking that she hoped I would be very miserable because of her. And I was very miserable.

The road, after leaving the heights, sloped steeply downward with few deviations, was broader, and more open, as though in a moment of expansion it would, at last, fling its secrets at my feet.

Soon, far below, I could discern the glimmering lights of the little vil-

lage, like fire-flies hovering in a hollow. As I jolted swiftly down hill, *Jean*, in spite of her dishonouring cloak of mud, had never seemed so desirable, so strong, so flexible, so cognizant of my mood. She was the mottled charger that had borne me from the grind and monotony of life, out into the April night and romance.

Now I made out the greater bulk of the inn, with its outbuildings and paved yard. The stable door stood partly open, emitting a shaft of light, and from within came a man's voice, vigorously singing a psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," he trolled, "I shall not want."

What manner of hostler was this!

I bumped in over the wet uneven pavement, and sounded the horn. The blare was echoed from the surrounding walls. The singing ceased.

A shirt-sleeved man appeared in the doorway, holding a lantern above his head.

"Hi!" he called out. "Who's there?"

"A poor devil of a motorist," I replied. "Can I get shelter for the night?"

He came forward with alacrity.

"I have a shed that's just the thing for the automobile, sir. Though it's not many that come this way. Your the first this year. Now shall we run her in?"

When *Jean* was safely installed we went back to the stable while he finished rubbing down the horse.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sir," he apologized, "but she's just come in a bit sweaty. The Lord won't let me want; as I was singing when you came, and I won't let her want, will I, old girl?" And he bent double, drying her legs. The mare kept nipping him roguishly on the back.

"She's some better than an automobile, hey, sir?" he asked, peering up at me.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied.

It turned out that he himself was the landlord; and in less than twenty minutes I was seated at a small table in a corner of the dining-room, with



a meal of cold beef, bread, and a glass of ale before me, while my host, washed and coated, waited on me with his own hands.

"I can tell you," I mumbled, between mouthfuls, "you have the worst road here I have ever seen! From the time it leaves the highroad there is not a decent quarter of a mile in it, excepting down the hillside, and that is pretty rutty."

"I know," he replied complacently. "It's the narrowest, windingest road hereabout. We're quiet folk down here, and we like to be quiet. We have our own ways and we don't care much what goes on outside. Not that we don't have any doings, mind ye." He drew nearer, and the lamplight shone on his pink cheek bones. "Did you happen to notice a lantern hanging on a high iron gateway beyond the hilltop?"

I nodded.

"Well," he went on, "that's hung there every night storm or shine, these two years, ever since young Mr. Cadenhouse left home. He and his wife had their differences. Some takes his side, and some takes hers. I'm inclined, myself, to his side, because women's women, and there's no getting around that. But she's been wonderfully good to the old gentleman, and now he's dying. They've sent word to young Aleck, and they're expecting him any minute. Man, you might ha' met him on the road! That would have been a note! He's as big a man as you be. A drop more, sir?"

He replenished my glass, and filled one for himself, which he stood drinking, with his back to the wall, and with a little apologetic air.

"And that isn't all," he continued, swallowing carefully.

"Major Cadenhouse, being a veteran of wars, with medals and all that, he is to have a grand military funeral with a band and a regiment of soldiers. Mr. Leigh is seeing to everything—such a business. There never was the like here before—and never will be again," he added with zest.

Now, seeing that I was ready for my room, he led the way to the stairs, but before ascending he removed his heavy top boots and stood them on the lowest step.

"My two boarders," he explained in a whisper, "are very light sleepers. I shouldn't like to disturb them. Mr. T. Tugwell been with me seven years, Mr. B. Libbey five—fine men."

So we crept softly upstairs, and he cautiously opened a door in the hallway above. As he handed me the lamp he pointed to another door across the hall.

"T. Tugwell," he whispered, "seven years." Then he indicated the adjacent door with, "B. Libbey, five," and disappeared.

I found myself in a large square bedroom, which, though low-ceilinged, was amply furnished, having in addition to the walnut bedroom set, a large wardrobe and a marble topped centre table. Obviously, this was a decent inn, and I had no doubt that Messrs. Tugwell and Libbey were made very comfortable there.

I sat down by the marble-topped table and wrote two notes, one to my aunt, and one to my professional assistant. I explained that I had been called away on business for a couple of days, and gave a few directions to be followed during my absence. The notes were abrupt and to me seemed unconvincing, but I let them go at that. My ever-recurring thought was, "I'll see this thing through," and I clung to it with the tenacity of youth.

I undressed hurriedly and was soon beneath the large flowered coverlet. But not to sleep. The haunting personality of the woman with whom I had been thrown into such sudden intimacy hovered between me and slumber. It was amazing how her face fitted into my mind as though it were the one thing I had lacked. Her hair, her eyes, her lips had been a revelation to me.

Outside the open window an eave was dripping with harmonious monotony. As I lay listening, it resolved



itself into her name, "Grace Cad-en-house, Grace Cad-en-house," and so persisted that I was fain to cover my head with the bed-clothes, but I could no more shut out the sound of her name than I could obliterate her face from my thoughts.

Gray dawn showed me where the window was before I slept. My sleep was sound and long. The unaccustomed sound of a pump, creaking and splashing awakened me. The hands of my watch pointed to ten. My strange night was over and a new day had begun.

I washed my face, neck and chest in cold water at the basin, and while still rubbing with the towel, I went to the window and made a preliminary survey of the street below. Directly opposite was a smithy, around the open door of which a group of men stood in earnest conversation. There was a baker with his pallid face smudged with flour, and a shoemaker whose hands were rolled in his leathern apron. The smith himself stood somewhat aloof, tossing up and catching a heavy hammer. Occasionally one of them would turn and stare up the road; whereupon the others would immediately do likewise, as though they feared he would behold some looked-for phenomenon first. I made no doubt that they had learned of the death of Major Caden-house.

I hurriedly finished dressing and went down to breakfast. I had a pleasant feeling of being at home in the quiet inn, as I found my way to the table where I had supped the night before. A slip of a girl brought me a rasher of bacon, and toast and tea. All very good.

I was not the only occupant of the dining-room. At a table between the two windows that gave on the street, there were seated two rubicund old gentlemen, whom I mentally hailed as Messrs. T. Tugwell and B. Libbey. They had evidently finished their breakfast some time ago, for the table was cleared, and some news-

papers and a cribbage board lay before. However, the two old gentlemen took no heed either of the newspapers or each other. They sat with their hands clasped over their rotund waistcoats and stared gloomily, each out his own window. After a brief survey of me and a short whispered colloquy they resumed their attitude of resolute melancholy.

Presently the landlord entered, tip-toeing to my side. He bent over me confidentially, yet with deference.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered. "Ye've happened along at a lucky time. The old Major passed away last night between nine and ten. Young Mr. Cadenhouse is home again. I can't just rightly make out whether he arrived before or after his father's death. The servants are all mighty close-mouthed up yonder, ye see. One thing is certain, Mrs. Aleck left the house the moment her husband set foot in it, and went to the Leighs'. There's a woman for ye! Mr. Leigh's a busy man this day. The funeral is to be held with full military honours, with a gun carriage for the body and a regiment of cavalry and the Town Band. There never was such a business here before—and to think that ye'd happen in on it!"

He was staggered into silence for a moment by my good fortune, then, with a sly glance in the direction of the old gentlemen, he bent his head closer to my ear and breathed:

"My two boarders, T. Tugwell with the Dundreary whiskers—B. Libbey in spats. Both old gentlemen feeling very depressed."

"Friends of the Major?" I inquired.

"W—ell, no—not exactly," he replied. "But, ye see, they're great cribbage players; in all the years they've lived here I've never known them to miss their game after breakfast. However as members of this community, and wishing to show their respect to the departed, they have determined not to put in a peg until after the funeral! But it is depressing for them. Very."



With a commiserating gesture, he tiptoed over to the two mourners, who each blew a deep sigh as they turned to greet him.

Later, he accosted me in the porch, where I was lighting a cigar, with the inquiry whether I had a mind to take a constitutional. I replied that I had.

"Well, if you should ask my advice," said he, "there isn't a prettier walk in the countryside than up to the graveyard. Straight down this street and up the hill, sir. You can't miss it. There you will see the great Cadenhouse monument of Scotch granite; and there Major Cadenhouse's wife and her two babes has lain these twenty year; and there they be preparing a place for him before sunset. Yes."

The fellow had all the pride of a cicerone. He stood watching my progress along the street with an air of proprietorship.

The fog still held, though now it moved uneasily as though stirred by some hidden force that would wave it aside and reveal the miracles that had been worked under cover of its pall. The outlines of the shops and houses were blurred but I could see that many of them were hung with a network of vines that were putting forth their ruddy tinted leaf buds. The woodland crowded to the very backyards of the dwellings, heightening the air of remoteness that the village wore. Now and again the cry of a child came with startling distinctness. A speckled hen scratched and pecked on the very sidewalk, but she bustled away under a hedge at my approach.

Soon the street was left behind; the sidewalk ended, and I took a path that led across a common and up the farther hillside. The village lay between two hills. A flock of geese followed me, hissing and squawking to the foot of the hill, where they turned back and resumed their quiet grazing.

I was alone. Why had I come? What would be the end of it all? I

tried to analyse the motives that had led me to hide myself in this obscure village, and now prompted me to visit the burying place of people who were nothing to me. It was an incredible adventure for a sane and busy physician. Then a vision of Grace Cadenhouse as she had looked when we passed beneath the lantern in the gateway flashed into my mind. I saw her hands like white flowers lying in her lap and a wisp of fair hair blown across the black velvet of her cloak. I knew that it was the desire to see her once more that held me here. Yet, what, in the name of God could that lead to? She a married woman! But, estranged, mind you, from her husband! "I will stay," I said aloud, "until after the funeral, and then I will go, whether I have seen her or not." Whereupon I trudged doggedly up the hillside.

The air on the hilltop was freer. The mist swept across it in clouds, now obscuring, now leaving it clear.

I pushed open the gate of the graveyard. Among the low and weather-stained tombstones it was easy to distinguish the tall red granite column of the Cadenhouse family. I picked my way over sunken graves to it. The plot was surrounded by a privet hedge, inset with an ornamental iron gate. There were three graves inside, one long and two very short ones. On the granite was cut the name of "Janet," beloved wife of Roger Cadenhouse and a date of more than twenty years before; and below that, the names of "Ninian" and "Hugh," infant sons of the same, aged respectively ten months and seven months. At the head of both infants' graves a small metal hanging basket for flowers was hung, from which a few vines dangled. Ninian had his little basket and Hugh his, but Janet lay with her head to the granite column, little recking that her lord would so soon lay him down beside her.

As I stood and stared, I heard a crunching noise, and turning, I saw



a man pushing a wheelbarrow, coming toward me along the gravel walk. It was the gravedigger.

I passed the time of day with him and as he was a very civil fellow I stayed and talked until his work was done. He told me, among other things, that many a time he had met Major Cadenhouse and his daughter-in-law walking arm in arm to the graveyard, followed by the dog, Roderick. They three were the best of friends, he said.

It was noon when I returned to the inn.

I spent the afternoon in overhauling *Jean*, and what with tinkering and cleaning and oiling, the time passed quickly enough.

After tea I was accosted by the two boarders, who introduced themselves. I found them very interesting old gentlemen. T. Tugwell was a retired tea merchant who had spent much of his life in India and Ceylon, while B. Libbey was a naturalist with a hobby for collecting bees and spiders.

As twilight fell we sat in the dim porch and chatted. They accepted cigars and smoked them with an air of doggishness.

My attention was drawn by two grotesque, hump-backed figures that came slowly down the street and turning into the yard of the inn, disappeared. They were followed by several others, one with a great protuberance in front.

"See those fellows?" said T. Tugwell, indicating the figures with a wave of his cigar. "That's the band." They've come to practise the Dead March, you know. They're not often called on to play it. Expect they'll make an awful mess of it."

It appeared that once a week the band practised in the stable loft of the inn.

"We retire late on those nights," put in B. Libbey.

"Usually play cribbage," added his friend. They each blew a sigh.

After the preliminary tunings the

band staggered bravely into the opening bars of The Dead March in Saul. They staggered into it, and when after a brief period of brazen discord, they broke down, my two companions said "Tek—tek!" sympathetically.

But the band was there to conquer, and it did. The noble requiem, heavy with the sadness of tradition, poured out into the April night. No meanness of execution could spoil it. Groups of women gathered on the sidewalk to listen. We fell silent. I was again in the room with the dying man.

When the stealthy figures had departed we threw away the ends of our cigars and said good-night. I undressed in the dark.

Then that sensation that I dreaded, and yet courted, came to me, the desire to see Grace Cadenhouse, burning like a steady lamp within me. I had no peace for it. I was filled with wonder and self-pity to think that just when my practice, which had heretofore absorbed my every energy, was coming along so well, I had been subjected to so violent an emotion. Nothing mattered to me now; nothing except her. Nothing, except that I loved her!

When once I had said the words out loud—had acknowledged my weakness—had admitted that I was beaten—a sense of relief came over me, as one who struggles against destiny no more.

Well, the high gods had sent me this love by a miracle. I would question no more. I would accept it. And if I could never attain possession of the fragile bloom of it, I would still carry the perfume of it with me for the rest of my days—an exquisite torment.

I did not sleep, but the time did not seem long. Midway in the night a gale arose. I could hear it whirling and whistling down the street. Shutters banged. The inn sign strained and creaked. My window curtains blew straight into the room. The fresh, fragrant air caressed my hot



forehead. Before I rose a golden light surged in at the windows. The fog was blown away, and April was throwing a kiss to May.

At nine o'clock the yard of the inn was filled with a regiment of cavalry. They had stopped to water their horses at the trough. Everywhere was clamour and the caracoling of horses. The officer in command, a slender young fellow with an upturned blond mustache, kept glancing up at the upper windows of the inn, as though it were in the nature of things that a pretty face should look down at him.

Presently they trotted, a scarlet patch, up the steep brown hillside. The whole village held its breath till they should come down again.

The funeral was at ten.

The streets were full of people. They had come from all over the countryside. The two boarders, the landlord, and I stood in the porch of the inn. The wind blew the music toward us, so that before we saw the band on the hilltop, we heard the deep heart-rending harmonies, and the muffled beat of the drum. And then they began to move slowly down the road, and nearer, and louder, till they were in our midst.

The band marched slowly, pompously. The drummer leaned backward. They were followed by four bay horses drawing a gun-carriage. The body was covered, enfolded in a flag. Immediately behind, the Major's horse was led; his top boots reversed in the stirrups. The horse was an old black roan, gaunt and stiff-legged; but he had a wild eye. He fretted and chafed at the unaccustomed noise. The lad who led him could scarcely keep him under control.

Aleck Cadenhouse walked next, with a gentleman whom I took to be Mr. Leigh. He was in black with a streamer on his arm. He bent his head boyishly toward his shoulder against the wind.

Close upon the heels of the three men marched the regiment of cavalry, sedate and orderly now, the blond

young officer, eyes front, the manes and tails of the horses and the plumes of the helmets blowing in the wind. So the old Major and those who attended him passed through the street and up the steep hill to the graveyard with music and tread of feet.

When all was over, I felt that there remained for me but to go. But I would not go until the evening.

What I did in the intervening hours I do not remember. They passed feverishly I know. At eight o'clock I paid my bill and shook hands with T. Tugwell and B. Libbey over their cribbage board. Then I mounted the driver's seat, gave *Jean* her head, and she and I passed like a bulky shadow out of the village and up the hill.

At the Leighs' gate I stopped the car and alighted. In the long dark facade of the house, a light showed dimly here and there. I opened the low white gate and entered the vine-covered arbour where she had disappeared two nights ago like a rabbit into its burrow.

I asked the maid who appeared in answer to my knock whether Mrs. Cadenhouse were in. She was not. She had gone, the girl said, for a stroll in the park, and would I leave a message? No, I thanked her, and I would not leave a card. I turned abruptly down the steps and began to cross the lawn.

The night was as warm as June; the air was charged with dew. Every small object was distinct in the profound beauty of the moonlight. It was as though Heaven held a silver lamp close to the earth that she might see the thousand wonders of the spring. My blood ran warmly in my veins. My feet sank in the soft freshness of the springing grass. A bed of hyacinths in bloom offered a perfume with a charm as distinct as a voice. To me it breathed desire.

The vast oaks of the park loomed black before me. I could feel the tremor of my heart. She had come to me by a miracle. Perhaps by another miracle, I would once more hold





*Drawing by Maud McLaren*

“ Her hand left his head, and she pressed the fingers of it to her lips

her in my arms before I left the wood!

A narrow winding path cut through the violet darkness of the park. The moonlight sifted down through it like

fine golden dust. The undergrowth brushed my sleeves as I passed. Sleepy birds twitted. The path was carpeted with last year's leaves, fragrant as they were trodden.



Suddenly there appeared an open space, centred by a sun-dial, and, sitting on a marble bench, I saw Grace Cadenhouse. Her form was outlined in silver.

I stepped eagerly to the edge of the moonlit space, then halted, and held my breath, for, kneeling beside her on the grass, I perceived the figure of a man. His face was hidden in the folds of her dress, but I could see that the form was that of Aleck Cadenhouse. One of her hands lay on his head.

I hesitated for only a moment, then

I strode boldly out into the light, bared my head and stood before her so, motionless.

She saw me. She recognized me. Her hand left his head and she pressed the fingers of it to her lips.

For a second I thought she did so with a gesture of warning. Then I saw that she was kissing her fingers to me, once, twice, thrice. Her eyes had a mocking light.

I made her a low bow and then turned back into the shelter of the woods, stumbling along the path over last year's sodden leaves.

## THE LONELY SOLDIER

By HUGH S. EAYRS

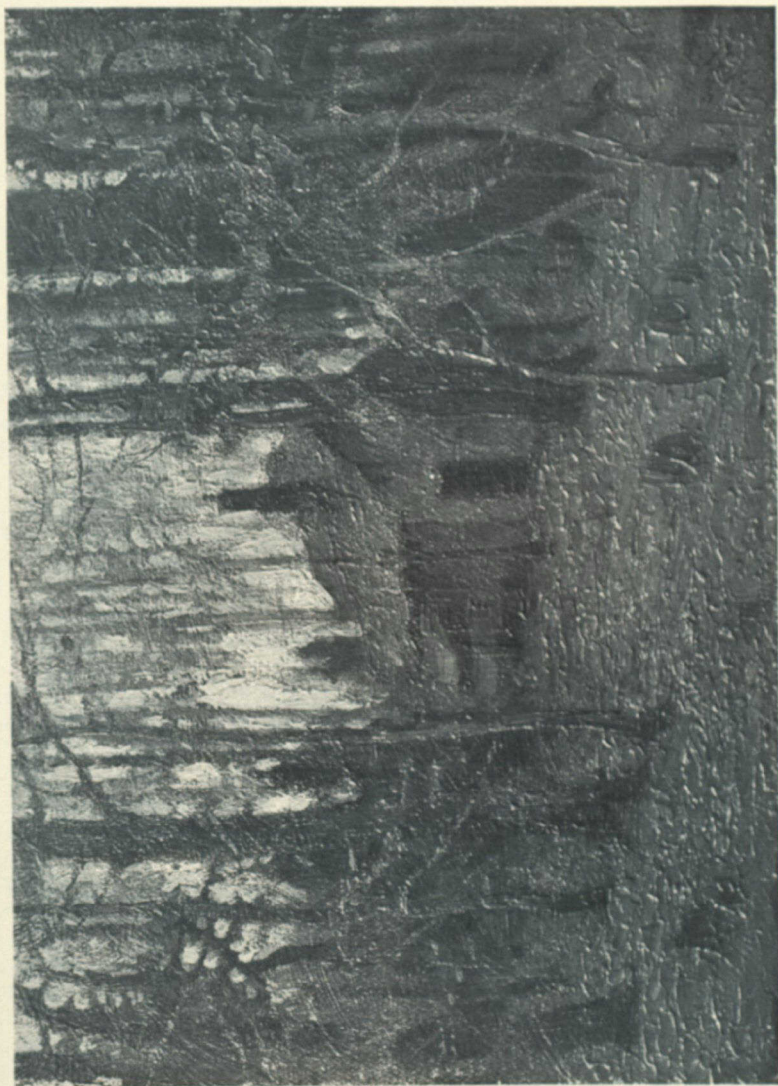
**R**ATTLE and roar,  
A hand, impatient, swift, grasping the coach's door.  
Tumult, yell, shout,  
The rest of them clamouring to get out  
Ere yet the creaking, groaning train had stopped.  
A gladsome hail,  
As father glimpses son: a muffled wail,  
As wife, on a sudden, glancing up aloft,  
Sees husband—one arm gone—but still, dear God! alive,  
Relie of that memorable drive.

But you had none  
To greet you, kiss you. There you stood as one  
Who, dreaming, watched some ghostly, strange parade,  
Some quaint, unreal, fantastic drama played.

For all your loneliness and lack of friend,  
And heart to mourn your leaving, cry, "God send  
Him back again"—this, when you went, as now;  
For all you suffered, harsh, portentous row  
Of shot and shell,  
Marking the time of some poor hero's hell.

For all you gave  
When, without questioning, you risked a grave  
Among innumerable ones,  
Digged by the weapons of the Huns.  
(And you the same slim chances took as they!)  
For all these things  
You have reward. If you have none to greet,  
Let not your heart be troubled. Day by day  
We thank our God for you. Your name is sweet.  
And many a heart your deathless praises sings.



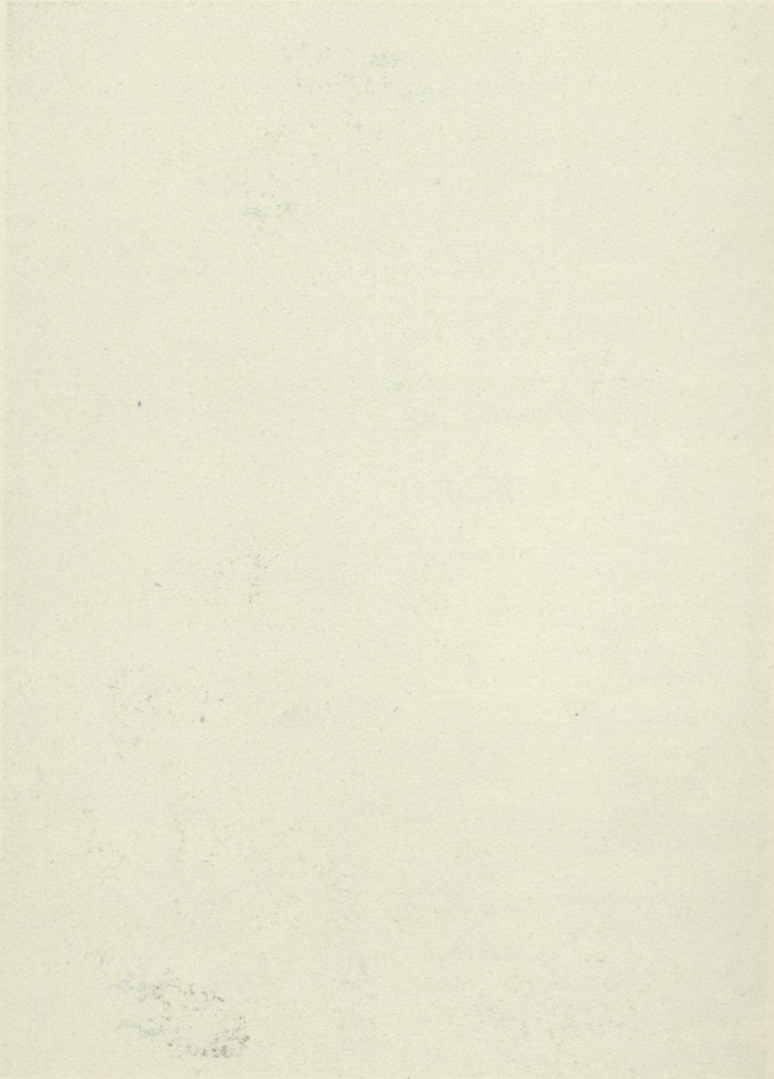


**THE SUGAR CAMP**

From the painting by A. Suzor Cote

Exhibited by the  
Canadian Art Club







# GLORIANA

By Britton B. Cooke.

A ONE-ACT DRAMA, WITH THREE SCENES

*CHARACTERS: Hilda, grim, all in dark colours. Pomona, kinder, has a touch of colour at her throat. Simon Hadler, Gloriana's husband.*

*SCENE: A culvert by a roadside. A small brook, swollen by a recent rain, runs bubbling under the culvert, over-riding a rank growth of water-cress. The two women have met at the brook-side to gather cress. Each has a basket. They are on opposite sides of the brook.*

*The old women, crouched down, heads as close together as possible, are apparently conversing over the work of plucking cress. There are long silences between them, allowing the thread of conversation plenty of chance to pass from topic to topic easily.*

Hilda (*in a strong firm voice*): I've told them what to do for her. Goose oil and turpentine rubbed on. Slipp'ry elm for the cough, and sassafrass tea.

