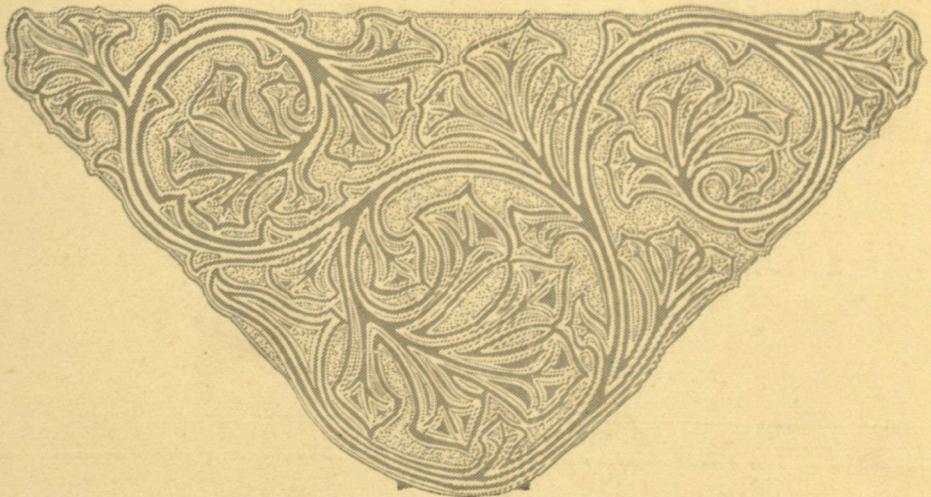


133

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1917

PRICE 25 Cents



THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



*Whatever  
You Ask*

Ivory Soap knows no limitations. It will meet all your needs. It is equally satisfactory for the toilet, the bath, clothes, dishes, because it is pure, high grade soap and nothing else.

**IVORY SOAP**



IT FLOATS

**99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% PURE**

*Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada*



# THESE MEN WILL HELP YOU DECIDE

Are you liable to be selected for service under the Military Service Act?

The answer to this question is being made readily available for you. Remember that the first class to be called includes only men between the ages of 20 and 34, both inclusive, who are unmarried or widowers without children, those married after July 6, 1917, being deemed single for the purposes of the Act.

Medical Boards are now being established throughout Canada. These Boards will examine, free of charge and obligation, all men who wish to be examined as to their physical fitness for military service. They will tell you in a very short time whether your physical condition absolves you from the call or makes you liable for selection.

It is important that you obtain this information as soon as possible. A certificate of unfitness from a Medical Board will secure for you freedom from responsibility under the Military Service Act from any Exemption Tribunal. A certificate of fitness will not preclude an appeal for exemption on any ground.

In order that you may be able to plan your future with certainty, visit a Medical Board as soon as possible and find out if you are liable to be selected. Your family and your employer are interested as well as yourself.

*Issued by  
The Military Service Council.*

# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIX

Contents, October, 1917

No. 6

THE SAILING BOAT - - Painting by G. Horne Russell - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
WILDWOOD FRIENDS OF THE ELM CLUMP - - - - -	Hamilton M. Laing - - - - 437
ILLUSTRATED	
PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN - - -	Emily P. Weaver - - - - 447
IX.—MISS CARRIE MATILDA DERICK.	
PLACE VIGER. VERSE - - - - -	Grace Murray Atkin - - - 451
THE GRAND TRUNK'S NEW PRESIDENT - - - - -	- - - - - 452
PORTRAIT OF MR. HOWARD G. KELLEY	
THE INFLUENCE OF ANCESTRY IN THE PRESENT WAR - - - - -	Professor John Cameron - - 455
THE WAY HOME. FICTION - - - -	T. R. Elliott - - - - - 460
MOLLY O'. FICTION - - - - -	Theodocia Pearce - - - - 465
FIDELITY A PAINTING - - - - -	Greuze - - - - - 471
THE HOUSE OF THE BRIDE. FICTION	Alice Brown - - - - - 473
ENGLAND IN ARMS - - - - -	Lacey Amy - - - - - 481
VI.—GETTING THE MEN.	
SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND - - - -	George C. Wells - - - - - 488
THE ARGONAUTS. FICTION - - - -	Morgan Robertson - - - - 495
THE MARSHES OF PINSK. A DRAWING	Louis Raemaekers - - - - 505
STORIES OF THE REDCOAT RIDERS - -	W. McD. Tait - - - - - 507
ILLUSTRATED	
CURIOSITIES OF MEMORY - - - - -	Professor Herbert L. Stewart - 513
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - -	Book Reviews - - - - - 520

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
European Offices, 16 Regent Street, London, S.W. 38 Rue du  
Louvre, Paris.

Copyright, Canada, 1917, by The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited.

# Imperial Royal Flying Corps



Group of Officers and Men of the Royal Flying Corps

Applications are now being accepted for the Cadet (Pilot) Wing of the Royal Flying Corps.

All candidates must fulfil the following conditions:—

- (a) Be between the ages of 18 and 25.
- (b) Be of good education and show evidence of good upbringing.
- (c) Be physically fit in accordance with the standard of fitness laid down for the Royal Flying Corps (Cadet Wing).

Cadets are put to no expense and are paid from date of attestation.

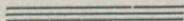
Technical knowledge is not an essential, but a good College education is required.

Canadian Cadets are trained in CANADA.

APPLY ROYAL FLYING CORPS  
56 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

# Canadian War Heroes

In the August number of *The Canadian Magazine* we published an article on the rise of several non-professional military men from Canada to positions of distinction in both the Canadian and the Imperial service. In the November Number Mr. Frank Yeigh will relate some of the remarkable deeds of valour, heroism and daring committed by Canadians in Europe. It has been demonstrated time and time again that the average Canadian soldier is unrivalled in genuine prowess and fighting capacity, but it will be doubly interesting to review some of the outstanding exploits as related by Mr. Yeigh. This article will be adequately illustrated and will be followed by others, equally timely and valuable, on various aspects of the war.



\$2.50 PER ANNUM, including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.  
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**

200-206 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF ?

**"MELANYL" THE  
MARKING INK**

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

Of all Stationers Chemists and Stores or Post Free for One Shilling (25c.) from the Inventors.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 ST. BRIDE ST. LONDON E.C. ENGLAND

## If You have a War Bond—

you can double your estate by using the interest you receive to pay the premium on an



## Excelsior 20 Year Endowment Policy

*Whether you live or die, you are worth twice as much as before.*

# EXCELSIOR

INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY

Head Office—EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG., TORONTO

*Write for Pamphlet*

## Prompt Payment of Claims

THE Mutual Life of Canada has always made a special feature of prompt payment of death claims and endowments.

Payments are made usually within one day of the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death.

Military claims are settled as soon as the official certificate of death is available.

A policy with the Mutual commits your family to the immediate protection of the Company in the event of your death.

Write for folder, "Fully Equipped."

The Mutual Life  
of Canada  
Waterloo-Ontario

135

## Put Vim in Jaded Muscles

by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

**Absorbine, Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

As Absorbine, Jr., is a powerful germicide, as well as a liniment, it is effective for prophylactic and aseptic uses; it destroys the germs in cuts and sores; it may be diluted and used successfully as an antiseptic and germicide for the mouth and throat.

Farmers and mechanics will find Absorbine, Jr., especially valuable in taking care of the little injuries that are "part of the day's work," and in relieving soreness and strains.

Athletes will find it efficient for limbering sore stiff muscles. A good formula for a rub-down is one ounce of Absorbine, Jr., to a quart of water or witch hazel.

Absorbine, Jr., will not destroy tissue—it is positively harmless. It is composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils—contains no acids or minerals.

Get a bottle today and keep it in your desk in your traveling bag, in your medicine-cabinet or in the side pocket of your automobile. It is health insurance of a high type.

**\$1.00 a Bottle**

at druggists or postpaid

**A Liberal Trial Bottle**

will be sent to your address on receipt of 10c in stamps.

**W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.**

187 Lymans Building

MONTREAL — CAN.



# The London Glove Company

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Great Specialists in  
**GLOVES,**  
**HOSIERY,**  
and **UNDERWEAR**

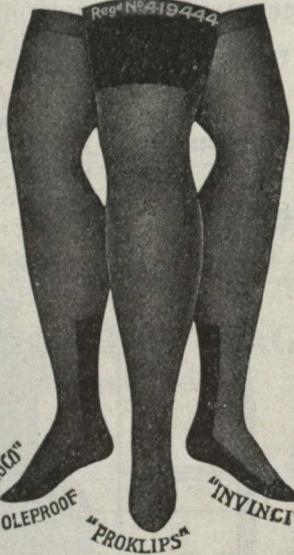
An unrivalled variety in stock

— AT —

**EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES**



Three Hose Specialities



Fully detailed Price Lists of all departments may be obtained FREE, on application, direct from the

**Ontario Publishing Co. Limited**

200-206 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto

Fully detailed Price Lists of all Departments may be obtained FREE, on application, direct from the

**Ontario Publishing Co. Limited**

200-206 Adelaide Street, West Toronto



## Departments

Ladies', Mens' and Children's Gloves—Hosiery and Underwear—Ladies Knitted Wool and Silk "Effect" Coats—Ladies' Underclothing, Blouses, Furs, Fur Coats, Boots and Shoes—Waterproofs and Umbrellas—Men's Dressing Gowns, Pyjamas, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Half Hose, Umbrellas & Waterproofs.

Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, General Post Office, London, England. Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer

Address all Orders **The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.**



Gentlemen's Suits as illustration, scientifically cut, well-tailored, and made-to-measure in New Season's Tweeds, Suitings, and permanent colour, "Royal" Navy Blue Serges, from \$12.05 to \$34.30.

## Import Your Own WINTER CLOTHING FABRICS!

You will find it to your advantage to get your supplies direct from England, whether you require Fabrics only or made-to-measure Garments. Many Ladies and Gentlemen in Canada have already proved this to their personal satisfaction. Will you investigate?

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., will send you, on request, samples of Fabrics suitable for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Winter Clothing, and these will enable you to judge of the quality and value of the materials they supply.

It will cost you 2 Cents only to get these Samples. Mail a card for them to-day.

Half a century's world-wide reputation for Quality.



By Appointment  
to  
H.M. the Queen.



Many  
Royal and Imperial  
Appointments.

Ladies and Gentlemen requiring a serviceable, trustworthy Costume or Suit Fabric, useful for almost any purpose and particularly commendable where strength and resistance to wear are essential features, are recommended to give E.B.'s permanent colour "Royal" Navy Blue Serges a trial. They are Pure Wool Fabrics which have given an incalculable amount of satisfaction for nearly 50 years. Prices range from 92c. to \$7.30 per yard, double width. Samples of Winter Fabrics for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear, Tailoring Styles and Price Lists, Measurement Blanks, etc., mailed post paid to any address, on request.