Pomona: And red flannel on her chest. You should have said red flannel. There's nothin' in the world like it. It ain't like gray flannel or white flannel, or any other sort of flannel in the world. There's virtue in the red.

Hilda: Virtue to the eye, mebbe, but what virtue to a wheezy chest?

Pomona: Virtue to the chest, too, Hildy. Ye better tell them that.

Hilda: Mebbe I will. Who taught ye that?

Pomona: Losh! I forget now. I think the peddler told me once, and I tried it on a poor sick body—Sary Trotter. Poor Sary Trotter. D'ye remember her, Hildy? On the Amaranth road. Poor body.

Hilda: Aye. Her man married again. He's an uncle of this Glory girl I'm dealin' with. Mebbe—(*she goes on plucking*)—mebbe if I don't get her better they'll ask for you, Granny.

Pomona: Na. Ye know more nor I do, Hildy; unless it be the spotwood tea I heard of from the Indians last time old Hawk Wing went this way. His squaw brought me a bundle of the twigs. I'm givin' it now to a man in our villager—Hadler! Simon Hadler, the local preacher. Mebbe you heard of him, Hildy?

Hilda: Heard of him! His tongue runs around in his head. Too clever t' yer face. And too much noise—like shavin' a pig for wool.

Pomona (*gently*): Ah! I think he's grand—so young and handsome, and so smart in his ways. What like's your girl, Hildy?

Hilda: No like at all for such a land.

Pomona: Sickly, ye mean?

Hilda: Not sickly, but like a flower blowing in the grass where cattle's feedin'. Like a bit of milkweed silk feshed out by the wind and glimmerin' in the sun in the fall o' the year. She's the beauty of town. When she moves, it's like a cloud courted by a high wind before the face of God, and when she speaks—it's like when other women of our other, firmer kind, feel their first tenderness, talkin' to their babe.



Pomona (*who has been sitting back on her haunches as the description proceeded*): That be the Glory? Gloriam of the Tidgley's place. Ooh-aye! Ooh-aye! (*And she suddenly resumes her plucking of cress. She sighs*).

Hilda (*sharply*): Ye heerd of her?

Pomona: Heerd of her? 'Tis her he wants. 'Tis her that's wrong with him.

Hilda: Yer preacher-man?

Pomona: Aye. Simon Hadler, and a grand man.

Hilda: A fool more like.

Pomona: No. Ye've not heard him preach?

Hilda: I've heard him preach, and what's more, I've seen him farm.

Pomona: Aye. It's not a good farm. But the preachin's grand.

Hilda: What right has a man t' preach and let his crops wither in the sun? Him and his words. Another fit for no country such as this.

Pomona: A harsh country, true. But when a country's harsh, how much more is it to find beauty flowerin' here and there like bits of buttercups on a hot bald hill in summer, or to hear the voice of a man talkin' like music, with great words, and with a voice like an east wind in a slashin' of the woods.

Hilda (*sneering*): And white-skinned chests that perish in a bit of wind, and hands like for naught but spinning flax, and moulding candles in a corner by the fire, after dark. And your man—with his roarin' voice and his great words—and (*with changed inflection*) with his cattle neglected and his farm run to waste with him savin' souls in the countryside. Why (*with sudden interest*) I heard they offered him money for his preachin', and he said it was the Lord's work he would do, and not be paid for it. Was that true?

Pomona: It were true. But weren't it noble. Yes, Glory knows it, too.

Hilda: Glory! How do ye know? Knows what?

Pomona: Knows of him refusin' money for his work—refusin' to be paid t' preach.

Hilda: A dreamer. A vain man. Loving to be as other people are not. Lovin' t' stretch his neck and crow like a cock from the wheel of an idle wagon. Lovin' t' be playin' on the hearts o' people like upon strings. What is wanted here is oxen with their necks in the yoke and their heads low, drawin' the plough through the sod, hearin' the soft fallin' of the brown earth in the lengthenin' furrow. Who is your Simon man that he could keep a wife or babes, or even see a new-born colt was warmed in straw? And (*to herself*) who's the girl, that she should be dreamin' after great words, and the noise of wind in a slashin' in the woods!

Pomona (*to herself*): He has a great frame and a great head set on the top of it like a house peering out over the great country from a high hill. He has eyes like a woman's, and a great nose and great mouth with a fine curl to it, and he sees great distances, and tells the like of us which way the crooked road is running through the wood. Hildy! He'll win her yet, and when he's won her there will be a flowerin' house with angels for their children, sure.

Hilda: And the cattle lowin', hungry in their windy barn.

## II.

### *A grassy spot in the woods.*

*Hilda enters and finds Pomona, huddled down, gathering something from among the green things on the ground.*

Hilda (*a trifle sharply*): Ye've found my mushroom spot.

Pomona (*looking up*): Yours, Hildy? Na. I found it long ago. The Tidgley's cows lies here. It is their warm bellies brings the beauties up.



Look, Hildy! Ye can have a half of mine. I've known the place this year and more.

Hilda (*a little less sharply*): They're yours. I used to get a basket every dawn. I come to-day t' get a few for Gloriana's supper in her own new house with Simon Hadler, the fool, that's gone and married her.

Pomona: Ye're ever free with callin' people fools, Hildy. 'Tis seldom enough in this wide land there's time for spending all the joys of foolishness. What with the Scotch here, and the Irish there, and the Methody's prayerin', and the Presbees fighting mad with drink—what with the women scratchin' at the foot of the tall trees for loam to make potatoes grow, and layin' their babies in the sap troughs while they sweats with the men in the fields, 'tis time enough there was a little joy. In a land where sons is fortunes and daughters weights, a family like a string o' stones, where the sons demand, and the daughter marries, or keeps the bread from the last baby in the house—'tis time enough to see a little joy such as I seen when I was young, Hildy—and you, when you was young.

Hilda (*suddenly thoughtful*): That was another land than this. And even there—all that I saw was foolishness, and but a dream—(*nodding backward*)—like theirs.

Pomona (*still in her other vein*): Ye can begrudge them naught. All the ringin' empty words of his head, all the foolish flowin' out of tenderness for her that is s' frail and pretty to the eye. Ye know yerself that it is good to see, and in a land where women dare not know the joy of wetted eyes, it damps the parched corners of the heart, with joy.

Hilda: Ye have a mauderin' mood, Pomony, and I'm that tired I let ye talk it out.

Pomona: Aye, and let me finish while I will. 'Tis little more of joy I'll see like hers when I came upon them speakin' softly by the graveyard gate, when I see her, flushed with the pride of chosen womanhood, move down the street—just as ye said one time, "Like a cloud courted by a great wind, before the face of God". And in the courtin' days I saw her smile and buddin' out with redder cheeks and brighter eyes, and saw him, hoverin' above her—tenderly—doin' rev'rence to her bits of hands and feet, and the smooth cheek of her softer than a briar petal glowin' in the swamp. And when the circuit rider marrit them in her father's house, with a ring brought from York by the peddler himself—she in her gray flannel dress, and he in his homespun stuff—I thought at last a touch of something more than need in all this wilderness. 'Twas happy that I was. 'Twas out of happiness that I came out, like you, to gather mushrooms for her feast in his old shabby house.

Hilda: Aye. Happiness. But can yer happiness make hands strong or wind soft, or soil less stubborn than it is? Can it take words out of the head of the man and make a cunning mind to cheat the frost of the potatoes, or the rust of the wheat, or put the fat grass on pasture-lands that burned with the shameless sun. It is a stubborn country fit for stubborn men, fit only for the brave of body, as well as brave of heart. It lies here like a horse that's down and won't get up, or like a strong woman that must needs be mastered by a mighty man. And he's—not mighty. But a preachin' fool with dreams he might have sold, except he thinks they are the Lord's—and can't.

Pomona: And she thinks so with him.

Hilda: Well—then they'll starve.

Pomona (*with fire*): They shall not starve.

Hilda: Ye talk, Pomony, but ye cannot plough. We'd die, like them, except at childbirth or at death, they call for us to help; to wash the babe;



to lay the poor dead out. And we pick up odds and ends of food and value for our winter's keep.

Pomona: Hark! I hear them callin' from the door. They're clangin' at his rusty bell. They're waiting for us, Hildy, sure. Let's hurry back (*glancing at her basket*). I have enough for all.

*She hobbles out.*

*Hilda huddles on a fallen log, and with the petals of a flower goes through a ceremony. Lights down slowly. Curtain.*

### III.

*SCENE: A log-house interior, fireplace, rude table, scythe on the wall, a Bible on the table, some little flannel garments, as of children. In the far corner (right), a pallet of straw and a figure lying on it. Before the fire, the crones, watching the boiling pot. Seven years have elapsed.*

Hilda (*sharply*): Leave the fire be. There's luck enough has hit the house.

Pomona: Aye. But the floor's cold. It was the coldness of the floor that struck her lungs again.

Hilda: It can't strike your lungs nor mine. The children's gone with the neighbour women to be fed, and your great man has gone to the mill for boards. Why should ye stir the fire?

Pomona: I'll leave it be.

Hilda: If they was Irish folk they'd hold a wake.

Pomona: Aye. But they're not. There'll be some 'taties on the shelf, and nothin' more.

Hilda (*rising and going toward shelf*): We'll leave enough for him. (*Rummaging on the shelf*). She was a poor keeper of a house. Her hands was small.

Pomona: Aye, and red now, with tryin' t' make them useful. She were brave enough.

Hilda: Aye. Never a whimper in her pain. Five did she give.

Pomona: I'll keep her bit o' flannel for the baby's chest. It has a cold.

Hilda: A cold! Another one. O, what a crime they came, to live in such a bitter place, and fight—in vain.

Pomona: 'Tis you that says in vain. Not I. There (*indicating the couch*) were a little sort of happiness. There were some spirit such as other folk in these parts seldom show. There was some love. She lived, and she was loved. She loved, and though she could not master that which followed her, nor make her dreamer husband rich with wheat and lands as well—she lived a fatter life than any in these parts. Listen! . . . He's coming up the lane.

Hilda: Aye. With the boards.

Pomona: Think ye he can put them together right enough?

Hilda: I do not know.

Pomona: Sh!

*Sounds of someone approaching. Lights down a trifle. There is a fumbling at the door, and the door opens. Boards are stood within the door one by one. The women hold still by the fire, now almost out. Enter great figure of husband, muffled. He impatiently throws part of the muffler away, and with a gesture points to the door, while he faces the women. They go out into the next room. The man drags in a stool, then another stool, and lays a board along the length. He gropes about for his saw, lays it out with his hammer. He looks once at the pallet. Turns facing audience. Sits down, blindly, and buries his face in his hands.*

*Lights down.*

**CURTAIN.**



# DREAMS AND THEIR CAUSES

*By Herbert L. Stewart.*

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

MR. SLOSSON'S translation of Professor Bergson's little book on dreams has recalled us to a most interesting and at the same time a most elusive problem. It is curious that on such a subject savage man, and man in a pre-scientific age, should have been more reflective than many nineteenth century investigators. Every anthropologist is struck by the extent to which primitive thought revolved around the facts of sleep and dreaming; from this source emerged, beyond doubt, that greatest of all distinctions—the contrast of body and soul—whose familiarity to-day makes one forget how large a step it once was in intellectual advance. It was noticed that at regular intervals the limbs sink into torpor, the eyes close, the body remains motionless, and while the condition lasts no awareness is shown of the events that are happening around. Yet the sleeper on awaking could often describe a whole series of sights or sounds, a whole drama of war or the chase, in which he had been a spectator or an actor, but which had somehow passed away. What account could be given more natural or more satisfactory than to say that within the bodily frame there dwells a thin filmy substance, which from time to time leaves the body in a state of repose, goes on an excursion to other scenes and tasks, returning again in due time to its normal tabernacle?

Sir James Fraser has collected in

"The Golden Bough" a multitude of quaint savage practices which witness to this interpretation of the dream. You see it clearly in the precautions that are taken to facilitate re-entrance into the body for the wandering "manikin" when it comes back: "A Fijian suddenly awakened from a nap by somebody treading on his foot has been heard bawling after his soul and imploring its return". There is thought to be danger in disturbing or altering the appearance of the sleeper's body, lest the soul may not recognize its home and may go to and fro on the earth. Thus if the head is placed where the feet should be, or if whiskers are daubed upon a woman's cheeks, identification may be prevented. And the truant may obstinately delay its return, so that recourse must be had to savage spells and incantations.

In later times interest in dreaming took another form. It was long believed—in many quarters it is believed still—that man has here a clue to forecasting events. The seer, like Joseph and Daniel in the Old Testament, undertook to interpret the visions of the night; and Mr. Slosson has reminded us that "when a scholar laboriously translates a cuneiform tablet dug up from a Babylonian mound where it has lain buried for five thousand years or more, the chances are that it will turn out either an astrological treatise or a dream-book". The latter type of literature



commands a considerable circulation among certain classes even at the present day. Whilst we smile at these fancies we should remember it to the credit of a simpler age that a real problem was seen in occurrences which most of us simply take for granted, and that a rude theory was devised to explain facts on which most of us have not exercised our ingenuity at all. Since psychologists have really taken the matter up it has been found the more fascinating the farther it is probed. In this paper I can only set forth in outline some of the more interesting suggestions which have been offered to cover the data.

What is a dream made up of? What are its elements? And how are these elements disposed? We do not simply reproduce when we fall asleep that which we have lived through on the preceding day or at any preceding time. We pass into a world in which familiar data are recombined in new ways. And that which comes before us is, above all, a *picture*; it is the sense of sight which plays the greatest rôle. The other senses are quite capable of leaving each its own memory-image behind; but somehow in the dream we deal comparatively seldom with sounds, with perfumes, with tastes, or with tactual sensations. The "stuff that dreams are made of" is, as a rule, visual imagery, and that imagery seems to be in constant change. It unrolls itself like a drama that we watch upon the screen of a picture theatre—a succession of dissolving views where each passes insensibly into the next.

But, unlike the pictorial drama, the action we witness in sleep seems incoherent, inconsistent, lacking a unity of purpose. Plays are works of imagination, but they have a plot which must be preserved throughout, and the spectator is quick to notice a contradiction. In dreamland, on the contrary, criticism seems to be in abeyance; we attend our own funerals

without a thought that we are doing anything extraordinary, the scene changes with lightning speed from one country to another, and the rose tree on which we gazed a moment ago has been transformed into a human face. Part of the reason is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that sense-impressions from the outside world are excluded. While we remain in touch with the hard reality of concrete physical objects fancy is restrained, its vagaries are constantly brought to a touchstone, constantly corrected. If we think of that artificially-deepened sleep which we call hypnosis this view is confirmed, for there every suggested image is at once accepted, there is an intensified passivity, the critical attitude seems wholly destroyed.

Yet there is a connection among dream images, though it is one which the ordinary consciousness would condemn as grotesque. If a person when wide awake sees a human face apparently growing out of the petals of a rose he suspects his own condition. In a dream there is no such questioning, or at least a reduction in such questioning, of the perceptual data. The images are accepted, but not chaotically; at all costs they must be welded together into a whole, and any assumption necessary for this purpose is cheerfully made, no matter what scientific principle must be violated in the process. If a miracle is required then a miracle is supposed, but it is not thought of *as* a miracle; for once we reach a state in which there is no contrast of natural and supernatural. In short, the point of view of science is inverted, the deliverances of sense are supreme, "seeing is believing".

Mr. Havelock Ellis has very acutely pointed out that dream imagery is spontaneous, while that of waking life is, generally speaking, purposive. When in contact with the outside world we concentrate our minds upon a particular subject, we exclude the irrelevant, and we do so because we have an end in view, an interest in



thinking along that special line. This is, of course, a matter of varying degrees; there is the type of mind which the French call *distrain*, and there is that vacuous condition in which we enjoy a reverie, deliberately refusing to concentrate. Contrast a mathematician bringing all his powers to bear upon a problem, with a person staring into the fire, thinking about nothing, but seeing all sorts of weird shapes disporting themselves among the flames. The latter state of relaxed attention comes near, and it may easily pass into, a genuine dream. The will is in abeyance, we are "fancy-free".

Again, there are some curious features about the *action* which we imagine ourselves carrying out in a dream. Sometimes we seem to do things with præternatural facility; difficulties which would be insuperable in waking life are at once overcome; or, on the other hand, movement may be utterly frustrated; we struggle to speak or to raise the hand; we fail, and we commonly awake in a state of painful excitement. How shall we explain this? What difference of origin can be found between the normal dream and the "nightmare"?

Think of the sleeper's body as looked at by an outside observer. It may remain absolutely still, or there may be convulsive twitching of the muscles, the kind of thing which Scott refers to in the case of dogs:

The staghounds, weary with the chase,  
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,  
And urged in dreams the forest race  
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale moor.

Everyone has noticed the half-suppressed barking of a dog while asleep. There is a difference only of degree between this and the elaborately co-ordinated movements of the body in somnambulism. A sleep-talker is a mild example; one who rises, dresses, goes for a walk, and comes back in safety to bed is a more developed instance of the same. In the normal or healthy dream the motor nerves

are in a state of suspended activity: action is only imagined; but where the suspension is incomplete we are partially awake, action is half carried out and half frustrated; hence the "uneasy slumber".

Do we always dream? Or is there such a thing as that "deep and dreamless sleep" which Socrates thought preferable even to the pleasing excitements of waking life? The problem is perhaps insoluble, though confident answers may be given by those who speak only from their individual experience. At one end of the scale is the man who declares that he dreams every time he sleeps, at the other there is he who believes, like Lessing, that he never had a dream at all, and that he knows of such a thing only from hearsay.

The question is not, "Do we always remember our dreams?" and when we draw this distinction it becomes plain that the answer is very difficult. For the experience may be totally forgotten at the moment of waking, and yet, as everyone knows, it may return suddenly into consciousness during the day, revived by some trifling circumstance in the day's business, or by some object that we notice in the street. We pass by insensible gradations from deep sleep to wide-awakeness, and there is ample time for the vision to disappear entirely, provided it was not of a very emotional kind. Those who have tried the unpleasant experiment of getting themselves roused abruptly tell us that they catch themselves dreaming at the transition moment. Moreover, that curious power which some of us possess to decide mentally the hour at which we want to awake, and to obey our self-suggestion in the morning, points surely to some means of marking in our sleep the flight of time. Professor Stout has alluded to this in the phrase, "the organism as time-keeper". Without undue dogmatism on the subject I think we may feel sure that we dream far oftener than we know, and we must admit



that there is some real evidence in favour of the view that sleep has this accompaniment invariably.

Passing now to explanatory theories we may enumerate three. (1) It has been urged that the dream state is essentially a process of *reasoning* or, perhaps it would be better to say, a process of *interpretation*. The material, we are told, is a set of unconnected pictures, or a series of unconnected sensations; the dream activity is directed to forcing these chaotic data into an ordered whole. It is as if a painting were constructed by taking up fragments of many different paintings and joining these mechanically together; the effort of the dream is to think such a chance aggregate into a rational whole, making any assumption, however vast, which may be required. Thus fantastic links are often forged and unnatural sequences often accepted.

Sounds from the street fall upon a sleeper's ear, the bedclothes press upon his body, badly digested food causes visceral sensations. Again, there are the remnants of retinal stimulation. These blend together in a mass which waking consciousness would call a medley, but sleeping consciousness struggles to unify them. We have an attack of indigestion and dream logic makes us suppose that we are in a ship heaving up and down upon the sea. Or a man with a weak and palpitating heart has conjured up before him the picture of a pair of perspiring horses struggling uphill under a heavy load. Mr. Ellis, who is a leading exponent of this view, holds the stomach accountable for a great deal, for its disturbance causes a diffused emotional excitement, and for this excitement some plausible cause must be pretended. He quotes in illustration of the effect produced by posture a very gruesome night-mare that he experienced himself. He dreamt not only that he was dead, but that a post-mortem was being carried out upon his body. He

was somehow aware of what was going on, including the preparations for the funeral; on awaking he found that he had been lying with his head and neck in an unnatural attitude. There is no limit to the ludicrous explanations which the dreamer will thus devise. Thus, too, noises dimly heard are transmuted in dream-consciousness; the scratching of a mouse or the ringing of a door-bell may be the starting-point of a drama. And in the same way images from childhood may mix strangely with the events of the present. I have myself had one singular dream of this sort at least three times. I fancied that I was a candidate in a certain school examination, and I passed through just the same tumult of nerves which I can remember when I actually *was* a candidate many years ago. In my dream I felt extremely ignorant, and rightly so, for I did not even know the names of the text-books upon which I was to be questioned. I searched up and down for a programme, but none was to be found. Then the thought occurred to me: "What a horrible scandal will arise if I fail in this examination, for it will be said that a person who has acted for three years as an examiner was found incapable of passing himself!" Under this fear I hunted for the programme with feverish haste. At last it occurred to me that my fears were groundless, for I would be debarred from the examination on the score of age. This consoled me greatly and with a feeling of deep relief I awoke. An odd mixture indeed of past and present imagery, with the dreamer's peculiar logic determined to make sense out of the whole.

(2) The second hypothesis to which I must refer is that of Professor Freud, of Vienna; it is commonly called the "theory of a concealed wish". Freud thinks of a dream as a piece of symbolism, and of the thing symbolized as always some desire deeply placed in the soul of the



dreamer. Thus he distinguishes between *explicit* content and *latent* content. This view seems a valuable supplement to the "reasoning" theory which I have just explained. To say that in a dream a cause is devised to explain some sensation which we feel is to over-simplify the facts. The dreamer has no clear awareness of a sensation to be explained; if he had he would not be asleep, but awake; neither is the cause which he feigns really explanatory. What happens is rather that a diffused and vague emotional state conjures up a picture, full of irrelevant detail, in which the same or a kindred emotional state is observed, it may be in someone else. He is like the poet, having everywhere suggested to him quaint and out-of-the-way analogies, far more than he is like the scientist seeking causes for effects. Very often, as in the case of the sufferer from heart disease, he objectifies his own feeling, and fancies he sees it manifested by some other person or even by some other animal.

But is a dream *always* symbolic? How can we thus understand the scraps of imagery, representing actual events of the past somewhat confused and mixed up with incidents of some other time, an aimless random picture in which on awaking we can identify the bits as drawn from real life? After all, no phrase seems here more fitting than the old one, "accidents of the cerebral machinery".

And, even in those cases where the stimulus has undergone profound transformation in sleeping consciousness, can we always detect, or have we reason to think that there is always present, a disguised *wish*? The disguise, according to Freud, is commonly assumed because the wish is one of which in waking life we should be ashamed, some cherished malevolence or some unruly passion, which we normally refuse to express, because it contradicts the character which we want to maintain. He argues that in a dream we often get nearer to the

elemental instincts, in a word, we cease to play the hypocrite and let ourselves go for what we genuinely are. But at other times we wrap up the impulse in a plausible disguise, or represent its action symbolically. It seems true that there is no crime too heinous for us to commit in sleep; and there is, no doubt, little compunction while the sleeping consciousness lasts; it is when we begin to come out of it that we are obsessed with horror. We like to awake and "behold it was a dream". But in claiming that our true characters are revealed to us in sleep, Professor Freud, I think, has labelled human nature. Mr. Ellis points out that "criminals do not commonly dream of themselves as committing crimes, but of perfectly innocent activities"; is it then their sleep character which is fundamental? Moreover, even if it be true that there is no moral sense in the dreamer, this goes no way at all to prove that the moral feelings of one's waking life are either affected or illusory. We have seen that the element of active attention, of purposive control over imagery, is wanting; passive receptivity prevails. If so, how could there be a place for moral decision? Does not this involve above all else active self-determination? If the failure to reason coherently and the acceptance of the most absurd visual pictures does not prove that we are fundamentally irrational, why should acquiescence in all manner of crimes prove that we are fundamentally immoral?

(3) The third theory to be noticed is that which regards dreaming as an activity of the *subconscious* mind. This is the view which was propounded by Frederic Myers in his great work, "Human Personality". For Myers ordinary sleep is just the simplest, the most familiar, but for that very reason the least observed of the "mutations of personality". In it the supra-liminal energies of the mind are depressed and the subliminal energies are set free.