Address: EGERTON BURNETT, Limited  
R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND

# BANK OF HAMILTON

Established 1872.

Capital Authorized : \$5,000,000  
Capital Paid Up - - - 3,000,000  
Surplus - - - - - 3,500,000

### Board of Directors

Sir John Hendrie, K.C.M.G., President  
Cyrus A. Birge, - - Vice-president  
C. C. Dalton  
Robt. Hobson  
I. Pitblado  
W. E. Phin  
J. Turnbull  
W. A. Wood

J. P. Bell, General Manager



# ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson  
**Academic Course**, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work,  
**Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education**—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball,  
 Hockey, Swimming Bath.

Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,

President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,

Principal.



**LOWER CANADA COLLEGE**

Head Master:  
**C. S. Fosbery, M.A.**

Preparatory,  
 Junior and Senior  
 Departments.

**MONTREAL**

SUCCESSES 1917  
 1st and 2nd Places Entrance  
 R.M.C. Kingston. Nine  
 Passes Entrance R.M.C.  
 Entrance Royal Canadian  
 Navy. Four Matricula-  
 tions McGill.

Physical Training, Manual  
 Training, Swimming, Rinks,  
 Tennis Courts, Riding, Draw-  
 ing, Music.



## RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.  
 The School won University Scholarships at Matriculation in six out of the past seven years; three in 1913 and our in 1914.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.



**ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE**  
 OPENED ITS THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR  
 ON SEPTEMBER SEVENTEEN: NINE-  
 TEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN ::

*Thorough courses in Music, Art, Oratory, High School, Business College,  
 Domestic Science and Superior Physical Training*

31

For terms, address: R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., President, St. Thomas, Ont.





DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

**A** NNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,

Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



HOME  
STUDY

Arts Courses only

SUMMER  
SCHOOL  
July and August

QUEEN'S  
UNIVERSITY  
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS EDUCATION MEDICINE

SCHOOL OF MINING

MINING

CHEMICAL MECHANICAL  
CIVIL ELECTRICAL  
ENGINEERING

GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar.



## The Royal Military College

**T**HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

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

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

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

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

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



# JAEGER

Is the Best  
for Children

Because it is healty, soft, comfortable, durable, absorbs moisture and perspiration quickly thus preventing colds. It is the only natural covering for the little one's body. For the children there is Underwear, Stockings, Caps, Coats, Sweaters, Night Dresses, Night Shirts, Pyjamas, Slippers, Dressing Gowns, etc.



For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woollen **CO. LIMITED**  
System  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

British "founded 1883".

## The Beauty of Youth



WHILE you have the healthy vigorous Beauty of youth you should constantly preserve and protect it for the years to come. Neglect has caused many women to look far older than they should. A little attention paid to the skin and complexion now by the use of

### 41 Gouraud's Oriental Cream

will be amply repaid by your Youthful Beauty in later years. It not only protects and preserves the complexion for the future but greatly improves your appearance now. Conceals facial blemishes. In use 70 years.

Send 10c. for Trial Size  
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal

## Branksome Hall

10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

HON. PRINCIPAL: MISS M. T. SCOTT  
PRINCIPAL: MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Art and Domestic Science Departments. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playgrounds. Outdoor games—Tennis, Basketball. Rink. Healthful locality.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL

## Westminster College - - Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every Educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Honour Matriculation, Music, Art and Physical education.

The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood. John A. Paterson, K.C., President.  
For Calendar apply Mrs. A. R. Gregory, Principal.

## STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

**THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE**  
KITCHENER, - CANADA



# Bishop's College School

Lennoxville · P. Q.

HEAD MASTER:—J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B. A., EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Well-known Boarding School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, R.M.C., Kingston, or for business life.

Fine Buildings, Beautiful Situation, Separate Preparatory School. New buildings in course of construction. For illustrated calendar and information apply to the Headmaster.



## 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.



## Production

**I**NCREASED effort and efficiency in labor, more economy and less waste in living, building up capital by harder work and greater savings, will enrich you and your country. The men and women at home must produce more to cover war's waste.

It is easier to *make* money than to *save* it. A Savings Account at The Bank of Toronto will help save what your increased effort provides.

119 Branches in Canada

**ASSETS - - \$73,000,000**

### DIRECTORS

W. G. GOODERHAM, PRESIDENT

JOSEPH HENDERSON, VICE PRESIDENT

William Stone, John Macdonald, Lt.-Col. A. E. Gooderham

Brig.-Gen. F. S. Meighen, J. L. Englehart, William I. Gear

Paul J. Myler, A. H. Campbell.

THOS. F. HOW, GENERAL MANAGER

John R. Lamb, Supt. of Branches. D. C. GRANT, Chief Inspector.

INCORPORATED 1855

# THE BANK OF TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000      Reserve Funds - \$ 14,324,000  
Capital Paid Up - 12,911,700      Total Assets - 295,000,000

## HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, *President* E. L. PEASE, *Vice-President* E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., *2nd Vice-President*  
James Redmond G. R. Crowe D. K. Elliott Hon. W. H. Thorne Hugh Paton Wm. Robertson  
A. J. Brown, K.C. W. J. Sheppard C. S. Wilcox A. E. Dymont C. E. Neill  
Sir Mortimer B. Davis G. H. Duggan C. C. Blackadar John T. Ross R. MacD. Paterson G. G. Stuart, K.C.