It was part of his doctrine on this matter that the unconscious mind far surpasses the conscious in grasp and in range. Hence in treating of sleep he points out its extraordinary recuperative effect upon our mental apparatus. Of this there seems to be no sufficient physiological explanation, for, as he truly says, and as every victim of insomnia can corroborate, "a few moments of sleep, a mere blur across the field of consciousness, will sometimes bring a renovation which hours of lying down in darkness and in silence would not yield". He next argues that in sleep there may be and there often is an intensified activity. The somnambulist can thread his way over difficult and dangerous mountain paths with a precision and a self-possession which would be impossible for him when awake. And referring to purely mental performances he claims exalted power during sleep, (a) in sense-perception, (b) in reasoning, and (c) in telepathic and telesthetic action.

In respect of sense-perception Myers quotes the statement of R. L. Stevenson in his book, "Across the Plains", that it was his practice to determine before going to sleep the subject of his dream imagery, and that not only was he able to fulfil his own programme, but that the pictures were vastly more vivid than any that he could conjure up in wakeful imagination. He instances the well-known hypnagogic and hypnopompic experiences, that is the pictures which float before us as sleep is just beginning or just passing away, where those who visualize badly when awake discover in themselves an extraordinary and an unsuspected power. But more striking to my mind is the evidence from dream-memory. The things we had apparently forgotten often thus reappear, as if they had been stored up in a great mental treasure-house, inaccessible to the consciousness which guides bodily life, but capable of being laid hold upon by this subconscious activity. Thus the real ques-

tion becomes not, How do we remember? but, How do we forget? Myers answers that memory is a thing of evolution, it has become specialized from a primitive retentiveness which held all things alike into an instrument which aims to keep only that which we require. One may compare Professor Bergson's view that waking life is *interested*, while sleeping life is *disinterested*. Many notable cases are on record where events are thus recalled in a dream. Take this one from the "Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research". The narrator is a merchant in Cardiff engaged in a shipping business, and his story was verified as far as possible at the time:

"In September, 1880, I lost the landing order of a large steamer containing a cargo of iron ore which had arrived in the port of Cardiff. She had to commence discharging at six o'clock the next morning. I received the landing-order at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when I arrived at the office at six I found that I had lost it. During all the evening I was doing my best to find the officials of the custom house to get a permit, as the loss was of the greatest importance, preventing the steamer from discharging. I came home in a great degree of trouble about the matter, as I feared I should lose my situation in consequence. That night I dreamed that I saw the lost landing-order lying in a crack in the wall under a desk in the long room of the custom house. At five o'clock the next morning I went down to the custom house and got the keeper to get up and open it. I went to the spot of which I had dreamed and found the paper in the very place. The ship was not ready to discharge at her proper time, and I went aboard at seven and delivered the landing-order, saving her from all delay."

This case is typical of a large number; it seems very plausible to say that there is an automatic registering machinery by which nothing is over-



looked, but that only a fraction of the records can be reached by waking consciousness. The most impressive of the cases are those in which a language once known but apparently forgotten is recalled and spoken in sleep, in hypnosis, or in delirium. The language need not ever have been understood, it is sufficient that it should have been listened to. So many examples have been noted that the term *Xenoglossia* has been coined to stand for this amazing power; our ancestors used to ascribe it to direct divine inspiration. In clairvoyance, which is only intensified sleep, scenes of the past, unattended to at the time, are beyond doubt reproduced in vivid detail. Such hypnotic recall confirms Myers's suggestion, especially as hypnotic experiences often vanish wholly when the trance is over, but are revived in a later sleeping vision. Moreover we have not a few instances which lend countenance to the view that the higher mental activities may be rendered more acute in dream consciousness. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is the classic example on the artistic side; the number of well-attested cases of dream mathematics where problems that have baffled one in waking hours are solved during sleep seems too great to be dismissed; and it is stated by one careful student, though with what evidence I cannot say, that inventions made in a dream have been successfully patented.

To consider the cases of "telæsthetic perception of distant scenes", and again the cases of veridical apparitions to a sleeper, would take us too far afield. I must content myself with referring the reader to the large collection in the works of Myers and Gurney, and with the remark that they seem to me too numerous and too striking to be explained away, save by a preposterous stretching of the long arm of coincidence.

Let me now offer very briefly and with the utmost tentativeness a word

of criticism on these hypotheses. Why need there be only one interpretation of all dreaming? Why need all dreams fit into the grooves of a single theory? May not the specific quality of some of them be explained by the random activity of dissociated centres, that of others on Ellis's principle by the effort to make a whole out of chaotic imagery, a third by Freud's wish-symbolism, and a fourth, especially the telepathic and telæsthetic sort, by the action of subconsciousness? What is called the "demand for unity of explanation" may easily be overpressed, most of all where such unification seems premature and when the complete data are not yet available. We have seen how difficult it is to apply the same principle everywhere, and it is plain that between sleeping and waking consciousness no sharp line can be drawn. Between the one end of the scale, where the senses and the judgment are alert, and the other end, where they are in profound abeyance, we can interpose many degrees of distraction and reverie; the mental process of the savage or of the young child approaches more or less closely to what we call dreaming.

One point at least seems securely established, I mean Professor Freud's theory that dream consciousness is to a great extent a manipulation of symbols. Those who have in all ages professed to read the "meaning" of dreams, who, for example, have interpreted a vision of fire as signifying hasty news, were groping after an important truth. When we call a dream a symbol we need not, however, suppose that it is a portent of the future, capable of being deciphered by experts in "the occult", and of conveying predictions which may be acted upon with advantage, though the suggestion that even here is an element of truth would not to-day be treated with just the same scorn with which mid-Victorian scientists overwhelmed it. The immediate point is that we have before



us transformed representations of stimuli; the symbols may be and often are very far-fetched; as Mr. Ellis says, "In a headache during sleep the head may be represented by a room with spiders crawling over the ceiling". But the fancifulness of the symbols can often with sufficient patience be penetrated, as Professor Freud himself has so conspicuously shown.

It is the view of Myers which takes us into the deepest and the most difficult waters. Those who are satisfied, as I am, that subconsciousness is a fact will be prepared, of course, to grant that it *may* be at work in dreams. The view which seems certainly correct for the explanation of crystal-gazing and hypnotism may very persuasively be applied to that

simpler phenomenon of which these are more extreme cases. That a dreamer should have passing before him in fullness of concrete detail events happening to someone else at a distance cannot be explained by invoking only "the usual channels of sense". And when the hypotheses of fraud and illusion have been strained to the uttermost there is a large residuum of such cases which have not been met. Into these with their abounding difficulties I have not space to enter, but that Myers has furnished the only clue which makes them intelligible at all I have little doubt; his case seems most irresistible just when one examines the arguments by which his critics would discredit his facts or when one considers the feebleness of rival attempts at their interpretation.





# THE REAL STRATHCONA

*By Dr. George Bryce.*

## IX.—AN EMPIRE-BUILDER AND PATRIOT

IT is a difficult task to estimate the exact force and influence of any man's life. Life is so many-sided, and circumstances and environment count for so much that it is almost impossible to clearly distinguish any one man's part in the events of his time. For example, in the case of the kings of England it is maintained that freedom was gained under her worst kings. This, however, does not prove that bad kings are desirable. Probably it would be truer to hold that it is the weaknesses of good kings which give rise to decay and disintegration of states. The lack of one good quality may ruin or divert a man's career. Lady Macbeth declared that her husband had great ambitions but his lack of "illness" staid him in attaining success. No one contends that Lord Strathcona was perfect. He had ambition, loved praise, or as one of his friends remarked to the writer, he was fond of prominence, accepted the plaudits of the great, and was pleased with the smile of royalty.

The writer remembers the pride with which Lord Strathcona told of the late King Edward with much geniality dispensing with a formality of court life on one occasion when he was receiving him after his return from Canada where his Lordship had in an accident received an injury. That his Lordship's aspirations were great, his courage notable, his admiration for intelligence and

education most marked, his regard for national honour high, and his love for domestic purity and happiness with a desire for peace and good will among men most characteristic—no one can deny.

It had been Lord Strathcona's lot to spend well nigh one third of a century in the dreary region of Rupert's Land from Moose Factory to Labrador, but his conversation, manners and general bearing when he came into the wider sphere of newer Canada showed a notable grasp of what was greatest and truest in life. He was markedly free from the vices often incident to a life spent among Indians, Eskimos, and ignorant traders and fishermen. He greatly assisted education—both higher and the more elementary—subsidized learned men, built and assisted colleges, and was on good terms with all the churches in their efforts to advance religion. He was an admirer and a most liberal supporter of advance in science,—especially in its application to health and general convenience, in medical research and civic prosperity. His good taste was seen in his acquisition of masterpieces in painting and statuary. His mansion in Montreal contained many beautiful works of art. Nothing pleased Lord Strathcona more than to see his friends made happy—and this regardless of their origin, nationality or circumstances—so long as they were reputable and deserving—yes, to use his habit of



repetition—"respectable and deserving."

Lord Strathcona's great wealth seemed—as he became older and richer—to rouse within him a sense of responsibility which he did not possess when his fortune was smaller. He was a man who grew greater as his vision widened and as his environment became more complicated. What a rise it was to spend so many years of his life among the "angustas res" of Labrador and then to be appointed to fill the high place in London of representative of the Canadian Dominion as High Commissioner, and to be the familiar companion of the rich and the great! Yet he always retained his simplicity of manner. A notable feature of his simple Scottish character and sturdy common sense was shown when on his visit to Winnipeg in 1909 at the meeting of the British Association when the train bearing 200 members of the British guests met his special train coming from British Columbia, although having the right of way he considerably ordered his train to be side-tracked till the visitors passed by.

In nothing did his increasing breadth of mind show itself more than in his conception of "Empire building". Though he had been "cribbed, cabined and confined," by the narrow traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company and by his life among the servile Labrador fisherman, he broached the plan of a free and world-wide British Empire. In this development, however, he was surprisingly free from the "jingo spirit". He never thought of limiting the liberties and aspirations of Canada by taking away any of her privileges. He believed that unity of action could be secured throughout the Empire by Canada and Overseas Dominions—each being mistress of her own house, though being always willing to render homage, devotion and assistance to the mother across the sea. Lord Strathcona never forgot that he was a Canadian and he

recognized from the first that an artificial and ill-considered Imperial union would not be acceptable to any of the Dominions.

Again, Lord Strathcona was naturally averse to war. He was essentially a man of peace, and his whole career as Agent General of Canada aimed at promoting good will throughout the Empire and giving kindly treatment to minorities. His coming to Montreal—the largest commercial centre of Canada—was about the time of Confederation. He approved of kindness and conciliation there. He always favoured a policy of good will. He showed this in Manitoba, in his relation to the United States, in his general influence for a good understanding between the French and English people of Quebec, and also among the elements of far-western Canada. In 1897 he even acted as Chairman of a Royal Commission sent to Winnipeg by the Dominion Government to overcome the difficulties raised by the abolition in Manitoba of Roman Catholic schools.

As one of the leading spirits of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it was his policy to connect all the British Overseas Dominions and Colonies by lines of steamers and railways, and to show by trade facilities and mutual intercourse that not only does "trade follow the flag" but that acquaintanceship, trade concessions, and especially hearty good feeling, between the different members of the Empire, would bind them together firmly into a homogeneous whole. In nothing did Lord Strathcona show this spirit more than in his willingness to embark largely in what was called "The All Red Route". This scheme professed to be a work of real Empire consolidation by the connection of ocean steamers and leading railway lines into an endless chain girding the whole earth with Great Britain as the Empire Centre. The undertaking was gigantic and would involve the Governments of Great



Britain, Canada, New Zealand and Australia in a united sum of five million dollars a year for twenty years. Lord Strathcona offered for the furtherance of this patriotic and imperial project, a sum, if needed, reaching up to a million and a half of dollars. While the exigencies of the various members of the Empire prevented the carrying out of this very great enterprise, the magnificent offer of His Lordship cannot be ignored. It was said that the All Red Route would make Canada, with her transcontinental railways, the connecting link as well as the "half-way house" of the British Empire.

It cannot be forgotten, however, that the patronage by Lord Strathcona in 1907 of the "All Red Route" was but a sequence of one of the grandest exhibitions of munificent patriotism that the world had seen. Nearly a decade before the question of the "All Red Route" problem came up, the fratricidal war of South Africa had taken place. While Lord Strathcona never approved of the unfortunate and maladroit steps which brought on that war, when necessity demanded it, he, with splendid patriotism, undertook, as we have seen, to provide the Strathcona Horse—a mounted corps—at his own expense. This contribution to the Empire was so notable that it drew forth the unwilling encomium even from his enemies when they declared that "this action has no precedent in the history of any country".

The writer can state from personal knowledge in London that never did Canada's place in the Empire and the respect and admiration of its High Commissioner stand so high as they did in the latest year of his Lordship's life (1913) in London.

But the feeling was very general that though a sound constitution, good habits, temperate living and activity in life's business and duties had blossomed out into a hale old age in this notable man of ninety-three, that the end was approaching. In

the last months of 1913 the writer had the privilege of enjoying the hospitality of Grosvenor Square residence in London, where he met Lady Strathcona for the last time. A short time after this came the sad duty of witnessing in a London church the funeral of her Ladyship and of seeing the veteran with bent form and sad footsteps following his partner of half a century and more to her last resting-place. Not many weeks afterward the writer had an interview with his old friend of more than forty-two years of acquaintance. His Lordship was in the office in Victoria Street. He and the writer had for more than forty-two years been having many a talk together. His Lordship was busy writing at his desk. The writer remarked: "It is wonderful how a man of your age can even yet write his private correspondence". "Oh, well," he said, "I can't do it except with difficulty. You know ever since I had the fall in British Columbia, I have had a lame arm." His reference was to his having been thrown out of a carriage by a pair of mettlesome horses at Okanagan Lake on his visit to British Columbia in 1909. His right arm was seriously injured. "I do not write so easily as I used to do," he continued—"not so easily." But his mind was as clear, his manner as benevolent, and his voice, with its tinge of the Morayshire dialect, was as firm and decisive as when he addressed the Winnipeg St. Andrew's Society as its premier President in 1871.

Early in 1914 the news came out that Lord Strathcona was dangerously ill. It seemed as if all "Business-London" knew it and was interested in the outlook for the nonagenarian. The old Hudson's Bay man feared that he was in danger. All Canadians in the metropolis spoke to one another of it. Even his Royal friend, Queen Alexandra, showed great personal interest. The news spread abroad that a "wire" had been sent to his chief legal adviser, Garson, in



Edinburgh, to come at once by special train. His pastor, Dr. Fleming, of St. Columba Church, was in constant attendance. But the end came and the news spread, "The great old man is dead". The news took hold of all London. The authorities of Westminster Abbey offered a place for burial among its famous dead. But his family decided that his Lordship should lie in Highgate Cemetery, where the partner of his Labrador, Montreal and London life had been buried a few weeks before. The public regretted their decision, but it would have been his own wish. But all London insisted that at least the funeral should be in Westminster Abbey. Royalty was represented at the funeral, his fellow members of the House of Lords were largely there, many Canadians were there, and his thoughtful friends of the St. Andrew's Society, Winnipeg, asked the writer to represent them. The business men of London even came in great numbers, all the Overseas Dominions had representatives, and the Great Abbey was not large enough to hold all who asked for admittance.

The service was conducted by his

friend and countryman, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in compliment to Lord Strathcona being a member of the Church of Scotland, the special service was adapted to include the hymn "O God of Bethel," which Lord Strathcona—as a recollection of his Scottish boyhood—was repeating after his pastor when his spirit passed away.

Before leaving London we made a pilgrimage to the beautiful Highgate Cemetery, where was Lord Strathcona's vault in a closed grassy quadrangle with only the covering of a single slab not yet inscribed with his name. There might be engraved on it the words:

Here lie the remains of the Empire Builder, the generous benefactor of churches of different faiths, of Hospitals and Homes, of University men and women, and of many thousands of needy and unfortunate ones who received his bounty, without his left hand knowing what his right hand did.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

CONCLUDED





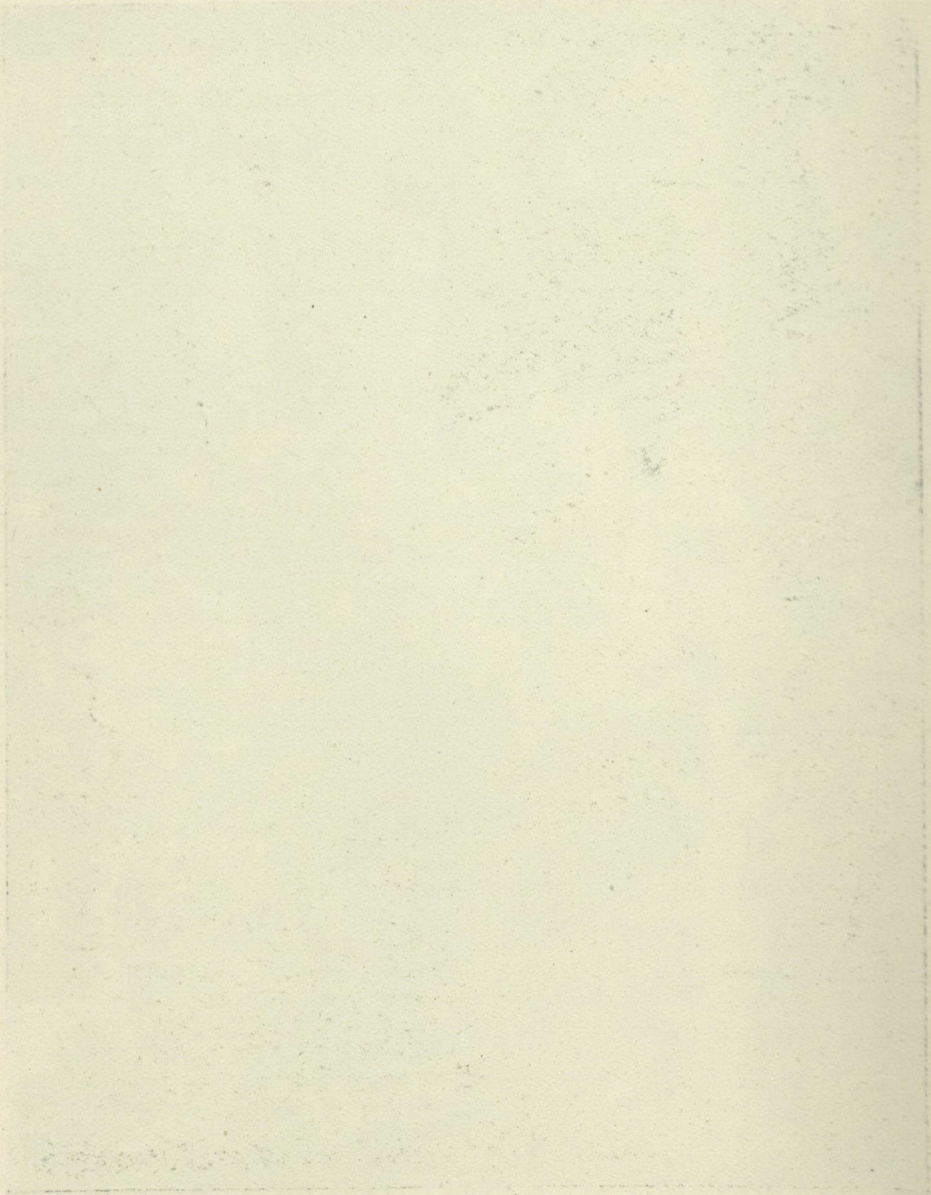


THE BLACK BONNET

From the painting by  
R. P. R. Neilson

One of the American paintings exhibited at the  
Canadian National Exhibition







# IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

BY EMMET F. HARTE

SMOKEY hailed originally from the Big Horn basin and—apart from his worldly habits of tobacco, profanity, bad whiskey and aversion to work—was of breezy manner and playful disposition. A subtle air of romance clung to him—the picturesque, airy glamour of the great West, the West of the Unfenced Range. It was rumoured that Smoky had in bygone days attained a not enviable repute along the line of altering cattle brands— even that Wyoming had become too warm a climate for him. But, be that as it may, Smoky held his hearers, when he willed, in the net of his fancy; he was a conversational artist.

“Speaking about this dry wave which is sweeping over the South and East where they say you have to get a pill-peddler’s prescription in writing before you can even take a bath,” remarked Smoky, on occasion, “reminds me that Southeastern Utah would be a hot location for these parched-throated, temperance rooters to colonize in; they could take their drinking water along in tablet form and when they wanted a wash they could get down and flutter in the alkali dust, like a hen does. I once took a saunter across the Nioche desert which to think of to-day gives me a thirst; I thank you, I don’t care if I do. As I was saying, it was some years ago, along about the time the free range went into the low-down hands of the sheep-herders. The cowman was feeling pretty pizenous and four of us boys made a so-called raid

into the Green River country, one night, expecting to smear out a certain camp of unclean desecrators of the white man’s grass. We struck snags; we stirred up a nest of skunks which could pick off vest-buttons with Winchesters by moonlight at a hundred and fifty yards and had not a compunction— not one. Squirrel-shooters was what that outfit consisted of, man, fancy gun artists. Our party left two with their troubles over and one plugged through and through the upper lungs who got away by the assistance of yours respectfully that also received a .30:40 through the shoulder, a graze on the side and two through the hat. That sheep-herder outfit was entirely too sarcastic with their shooting. Then they sent compliments and delicacies of the season and mentioned that they would feel more or less worried during the few days that elapsed before they made a walking sieve out of a certain person called Smoky, placing bets on the same. I, feeling disgusted with such notoriety, rode three days and nights and took a change of scenics.

“Went into the prospecting business on a small scale after that, and worked across the divide that fall, getting as far south as Colorado. The following summer I took a contract to explore the Nioche desert, the same being a second King Solomon’s mines for treasure, according to my figures.

“I wandered around in company with a person called Skeeter Malone, Irish with blue hair, and good com-



pany until we run short of tobacco, whereupon he hits for Carson or Tucson, I forget which, and promises to drift back inside of three weeks with more grub and a pack-mule. He took along all the money. I afterwards heard of him in Sydney, Australia. If I should ever run across that same Skeeter I'll shore take the time to change the map on his face considerable as a token of remembrance. I puttered around in that vicinity until my water-hole went dry and then I moved over about ten miles eastward to another place. That was getting low also and I thought I'd better skip across the desert while I had a chance and not waste any more time. It was about three days' journey, I figured.

"It was the same old fool-story, there's been others; some of them got through and some of their bones are out there yet, lying around between the Rockies and the Sierras. Take my word that little three letters d-r-y means something on the alkali plain with the sun overhead making a mummy out of you. I went dry. It wasn't long or I wouldn't be here to-day, saying here's to your good health! (That's a mighty fine article!) But, as I was saying, I remember the thirst and beginning to get biled.

"Then I staggered around a sandy rise, down into an arroyo and on to a little dried-up wart of a man, wearing spectacles and one of these here helmet-hats and accompanied by a solemn-looking and uncomplaining burro as natural as a photo.

"I tried to say something casual and sociable and also borrow a drink, but all I could do was make a noise like a dust-storm 'rattling o'er the stony street,' during a protracted drought; the little man wasn't all day taking in the exact situation, though, and the way he put me under treatment and softened up my caked places was good to look at even for a burro, who was the only spectator. They only had about a gallon of water themselves, and no more in sight ex-

cept in a mirage lake off to the south, which was good Christian Science but awful poor for wetting, but my new friend just splattered it around promiscuous, like he owned a perpetual water right. As soon as I got the roof of my mouth and my tongue soaked loose from each other I mentioned it. The little man twiddled his spectacles contentedly and chuckled and the burro wiggled his long ears. They didn't seem to be worrying overly, so I didn't see any use of me borrowing any trouble myself, to prove which I finished up the last drop they had an' joined in the general satisfaction prevailing, even if the thermometer was about a hundred and thirty-five or forty in the shade, with the understanding of course that there was shade, which there wasn't.

"The water made me feel better. I had renewed my lease and felt revived enough to crack a joke when I happened to let my gaze wander to a near-by cactus and as plain as day saw a yellow and white tom-cat sitting there with a blue ribbon around his neck and right by him, curled up snug, was one of these stubby-nosed, curly-tailed pug dogs, asleep. I didn't make no fuss at first—I waited to see if it would wear off. It didn't. Then I asked the gent in spectacles if he noticed anything peculiar about me? He said nothing struck him funny enough to laugh at. All the time I was watching that tom-cat and finally he blinked his eyes.

"'Mr. Man,' I said, reaching for my six-shooter, 'don't pay any attention to me, but I'm going to take a pop at that there cactus to ease my mind. I'm seeing things.'

"'Holy Cæsar!' he yelled, 'don't shoot! There's my cat and dog under that cactus.' I fell on his neck.

"'You've saved me!' I said. 'I thought I had gone wrong in the attic, sure enough, when I saw them two animals there in a place like this.'

"'I'll introduce myself,' he said. 'I'm Professor Charles Van Strenger of Boston.'