### Executive Officers.

E. L. Pease, Managing Director      C. E. Neill, General Manager  
W. B. Torrance, Superintendent of Branches      F. J. Sherman, Assistant General Manager

365—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND—365

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, St. Kitts, Trinidad and Bahama Islands, British Guiana and British Honduras.

LONDON, ENG., Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.

NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**      AT ALL BRANCHES

## Why Worry?

THE prevailing war conditions have made many men think seriously of Life Insurance who never thought of it before.

Our business has been growing more rapidly than ever since the commencement of the war, largely because men who are uninsured or under-insured are realizing that they have something to worry about and find in Life Insurance a ready means of overcoming the difficulty.

Our LIFE RATE ENDOWMENT POLICY not only protects those dependent upon you but it also PROTECTS YOUR OWN OLD AGE without payment of any additional premium.

*Full information upon request*

## London Life Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE : : LONDON, CANADA

JOHN McCLARY,  
President.  
J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S.,  
Manager.

Dr. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C.,  
Vice-President.  
E. E. REID, B.A., A.I.A.,  
Asst. Manager and Actuary.



Paid-up Capital	-	-	\$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund	-	-	7,421,292
Total Deposits	-	-	92,102,072
Total Assets	-	-	121,130,558

233 Branches in Canada.  
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

#### Savings Department at all Branches.

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

General Banking Business.

## BOND OFFERINGS

*Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.*

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

**Yield 4% to 6%**

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

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

# The Depositor of a Dollar

is as welcome to open an account with this Corporation as the depositor with thousands. We know by experience that the large majority of such accounts steadily grow. The accumulation of small savings in this way is a satisfaction to us as well as to the depositor. Do not delay the opening of an account because the first deposit may appear to you to be too small. Begin today. We credit interest at

## Three and one-half per cent

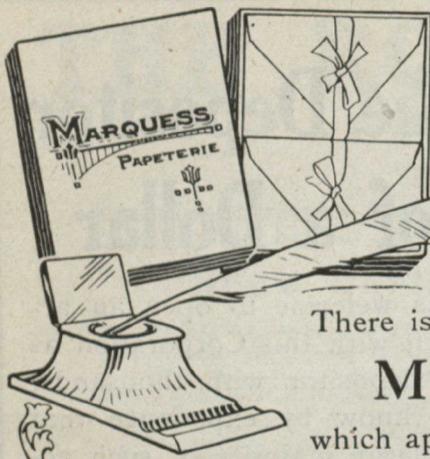
per annum, and compound it twice each year.

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

ESTABLISHED 1855

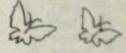
**Paid-up Capital and Reserve  
ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS**

**Toronto St., Toronto**



# MARQUESS

## Papeteries



There is a distinctive tone about

### Marquess Papeteries

which appeals to the woman of refinement.

The paper is of the finest quality and the envelopes have an exclusive appearance which conveys a pleasing impression.

Supplied in white only.

*Ask your stationer for a box.*

20-9-17

Brantford.  
Winnipeg.

**Barber-Ellis**  
Limited.  
Toronto. Canada.

Calgary.  
Vancouver.



## You Look for SECURITY



Whether with the intention of taking out insurance or associating yourself with some Company, you look for security.

The latest figures emphasize the unexcelled financial position of this Company.

<b>Business in Force</b>	over	<b>\$59,600,000</b>
<b>Assets</b>	"	<b>16,400,000</b>
<b>Net Surplus</b>	"	<b>2,600,000</b>

These are reasons why the Company is known as "Solid as the Continent".

### North American Life Assurance Co.

Head Office

TORONTO





From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

#### THE SAILING BOAT

Ruskin has said that the sailing vessel is the only thing made by man that harmonizes properly with nature. The harmony in this picture certainly is very pleasing. It is a view of Passamaquoddy Bay, New Brunswick.



*THE*  
**CANADIAN MAGAZINE**

XLIX

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1917

No. 6

**Wildwood Friends of the  
Elm Clump**

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



THE camp in the elm clump stood upon what might be called populous Manitoba soil. With a prairie lake near the front door, a marsh maze not far from the back, and thickets and heavy woods of elm and oak for shelter round about, there were wildwood folk in plenty for neighbours and in variety that may not be found about many camp sites. There were grebes and gulls to cry and call from the open lake, ducks and coots and herons and waders to gabble in the marshes, wrens, yellow warblers, robins and catbirds to sing in the cherry thickets, and hawks and owls enough over in the big woods to lend a touch of the fierce and predatory side of wild life. There were not a few of every kind; it seemed that the wild folk found this a good place to live in or at least to pass the summer in. So did I.

There are some campers who advocate coming early, some who prefer to stay late and enjoy the mellow days of early autumn. For myself, I prefer to do both. Among the wild things June is the month of marriages, July the month of younglings, August brings the wondrous foregatherings, and September is the time of farewells. It was good to see them all.

There were few slack days during the summer in the elm clump. In June it was a musical spot, indeed. Catbirds and yellow warblers and often a clay-coloured sparrow or two always nested in the thickets and the hop-tangled edges of the wood, and nesting with these chaps means song. A dozen songs to the minute is no mean record, yet the little warblers kept it up so for hours. The catbirds, of course, like the great artists that they are, sang much less often, but every one of their song-sessions was a treat.



THE CAMP IN THE MANITOBA ELM CLUMP

Then there were others that came across from the main woods to sing. The black-billed cuckoo, the oriole, the rose-breasted grosbeak and the magic-throated thrasher all stole over to the clump and took a turn here, even though their wives and nests were elsewhere. The isolation of the tiny wood seemed to appeal to the emotional artistry of these fellows. When the meadowlark came up from the low lands, took perch upon the elm's tip over the tent and with abandoned rapture fluted two or three different solos with many repeats, as he did sometimes after rain, I was always tempted to wonder if the man who invented the calumny that the Canadian Northwest has no singing birds should not be hunted down, court-martialled and executed.