"'Happy, I'm sure,' I said, 'I'm William H. Riggs of the Big Horn Basin, sometimes called Smoky for convenience. I take it, you're one of them Science fellows, from your magnifying glass. Bugs or bones?'"

"'Well, just now I am looking for a certain kind of a cactus,' he said, not seeming to see any joke. It was a joke even to a dying man to see that little, solemn-looking cuss with his burro, pug-dog and tom-cat pattering around out there under that sizzling sun on the alkali sand. I laughed loud and long. It finally nettled the Prof somewhat, and he asked:

"'Are you sure you're not having some kind of a spell now?'"

"'Don't mind me,' I said, 'I'm laughing at a funny story I heard last summer; the point just come to me. Are you staying around in this condemned country very long?'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't expect to make this my home. Do you live hereabouts?'" I exploded again.

"'I've been prospecting a little,' I said.

"'Know much about minerals?' he inquired.

"'I should sniker and snort!' I returned, scenting a tenderfoot, 'I'm an original mineral expert. What I don't know about the yellow and white and red metals in their native haunts wouldn't pay you to fool away time over.'

"'You surprise me!' he said, producing a fat black cigar by which he saved my life the second time.

"'Aside from a few little whims in the animal line,' I remarked, 'you and me could get along fine, Prof for days and days—in token of which loan me a match.'

"'Don't you like harmless animals?' he asked, surprised.

"'Well,' I said affable, 'I don't mind confiding that a pug dog makes me feel hateful; they look like they might have been going somewhere in a thundering hurry sometime and run into something; a pug dog looks insulting and sneery to me. As for that

there cat, I should think if you'd skin him, he'd be more comfortable in this climate. The burro I indorse.' And I changed the subject.

"'How far are we from any accumulation of moisture, if you won't be offended?' I asked.

"'About four hours,' he said. Which same answer relieved me, so I took the Prof in as a chum and a side pard, menagerie and all, even helping to corral and load the pets on to the burro before we started.

On the way across the hot, sandy plain I even loosened up a few and related the Prof. some lurid ones to beguile him.

"'And you say there have really been diamonds found in Arizona?' he inquired.

"'I do say so,' I declared, 'I've found at least a peck, myself; one I remember I sold to an insurance agent in Tombstone for \$30,000.'

"'Phew!' said the Prof.

"'Sure!' I continued. And there's a tribe of Injuns called the Pinheads, or something, that live in caves along the cliffs, and they have gold and silver mines, nobody knows how rich, and precious stones of all kinds—rubies, garnets, topazes, amethysts, opal and others I disremember—to throw at the birds. Arizona is lousy with 'em,' I said.

"'I've heard there's many old ruins in that section,' he said. prehistoric ruins of cities and such.'

"'Now you've touched on my hobby,' I said gleeful, 'Six Eastern scientific guys and me once dug out a buried city in New Mexico, and say, we made a clean-up! Fine statutes and oil paintings in gold frames and brass furniture and everything you could think of. You wouldn't believe me if I'd tell you we found a solid gold buffalo, life size; we did.' I wanted to see how much he would stand without squealing.

"'You surprise me!' was all he said, without batting his eye.

"'Then I hitched my six-shooter around more comfortable, took a new



hold and told him about Lost River and the locoed chief of the Hualpies and the petrified forest and that mastodons and other strange creatures roamed in droves along the head waters of the Snake. I spread myself on the wonders of Canon Diablo, where, I said, awful-looking, weird things come out of holes and dance around lakes of boiling brimstone at night. I told him about the mammoth red bats of Roaring Cave in the Grand Canon and the big Serpent of the Gila River. The more I came through with, the tickleder he was—and interested? I should say so.

“Then I handed him the one about the rooster I saw in Butte that had his head shot off just about the wings and they put a silver tube in the top of his wind-pipe with a valve in it so he could breathe; I thought that would throw him, but in didn’t.

“‘Wonderful!’ he said. ‘Most remarkable!’

“Then I unraveled a fragment or two about Moqui Medicinemen and how they could conjure up thunderstorms in a tent and grow a stalk of corn with ears on it in two hours, or turn a cur-pup into a bull-snake right before your eyes. I couldn’t do nothing with him; wore myself out trying to make him beg off, but he swallowed it all.

“‘Your experience has been wide and varied’ he said, ‘and your observation very keen and comprehensive. I might say the things you have related are, in fact, uncommon.’

“I should say they were; they were pretty near imaginary.

“Well, we had covered about ten miles or so, in the meantime, and the desert looked as flat, barren and dry as ever, as far as I could see. It was an unbroken stretch of alkali and the heat was flaring up something fierce, even if the sun was getting a little lower in the west and not beating straight down.

“‘Say, Prof,’ I said finally, ‘what about that water? I can see ten miles all round and more than that straight

up and it still looks discouraging; you wouldn’t lie to an orphan?’

The Prof looked reproachful and the yellow cat blinked at me out of his basket like I’d forget my manners.

“‘You can take a bath, if you want to, in ten minutes,’ said the Prof shortly. I never come any closer disagreeing with my own father than I did then with him, but I kept still for a wonder, concluding to wait the ten minutes at least.

“Then we came to the jumping-off place. Nature cracks some funny jokes around over the country, but she never framed up a completer surprise than that there Prof. Van Strengers’ jumping-off place; you walk along on the alkali, with the dust and the hot heat fogging up into your blistered face and the sun slathering away at you from over and behind, and all of a sudden you start to step, and catch yourself just in time to keep from walking out into air; right there before you is a gash in the ground about fifty yards wide and no fence to keep you from falling over; you sneak up a step and peek over and grab yourself by the suspenders; that gash is cut to the bone. About a mile or so down you can see a little silver lake and some green grass and a cottonwood tree, all correct. It’s as nice as a mirage and about as accessible.

“‘Amiga,’ I said thoughtful, after taking a look while the Prof waited, ‘you don’t happen to have a balloon, that’s in good working order, about you, do you?’ The Prof got in a good humour immediate.

“‘Come along,’ he said with broad smiles, ‘I know a way down.’ And he did; a little narrow, dizzy trail wound around the side, and after some acrobatics and risk to life, liberty and the course of true love, we landed in the nice soft grass and uncrated the enthusiastic and despicable pug dog and the self-satisfied tom while the burro loosened the drawstring in his ears and mowed a few swaths.

“The little lake in the centre was



as smooth as ironed silk—not a bit of wind, I don't suppose, had ever roughed it since it first happened. The bottom of the Canon was wider than the top; and the whole gash was about a mile long, with hardly a way to get up or down, only the trail we come by. The sides didn't look so high from the bottom. I think the Prof said it was about 200 feet from the desert straight down to the water. I shook hands six times.

"'Prof,' I said, 'I'll take back everything I ever thought about you, and I hereby proclaim that if you want to keep a guinea-pig, a white rat, or a bush-spider for a pet, you've got a right to, and I'm for you most prodigious. You are an extinguished gentleman and a true sport.

"'I'm much obliged for your good opinion,' said the Prof, 'come into the house.' I hadn't seen any house, but he had one all right, and that wasn't all he had.

"Around a jut in the rocky wall was a three-story, stone, cliff-dweller mansion as neat and fine as Fifth Avenue, New York, which I haven't seen but have heard of, and if that there science scamp didn't have everything modern, up to standard and bar none, I'll kiss the first Chink I see. He had rooms—about a hundred and fifty of 'em—fitted up for high-living: Cook-room, bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room, parlour, library, cloak-room, ante-room, cellar, roof-garden, vestibule, chapel.

"He had a junk-shop he called a laboratory with all kinds of little contraptions connected therewith. He had books and magazines to read and everything to do heavy housekeeping with, except a female cook. Down alongside the little lake he had a garden with a toy irrigation ditch, and lettuce, radishes and spuds growing fit to tickle you to death. The whole lay-out appeared to me to be just about as snug and comfortable as Robinson Crusoe ever dared to dream about, and I started skirmishing for a job in a roundabout way.

"'Prof,' I said, 'as near as I can observe by your samples, you've got convenient quarters when once in, but you seem to be some shy a cook. I'll mention, casual, while on the subject, that that's my strong point—I am there with the skillet.'

"'You surprise me,' he returned, and since you mentioned it, I'll allow you to get supper.'

"Well, I spread myself on that supper. No spuds was ever lucky enough to be fried as them, no coffee ever as delicious, no flap-jacks half as temptatious. The bacon by itself was enough to entice a man five hundred miles away from his happy home, if he knew about it; and we cut a can of apples of some ancient vintage and made turnovers in the grease. The Prof tucked away six and fell back gibbering with delight. I was elected cook without a dissenting vote. If there was any salary attached to my new job, I'll swear I never heard what it was. We forgot to mention it at the time and afterwards things got so interesting and entertaining that I never thought to remind the Prof that I was hired help. The job wasn't hard. I just prognosticated around and smoked the Prof's black cigars and concocted viands whenever we got hungry. I made myself solid with the menagerie and the blooming pug-dog got so he'd follow me around like I was his school chum. The tom-cat was too lazy to follow anything, and a burro prefers his own company to anybody else's—but the pup was a born accompanist. The Prof was busy. I've met a lot of these here science galoots trailing around over this Western country, and they're mostly pecking at rocks, piking for fossils or accumulating fool things like caterpillars or other specimens as they call them, and think they're smarter than range people anywhere. Perhaps they are—I've never heard what the United States court says on the subject. But the Prof wasn't collecting specimens; he never pecked a rock or caught a butterfly, of which



there were some six or eight at large in the valley; he puttered around in his laboratory once in awhile and had bottles of gummy-looking stuff he'd ponder over, besides crocks full of smelly roots and things asoak. One day he says to me:

"'Smoky,' he allowed, 'I wish you'd take the donkey and go down to the south about nine miles, where you'll find an arroyo with some cact-  
oribus scandalous combustibus—or something that sounded like that—growing. Gather me about a bushel and come back by return mail, will you?' I did. And scratched up my hide some doing it. When we got back the Prof. had rigged up a regular distillery, up in one of the rooms, and for awhile I surmised he was going into the moonshine business. I didn't discourage him—it was a thirsty country.

"Well, he made sour-mash out of the cactus and then he had me make a four-days' trip to the settlement to get an express package for him. The town was a Mormon village called Prophet's Choice—I've heard it's been discontinued since—and they had a twice-a-week stage-line to the railroad. There wasn't a drop of anything better to drink than water in the town without positively exhibiting at least two rattlesnake bites, so I didn't sojourn long after I got my errand done. I took back also a few lines of bacon, salt, sugar and other luxuries, and wafted in, sober and melancholy, a whole half-day ahead of schedule. The Prof said he'd missed my cooking, and the pup and the tom were right glad to see me. The Prof opened his package, which consisted of a lot of little bundles and bottles like he was going to start a drug-store. He squinted at them and hum-hawed to himself most sociable. Finally he said:

"'Two drops of this would destroy all the nine lives of our friend here,' holding up a small bottle and indicating Thomas curled up on the floor, 'and I mix it in a glassful of sugared

water and a teaspoonful of these other two with it and it makes a harmless drink, pleasant and beneficial.

"'I'll take your word for it,' I said, 'though I wouldn't pass up about four fingers of good fire water just now if I had it.'

"'Why didn't you mention it?' he said, surprised, 'I've got a little somewhere around, I think. I'll look for it and back he comes with a flat bottle he'd had cached somewhere with not even the label broken. He had saved my life the third time. In return for them two drinks—he allowed me two—I architected a supper for the bunch that put them all down cooing. Prof said it was a culinary, that's the word he used, a culinary masterpiece.

"'Prof,' I said, 'without meaning any offence, and if it's a fair question, what kind of dope is this you're concocting up there in your lavatory, or whatever you call it? You're not making anything good to drink and overlooking your old friend Smoky!'

"The little cuss hobnobbed with himself for quite a while before answering; he didn't seem crazy to tell everything, but finally he loosened.

"'Smoky,' he said, after awhile, 'I'm engaged in a secret work—a work of a vast importance and far-reaching possibilities—and if I was not certain of success I wouldn't even give you a hint; as it is, I'll confide that I have discovered the Elixir of Life.'

"'I never dreamed of such a business,' I said, 'or I'd 'a' been tiptoeing around with my heart in my throat. What the devil is the Elixir of Life, if it's a fair question?'

"'I'll explain,' he said, patient as a schoolmarm with an unusually bullet-headed kid, 'all down through history, certain men have searched and worked to discover a serum that will arrest the decay of tissues'—that was what he said, exactly—and they have all failed. This wonderful Elixir, this



infusion into the veins of new energy and the restoring of youth, again and again, the prolonging of the life of man into an indefinite period, has been sought after a heap,' he said, 'and it remained for me, Professor Van Strenger, in the beginning of the twentieth century, to find the key to the problem.' I was so interested I forgot to puff and my cigar went out. I hadn't ever sized up the Prof for being such an entertainer.

"I must ask you to keep the secret awhile longer," he went on, "until I have completed a sufficient supply for extensive experiments."

"Sure," I said, "Prof, you needn't be afraid of me spreading it; I don't see very many people lately and I'm known as the most ferocious kind of a liar anyway, so it wouldn't be believed."

"Thank you," said he, and continued; "I have gone further than the others; my discovery not only prolongs life, but restores it. I can raise the dead."

"Now I had related the Prof. some pretty fanciful ones from time to time as they occurred to me, but I hadn't expected him to try to get back like that. I guffawed. What does he do then? He snapped his talkograph shut like a collapsible tin cup and closed up like a clam. Not another word. Nitto. He had no sense of humour. I saw that the little cuss actually believed what he'd been telling and I tried to square myself. No, he had his feelings hurt and was sorer than barber's itch. We went to bed that night non-committal and uncommunicative and in the morning it took two soft-boiled eggs and an armload of tortillas to make the Prof smile; I forgot to say we had, among other things in the animal line, four hens and a terrible pompous old rooster in our gully, and our eggs were as fresh as if just from college.

"Well, when the Prof had lapped up about a dollar and eighty cents' worth of home cooking, he burst into bloom and commenced to tell more.

"Smoky," he said, "of course you couldn't be expected to believe everything about the Elixir without some visible manifestations of its properties. I have decided to give you a proof. Which of the animals, now, would you say that I thought the most of, if asked?"

"Well," I said, "the burro is the usefulest, the pup is the friendliest, and the kitty is the least account for any possible thing—I should say, I guess, that you are most sentimental of all about the kitty."

"Good!" said he, "we'll drown Thomas."

"Drown him?" I said.

"Drown him," he said, getting up, "till he is deader than an Egyptian mummy. Then I'll bring him back to life with the Elixir."

"I'd much rather get rid of the pug," I said finally, "he's such an insolent, insulting, over-fed, smart Alex and—"

"All right," said Prof, "drown 'em both if you like."

"How about the burro?" I asked, "and the poultry?"

"Never mind them," he said, "for the present, the two will do." The Prof never saw a joke during our acquaintance.

"Well, I caught the pets and attached a twenty-pound rock to each one, under the Prof's directions; then I tied a rope to 'em and anchored 'em to the shore and there was two splashes about a minute apart in our lake and the pug and the tom were across into the happy hunting-ground. I hated to do it—it is against my grain to kill a creature like that for nothing—I even wanted to yank 'em out again; almost begged the Prof to let me, but he said 'No.'

"Leave them in until night," he said, "then you will admit they are reasonably dead."

"I'll believe they are fairly well extinct in half an hour," I said, "neither one being frogs or turtles."

"Good!" he said. "I want you to be satisfied."



“Well, we left them defunct animals in ten feet of water all that day. Till six p. m. by the Prof’s John Deere watch they soaked, and then, one by one, I pulled ’em out and viewed the remainders. They was shore dead—I’ll vouch for it. Drowned plumb, exact and complete, and we toted them, all wet and drippy, into the lavatory where the Prof expected to do his stunts. I laid ’em out on a flat rock where they could drain, and the Prof got out his little bottles and his tools.

“‘Which first?’ he asked, rolling up his sleeves.

“‘You’re the doctor,’ I said, ‘one’s as dear to me as the other.’

“‘Hand me Thomas, then,’ he said. I drained the yellow cat a minute and then held him up while the Prof took his bicycle pump and shot four fingers of plate blue dope just back of his right ear. Now, wonders never cease in this Western country, and sometimes a man doubts his own eyesight, but this here is straighter than the first five cards out of a new deck: That there tom-cat begun to twitch, then he squirmed and sputtered a little and kicked with his foot; then, I hope to never raise another glass if he didn’t cough, get up and go rub against the Prof’s leg as live as any cat that ever meowed and me with my hair riz up fiercer than the bristles of an Arkansas hog in search of a lost acorn.

“‘Now for Marcus Antonius,’ he said, enthusiastic. I looked at that there pup, all water-soaked and be-draggled, with his lip curled up and peeled off of his teeth in his customary sneery way, but deader than a mackerel, and I first thought it was a waste of dope to bring him back. He wasn’t any earthly good, but—I gathered him up and brought him over. There was some water sloshing around inside him which seeped out finally, and in five minutes he was wagging his tail. Well, the Prof had certainly delivered the goods. He had produced the results strictly. He

also had me roped and flung spraddling; my voice sounded little and far away when I perked up enough to say something out loud.

“‘Prof,’ I said, ‘you win. Deuce high is my best. I’m considered something of a judge of cattle, a fair shot, can cook, throw a rope, ride, and hold a mean hand in poker sometimes, but I don’t perform no miracles. At magic, I pass. Your work is too deep for me.’

“‘Tut, tut!’ he answered, ‘it’s nothing, I could do the same with you, yourself.’

“‘Here, now, Prof,’ I said, scared into a coat of mush-ice all over. ‘Prof, you don’t aim to try no freak work on poor old harmless Smoky, do you?’

“‘My dear man,’ he said, ‘calm yourself. I wouldn’t hurt one hair of that bald spot on your head. I will make a giddy and blithesome youth out of you.’

“‘Not me!’ I said, ‘No, you don’t; not for one minute.’

“He looked disappointed. That night I took turn about sleeping with each eye; the other I kept on the Prof, who slept like an innocent baby and woke up just as fresh as I was groggy. All morning he was busy in his junk-shop making dope and tinkering around among his bottles and crocks; then he come out, loaded up the burro with some grub and water and said he would likely be gone for two days, after some more ungodly plants or something he needed to make a certain kind of a poison out of. He was getting rabid. In the meantime I was to look out for the pets, feed the chickens, keep the distillery going and meditate on the mysteries of life in general.

“I breathed a terrible sight easier after I saw his pink shirt and big white helmet fade over the top of the cliff; I could now take it cosy and comfortable for at least two days.

“With all the crazy dopes and medicines that cuss had around, and the designs he had on every living thing loose, I was beginning to feel unsafe



in his company. I couldn't tell when he'd doctor my coffee on the sly and I'd find myself suddenly deader than an Aztec, to be brought back to life, maybe—maybe not. That day I just loafed around lazy, figuring on some scheme to get the Prof's attentions switched off on some other track. Every game has a counter-play of some kind.

"As I said, I thought I was all safe for a day or two at least, and that first night went to roost at sundown without leaving any look-out on duty. I woke up sudden along after midnight. I don't remember *hearing* anything, I just *felt* something, and I opened my sleepy eyes and, over where the moonlight streamed in through the broken wall of the old shack, there squatted the Prof with his bicycle pump, his awls and other things, squinting at a dose of something he was dropping out of a bottle, with his thumb over the hole. I saw it all: He was getting ready to slide me into that there place where you needn't take your suitcase along, and a minute more and I would have been kicking my last. Did you ever see an

antelope run? He leaves the ground and swims off through the air, then he floats down, springs, and swims off again. That's the way me and Prof. Van. Strenger parted company. I was the antelope. One yell and two bumps and I was out on the grass and I was moving. Going up that there trail I just made a blur along the face of the cliff, and when I hit the level, sandy desert up above, I just turned loose, let go, and stampeded for Colorado. They say an Apache will lope off and keep it up all day, but that's just loping. I was scorching the air, making a farewell yellow streak across the Nioche country. I was still running at daylight; by noon I was clear away, and I never went back, neither. I never even *looked* back. I've often thought about the Prof and wondered what *did* become of the cuss and his Elixir, and whether he was really fixing up to take a shot at me with that squirt gun that night, or whether he was up to something else. Maybe he was just going to invigorate the burro, after all, or put some corn cure on a sore toe. Anyway, he didn't dope *me*."





# LONDON POOR IN WAR TIME

*By Margaret Bell.*

## THREE SKETCHES

### THE RETURN OF MARY

THE shutters of the fishmongers' and grocers' windows were closed, and little crowds of newly released toilers stood about the doors of the public house on the corner. Almost all the talk was about the same subject. It had to do with the public house on one corner, the bakery on the other. The problem of eating and drinking was being discussed.

"Tike awiy the beer from the workman, and w'at is 'e to do? W'at is 'e to do, I siy?"

The owner of the husky voice brought a vociferous hand down upon the window sill. The children hanging about the doorway huddled closer. Perpetual association with loud voices had made them fearful.

The women, with babies in their arms, drew near to listen. That was their heritage: to listen, while man spoke.

It was all a reiteration of the same thing—the problem of meat and drink. And problem, indeed, now in this time of war and taxation.

But I could not linger to hear details. One may listen to the discussions of little knots of bread winners, at any hour of day. It is not lack of sympathy which makes one hurry on, but the desire to unearth some unsolved problem, the case where the solver is not able to go out and discuss it with a score of other perplex-

ed ones, the case of the silent one, who does not allow the eyes of the world to peer behind his curtain of reticence. There are many of these in London.

On a little street, where already everything was hushed in the mystery of night, the individual case was found. I did not notice it at first, because of the seclusion. The blinds were all carefully drawn, and the lights of domesticity told of lives adjusted to the routine of things as they are. Even the household cats refused to leave their doorsteps for the usual night-time brawls. I called this the self-respecting street.

But there was one note to affect the harmonious whole. Just a slight accidental, one might say, but one which could turn the self-respecting avenue of cottages into a place where shame might cause the head to droop. For an old woman sat on a basement doorstep, as if anticipating something. That was all.

I stopped to speak to her. There was no light in the half of the window which struggled up to peep at the stars. Her area was neat, just as neat as the other areas around her, and a few shoots of green told of a former labour of pride. The daffodils had not yet appeared; it was doubtful whether they ever would appear. It takes courage for any new creation to come into the accidental household on a self-respecting street.

Beside the old woman was a small



bundle tied in a red-and-white handkerchief. In her withered hand was another handkerchief. But it did not contain any treasures. They were all wrapped in the other. But it served to wipe away the mist that gathered before her eyes.

She seemed to be waiting for something.

She looked up sharply when she heard my footsteps. Anxiety shone from the tired eyes. But when she saw me, the old expression came back again. The expression of disappointment and waiting. I spoke to her.

Her voice came back in a despairing monotone.

"I thought you were my daughter, Miss. I'm a-waitin' for 'er. She's been gone this many an hour. I can't stay any longer. I've 'ad nothing to eat all day. Nor nothing yesterday. So I'm just a-waitin' for Mary to come 'ome and take me to the work'ouse. They've got enough to eat there. I've tried to keep from it, all these weeks, but it 'ad to come sometime. An' bread is goin' up all the time. We've only got one room 'ere, but it was 'ome. Well, the work'ouse is all that's left."

Mary was a model, it seemed, and used to earn a good salary. But with the war had come tortuous worry and the endless search for work. It was always the same story. Artists could not sell their wares, so they were not making them any more. Many had taken other positions, and were not attempting to paint. Perhaps there was something in this vast, cold London which Mary could do, but she had not found it. She was a good girl, and willing to work at anything.

The minutes dragged along. The London clocks went on in unsympathetic regularity. The old woman still sat on her area doorstep. The self-respecting street gradually extinguished its lights, until all that remained were the flickering street lamps, with their sickly hue.

When ten o'clock had sounded the old woman got up from her step and

walked unsteadily to the street. Would I take her to the workhouse? She could wait no longer.

It was not far to this house of aged refuge, but it seemed far to the tottering mother. Age is not a safe judge of distance, and age crippled with hunger and despair is still a poorer judge. But at last the iron gates appeared. The hands of the clock were almost at eleven. A sorry hour to arouse the keeper of a workhouse. Repeated jerks at the bell-rope brought a sleepy porter with a candle. A gruff voice demanded what we wanted.

Perhaps it seemed hard that the yawning trustee of the door should have shown so little sympathy. But porters become accustomed to such sights. The workhouses in London have never known so many strangers at their doors as have pulled the bell-ropes during the last few months. Perpetual dwelling in one atmosphere is bound to bore one, I suppose.

It was not the keeper's indifference that hurt, however, so much as the tragedy his words implied. That was what made the thin lips quiver and the tears to furrow down the cheeks.

"We're full up," he said. "The workhouses are all overcrowded."

The door closed, with a bang. And that in the midst of my protestations that the old petitioner was without food.

Up and down the street I looked for some sign of purchasable bread, for any glimmer of light, which might point to warmth and steaming coffee. Nothing. Only the inconstant glare of the street lights, bored by night and its tragedies.

The vision of the cold basement room and its empty shelves came to me. And it came, too, to the old woman with the knotted red-and-white handkerchief. It seemed that there was no place of warmth for her.

"Take me back 'ome," she said wearily. "Maybe she will be there by now. It's a long walk."

Just at that moment the scarlet



flicker of a coffee stall appeared from around the corner. That meant temporary warmth, at any rate. The tired eyes brightened at the prospect of food. After all, she had not quite forsaken her home. And there was still Mary to wait for!

There were no lights in the self-respecting windows now. When the hands of the clock swing round to midnight, it is time for all such windows to be dark.

The basement looked uninviting and forlorn. But the weary basement dweller had eaten food, and to her the old home was sweet.

But everything was dark. Mary had not come back!

As she stood fumbling with the lock, the whirr of a taxi was heard down the street. That was nothing, for taxis whirr all night in London. But, strangely enough, this one was stopping in front of the sombre basement.

Mary's face was flushed. Her hand trembled, as she paid the fare.

"I've got money, mother," she cried, disregarding me. There was bitterness in that cry. And there was more. The anguish of a tortured soul, unable longer to bear the ravages of poverty.

I did not wait to see the expression on the old woman's face. But I knew that something other than joy had chased the anticipation away.

#### THE BREAD-SEEKERS

THE sickly night lights flickered peevishly, as if despairing of their vigil. Here and there, within closely-drawn blinds, a yellowish glow told of wakeful hours or children terrified of darkness. Above the lamp posts and house tops, a thin, gray mist fluttered, like an immeasurable veil. The fascination of night clung to every cobblestone.

Huddled in a doorway, their heads drooping and eyes closed, were some eight or ten children awaiting the hour for the door to open, and a curt night-worker to listen to their wants. They were of all ages, these children, from the chubby-faced tot of six to the wage-earner of fourteen. And every morning they were there, huddled against the cold wall of practicality, awaiting their turn for the distribution of stale loaves. They were girls for the most part—all but three. One of the three had been a girl. Now the lines about her eyes and mouth told of girlhood banished and premature agedness usurping its place. Now and then the thin lips parted and a cough escaped. The shawl on the shoulders shook and a light shone in the eyes. It was the light of pain.

"I have nine little ones," she told

me: "This is one of them. She is twelve. We have to come out here, since the price of bread has gone up. This is the cheapest place I know of to get it."

A slight wind blew around the corner and shivered the budding lilac bushes in the square. She drew her shawl a little closer. About a rod away from the doorway a street fire sent its glow across the pavement. A special constable stood over it, warming his hands.

"Why don't you go and get warm?" I asked.

She smiled.

"I come early, to get a good place. If I leave, I may not have it when I come back."

But the fire coaxed her, as it nightly coaxes the children who huddle in the doorway. And while she stood where the warmth could soothe her body, I took the place she left, where the fragrance of new bread came filtering up from below.

"I'd like to have some fresh bread some time," one of the children said. "But I don't think I ever will. There are eleven of us at home. And even stale bread costs too much, mother says. I get enough for a shilling to



last us two days."

From down the street I could see the scarlet light of the coffee vendor's stand. If only he were closer. I counted the little group around me. There were now thirteen. Twelve children who should have been dreaming of bulls' eyes and doughnuts and vari-coloured crackers. That coffee man was luring me away, that constant, scarlet flicker was a finger beckoning me through the gray veil of mist. I counted the bits of silver in my purse. Yes, there would be enough.

And when the pale-faced mother came back from the special constable's fire, I stole away down the street, to the magic coffee stall.

Perhaps it was a curious sight. Of one thing, I am certain: the joy of seeing all the tawdry bread-searchers sip hot coffee was enough to give a new thrill to the most blasé.

Gradually the huddling mass of shawls and caps increased, until it was no longer a huddling mass, but a long queue stretching down the street. Instinct, born of experience, told the boys that they must line up on one side of the door, the women and girls on the other. There were several women among them now, clutching at the indiscriminate array of string bags, flour sacks and tattered pillow-cases. It was their sordid duty to fetch the bread which the husbands, now asleep at home, provided.

Many had walked several miles, and were glad of the prospect of walking back with a precious burden of bread! For at that particular shop the stale loaves were cheaper than in shops nearer home.

When the hands of the city clocks began to point near six, there was a marked energy about the shop. Carts suddenly appeared, and flour-wreathed men carried huge trays of fragrant loaves out to them. How the forty-three pairs of eyes looked at those loaves! How eagerly any of the eighty-six hands would have grasped the truant ones, which over-

balanced and toppled into the mud of the streets! But they took their places with others of more chaste complexion in the carts.

Someone appeared inside the shop. There was a movement of expectation. The line of bread-seekers moved a little closer towards the door. The pace-faced woman with the cough was first.

The man came out and spoke gruffly to them. Everyone listened. After this week the line would be at six o'clock in the evening, instead of in the morning.

There were murmurs of dissension. The children would not be home from school in time to get a good place. There would have to be a readjustment of the sordid lives. The early morning habit had clutched them, until now they did not know how to escape from it. They would have to find another shop. And this was the cheapest they knew. More problems for minds unable to solve them!

The multifarious bags were being collected by the man with the gruff voice. Also the pennies and sixpences and shillings. And in place of them the eager hands reached out for bags which soon came back more bulky than when they disappeared. An ordinary fourpenny loaf, when stale, sold for t'pence ha'penny. The first-comers had the best choice. Those farthest back in the line had to be content with weight made up with dried out rolls.

The mist gradually filtered away above the housetops, the flickering street lights disappeared, the special constable's fire died away into a downy bed of ash. Postmen wandered here and there, and the first morning paper bade the day awake.

With the coming of brightness, the little army of bread-seekers hurried away with their precious burdens. And I hurried, too, past the curious policemen, the workmen with their pails, and the blinking cats, which had stolen home for their morning-saucers of milk.



## BERWICK STREET: THE CIVIC SHOPPING-MART

“A LITTLE old lady wants a nice bit of steak!”

Over the cobbles came the stentorian chant of the meat-vendor, mingled with the thousand other chants of the little world of eatables, which nightly seethes with humanity and humanity's problems. There was colour, there were all the elusive tones which the creator in art strives a lifetime to catch. There was cosmopolitanism, if you will, there was inspiration. And why? Because there was life, tortuous and ecstatic, despairing and riotous in joy.

You stopped to look at the garrulous butcher dissecting the anatomy of a lamb, but you were dragged toward the pale-faced girl in the broad, black hat who sold primroses and violets and daffodils. Or the old woman, whose voice sounded as faded as her tattered shawl,—as she solicited pennies for her tawdry basket of toys.

A stall where pyramids of oranges tumbled in chaotic disorder, and rosy-cheeked apples spoke of luxury, a tiny shop where ribbons in greens and yellows and reds coaxed away your coppers, a hurdy-gurdy playing “Tipperary,” a dozen children dancing in the gutter—there were hundreds of fascinating pictures which solicited your discriminating approval. Oh, for a hundred eyes, to see all the beauties of Berwick Street, the people's vitalised showroom!

A mother, with a baby in her arms, stopped before a stall. There was meat in that stall. Huge slabs of carcasses displayed there where all the dust from the alleyway—for the street is little more than an alley—could rest on it. And there were some smaller pieces, of questionable colour, ticketed with a price which had caused the mother to stop before them.

“I come every Saturday night,” she said, to any chance passer-by who might be interested. “And a long

way, too. All the way from Battersea. I find it pays, even with the 'bus fare. My 'usband's one o' the new army. This is our baby. And the very spit of his father. Aren't you, my pretty?”

A resounding kiss on the chubby cheek accompanied the last proud statement.

The butcher was wheedling her to buy. He was wheedling the whole streetful of shoppers, who moved to and fro with the slow, rythmical indolence which only the Saturday-nighters released from toil know how to enjoy. And that butcher had a language all his own, and a persuasion. It is a great art to be able to say the word which tips the balance. The Berwick Street merchants are artists. The woman with the chubby-faced baby soon carried away three pounds of the meat that for four or five hours had been the snare of the alley dust and phantom insects.

Then she stopped before a fruit and vegetable stand. Oranges and cauliflowers vied with each other for the place of highest distinction. It seemed strange that even the inanimate products of the earth instinctively should have taken on the predominant characteristic of mankind. Perhaps it is because fruit and vegetables are in the majority in Berwick Street. The spirit of competition flutters into saleables, just as it does the sellers of saleables.

A good-natured vendor, of excessive vocabulary and superfluous *avoirdu-pois*, stood arrayed in smiles and a huge apron, smoking a cigarette. His method of approach was different from the butcher's.

“Yes, lidy. A orange for the biby! A cauliflower for yourself an' some nice new potatoes for the ol' man's Sunday dinner?”

Solicitation was unknown to him. His self-assurance told him that it was as natural for housekeepers to



pause before his stand as the pretty girls to heed the raillery of the silk stocking sellers.

She bought a cauliflower. Three ha'pence was more than twice as cheap as Battersea similars. Her motherly discretion told her that oranges must not yet be included in baby's diet.

Then she moved on, her gray coat fading away in the other grays of the street.

Toward ten o'clock, the solicitations became more appealing. For there were still vegetables and fish and fruits displayed slovenly for latecomers to choose from. Ten o'clock is a magic hour on Saturday night. It tells of closed doors and cheap food. When the public houses eject their sordid guests, then it is that the other merchants put forth their greatest efforts. And as the moments tick away man's opportunities they tick away, likewise, a farthing or two of prices previously asked for food. That is why so many of the shoppers in the people's greatest shopping centre spend their moments in the "pubs," before the opportunity has gone.

Huddled against a cart in a corner where the gaslight disdained to peer were two women with furrows in their cheeks and langour in their eyes. The withered hands wearily held out faded remnants of wallflowers, for which their voices no longer petitioned buyers. Oh, cynical irrelevance! Wallflowers held by faded remnants of the Creator's human flowers, thrust coldly against the wall of poverty. Behind them was a basket brimming with golden daffodils, for which the evening had brought no purchaser. Dejection stood begging, in the midst of gold!

A couple of artists came along, with eyes half-closed, as if to peer beyond the superficial ills of night. They stopped suddenly. The two old women did not know that they were the cause of so abrupt a break in the idlers' journey. One of the artists stepped back, a pace or two.

"My God, what a picture!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see it, Winthrop? And that brilliant splash of gold! It's wonderful! The absolute pathos of it!"

Then he laughed. A hard, little laugh, where cynicism lurked. His voice went on, in another strain.

"And, yet, it's those things that always appeal to me. No, on second thought, I don't think I shall paint pathos. Why keep myself eternally in the only atmosphere I have ever known? I'll go out and hunt for gaiety. But, gad, that is a gorgeous thing!"

The two of them moved on toward Shaftesbury Avenue.

On the corner a gesticulating group of news-sellers were calling their wares. One man was a splendid type. He might have been an importation from the Quartier or the Place de Sablon, Brussels. His head was bare, and long, black hair, in which some silver tints had crept in unnoticed, blew softly in the wind. A cloak hung down from his shoulders and concealed the bundle of papers he held.

"*L'Independence Belge*", "*La Metropole*", "*Le Cri de Londres*", "*L'Echo*", "*Ici pour L'Echo*", called the voices in half a dozen different keys. For London has become accustomed to the new language which a common evil has brought into her streets.

Then the clock from the little church on Wardour Street! It reminded the tardy shoppers that the Sabbath was drawing near. The mother with the baby and the questionable meat had gone. The haggard girls from the sweatshops, who weekly wander through the Soho streets to catch a bit of brightness, were gradually turning towards home. The stallkeepers were exerting all their persuasion to clear their stalls. The trinket sellers gathered up their trinkets. There was no use in lowering prices, at that hour. Food was the desired commodity, after ten o'clock. The pyramids of green stuffs



had tumbled into disarray. One by one the food seekers left the stifling alleyway, with string bags bulging and purses light. The people's war-time showroom fell into the disorder of prosperous sales. The two old women with the faded wallflowers in their hands gathered up their basket

of golden daffodils and started wearily away.

London's mart of cosmopolitanism was about to close, but, only a few rods away, an army of sordid night traders, with exaggerated flushes on their cheeks, went out to begin their day.

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## THE WILD SOUTH WIND

By OSCAR YEOMANS BROWN

THIS late October day the south wind comes  
 With whirring sweep of wild and eager wings.  
 Her sun-browned foam o'er field and forest hums,  
 And in high, mellow tones from Heaven she sings.  
 Or, sweeping down, the sober lake she churns  
 Till Jack the Ferryman is white as foam,  
 Or up again to smite a flock of crows  
 And drive them farther from their piny home.

So gambols she in fearless, merry sport,  
 And had I power, I fain with her would go  
 To see those saucy, long, brown fingers snap  
 A challenge to the aging King of Snow,  
 Who now on icy plains the army rallies  
 That all her joyous works will devastate,  
 And drive her back, and check her loving sallies,  
 With legions of pale guards, whose power is hate.

And joyously beneath her rosy banner  
 For warmth and love, her qualities, I'd fight,  
 Nor yield an inch of air to Tyrant Winter,  
 Till Winter's swords had shown superior might.  
 But I have not the power, and she must blow  
 In solitude her challenge up the north,  
 And fight alone the legions of the snow,  
 Till, like a low-born wench, she's driven forth.

But, ah, she yet will come in might renewed  
 To banish Winter's gnarled and wrinkled brood!



# REFUGEES IN PARIS

*By Mona Cleaver.*

PARIS is a sobered city. Her nights are no longer brilliant. Even the hour for after-dinner coffee finds streets and restaurants alike deserted, and the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, once but a dusty canopy over brightly-lighted windows, are so dim that the sudden meeting with a policeman, only a shade darker in his long cape than the prevailing gloom, seems quite a startling encounter. Across the street, along the side of the park, the lights are out—or seem to me, until one peers closely when the faintest blue flame, smaller than a gas-flare capped for the night, is discernible. But one cannot distinguish it from one lamp-post to the next.

Even in day-time Paris in sober, and at the hour which comes nearest to normal gaiety, between four and five, the eye is saddened by the constant intermingling of crepe-clad figures among the dashing uniforms and pretty frocks of the teaward-faring throng.

The shop windows attract more by war-maps and war-cartoons than by smart hats and ravishing dresses.

But of all the sad hearts in Paris the old seminary of St. Sulpice, the home, before the separation of Church and State, of six thousand young students for the priesthood, shelters the saddest. Ever since the terrifying early days of the war the flying villagers of Northern France have sought a haven here, and even yet.

after months of wandering in search of work or of lost loved ones, they straggle in for shelter, advice and help.

Storey after storey of the huge building is fitted up, scantily enough, for the accommodation of these people who have lost everything. There is a bit of garden where the children can play; there are rooms fitted up as great canteens to feed the hungry wayfarers; there are big dormitories for the men, of whom there are only the aged and disabled, and straw-strewn sleeping-places for the women and children.

This the Government has done, and every refugee mother receives one franc, twenty-five centimes a day (about twenty-five cents) for food and fifty centimes (ten cents) extra for each child. Many a little family accustomed to comfort and plenty has found itself reduced to this allowance, which is, however, an abundance compared with the provisions upon which they have made their painful march southward. Many a refined woman, with her children, has found herself sleeping on straw on the floor of St. Sulpice among hundreds of other families, of every class and size, husbands gone, homes gone, means of livelihood gone, all in one frightful sweep of the awful arm of war.

This was about all the Government felt able to do for the refugees—simply to make existence possible, and it was left for sympathetic, voluntary



workers to make that existence worth while, to bring back gradually, oh, ever so gradually, the light of hope to the eye and the glow of health to the cheek.

Particularly interesting is the top floor of the great refuge at St. Sulpice. With a French friend I followed the long corridor upon which open on each side the doors of a row of rooms extending right around the building. One suite of rooms, formerly big and deserted, has been turned into a *crèche*, or, as my friend called it, a *poupinière*, where scores of babies lay, blissfully unconscious of what they had been through and sleeping dreamlessly in their pretty basket beds curtained with white muslin sprigged and patterned in pink and blue, and smiling and efficient-looking the nurses in charge moved about, one hovering over a wakeful little brown-eyed beauty whose small habitation looked conspicuously patriotic with a large tri-coloured ornament pinned to its canopy.

Later I met the lady who was responsible for the establishment of this *poupinière* and whose thoughtfulness and enterprise has made the whole top floor what it is, Madame Crosier, an American woman who has long lived in Paris. Seeing the discomfort experienced by families sleeping together on the floors downstairs; realizing the acute distress such lack of privacy must cause the more sensitive of them, and knowing that there were scores of vacant rooms on the top floor, Madame Crosier went to headquarters with the plea that she might be permitted to fit up a few of them for some of these families. When the matter had been looked into she received the rather overwhelming response:

"Yes, you may have ninety."

"Oh, I could never furnish ninety," she gasped. "I just thought I might, from my own house and those of my friends, get together enough things to make six or seven rooms habitable."

But she set to work, equipping each

little room first with things which seem to us the barest necessities of life but which, to these poor refugees, had come to be unattainable luxuries. From this standpoint beds were supplied first, and presently three rooms had beds in them and three little fatherless families—whether fatherless temporarily or permanently, who knew?—were brought up from the straw below and made comfortable.

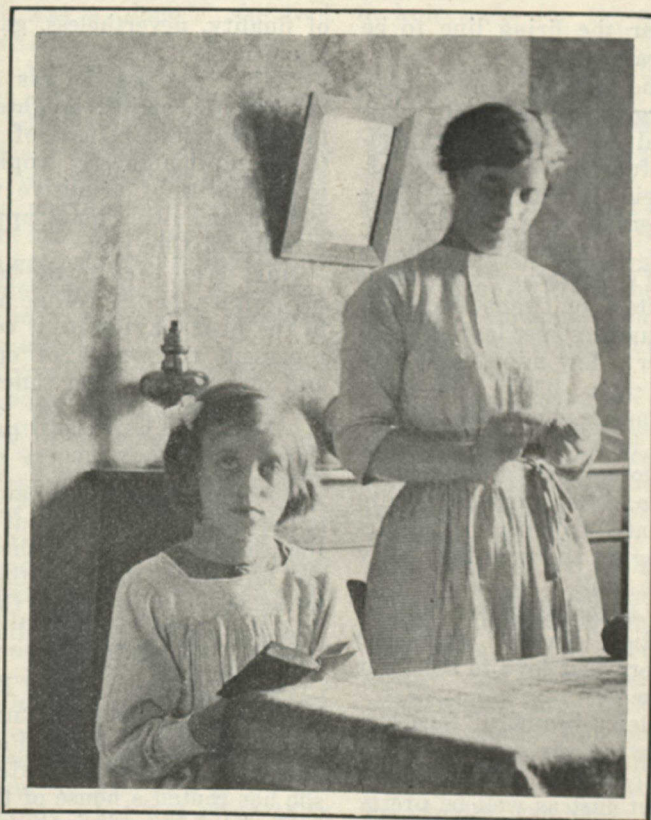
And Madame Crozier, in her enthusiasm, told her friends what she was doing and talked about it here and there until, almost before she knew it, all ninety of the rooms were furnished with beds, and many had other "luxuries" as well. Then, gradually, still other things were added, tables, wash basins, lamps, until, in the hearts of ninety mothers and some grandmothers, hearts almost numbed with physical misery and mental agony, the glow of material well-being began to work, brightening ever so faintly the black outlook of the future and kindling a tiny spark of ambition and hope.

As I made the round of the corridor I read many of the cards tacked to the doors, cards inscribed with the barest statistics as to name and age, yet those statements were eloquent of tragedy. Four and five and six people occupied a room and that meant luxury compared with what they had had, and it meant, above all, privacy, and the opportunity of leading their own life in, to some extent at least, their own way.

Marie Guillemont, aged nineteen years,  
René Guillemont, aged twelve days.

read one card and the passer-by pictured the young husband fighting and perhaps dying for his country while the girl wife, driven before the fire and carnage of the fearful Huns, made her laborious way to Paris. And there, in the big, unknown city, frightened and lonely, the little peasant girl had given birth to her child—a boy. And what lay before him? How dark it all looked. What could





A TYPICAL REFUGEE LODGING IN PARIS

From a photograph by Frank Armington

she do to support herself and bring up this little pink, helpless morsel of humanity that was hers.

At another door a family of five came out to meet us, the grandmother old and worn but comforted by the protection of the little home; the widowed mother, relieved of suspense by the certainty that her man was dead, but crushed by her loss and her responsibilities as she crooned over the baby in her arms; then the two bigger children, wide-eyed with interest in the visitors and eager for all the excitements life had to offer.

Another American lady deeply interested in this work is Mrs. Shurtleff, wife of the Reverend Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, D.D., leader for ten years past of the Students' Atelier Reunions held in the artist quarter

of Montparnasse. His was one of the first efforts made in the direction of helping the refugees to establish new foundations and to begin anew their poor, disorganized lives. With Mrs. Shurtleff's help he undertook to relieve the sufferings and re-establish the means of livelihood of the blind refugees, and more than that, to minister to the especial needs of all of the 400 blind men, women and children resident in the invaded French provinces. For they have not all become refugees; some have stayed to suffer in their own homes rather than brave the dangers and hardships of the journey southward. To these, wherever possible, food and clothing is sent, large packages of blankets and other necessities having been forwarded by automobile to suf-



ferers too near the firing line to be reached by train.

But Dr. and Mrs. Shurtleff have hearts too large to be bound by classifications and soon their work embraced all refugees. A Monday afternoon in their apartment at 6 Place Denfert-Rochereau is worth describing. I came in about tea time, on Mrs. Shurtleff's invitation, and found a group of fifteen or twenty ladies of various nationalities just laying down their work for a few minutes to take up their tea cups. They were making baby garments, and Mrs. Shurtleff took me into the next room to show me the completed layettes, great stacks of them, all so pink and white and pretty that I exclaimed in admiration. Picking up the sweetest woolly jacket in pale pink, I said:

"Why, this is the daintiest thing—and the loveliest shade. Won't the refugee mothers just love to see their babies in these!"

Mrs. Shurtleff's beautiful face was even lovelier when she smiled and responded:

"They might just as well be pretty as ugly, and I think it does the women good to have beautiful things for their babies. And besides, they are so much nicer for us to work on."

If you could have heard the talk at that tea party perhaps you would have thought it gruesome and have marvelled that any laughter could filter in through the gloom. In my particular group was a Canadian member of the art colony of Montparnasse, a young French woman married to an American, and a young American woman married to a French officer. The gruesomeness began with talk of German atrocities and went on to the attitude of the Turco towards his enemy. The American girl had visited a hospital in Switzerland where a Turco had been discovered to have, hidden in the leg of his big, baggy trousers, a human head.

"Oh, how terrible, how blood-curdling!" someone cried.

The other smiled but with an air

of finality, nevertheless, gave the explanation:

"Why, you see, it was a German head!" and, amidst laughter, went on to describe the refusal of the Turco to give up his ghastly trophy. There is something of primitive woman, as well as primitive man, appearing as a result of this war.

But, to go back to the top floor at St. Sulpice, happy refuge as that was to the poor wayfarers, it could never represent the zenith of opportunity and prosperity. Mrs. Shurtleff began to find employment for the women and little apartments where they might return, with their families, to a more normal existence and have the opportunity of carving out a new life for themselves. And their moving out left room, too, for other families to be brought up from the common sleeping-places and established in the one-room homes above.

One of the apartments Mrs. Shurtleff has secured is at Putnaux, a five-cent trolley ride from Paris, where for a little less than \$180 a year, she has rented a house of three floors, each having a living-room, kitchen and closet. On the first floor has been installed a woman with her aged mother, her sister-in-law, and her four-year-old child, and on the third a woman with three children.

"The furniture has been given and the rent is paid for the first six months," Mrs. Shurtleff declared happily. "With the money the Government gives them for food they will be able to get along and gradually I hope they will get plenty of work and be independent of us."

Getting work for such women is one of Mrs. Shurtleff's problems.

"Many of them are cultured women," she explained. "And they have to get along just as the others do. I have seen members of the Polish nobility eating in a canteen."

One woman of birth who had never done any sewing other than fancy-work in her life was glad to get shirts to make.



"Once I was a *'dame'*," she told Mrs. Shurtleff. "Now I am an *ouvrière*." And she set about to become the very best *ouvrière* she could. A shirt was given her as a model and she worked eight days to duplicate it, supplying her own thread and machine. When her employer gave her fifty cents for all this labour she gasped her disappointment and told him the time she had spent.