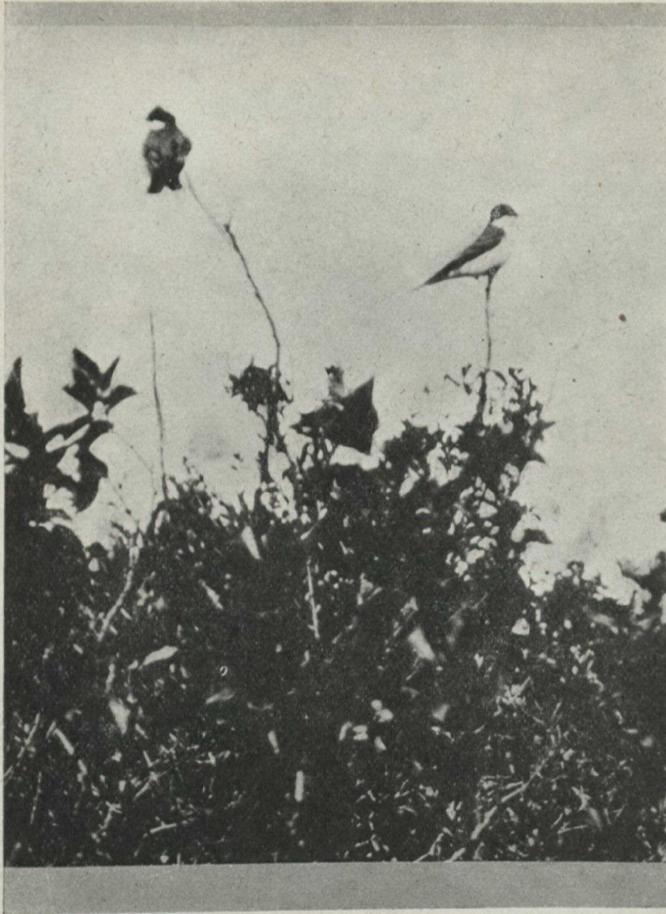
The wrens, though not operatic stars, were the most voluminous musicians of the place. This partly was of my own doing. Two pairs originally nested here, one in a crack in a dead maple, another in a woodpecker hole; but a liberal distribution

of tin cans nailed here and there about the little wood increased the wren population by several pairs. I know of no use for old cans that yields such profits. Ten songs to the minute these vivacious fellows maintained in long stretches. Allowing them ten-hour days—there are no unions in the wild, and sixteen hours would be nearer the mark—such song rapidity means six thousand a day. Five pairs in the wood means thirty thousand songs a day, or nearly a million a month! Not a bad investment of time these tin cans.

The thrasher was very different; as an artist, I worship him; but as a bird, I hold a mighty grudge against him. Early in June he sang across the way or came into the elm clump and of a sudden burst out with a tumultuous melody that literally set the woods breathless to listen. He was inspired, a very Keats or Shelly among birds; a genius and not dependable. I never knew when to expect him; I merely accepted him like the inevitable. He would start sud-



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ELM CLUMP



A PAIR OF KINGBIRDS

denly and as suddenly stop; and in spite of his magic throat I fear he was a churl. His song period is always one of the shortest in the woods. He seems to sing for a purpose: to buy for himself a wife; and this accomplished, he shuts up his beak. He is a great deceiver; but evidently never lacks a wife. No art for its own sweet sake for him! He may sing a bit while his mate is brooding, but at the first chipping of a shell musical festivities are off. Only one other neighbour of note here was so mean. The rose-breasted grosbeak with throat as strong and liquid and clear as a mountain stream, also sang but little; and why these two best

musicians of the North woods should have been so churlish is hard to guess.

The catbird and wren and robin were the only bird neighbours to be really friendly. The catbird found the picking-up excellent in the cleared space about the tent. He ate nothing that I gave him; but it was comical to see him watching the song sparrow chewing the kernels out of the oats that I put out for the ground squirrels. He often manifested much interest in the sparrow's way of getting a meal, but he never attempted to imitate him. A neighbouring camper had a catbird that developed a taste—surely acquired—for butter, and he was not backward about coming on

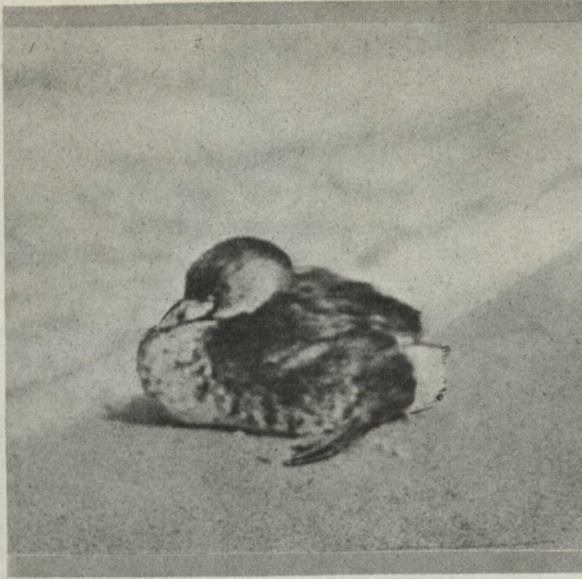


ONLY A VISITOR IN THE ELM CLUMP

the table for it, but mine showed no such trait. He had no particular use for me and merely accepted me as a part of the landscape. I fancy, however, that he was wise enough to know that the crows and hawks did not come close about the tent; but I do not wish any one to infer that he had any gratitude. He never said, "Thank you," even for the drink or bath with soap that he secured when I forgot to throw the wash water from the basin; and he would drink or bath apparently with appreciation in suds that were shockingly dirty.

One day my catbird amused me more than usual. I saw him out on the sodded pathway pecking at some

big thing, and when I trained the glasses on him I was treated to a comical bit of half-tragic acting. He had caught a huge hawk moth caterpillar, three inches long, thick as my middle finger, green, ridgy, a tough customer, and now the bird was trying vainly to puncture him. The lusciousness of such a rare morsel was on the inside of that tough skin. How he pecked and pounded and flailed this stubborn thing! I ought to have been sorry for the unfortunate, but I was not, because for two weeks the wretch had lived in the elm branches above my table, and he had no respect for me. Bang, biff, chuck, chuck the bird went at him; but never an im-



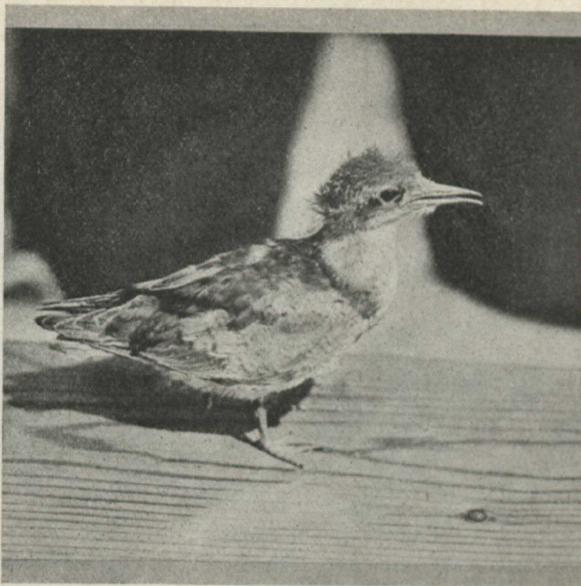
A YOUNG PIED-BILLED GREBE

pression did he make. The song sparrow hopped around and looked on as if offering advice or encouragement. I fancy that his seed-crushing beak would have made a breach in the tough wall in no time, but the catbird gave him no opportunity. Finally when I could not stand to see the unfortunate pommelled longer, I threw my hat, and the last scene in the tragedy had to deal with the specimen bottle.

The wren showed less indifference toward me. There was no spot inside the tent that was more sacred to him than was the outside. Many a time I have awakened early to see one of these tiny sprites flit in through the open door, dart to the table or the trunk, turn an eye on me and next up at the ridge-pole, then dart up where a spider-web reposed and drag its occupant out to its fate. Spiders seemed favourite titbits with Jenny, and sometimes I have been ready to believe that on these visits she picked out unerringly the biggest, juiciest old grandfather eight-legs of them all. During these early foragings I must always keep very still; if I winked an

eye Jenny scolded angrily as though I was intruding in her tent, and darted out of the door. Sometimes she was more, and sometimes less welcome than she knew—depending quite on how I felt. I liked my spiders; liked to see them slaughtering my insect foes; but when they crawled into my alarm-clock through the knocker hole and spun webs and tied knots till they stopped the works, then I was glad to see Jenny bear them out to other fields of usefulness.

The black-billed cuckoo pair were shy, morbid-appearing recluses; they forbade all advances of mine and made none of their own. When they came across from the wood they flew low and silently, skimming the milkweed tops; and when they moved about in the choke-cherry thicket and maples they did it as though they were stealing something. Usually they were silent; but now and again when I sat very still and they came prying near I have heard them emitting a clucking, knocking-on-wood sort of peculiar noise. They sang their strange "Cow-cow-cow" song at any hour of the day or night—a weird,



YOUNG BLACK MARSH TERN

monotonous, ventriloquial chant that at midnight was almost uncanny. They were always sly at their nesting, and though they raised two broods, both sometimes escaped detection. Such youngsters ought to be well hidden. They are the ugliest, spiniest things in the woods; carry such a miserable, wet-hen appearance that they make one feel sorry for them.

In June every bird with a song in him gets it out to the best of his ability. Even the kingbird tries to sing. None of the flycatcher tribe could be reckoned as musicians, yet the kingbird in the very early morning, at this time of year, sings a sort of indescribable solo in a manner deserving of some credit. No tree clump on the plains can be complete without its kingbird pair, and so the elms never lacked these noisy tyrants. I have never heard them sing their song except as a matin, and not often at that; for the morning carol in June begins at such a very early hour that save for the first morning or two of camp life it serves rather as a slumber song than as an alarm-clock.

Late June and July, the time of younglings in the woods, was a season of keen interest. Young sparrow hawks raised in a flicker-hole across in the woods and young flickers also used to come to set up a din in the big elm. It is six to half a dozen between these two as to which can raise the most rumpus when the parents are distributing eatables. Young gulls and terns were often upon the lakeshore, and a chase by canoe sometimes brought a near-flight youngster to bag for the camera. Old Red-tail, the big hawk, always nested somewhere in the oaks and as the youngsters are tardy and stay a long time in the nest I usually could find them and make them pose. Though the early-nesting horned owls always had their young off on the wing by June, I could count on finding a nestful or two of the smaller, long-eared owls. And there are no more interesting youngsters in the woods than the juveniles of the hawks and owls.