"Why did you do such beautiful work?" he asked.

"But, if you did not mean me to do beautiful work, why did you give me such a beautiful model?" she asked.

Another woman whom Mrs. Shurtleff was installing in an apartment told of her hasty flight from Maubeuge with her twelve-year-old son. The husband was serving at the front and in their new house, just paid for, his little family felt quite secure and only at the last moment fled before the Germans. They ran, coatless and hatless, to a little wood, where, shivering with cold and terror, they watched the burning of the town. Then, for five days they walked, eating only what was given them by kindly-disposed people whom they passed. Reaching Paris when panic-stricken people were trying to get out before the dreaded siege, they were put on a train and sent to Brittany. So busy were the railroads with rushing troops through that they were four days and nights on the way, without food or drink. One woman in the party and several children died from hardships.

In Brittany these two could not adapt themselves to the strange ways of eating and begged to be sent back to Paris.

Sometimes people with a vacant room at their disposal offer it to some of these miserable ones and a *concièrge* who had a skylight room unused offered to take a refugee. There was a bed and a chair but no food, no fire, no light and Mrs. Shurtleff's protégées from Brittany were put in here and the women undertook

to knit socks for the soldiers. She was very industrious, knitting constantly and had presently saved a few sous with which she set her boy up in trade as a news-vendor. This prosperity aroused the envy of the *concièrge*, who began to persecute her and finally put her and her belongings out on the street. So, for this woman who knows not where her husband is and whose little son has never completely recovered from the awful fright he suffered, a new abode had to be found.

It is touching to see how these unfortunate ones long more, sometimes, for the little amenities of life than even for the necessities, as witness the case of one of Dr. Shurtleff's blind refugees: He was only an old blind man who, led by his little son, had sold papers in the country around Douai. Returning one night they found the village occupied by the enemy and their home, with the mother and three little girls, impossible to reach. For two months they lived without shelter in the vicinity, hoping to get news of their loved ones, but finally wandered, cold and hungry and hopeless, to Paris, where they came under the notice of Dr. and Mrs. Shurtleff. They gave them all the clothing they could and made the boy comfortable in a suit of warm underwear. The old man stammered his thanks yet seemed still to want something for which he hesitated to ask. At last, under tactful pressure, it came out.

"If you could only give me a handkerchief," he said.

Now, handkerchiefs were not included in the refugee outfits Mrs. Shurtleff's workers had prepared, and while sympathizing with the naïvely touching request, she was at a loss how to supply it. Finally she thought of the tiny sheets made for her little daughter's doll-bed, and the small girl readily presented one to the blind refugee.

"This is a *'mouchoir de guerre'*," she told him and he took it with



smiles of the deepest satisfaction.

"What we need most," Mrs. Shurtleff said, "is clothes for boys of twelve to fourteen. They wear them out so quickly. But, no, greater still, perhaps, is the need of black sateen aprons."

"Black sateen aprons!" I marvelled.

"Yes," she smiled, "the children are not allowed to go to school without them here. Both boys and girls wear them until they are twelve years old, and they hide so much that is old and worn and protect and preserve what is new. Sometimes people send us the material and we give work to some of our women in making it up."

And so these little families or broken fragments of families, overwhelmed by the catastrophies that have brought even the greatest and strongest to grief; bound to a beaten path by centuries of custom and tradition and rudely jolted off that path and flung into unknown ways; dazed and heart-broken by the loss of every human heart on which they have been used to rely, are being helped to their feet, gently guided in the new paths, and offered the love and sympathy of new, kind friends and the encouraging strength of new broad shoulders ready to share the burden of their unaccustomed responsibilities.

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## COSMOS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE tiny thing of painted gauze that flutters in the sun,  
To sink upon the breast of night with all its living done;

The unconsidered seed that from the garden blows away  
To snatch its little time of bloom from one short summer day,

The leaf the idle wind shakes down in autumn from the tree,  
The grass-hopper that for an hour makes gayest minstrelsy—

These—and this restless soul of mine—are one with flaming spheres,  
And cold, dead moons whose ghostly fires haunt unremembered years.

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# CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

THE burning of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, followed by the burning of the American Club's premises at Toronto, is believed by many persons to have been the work of the enemy. There is, as yet, no conclusive evidence, but there seems to be no doubt in the minds of some of those who were present when the Parliament Buildings burned that so great a fire could not have come about so quickly by mere accident. At both these fires, the chief firemen report, explosions took place, and it seems natural to infer that these explosions were the results of well-laid plans. Whether they were or not, the occurrences should tend to encourage the Government and municipalities to guard against similar offences elsewhere. It has been observed that the enemy could not gain much by the destruction of parliament buildings or a clubhouse; nevertheless they could gain a great deal by the destruction of important railway bridges, tunnels, or places where munitions of war are being made. If there is such a thing as an organized raid on Canada from the United States, it is the duty of the United States Government, as well as of the Dominion Government, to use every means to prevent it. The Government at Washington owes a duty to Canada in relation to the Germans residing in the United States, but Canadians would be foolish to leave the defence of their borders to

their southern neighbours. The fire at Ottawa may prove to be the beginning of a series of outrages by German secret agents.

One of the romances of the war was the capture of the British passenger steamship *Appam* by a small German boat, and its voyage under a German prize crew for three thousand miles across the Atlantic to Hampton Roads, Virginia. With four hundred people on board the *Appam* was bound from British West Africa to England, when she was attacked by a disguised raider carrying heavy guns. Among the passengers captured was the British Governor of Sierre Leone. One report says that the German crew maintained their ascendancy over the passengers and crews captured by placing bombs in various parts of the ship and threatening to blow the vessel up on the first sign of disturbance.

The German cruiser, it is reported, was disguised as a lumbering freighter, but when she cleared away her false bulwarks and disclosed her guns, the tramp steamer became a crack cruiser.

The ownership of the *Appam* is now in dispute as the United States rather precipitately decided that it belonged to Germany. Lord Bryce may visit the United States in connection with this and other delicate diplomatic difficulties that have arisen between Great Britain and the



American Republic. An old treaty with Prussia, it is claimed, may have a bearing on the *Appam* case. The feeling at Washington is that the *Appam* should be interned instead of being ordered to clear port with the certainty of capture by British cruisers in wait outside Hampton Roads.

In the main theatre of war interest centres for the time on the operations in the Caucasus and Mesopotamia. The successful advance of the Russians through the Caucasus and into Northern Armenia is regarded as of great military importance. The Grand Duke's forces may help to relieve the pressure on the British army hemmed in on the Tigris. There is a possibility of Italy joining with the Allies in the campaign in the Balkans. Italy refrained from declaring war on Germany, the fight being confined to Austria-Hungary, but this position can scarcely be maintained.

Canada has frowned down the election cry. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have reached an agreement which has been confirmed by Parliament. The Imperial Parliament is to be asked to sanction an extension of the life of the Canadian Parliament for one year. The fire at Ottawa has killed for the moment the angry cries of partizanship, and there is a strong feeling throughout the Dominion that while Canada is at war party controversies should cease. Of course this does not refer to the demands, insistent and loud, for an inquiry into the charges of graft and corruption in connection with war contracts. Canada is where the United States was twenty years ago in the matter of graft. It is humiliating to Canadians to know that while their soldiers have shed undying honour and glory on their country, a hungry gang of munition manufacturers has been battenning on the necessities of Canada and Britain.

The presidential campaign is in full

swing in the United States. The great question, in the eyes of President Wilson, is military preparedness. "Adequate national defence" is his battle-cry. Our neighbours are beginning to realize that this war may have its aftermath for them. Already there is talk of an economic war after Germany has been driven to sue for peace. The ostensible object of such a trade alliance between Britain and her Allies is twofold. There is no hope of obtaining any indemnity from Germany directly. But it may be obtained indirectly by the capture of German trade. Again no opportunity must be afforded Germany for a generation to raise her head as a European military power. Economic pressure, scientifically applied, will keep her poor and humble. This is the British argument. But the United States, having taken no part in this war, cannot share in any trade preferences. There is a growing apprehension in the Republic that an economic war in Europe may prove serious for the United States. What particular danger faces the United States is not explicitly stated but the agitation for preparedness is becoming a national issue.

Speaking recently President Wilson said:

"A year ago it did seem as if America might rest secure without very great anxiety, and take it for granted that she would not be drawn into this terrible maelstrom; but the six months was merely the beginning of the struggle. Another year has been added, and now no man can confidently say whether the United States will be drawn into the struggle or not, and therefore it is absolutely necessary that we should take counsel together as to what it is necessary that we should do."

And again:

"I did not realize a year ago that the things were possible which have since become actual facts. I am glad that I know better now than I knew then exactly the sort of world we are living in."

Speaking at Des Moines he was clearly obsessed by the idea of some



pressing danger that lurked in the European situation:

"I merely want to tell you that the men who say that we should prepare, and prepare immediately, are telling the truth."

Half a million volunteers are required for immediate training, and these he expects to get without any trouble. The navy he declared was prepared for war. This, combined with the demand for half a million men in Canada, brings war perceptibly nearer on this continent. Colonel Roosevelt is the strong man of the war party but his adventures as Bull Moose leader prejudice his claims for nomination.

In England there is a demand for a more aggressive aerial policy. Lord Northcliffe calls for an aircraft fleet that will strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. Lord Bryce strongly protests against reprisals, and in cooler moments sober-minded people will endorse the stand he has taken. Any attempt to wreak vengeance on German women and children would leave moral scars on the conscience of the British people which would weaken their position before the world. Britain cannot adopt German methods of "frightfulness" without paying the penalty.

Canada is in the throes of a language controversy, which threatens to become an acute racial issue. Colonel Lavergne has called on Quebec to boycott Ontario products until the demands of the Nationalists are conceded. The federal rights of the French population in Ontario are definitely safeguarded, but this does not satisfy the French agitators. They contend that the federal privileges extend also to the Provincial Legislature, courts, and schools, in which they claim to use the French language. The controversy arises at an unfortunate moment and cannot be wholly divorced from the wider question of the attitude of the Quebec National-

ists toward the war. Colonel Lavergne and M. Henri Bourassa have stirred the indignation of English-speaking Canadians by their opposition to recruiting in the Dominion. The language agitation, rightly or wrongly, is mixed up with Nationalist opposition to participation by Canada in the war. This is unfortunate, as the language question will remain after the war is forgotten. French civilization as a dominating influence on this continent is not feared by any sane Canadian. But the French agitation may derive fresh strength from a controversy in which prejudice plays such an unfortunate part. In the end, the fight may degenerate into a war of religious bigotry and racial intolerance on both sides. The hatred with which some Ontario people regard everything French is only equalled by the ignorance of some Quebec Nationalists regarding the people of Ontario. Canada has need of all her sons—French-speaking, as well as English-speaking. Each contributes individual virtues and characteristics that enrich and broaden the currents of Canadian national life. Difference in language is a great barrier to intercourse between the two races, but circumstances have conspired to unite their fortunes as citizens of a great Dominion, which one day may be the hub of the British Empire. Is it not possible to find a solution which will satisfy reasonable opinion on both sides? A round-table conference between representative men who have a broad and tolerant outlook on life should meet at Ottawa and endeavour to reach some working agreement. There is a great deal of ignorance and intolerance on both sides, which ought to yield to intelligent discussion and a better understanding of each other's viewpoint. Racial or religious strife in a country like Canada is unthinkable just now when the war weighs heavily on all parts of the country.

The blockade of Germany is becoming more effective. This is being

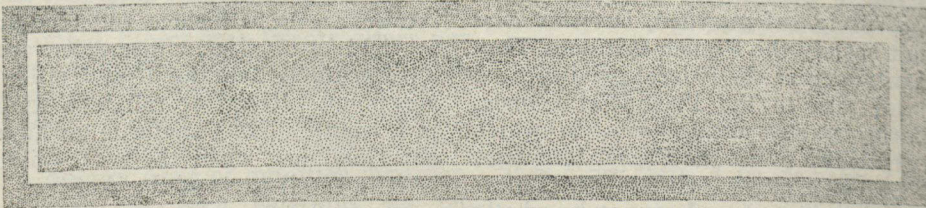


brought about through arrangements with neutral countries. Up to March last the only means of interfering with German commerce, apart from the crippling and disappearance of his own mercantile fleet, was the capture of contraband on neutral ships. Then came an Order-in-Council in that month adapting blockade conditions to modern warfare. Between the British blockade and the German border were neutral countries which could not be unduly pressed or harassed. The new conditions created fresh precedents in the form of trading agreements with neutral states. The export trade of Germany is now at an end, and important imports such as cotton, wool, and rubber have not been imported into the enemy country for months. All accounts now agree in stating that there is serious dissatisfaction, bordering on revolt, throughout Germany. The effectiveness of the British blockade is all the more satisfactory inasmuch as both in Germany and in the United States the belief was prevalent that an effective blockade was impossible. Trading agreements with neutral countries have solved the problem.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the Radicalism of the Prairie Provinces. Not encumbered with hoary traditions and ancient precedents, the people of the Northwest, dissatisfied with the slowness of progress in the eastern provinces, have

launched out into advanced legislation, and threaten to form a third, or Free Trade, party. The conflict between grain-growers and manufacturers over the tariff issue is likely to split the Liberal party in the near future. For many years the issues between Liberals and Conservatives in this country have not been very sharply defined. The formation of a third party in the Dominion House will end, as it has ended in Britain, by the advance and absorption by the Liberals of the extreme wing. This will mean advanced legislation. No Conservative who studies the question can derive unalloyed satisfaction from the creation of a Radical party, for in the end it will mean the removal of the old traditional political landmarks, and an era of progressive legislation which may carry Canada very far along the road of democracy.

Another question already looming big is that of a readjustment of Imperial and national relations within the British Empire. Here again much harm may result by making this a party issue. It is the genius of the British people to seek for progress through compromise. A survey of past history will lead to the conclusion that progress has been more marked where controversial issues were approached from a non-party standpoint. In the discussion of Imperialism the issues involved are too big to be degraded to the level of the partizan platform.





# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## NIETZSCHE AND THE IDEALS OF MODERN GERMANY

BY HERBERT L. STEWART. London: Edward Arnold.

AFTER all the ranting and conflicting statements about Nietzsche and his cult, it is refreshing to read this book. Dr. Stewart, who is the Professor of Philosophy at Dalhousie University, does not fly to rash conclusions or set up this apostle of culture and might as a monster whose writings have turned awry the current of modern thought in Germany. On the other hand, he does not agree that Nietzsche has been a force making towards cosmopolitan peace. He discovers in Germany a "sinister aberration of thought on ethical questions", and his book is a special study of one representative of such — the author of "Zârthus-tra". He believes that few persons are foolish enough to believe that Nietzsche made the war, but his study of his personality and writings reveals the belief that he enforced the doctrines of immoralism that Prussia has put into execution. Professor Stewart acknowledges that the doctrines of a philosopher are never either intimately known or greatly cared about by the mass of the public. "Academic reflection," he observes, "is always more or less esoteric; abstract theories about good, about right, about the goal of the race, about the ultimate sources of moral valuation, will not greatly affect the man in the street." He adds, however, that interest in such things is more widespread in Germany than in most other

countries. Yet he believes that the rank and file of the German people would shrink with disgust from many of the positions of Nietzsche, if they realized what these positions involve. Notwithstanding this he professes to believe that Nietzsche has been a force of considerable effectiveness in preparing the way for those crimes against civilization which we have seen; and he contends that it has been due to no vulgar misunderstanding of what the philosopher means.

Apart from the scholarly grasp of the subject and the rational treatment if it, the book is unusually well written. The language is well suited to the subject—lofty, dignified, and formed into forceful, yet graceful, sentences.

Elsewhere in the present number of this magazine may be found a popular article by Professor Stewart on "Dreams and Their Causes".

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## STRAY LEAVES, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL

BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD. New York: The Christian Press Association.

THE Bishop of Victoria in this attractive volume gives us the benefit of his observations during journeys made through France, Italy, Spain, Scotland, and elsewhere, and increases the interest of the reader by his comments on the many things of importance encountered in these countries. Dr. MacDonald has an easy, entertaining style, as may be illus-





PROFESSOR HERBERT L. STEWART, OF  
DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

Author of "Nietzsche and the Ideals of  
Modern Germany"

trated by this extract from his description of a visit to Lourdes:

The waters of the Gave, how swiftly and noisily they flow, flinging themselves passionately upon the rude rocks that would stay their onward course! The murmur of the Gave has been in my ears from a boy, for I seemed to hear the rushing of its waters when in boyhood's days I lingered over the pages of Henri Lasserre's fascinating story of the wonders of Lourdes. And to-day as I sit upon the bank and gaze down upon the swift stream that flings itself into the Adour, to mingle finally with the waters of the mighty Atlantic, the Gave of my boyish dreams is a reality. It is something more. It is an emblem at once and a sermon—an emblem of the surging multitude of pilgrims which ever keeps streaming to the Grotto of our Lady, flowing hither from the ends of the earth; a sermon on the true purpose of life. See how this eager mountain stream, like a thing of life, runs joyously to its rest in the bosom of the great ocean! Not less surely was it meant by nature to find there its repose than we are meant by the Author of Nature to find our repose in Him. Yet we linger by the way and loiter, while the Gave leaps onward, oh, how swiftly and how surely! to its goal and the home of its rest.

## OLD FAMILIAR FACES

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. London: Herbert Jenkins.

THIS collection brings together in one volume ten of Mr. Watts-Dunton's essays on great personalities of his time, with all of whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship: George Borrow, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Christina Georgina Rossetti, Dr. Gordon Hake, John Leicester Warren, William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groomer. There is missing from this list one name that, perhaps more than all the others, should be there—Algeron Charles Swinburne. Swinburne lived at "The Pines" for thirty years in the most intimate association with Watts-Dunton, and yet we have from this source nothing about him. However, an essay on Swinburne would have added but one more item to a book already plenteously rich. The absence of an essay on Swinburne is by the writer of the introduction to this volume charged against the intimacy that developed between these two. "When death at last severed the link that it had taken upwards of thirty years to forge," he observes, "it is not strange that there should be no reminiscences written of the man who had been to Watts-Dunton more than a brother." But if he fails us in Swinburne, in others he more than makes up for the failure. Of George Borrow, for instance, he gives us a fine visualization. He describes his stride, which was like "that of a St. Bernard dog (the most deceptive of all movements as regards pace), his beardless face quite matchless for symmetrical beauty", and he continues:

As a vigorous old man, Borrow never had an equal, I think. There has been much talk of the vigour of Shelley's friend, E. J. Trelawny. I knew that splendid old Corsair, and admired his agility of limb and brain; but at seventy Borrow could have walked off with Trelawny under his arm. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford



Square, he would walk to Putney, meet one or more of us at Roehampton, roam about Wimbledon and Richmond Park with us, bathe in the Fen Ponds, with a north-east wind cutting across the icy waters like a razor, run about the grass afterwards like a boy to shake off some of the water-drops, stride about the park for hours, and then, after fasting for twelve hours, eat a dinner at Roehampton that would have done Sir Walter Scott's eye good to see. Finally, he would walk back to Hereford Square, getting home late at night.

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### ESSAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By STEPHEN PAGET. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is, as it pretends to be, a first guide toward the study of the war. It is not inflammatory, nor does it set out to stuff the young mind with false patriotism. It says, for instance, that we cannot say with certainty who or what caused the war, not yet, but that we can get on opinion of the cause by reading the official documents published by the governments of the several countries involved. It does try to show, however, to every boy and girl that it is "Your War", and that, indeed, is the title of the first chapter. Then there are chapters on "A Venture in Faith", "The Invasion of Belgium", "France", "Russia", "Italy", "Germany", "Austria: The Balkan States: Turkey", and "Looking Back". There are in all sixteen full-page *Punch* cartoons, reproductions of drawings by Bernard Partridge, L. Raven-Hill, and F. H. Townsend.

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### WOMEN WHO HAVE ENNOBLED LIFE

By LILIAN WHITING. Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.

OF the nine women whose careers Miss Whiting sketches in this attractive volume eight are Americans. The exception is Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The other eight are Mary

Lyon, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Frances E. Willard, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Louise May Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and Harriett Hosmer. Most of these women, it will be observed, are New Englanders. With most of them, either direct or through their friends and relatives, Miss Whiting is familiar, and she has been able, therefore, to invest her book with much more interest than one usually finds in a book of this somewhat general character. There are a number of photographic illustrations.

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### MANX SONGS AND MAIDEN SONGS

By MONA DOUGLAS. London: Erskine Macdonald.

THE object of this little volume, as the publishers announce, is to show that by judicious and sympathetic selection of the volumes the confidence of the discriminating public interested in new poetry will be gained; that each little volume of authentic promise or distinctive achievement will be found to contain something really notable and precious, in the best sense of the term; that without recourse to meretricious methods or grotesque tricks or flatulent pretensions they will prove that new verse as well as more utilitarian books can be published successfully at a low price; and that a body of readers will be found more responsive now than at any previous time to the spirit of poetry.

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### THE ANACREONTEA

By JUDSON FRANCE DAVIDSON. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this book credits Anacreon with being one of the most important of the early Greek poets. Anacreon was born about 561 B.C., during an epoch of great importance and brilliance. Not only was he a poet of fine lyric quality, but he



was as well an interpreter of the spirit and tendency of his own time. Davidson's translations are sympathetic, poetical, and as well most interesting and entertaining examples of the poetry of a time when poetry was cherished at something near its real value. We quote Anacreon's ode, "On Himself":

I often by the girls are told:  
 "Anacreon, thou'rt growing old,  
 Look in thy glass and see  
 How scanty is thy falling hair,  
 How wrinkled is thy forehead bare;  
 Age sets his hand on thee."  
 If that old age in foul despite  
 Makes thin my hair, and winter-white,  
 I care not—but I know  
 It best behoves a hale old fellow  
 Like me with Bacchus to be mellow,  
 Ere to dark death I go.

Besides the translations there are an essay, notes, and additional poems.

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### SACRAMENT SUNDAY

By J. M. HARPER. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

FORMER practices common to the Church in Scotland have in part at least disappeared, and were it not for records such as this the present and coming generations would have only a faint idea of the meaning and observance of such an occasion as Sacrament Sunday used to be where the sipping of the wine and breaking of the bread were never done except in extreme solemnity, and after careful preparation. Besides the interest that Dr. Harper's verses themselves arouse, there is the story they tell, while the notes, both to "Sacrament Sunday", and the other poem in this volume, "The Bells of Kartdale", help the reader to understand the meaning of impressions that otherwise lose much of their significance. We quote the first two stanzas of "Sacrament Sunday":

### SACRAMENT SUNDAY

In lowland vale, the dearest far to me,  
 Where nature hums as in a mead of  
 flowers,

I hear the sweet-lipped chimes arouse the  
 lea,  
 And wake its slow response to Sabbath  
 hours.

Within, the drowsy echoes find retreat:  
 Without, the murmurings of springtide  
 meet,

Where cloistered brook sings in its near-  
 er bowers,  
 Till seems it, as if nature would begin  
 An anthem in my being, ushering Easter in.

Of Sabbath morns, the precious of the  
 year,

Thy calm subdueth meet the landscape's  
 face,  
 And from the dews of prayer distils a tear,  
 To scent the heart, a chamber fit for  
 grace!

Where leads its course, the soul oft wist-  
 eth not,

When faith turns down the bridle-path of  
 doubt,

That winds about so oft a hapless maze;  
 Yet, ere thy paschal chimes have died  
 away,

Truth's highway broadens as it finds the  
 sheen of day.

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—In her new book, "The Ways of Women", Miss Ida M. Tarbell puts the capabilities of women on a high plane, and she illustrates as follows:

"A woman turns from binding up the broken head of a dare-devil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar or drink or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally, and under the necessity she develops until she is ready for anything. If the house burns, five times out of ten she saves the baby and the family records; while nine times out of ten the husband saves the coal pail and the looking-glass!"

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—A notable feature of *The Studio* for December is the article on the mural paintings of Frank Brangwyn in Christ's Hospital Chapel, with eleven full-page reproductions, of which two are in colours. The panels depict scenes such as "The Stoning of St. Stephen", "The Arrival of St. Paul at Rome", "St. Paul Shipwrecked", "St. Wilfred Teaching the Southern Saxons", and "St. Ambrose Teaching His Choir at Milan".



# TWICE-TOLD TALES

## NO ACORN

When James A. Garfield was president of Oberlin College, a man brought for entrance as a student his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.

"The boy can never take all that in," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but he takes only two months to make a squash."  
—*Christian Register*.

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## A FEMINIST

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination. The question ran, "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied:

"No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a ship-load of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."  
—*Youth's Companion*.

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## A STAR PERFORMER

"And is this man to come into this court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to draw fifteen bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity?" asked an English barrister. There was no reply.—*Christian Register*.

## A LOST LAMB

William Dean Howells, at a dinner in Boston, said of modern American letters:

"The average popular novel shows on the novelist's part an ignorance of his trade which reminds me of a New England clerk.

"In a New England village I entered the main street department store one afternoon and said to the clerk at the book counter:

"Let me have, please, the letters of Charles Lamb."

"Postoffice right across the street, Mr. Lamb," said the clerk with a naïve, brisk smile.—*Illustrated Sunday Magazine*.

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## NO SPOILS TO SHARE

An old negro was charged with chicken-stealing, and the judge said: "Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the Court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no, sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', jedge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter enjy dem chickens mahself."  
—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

\*

## HOPEFUL

The New Parson: "Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday.

Tommy: "Yes, I'm not old enough to stay away yet."  
—*London Opinion*.



## PROFITABLE SPORT

Representative Bartholdt, of Missouri, tells the story of an old man with a soft, daft look, who sat on a park bench in the sun, with rod and line, as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses.

"Daft!" said a passer-by to himself. "Daft! Bughouse! Nice-looking old fellow, too. It's a pity."

Then, with a gentle smile, the passerby approached the old man and said:

"What are you doing, uncle?"

"Fishing, sir," answered the old man solemnly.

"Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come and have a drink."

The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly protecting way as he sipped and smoked, said:

"So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

The old man blew a smoke-cloud toward the ceiling. Then after a pause he said:

"You are the seventh, sir."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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## MODERN WAY

Flubdub: "Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion's skin?"

Synicus: "Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."—*Buffalo Courier*.

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## OTHER INTENTIONS

Recruiting Officer: "And now, my lad, just one more question—are you prepared to die for your country?"

Recruit: "No, I ain't! That ain't wot I'm j'ining for. I want to make a few of them Germans die for theirs!"—*Tit-Bits*.

## A TRUE PROPHET

One of the attractions of the church fête was a fortune-teller's tent.

A lady took her ten-year-old, red-haired, freckled son inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal ball.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough!" she murmured in deep mysterious tones.

"Oh, hiw nice," gushed the proud mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?"

"For old age," replied the fortune-teller slowly.—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

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## RETALIATION

A singer who recently passed an evening at the house of a lady stayed late. As he rose to go, the hostess said:

"Pray, don't go yet, Mr. Basso; I want you to sing something for me."

"Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbours."

"Never mind the neighbours," answered the lady quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## STILL GOOD

Amos Whittaker, a miserly millionaire, was approached by a friend who used his most persuasive powers to have him dress more in accordance with his station in life.

"I am surprised, Amos," said the friend, "that you should allow yourself to become shabby."

"But I'm not shabby," firmly interposed the millionaire miser.

"Oh, but you are," returned his old friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elaborately, dressed. His clothes were always finely tailored and of the best material."

"Why," shouted the miser, triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"—*London Sketch*.



# The Saving in the Soup Tureen

Bovril makes soups and stews so much more nourishing that they can often take the place of expensive joints. It saves many dollars in the kitchen. Bovril is the concentrated goodness of the best beef—so strong that it cannot possibly be manufactured in cheap cubes. Insist upon the real thing—Bovril in the Bovril Bottle.

S. H. B.

"Spreads  
like Butter."



## THE Ingersoll TRIO

Here is a delicious trio—prepared from the finest ingredients money can buy. Each has a characteristic flavor and can be used in innumerable dainty ways.

### Ingersoll Cream Cheese

is a *real* cream cheese—rich in cream—pure and nourishing—far nicer than ordinary cheese. 15c. and 25c. a package.

### Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Pure INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. 10c. and 15c. a package.

### Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Pure INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE with spicy California Green Chile. Piquant and tasty. 15c. a package.

The Ingersoll Packing Co. Ltd.  
Ingersoll, Ont.

"Made in  
Canada."







### TAKE A TUBE HOME

THE whole family will appreciate the beneficial qualities of Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste. Its decidedly different—and better than ordinary Tooth Pastes.

As a cleanser and mouth purifier, refined charcoal is unequalled. Then when you combine with this a clean tasting, refreshing dentifrice, why "Corsons" is incomparable.

Once you try this Tooth Paste it will be your favorite.

Sold by Drug Stores, or send 25c. to-day for full sized tube of this fine Tooth Paste and free sample bottle of Corson's "Ideal Orchid" Perfume.

**SOVEREIGN PERFUMES Limited**  
146 BROCK AVENUE TORONTO

Superior Toilet Requisites, Made-in-Canada exclusively

GOLD EDGES 50¢ **PLAYING CARDS** CLUB INDEXES 25¢

# CONGRESS HOYLE BICYCLE

UP-TO-DATE THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS ISSUED YEARLY

SELLING AGENTS IN CANADA MADE IN CANADA



**For Social Play**  
Art backs of unusual beauty. Use them at your next card party. They match with fine furnishings.  
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

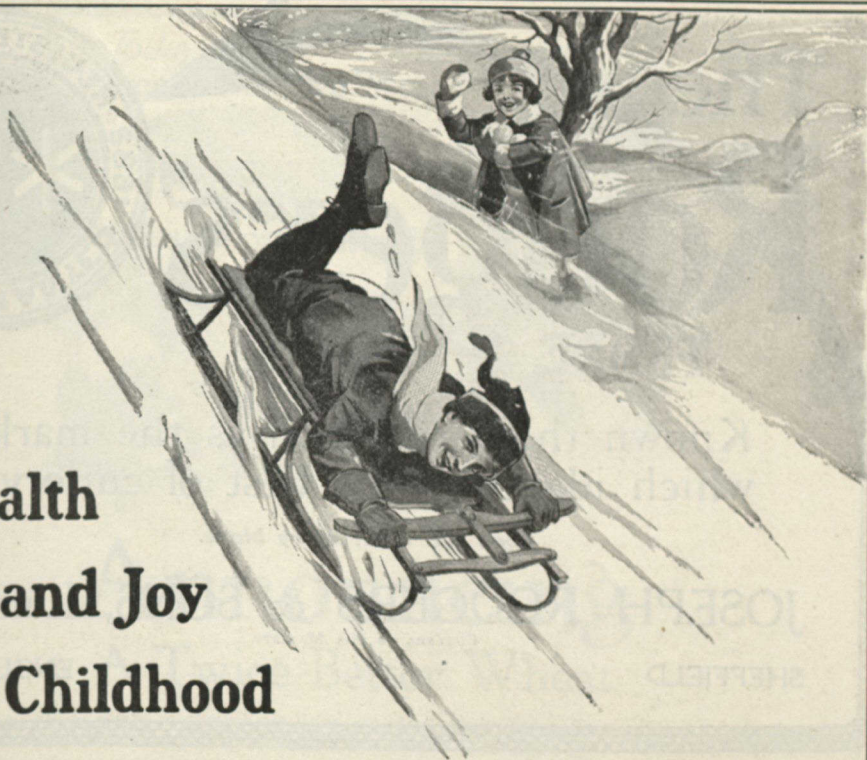


**For General Play**  
In all countries "Bicycle" means the best of popular-price playing cards. All nations use them.  
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish





## Health and Joy In Childhood



are based largely on the food the children eat.

Generally it's the sturdy boys and girls that take the lead in play as they do later in the sterner affairs of life as men and women.

Chief among food faults which cause many a youngster to lack vim and energy is deficiency of mineral salts in the daily diet.

A growing child needs iron for the blood; calcium for the bones; phosphate of potash for brain, nerves and muscle.

Nearly twenty years ago a food—now famous—was originated to supply these needed elements. That food is

# Grape-Nuts

(Made in  
Canada)

Made from Nature's food-grains—whole wheat and malted barley—it abounds in the rich nutrition essential to building husky little folks.

Grape-Nuts and cream or good milk is delicious—a daily custom in thousands of homes where health is valued and children are growing into sturdy, successful men and women.

**“There's a Reason”**



# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark  
which identifies the best of cutlery

*Look for it on every blade.*

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited  
CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY  
SHEFFIELD ENGLAND

## CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL





# Announcing A Twice-Better Wheat

Last year there grew, in certain sections, an ideal wheat for puffing. The kernels are big and hard. The flavor is delightful. The gluten runs 40 per cent.

It was offered to us, and we bought it. We bought a year's supply at extra prices, and we have it stored away.

## Wondrously Elastic

The extra gluten makes this wheat elastic. So the steam explosion puffs the grains to ten times normal size.

That means such Puffed Wheat as you never saw before. Big bubbles, flimsy, airy, almost phantom-like in texture. Thin, toasted tit-bits which, in eating, melt away like snowflakes.

All grocers now have this new product. We urge you to get it. You thought the Puffed Wheat of last year delightful. This year it is nearly twice better.

We promise you a welcome surprise.

You believe in whole wheat for the children. Every modern mother is serving it more and more. But remember that whole wheat must be wholly digestible, else you miss a large share of its virtue.

That's the chief reason for Puffed Wheat. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c

made, for the first time, into a perfect whole-grain food.

Tell your grocer now to send the 1916 style.

cell. Every atom of every element is made available as food.

Think of that if Puffed Wheat seems only a coaxing dainty. It is more than that. It is our premier grain food.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ontario

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan





**For Whooping Cough,  
Spasmodic Croup,  
Asthma, Sore Throat,  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep"*

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

**For Sale by all Druggists.**

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO - CRESOLENE CO.,  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.**

"My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,  
Woodland, California.

**Mrs. Winslow's  
Soothing Syrup  
For Children Teething**

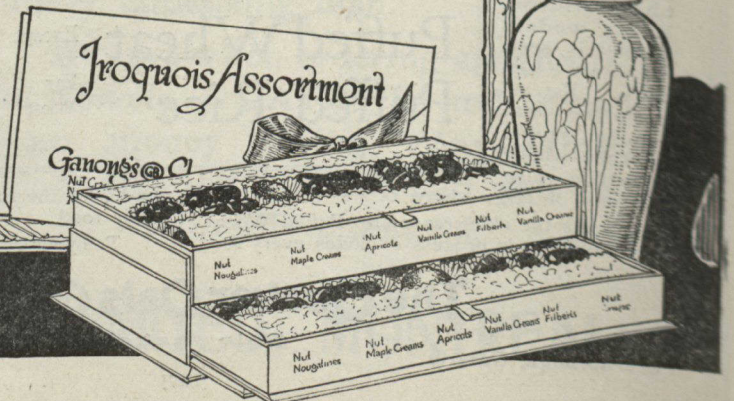
*SOLD EVERYWHERE*

**Iroquois Assortment**

Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

**Ganong's  
Chocolates**





# KNOX

## SPARKLING GELATINE

(*Granulated*)

DESSERTS

SHERBETS

JELLIES

SALADS

PUDDINGS

SOUPS

ICE CREAMS

CANDIES

Rice Mold with Pineapple



Soak  $\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water 5 minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup scalded pineapple juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and a few grains of salt to 1 cup cooked rice. Strain into this the gelatine and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add 1 cup whipped cream and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple.

We will send FREE our new 1916 Recipe Book for the name of your grocer, or pint sample and book for 2c stamp and grocer's name. This book is filled with attractive recipes.  
 Chas. B. Knox Co., Inc. Dept. A  
 180 St. Paul St., West, Montreal, Can.

*Yellow Package*

*Blue Package*







The War tax on corsets adds nothing to the retail price of a D & A or a La Diva Corset

because they are Made-in-Canada—But, about fifty cents, out of every dollar paid for imported corsets, now goes for customs duties and profits on them, which add nothing in corset value.

2-15

"BUY MADE-IN-CANADA CORSETS"

Made by the "Dominion Corset Company," one of the best equipped Corset factories in the World.

## This £50 Prize Baby was fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley



Physically, this boy is as nearly perfect as a child can be. In a competition organized by the "Daily Sketch" of London, England, this baby, in competition with a large number of other children, won the first prize of £50. His mother, Mrs. Ethel Hodge of Trafalgar Crescent, Bridlington, Yorks, writes as follows, "He is a fine, healthy and strong boy, as shown by the photo, having been entirely fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and milk from three months old."

Thousands of babies that have been unable to retain any other food, have been strengthened and nourished on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The fact that Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is prescribed by nurses and physicians is its strongest endorsement.

Our booklet, "Advice to Mothers" is indispensable to every mother and will be sent free upon request.

191 St. Paul St. W.  
Montreal

MAGOR, SON & Co., Limited  
Sole Agents for Canada

30 Church St.  
Toronto



# VICKERMAN'S

---

## Ask Your Tailor

---

Even the man least acquainted with the technical details of woollen manufacture knows that the available supply of high grade dyewares is very limited. The lasting quality of the color in a piece of cloth dyed today is a matter of uncertainty, unless a guarantee by the manufacturer is attached. Only an absolute guarantee of wear and color will satisfy the man who is particular about the appearance of his clothes.

This guarantee will be unhesitatingly given by your tailor when he shows you a VICKERMAN Black or Blue Serge, Cheviot or Vicuna.

B. VICKERMAN & SONS, LTD., use only the highest grade dyes and every piece of Blue and Black cloth sold by them is sold—

“WEAR AND COLOR GUARANTEED”

---

**NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO**

Canadian Selling Agents

---

**BLUE                      BLACK                      GREY**  
**SERGES      AND      CHEVIOTS**





## Edwardsburg "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup

Pour it  
on  
Porridge

You can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup.

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with "Crown Brand"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup, more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand". You may prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 & 20 LB. TINS.

**THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED,** Makers of the famous Edwardsburg Brands.  
Head Office: Montreal. Works: Cardinal, Brantford, Fort William.



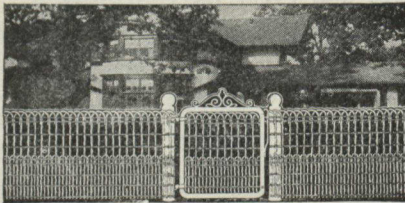
## PEERLESS LAWN FENCING

### Enhances Property Values

A BEAUTIFUL lawn fence gives any piece of property that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance that not only affords its owner a keen sense of pleasure and satisfaction while occupying the premises, but when offered for sale, it brings a better price. It's an investment—not an expense.

### Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless Ornamental Fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.



Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.  
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

## They always work



That's the joy of having your shades mounted on Hartshorn Improved Rollers. With Hartshorn Rollers your shades move quietly, at a touch, and stay right where you want them; with other rollers—well you never know. Hartshorn Rollers cost but a few cents more than the poorest rollers made.

**FREE** Send for valuable book "How to get the Best Service from your Shade Rollers." You'll find it pays to look when you buy shade rollers for this signature:

*Stewart Hartshorn*

Stewart Hartshorn Co., Dept. 5, Toronto, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA

## HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



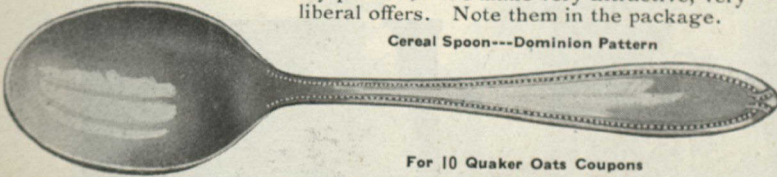
## QUAKER OATS PREMIUMS



We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Cereal Spoon---Dominion Pattern



For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

Silver Plate  
Jewelry  
Aluminum



"Make an oat food extra delicious---of large, luscious flakes alone."

## An Idea That Won Millions

Years ago, in a little mill, this idea was suggested: "Let us make an extra-luscious oat food. Make it by flaking queen grains only, discarding all minor oats."

That idea was adopted, and this superfine grade was named Quaker Oats.

Today it has millions of users, scattered all the world over. Oat lovers of a hundred nations send to us to get it.

And no other brand commands an equal sale among any oat-bred peoples.

But, best of all, it has multiplied oat lovers. It has made them life-long users of this energizing, spirit-giving food.

# Quaker Oats

*The Favorite Vim-Food*

A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of grains that are fit for Quaker. All others are discarded in the making of this brand.

Thus Quaker Oats consists of large, delicious flakes. And those alone. Their flavor and aroma

are distinctive and delightful. You are bound to prefer them—and demand them—when you know them.

And a pleasant fact is that this extra grade costs no extra price, anywhere in Canada. So every home can have it.

Regular Package, 10c      Large Round Package, 25c  
Except in Far West

Peterborough, Ont.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

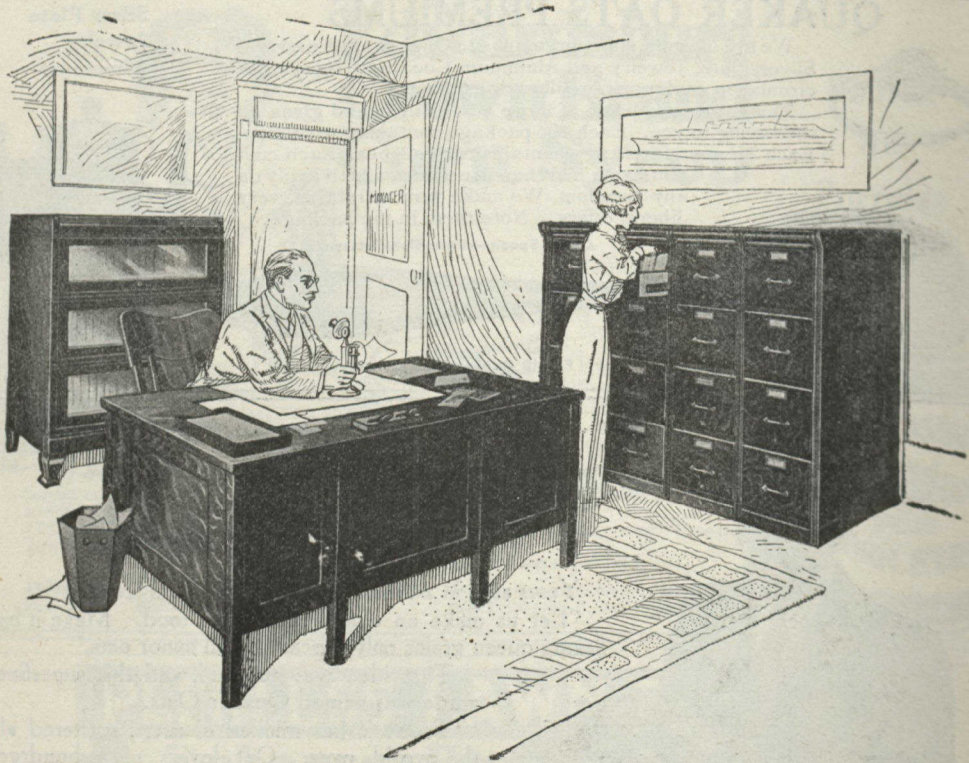
Saskatoon, Sask.

### NEW ROUND 25c PACKAGE

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package.

[1228]





## WELL-KEPT RECORDS

MEANS A FREE MIND FOR BUSINESS

It is better to have each business record in your office in an Office Specialty File in classified order, where they can be located the moment they are required, than to allow uncertain, loose and find methods to prevail, because of the lack of devices that will keep them in business-like order.

Get an "OSCO" File in the interest of your business

We make and sell through our own System Stores, Filing Equipment and Supplies to file and record every kind of business information. And more, we show you how to keep your records RIGHT.

Let us put you right in Filing Systems.



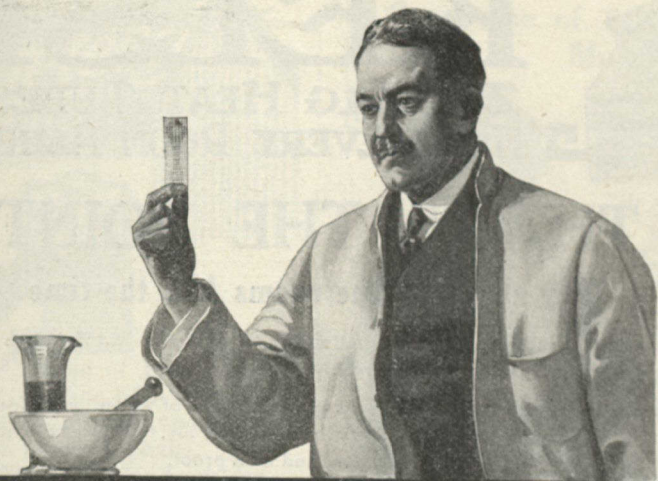
*Largest Makers of Filing Devices in the British Empire*

Head Office and Factories: - - - NEWMARKET, Ont.

OUR OWN FILING EQUIPMENT STORES:

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver





## “I Have Ended Corns Forever”

Our chief chemist, years ago, came to us and said:

“I have found a way to wipe out corns forever.”

We doubted it, as you do. But he had studied corns 25 years, so we tested his invention.

We supplied it to doctors, to hospitals, to experts on corns. One application ended 91 per cent of the corns. All the rest disappeared after two or three applications.

So we adopted his discovery, and called the treatment Blue-jay.

Since then, this gentle wax, applied in a plaster, has ended 70 million corns.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. It stops the pain instantly. You never think of the corn after that.

In 48 hours the corn disappears, without soreness.

New corns may come if you wear tight shoes. But they never can pain you if you use Blue-jay. And they never can stay.

So Blue-jay means freedom from corns. It has brought that to millions and it will to you.

Quit the harsh uncertain methods and try this one once.

## Blue=jay Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.





# KELSEY

## ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

### THAT'S THE POINT

They heat ALL the rooms ALL the time

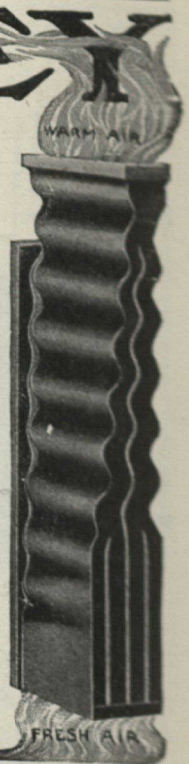
No cold corners or draughty hallways. Every part of the house is kept equally comfortable and cheerful.

The Kelsey is the heater that gives large volumes of warm, pure, fresh air, rather than a small quantity of dry superheated air. It is easily and economically managed and is gas, smoke, and dust proof.

Flowers thrive in the home heated by the KELSEY the same as they do outside in the summer. The air is heated but not enough to take the moisture out of it.

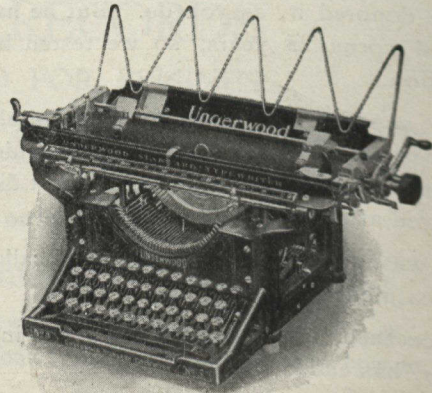
Now is the time when you are using your furnace, to consider your heating arrangements for next year. If you will send us a card, we will send you full information about the Kelsey system.

**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.**  
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



## THE Underwood Typewriter

has won the highest award for mechanical excellence at all the International Expositions (including the Panama-Pacific.) It has won also, all world's championship contests for speed and accuracy. The present record of 136 net words a minute for one hour's writing was made on the Underwood in October, 1915.



**United Typewriter Company, Limited**  
Underwood Building  
135 Victoria Street, Toronto





Made of best quality roofing felts, saturated with properly blended asphalts, and coated with a blend of harder asphalts. This keeps the soft saturation within from drying out, and makes a roof pliable, yet durable and impervious to the elements. Guaranteed for 5, 10 and 15 years, according to ply (1, 2 or 3). Lasts longer. Sold by good dealers throughout Canada, at reasonable prices.

**General Roofing Mfg. Co.**

*World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers.*

Distributing centers: Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, St. John's, Nfd., Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver.

**"I am one of 1,000,000 MultiKopy Girls"**

"I can do better work and faster work with MultiKopy Carbon Paper. My copies are so clean and legible that they are often mistaken for the original."

"My employer is just as strong for MultiKopy as I am, because MultiKopy copies don't rub nor smudge. MultiKopy gives copies of lasting legibility. MultiKopy is the most economical carbon paper."