The appearance of these raptorial youngsters is the worst of them. There scarcely could be found a more comical make-up than that of the young



"THE BROWN THRASHER CAME ACROSS FROM THE MAIN WOODS"

long-ear. When he is big enough to sit on the nest-rim and see you coming he has a most ludicrous trick of stretching himself tall and thin quite out of all natural or normal proportion. If his home is in the dark he will glare upon you with most devilish eye, a veritable bogey-eyed leer; but he is rather much a bluffer and does not scratch our hands so hard as we might expect even when we give him every provocation. He has a way of using dreadfully bad language expressed by snapping his beak, but he knows little about biting. After he leaves the nest he has a peculiar habit of squealing in the night; it is a signal, I believe, intended for the parents that they may find him and bring him food. Though the long-ears seldom come close about camp, I hear them often disturbing the silence of the night in the elms across in the main wood.

No more interesting visitor from the wild than Jimmy the young red-tailed hawk perhaps ever was studied about camp. True, his visit was a forced one; for though he could fly, he was too amateurish to be a success at it, and we caught him and held him mildly captive for a short time. Instead of being the demon his

appearance at first denoted, he soon smoothed down and became really an amiable chap. The only time he evinced much ferocity was when he was hungry; but a mawful of fresh meat turned him almost instantly from a ferocious Hyde into a well-mannered Dr. Jekyll. He was a wonder all through, and he furnished much nature study food. His marvelously clear eye was his greatest wonder, but his wings that always drooped when he was approached, and his mouth that insisted on staying open before company, his mighty talons and hooked beak and feathered trousers all rewarded intimate investigation.

Not all the neighbours of the summer were feathered. The gray ground squirrels held the fort strongly throughout the wood, the chipmunks claimed the trees, and a striped "gopher" (spermophile) or two usually hung around the grassy entrance where they could make a dash in now and again and share the eatables with their bullying gray neighbours. I am not so sure that any of the three were good friends to have. That both species of ground squirrel considered fledglings delectable morsels and gobbled down every one they could reach



A STRIPED SPERMOPHILE

was a proved certainty; and when I caught this tree-living chipmunk also in a wren's nest murdering the half-fledged young in spite of the utmost efforts of the parents, I felt that perhaps I ought to take out the little specimen gun and make a killing myself. But I stayed my avenging hand, and the little gun wrecked vengeance on the long-tailed weasels instead. For now and again one of these tawny yellow chaps came up from the lakeshore and wandered about the grove; whereupon the other denizens always set up a sort of "stop thief" din, the birds and the wrens especially raising great to-do.

There are more tragedies in the wild than ordinarily one imagines, and it is only when we live close to nature and keep alert that we see realities. There is nothing in the way of a league among the wild things; common interest is the only tie to bind them. Death stalks by day and night and is regarded indifferently, save in its relation to self. More than one tragedy has been enacted almost at my fireplace; and one must be a keen criminal detective to be able always to name the killer in the wild. When I find the feathers of a gull on the sand at the landing, I guess duck

hawk. When I stumble upon a decapitated catbird under the elms, I guess sharp-shin hawk. A meadow mouse warm and limp with a tiny bloody bite about his head, lying in the crotch of my look-out tree, spells weasel. A decapitated coot, with its breast torn, lying near the slough margin, tells me that the horned owl has been hunting there. But though I know that I am often correct, there are many guess-again deeds of darkness that defy my solution.

Death comes also in less violent ways. More than one little grebe has come ashore to die; young gulls lost or abandoned die each season at the landing, and it is probable that the same silent tragedy goes on in wood and thicket. It is merely easier to observe it in the case of the water birds. The young fall out of the nest and perish; winds and rain and hail play havoc. Death seems continually abroad in the wild. Usually the visitation is sudden, but not always. The gull with broken wing that mopes on the shore must await his end by starvation, if not by a visit from the marsh hawk or duck hawk. Many a slightly ailing bird is able to care for himself in a half-way manner, but being unable to migrate must await the com-



A YOUNG LONG-EARED OWL

ing of the freeze-up that brings the kindly-cruel coyote and the white owl. Such lessons as these and many others on the darker side of nature's ways came to me all too frequently in the elms.

The wader chaps that paddled about the landing were scarcely the least interesting of my feathered neighbours. They were not present in June, and their appearance on the shore was one of the infallible signs of early autumn. For the waders are among the earliest of the retreating migrants. Of the godwits, willets, solitary sandpipers, least sandpipers, spotted sandpipers, sanderlings and

yellowlegs, the two last mentioned species were the most companionable and confiding. A callow young yellowlegs fresh from the North is apt to be found wondrously tame and unschooled in the ways of man. The nimble-footed sanderlings were scarcely less trusting, and in attempting to photograph them they have fooled me more than once by running around my tripod. The godwits were not friendly in the least; the willets were more kindly, but when they were routed they always shouted noisily and raised a huge cry. The spotted sandpipers always were found consistently nervous, scary fidgets, ready at a moment's notice to go darting off jerkily over the water.