*Insure the neatness and permanency of your records by using MultiKopy.*

**TRADE MARK**  
**MULTIKOPY**  
**Carbon Paper**

Write us on your letterhead and we'll send a Sample Sheet Free

Canadian Distributors:  
**UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., 135 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.**  
**F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress St. BOSTON, Mass.**  
Makers of the famous STAR BRAND Typewriter Ribbons

**It's the Light Beer in the Light Bottle**

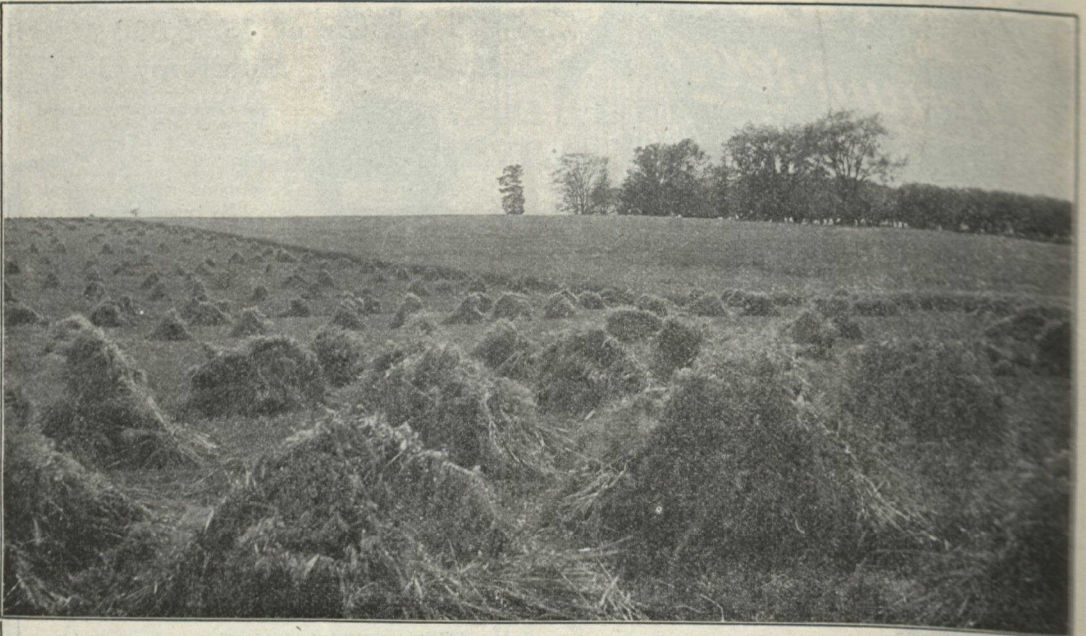
It's the Best *"Made in Canada"*

**O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager**



404





## CANADA

### Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

**W. D. SCOTT, Esq.,** Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or

**J. OBED SMITH, Esq.,** Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,  
11-13 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.





There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as **Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.**

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

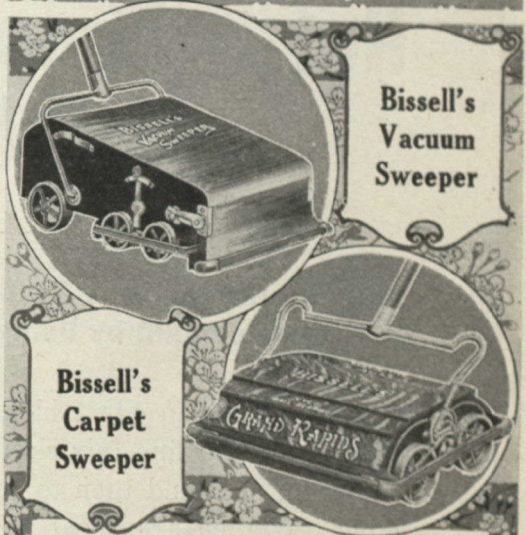
*Ask your Grocer for*

**Fearman's Star Brand**

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,  
Hamilton.**

## Bissell's Equipment



**Bissell's  
Vacuum  
Sweeper**

**Bissell's  
Carpet  
Sweeper**

### For Big and Little Cleaning Jobs

Once a broom and dustpan were considered efficient carpet cleaners; now they are obsolete. Equip yourself with *modern* tools to combat dangerous disease carrying dust and dirt—**BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEEPER** and **CARPET SWEEPER**.

Use the dustless Vacuum Sweeper for the regular, general cleaning—that extracts all dust and confines it in the patented dust bag that comes out in one piece with the nozzle, emptying from the rear.

Sweep every day with the carpet sweeper—use it to gather up scraps and litter; to brush up crumbs after meals.

Easy? Try it. **BISSELL'S** stands for quick, comfortable, efficient cleaning.

The price of the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) in most of Canada is \$10.00, Vacuum Sweeper (with brush) \$11.50, and Carpet Sweepers \$3.00 to \$4.50. Prices are slightly higher in the Western Provinces. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**

Largest and Oldest Exclusive Manufacturers  
of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World  
Dept 153, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Made in Canada, too

(251)



Mailed FREE  
to any address  
by the author.

Book on  
**DOG DISEASES**  
and How to Feed

**H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.**  
118 W. 31st Street N. Y. U. S. A.

**WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE**

**TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**



# Not a Pimple Anywhere in Sight

**And Any Woman May Become Free From All Blemishes of  
Face or Skin by Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers**

One of the greatest blessings a woman can have is to be possessed of a fine fair skin on face, neck and arms. A little attention now and then to the blood condition makes this possible. Women are great sufferers from blood disorders, and hence their complexions are marred because of this fact.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers, which are as pleasant to take as a peppermint, give in an exceedingly short time a complexion that will rival the ideals of an artist to produce. They act in such a natural way, by cleaning out the pores, throwing off all skin discolorations and blood impurities, that they do their work of beauty building almost before you can believe it possible for them to act at all.

You may obtain a box of these delightful wafers from any druggist anywhere. Price, 50 cents.

### FREE TRIAL COUPON

**F. A. STUART CO., 322 Stuart Bldg., MARSHALL, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....Prov.....



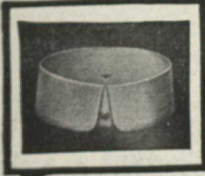


**GENUINE DIAMONDS**  
**CASH OR CREDIT**

Terms 20 a/10 down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person.

Write for Catalogue to-day

**JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers**  
15 Toronto Arcade TORONTO, Can.



**THE ARLINGTON CO.**  
of Canada, Ltd.  
55 FRAZER AVENUE  
TORONTO

**CHALLENGE COLLARS**

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.



**PLAYS**

Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Musical Pieces, Recitations, Dialogues, Make-up Goods, etc. Catalog free.

**T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 83 - - Chicago.**

**MAGIC TRICKS**

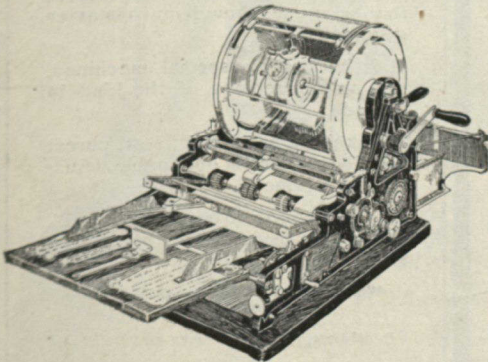
Let us send you two clever card tricks-puzzling to your audience, yet easy to do. Also booklets illustrating

**THE MAGIC SHOP**

numerous Magic and Card Tricks **10¢**  
All For -----  
We have a selected number of new Card Tricks Sent for \$1.00 postpaid

**13 N. 13th St. Phila., Pa.**

**EDISON—DICK**  
**MIMEOGRAPH**



**Absolutely the most perfect DUPLICATING DEVICE on the Market.**

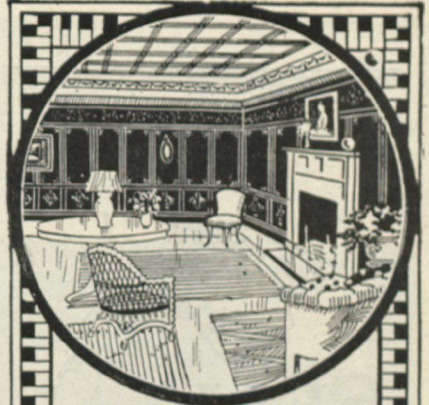
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WHENEVER you enter a room or home beautified with Pedlar's Perfect Metal Ceilings and Walls you feel at once the joy and cheeriness they achieve.

**PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILINGS and WALLS**

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**Coffee—**  
 that will make  
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 happy; your  
 guests grateful;  
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In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2 pound cans.  
 Whole—ground—pulverized—  
 also Fine Ground for Percolators.

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**Don't Wear Heavy Underwear**  
 —it is **Not Necessary**

Get Good, Pure Woolen Underclothing of  
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**'CEETEE'**

**UNDERCLOTHING**

**All Pure Wool—Guaranteed  
 Unshrinkable  
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Light weight is one of the many  
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It is knitted on special machines,  
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It is knitted from the finest, purest  
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 Better to spend \$5.00 once than  
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**Worn by the Best People—Sold by the  
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Made in Canada from all British Material by

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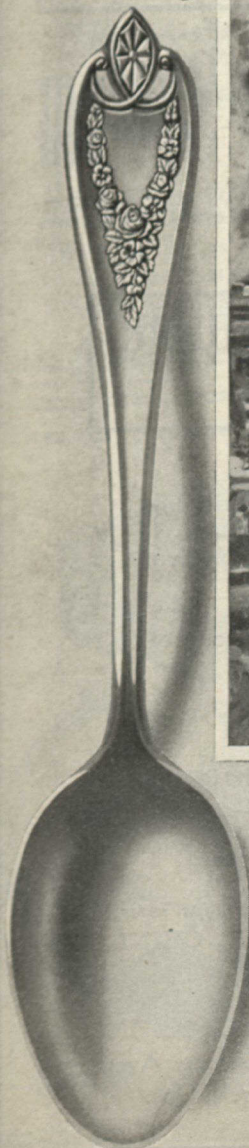




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Reaches all the resorts in the "Highlands of Ontario" where big catches of game fish are assured.

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MUSKOKA LAKES—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.  
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*Write to the following Agents for full particulars—How to get there, maps, rates, etc.:*

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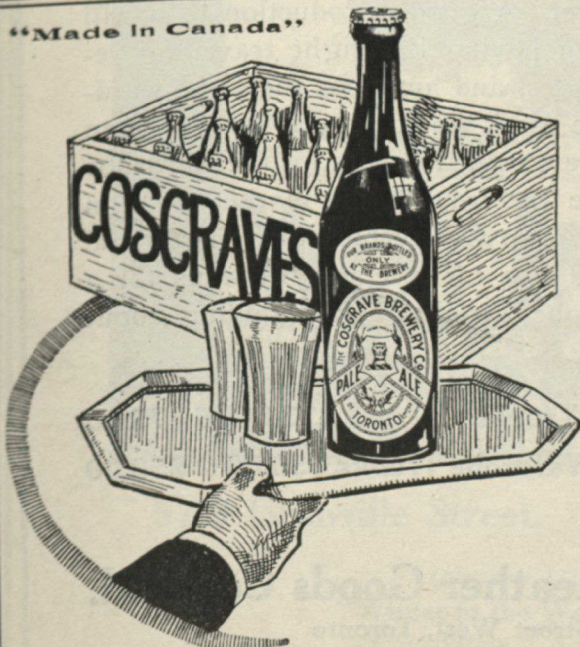
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Through tickets to all points, and berth reservations from Local Agent or write to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. East, Toronto, Ontario, or Union Station, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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A Case of  
**Cosgrave's**  
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---will make a most fitting refreshment when a friend drops in of an evening. Just telephone your dealer ---he will do the rest.

As light as Lager, but better for you.

In pint and quart bottles at all dealers---also at hotels.



## "JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

# WARDROBE TRUNKS



By the time you are reading this many people will be arranging for the after-Holiday trip to Bermuda, Florida, or San Francisco, to avoid the rigors of a Canadian winter, and a part of the luxury of the journey will be the convenience and comfort in which you travel. A good introduction to it will be in having the right travelling requisites, and amongst these the wardrobe trunk would seem to be almost an

indispensible. And we have a right to claim for the wardrobe trunks we sell that they are the best on the market today in points of appointments, capacity, convenience, strength and appearance, and we would like to have you write us for a copy of the special Wardrobe Trunk Booklet, telling about them.

The 'Rite-hite' Wardrobe Trunks . . . . \$33.00 to \$75.00

The 'Berth-high' Steamer Wardrobe Trunks, \$30.00 to \$50.00

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**

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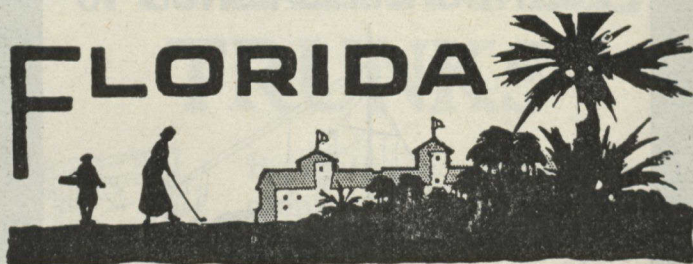
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*Our new booklet*

**"Winter in the West Indies"**  
*is interesting. Send for it.*





VIA DETROIT & CINCINNATI  
WHEN PLANNING YOUR

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WHY NOT CHOOSE FLORIDA?

*The Attractions Are Unsurpassed.*

BEAUTIFUL PALM TREES—WARM SEA BATHING—ORANGE AND  
BANANA GROVES — GOLF — TARPON FISHING — LUXURIOUS  
HOTELS FOR ALL POCKETS.

**TWO NIGHTS ONLY FROM TORONTO.  
WINTER TOURIST TICKETS NOW ON SALE.**

FAST TRAINS FROM TORONTO DAILY VIA

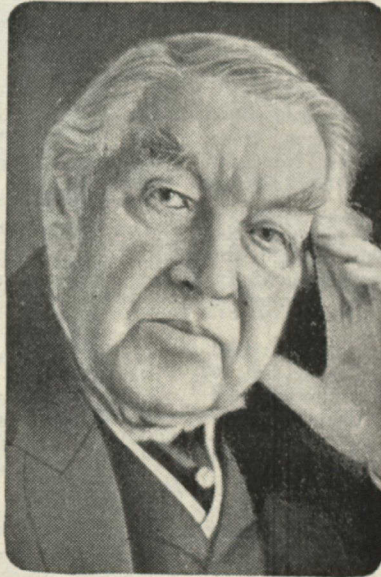
# CANADIAN PACIFIC

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PARTICULARS FROM CANADIAN PACIFIC TICKET AGENTS OR  
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# Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada



With  
Rembrandt  
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Frontispiece

16 Illustrations  
Cloth bound  
Gilt edges  
414 pages

By the late

**Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Tupper P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B.**

To attain the age of 94 and to have devoted over 60 years to public affairs is unquestionably a record achievement for a statesman.

The recollections of such a long period of activity in the forefront of Canadian affairs must of necessity be of appealing interest. These go back to pre-Federation days, when each province went its own way without regard to its neighbors. Sir Charles Tupper was in the van of the fight for Confederation and took a leading part in Dominion Politics, being in 1896 Prime Minister of Canada.

**The regular price of this book is \$4.00**

Through arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer it to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

**Postpaid for \$2.00.**

Only a few copies left. WRITE TO-DAY.

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TORONTO**



# McGregor of Ford

His father, William McGregor, was a Canadian of Scotch ancestry, who took a very active interest in the business and political life of Canada, and was elected a member of the Dominion Parliament, serving his country and district well and faithfully for twenty years.

The son, Gordon McGregor, about whom this is written, was born at Windsor, Ont.

William McGregor eventually became interested in the Walkerville Wagon Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, and, shortly after, his son, Gordon McGregor, was made manager of the firm. Here the son began to show that business foresight that has made him one of the prominent figures in the business world of Canada.

About this time an event took place in the carriage and wagon industry that caused the greatest concern. This was the advent and the establishment of the automobile as a practical vehicle.

Some dealers and builders were so alarmed that they thought their business would go to immediate rack and ruin, and that the auto would supersede horse-drawn vehicles entirely. Others were cool-headed enough to see the advantages that this new industry afforded and governed themselves accordingly.

Among the latter was Gordon McGregor, who believed that he could successfully enter upon the business of manufacturing automobiles and looked about him for wise methods of doing this.

He got in touch with many manufacturers and looked over many makes of cars. Finally, he decided on one make and effected arrangements for its production in this country. The car he chose was the Ford.

And this is the story of Gordon McGregor, of Ford, Ontario, and of the Canadian company he established, now known as the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

To-day, half the population of four towns depend upon the Ford Company of Canada for their earnings. These are Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich.

In April, 1915, a time when most Canadian manufacturers were following a policy of retrenchment, the present Ford schedule of wages was adopted by which the company virtually handed to its employees, \$50,000 a month increased wages and reduced the working hours from nine to eight per day.

Surely, this is a great boon to Canadian workmen and their families. It is a boon to Canadian merchants who benefit by the increased purchasing power of all these families. It is a boon to the entire country in time of war when living expenses are higher than ever before.

And these employees have responded in like measure to the Empire's need for her people's support, Ford City alone having made what is probably a record contribution to the Patriotic Fund of \$34 per capita.

More than 300 Ford employees have enlisted for overseas service, and the Company is spending thousands of dollars in moving pictures which are offered free to assist in recruiting work all over the Dominion.

What an immense expression of confidence in the ultimate and unquestionable success of British Arms and the allied cause was this great wage increase!

But it was not the only evidence of the Ford Company's faith in the Empire.

Before the outbreak of hostilities the company decided to reduce the price of the car by \$60. When the war came upon us the company might well have been pardoned by withholding this reduction for a time. But they never even considered it. The reduction was made the same day war was declared.

And you can realize how real this confidence in the victorious prosperity of Canada was when you consider that the prices of Ford cars are set in accordance with the estimated production for the coming fiscal year and not by any means are they based on the profits of the preceding year.

\$652,000 has been spent on new buildings in Ford City since the war began.

Over \$1,000,000 has been spent on new buildings in four Canadian cities since war began, making a total expenditure for new buildings of approximately a million and three-quarters.

\$1,000,000 has been spent in new equipment since war began.

900 men have been added to the pay roll since war began.

And if there is needed further proof of this company's absolute conviction in the progress and prosperity of the Dominion, it may be found in the fact that another \$60 reduction in the price of the car was made last August—making a total reduction of \$120.00 since war began.

This new price requires an output of 40,000 cars this year.

Then, too, the price of Ford parts has been reduced by \$147 per car—a reduction that means a big increased economy to Ford owners.

Such immense expenditures and price reductions as these are of the greatest benefit to the general welfare of the nation under existing conditions. They form one of the greatest possible influences towards boosting the prosperity of Canada.

Remember that all but \$16.88 worth of the material that goes into the construction of a Ford car is bought here in Canada—and it would all be bought here if it were possible to get it.


Truly, the Ford is, after all, a Canadian Car, built by Canadians. Very few Canadian manufacturers are able to show such a support to Canadian industry as this.

The Canadian Ford Company is basing this year's factory production plans on just double the business done last year.

They stake everything on the conviction that Canada is bound to prosper. They place all on the belief that Britain and her allies are bound to win.

McGregor of Ford and his Canadian associates may be pardoned for feeling proud of this record.





## Get Real Tire Economy!

Motoring is two things--a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.

No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.

If you will drive fast,  
If you will make those sudden stops,  
If the city will water asphalt,  
If rain will make muddy roads;

Why then--the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . .

DUNLOP TRACTION  
TREAD.

T. 113

DUNLOP

TREAD

SEAL OF QUALITY

TRACTION



# MOTOR Ambulances

"Doing Their Bit"



**McLAUGHLIN  
MOTOR AMBULANCE**

OVER sixty of these Ambulances have already been purchased by leading citizens, organizations and societies throughout Canada, most of them already on "active service" doing their "bit." Early delivery of all orders is assured.

## Comments from the Front on McLaughlin Ambulances

COL. BIRKETT, O.C. No. 3 Can. Gen. Hosp. in France, writes as follows: "As I have already written to the Montreal Office, our Ambulances have been very much admired, and show superiority over all others in use on active service here."

LIEUT.-COL. G. S. RENNIE, writing from Shorncliffe, Eng., says in part: "It has been running almost day and night since it arrived, and has proved perfectly satisfactory. When we came here we had no ambulance at all, excepting those brought by me from Canada, and I really do not know what I should have done without them."

From ONE OF THE CHAFFEURS, Shorncliffe, England, "We have at this Hospital nine Ambulances; one Wolseley and eight McLaughlin Buicks. They are standing up fine, and have given no trouble as yet. Their average drive is about 120 miles per day."

## Repair Parts in London

Realizing the importance of having an ample supply of repair parts quickly available, we have arranged to carry a large supply of extra parts with the General Motors Co. of Europe, London, Eng.

**Special Price, \$1,775 f.o.b. Oshawa,**  
Including Boxing for Export.

A folder describing and illustrating this Ambulance has been prepared along with the list of donors to date and will be gladly mailed on request.

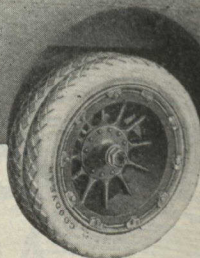


McLAUGHLIN AMBULANCES combine the very latest improvements and suggestions of the British and French War Offices. Also several special conveniences devised by ourselves and based on previous experience.

They will accommodate four men lying down, two lying down and five sitting, or ten sitting in addition to the driver and orderly.

The motor is the famous McLaughlin Buick "Valve-in-Head" type, 37 H.P., complete with electric starter, electric lights, 880 x 135 m.m. tires—special double tires on rear wheels.

The equipment of the Ambulance is most complete. The lockers have been adopted for carrying extra stretchers, three days' rations, bandages, medical supplies, medicines, tools, etc.

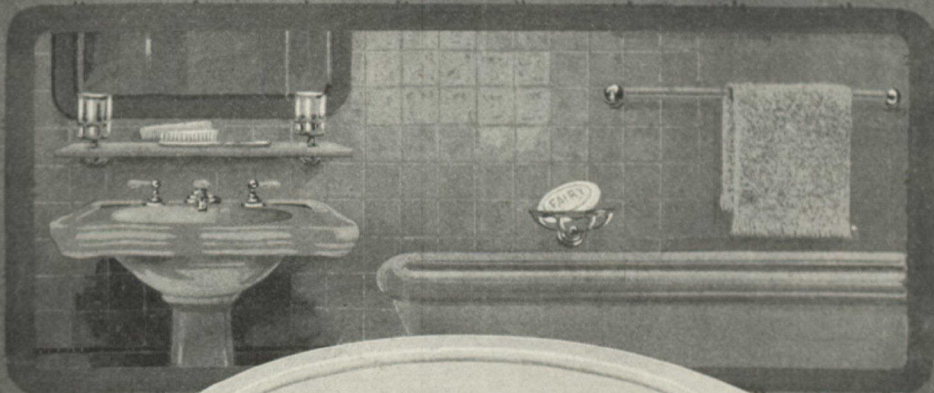


**NEW DOUBLE WHEELS**

Note the special full size double wheels on all our new Ambulances. This is a specially good feature and avoids a lot of trouble on active service.

**McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. LIMITED**  
Head Office & Factories  
OSHAWA, ONTARIO.





The pleasure of using Fairy Soap is increased by its convenient oval shape—wearing down slowly and uniformly to the thinnest wafer.

## FAIRY SOAP

*For toilet and bath*

is made of the choicest materials. It cleanses refreshingly, producing a rich, creamy lather in hard or soft water, whether hot or cold. Fairy Soap floats.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

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*"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"*



Makes short work  
of  
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Wooden Floors  
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MADE IN CANADA



# Big Ben

7201

## *baby* Ben



### That *Well-to-do* Feeling

**I**T'S Big Ben for the man who likes to kick off the covers before the last call for breakfast.

Who enjoys a splash in the tub—a comfortable shave—a hot breakfast—and a minute or so with the family.

It's Big Ben for the man who likes to take it easy on the way to work—to know the well-to-do feeling of ample time.

Who likes to have a little while to himself to set things right before tackling the day's work.

It's Big Ben for you, to let you know the joy of unhurried mornings and well started days.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, well built, handsome, punctual, with a big dial, a cheerful voice, comfortable keys, a light running movement. Calls steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten.

For light sleepers, Baby Ben—a quarter size reproduction of Big Ben,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall—keeps the same good time, calls the same punctual way, a handy clock for the traveling bag, the desk or the dressing table, or any place where attractiveness, dependability and small size are desired.

Each is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, price \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer does not stock them.

Western Clock Co

La Salle, Ill. U.S.A.

Makers of *Westclox*



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Worry—  
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and note how things brighten up.

It's worth the trial!

**“There's a Reason”**

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A leader amongst leaders.  
After being in use for  
NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's  
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WATER**

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it refreshes and revives as  
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Ask your Druggist for it  
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O-Cedar dusts, cleans and polishes at the  
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face gummy and sticky but puts on a hard,  
dry, lasting lustre—makes the old look  
new, and keeps it looking that way.  
Take a 25c. bottle home today.

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