With the coming of September and the thinning of the leafage the wild neighbours of the summer seemed to melt away. The cuckoo, grosbeak, thrasher, kingbird, wrens and warblers are birds of the leaves and they now stole away without a word of leave-taking. I did not see them go; I merely missed them after they had gone. The ground squirrels holed away; the chipmunks came out only in the sunny hours. The woods were silent save for a rustling by day as the feet of the new sparrow neighbours and juncoes moved in the thickets, and a quiet whispering at night: a letting go of tired little leaf hands and a sighing in the fall. A chickadee, sure harbinger of a coming winter, came into camp and left his picture; a flock of rusty grackles took perch in the baring limbs and seemed to sing of something other than summer. Then in the last day or two of September came the fall. There was a rustling of leaves all night, a scraping on canvas as they tobogganed down the slope, and in the morning the pathway was littered with yellow; the limbs sighed naked overhead. The elm queen, but a day gone resplendent in all the golden finery of the autumn, had disrobed. It was time to be going.

# PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

*By Emily P. Weaver*

IX.—MISS CARRIE MATILDA DERICK: UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

**M**ISS DERICK has the honour of being the first woman appointed to a professorship in any Canadian university, a fact which witnesses incontestably to the distinction of her scholarship in her chosen field of study and research—morphological botany. At present women are far more adequately represented in the student than in the teaching and governing bodies of our universities; indeed, women have almost no voice in the decisions which shape the courses of higher education, even for their own sex.

In the scientific and professorial world Miss Derick is a unique figure, but her career is of far greater significance to her time and country, because she has not chosen to stand aloof as well as alone. Despite the earnest and painstaking character of her work, she has never chosen to shut herself up in study or laboratory, but has shown herself not less deeply interested in the problems of humanity than in the wonders revealed by her microscope.

Miss Derick comes of the Loyalist stock that has contributed so much to the making of the Dominion. Her great grandfather, Philip Derick, mi-

grated to Canada early in 1783. Her father, Frederick Derick, married Miss Edna Colton, an American lady of good family. Their daughter, Carrie Matilda, was born on January 14th, 1862, at Clarenceville, in that corner of Quebec Province known as the "Eastern Townships". The village lies between Missisquoi Bay, at the head of lovely Lake Champlain, and the Richelieu River of terrible notoriety in old days as the pathway of the Iroquois to the French settlements.

Miss Derick has been fortunate in receiving that "thorough training" which she regards as so important "to success in most businesses, trades and professions". She went up from the academy of her native place to McGill Normal School, where she carried off the Prince of Wales medal. Later she entered McGill University, took prizes in classics, zoology and botany, and graduated in 1890, winning first rank honours in natural science and the Logan gold medal.

Immediately she began the teaching of her favourite science, as demonstrator at McGill University and special teacher of botany at Trafalgar Institute. In 1895 she was appointed lecturer at the university. Mean-

while she continued her studies at her alma mater and took her M.A. degree in 1896. Very frequently she took advantage of the long vacation to take special work. Three times she attended Harvard University summer schools; one summer she spent in England, studying at the Royal College of Science in London, and once, obtaining a year's leave of absence from her duties at the university in 1901-02, she spent almost eighteen months in Germany. During the first summer she gave much time to visiting the laboratories and botanical gardens of the Universities of Munich and Berlin. The remainder of the time—a year—she devoted to study at the University of Bonn.

Several years earlier than this—in 1895—she had taken an advanced course in "cryptogamic botany" at the Marine Biological Station, at Wood's Holl in Massachusetts, and here in the following summer she began an investigation, under the direction of the late Dr. J. E. Humphrey, of "the early development of the Floridæ". She continued the work independently in 1897, and the results were published, some two years later, in *The Botanical Gazette*, Chicago. The article, which attracted a good deal of attention in scientific quarters, was included in several lists of new literature, and an abstract of it was given in *The Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society*.

In December, 1904, Miss Derick read a paper before the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology, in which she set forth the results of investigations into "Nuclear Changes in Germinating Seeds". Her conclusions challenged discussion, but further investigation confirmed the results of her earlier work.

Like other true scientists, however, Miss Derick is modest. Reviewing the work of Canadian women in the learned professions for the Government book prepared for distribution at the Paris Exposition of 1900, she wrote: "In science women are but

beginners and though a few are engaged in research work, this is secondary to the demands made by busy professional lives; the product is necessarily limited and of little interest to the world".

In 1904 Miss Derick was appointed assistant professor of Botany. In 1912 she became full professor, but, for more than two years had had charge of the department, with all the arduous work involved of planning courses and preparing and delivering lectures to the advanced students. In addition to her university work, she lectured for a number of years at the McGill Normal School, and later conducted "summer schools and winter classes, especially adapted to meet the requirements of fourth year students of education and teachers of elementary botany and nature study".

Furthermore, Miss Derick has laboured both with tongue and pen to interest the general unscientific public in the study of plant life. At various times and places she has given many popular lectures, including a series of "Saturday Afternoon Half Hour Talks to Children" on "The Sleep Movements of Plants", "Insectivorous Plants", "The Dispersal of Plants", etc., etc. In 1900 there appeared in *The Weekly Star* twenty-eight illustrated articles by Miss Derick, containing much information on Canadian plants not easily accessible to the general reader. Some of these were reprinted, under the title of "Flowers of the Field and Forest".

As a recreation, perhaps, from the severe study entailed by her professional work, Miss Derick has gleaned from time to time in the field of the folk-lore of plants. "In the Eastern Townships," she says, "are to be still found lingering superstitions and quaint ideas which reveal the story of the past. Clarenceville . . . is peopled by the descendants of Dutch United Empire Loyalists. Owing, however, to intermarriage with other nationalities, many of the traits of their Dutch ancestors are lost," and



Portrait by Mrs. Minna Keene, F.R.P.S.

MISS CARRIE MATILDA DERICK

A Pioneer University Professor in Canada

the current folk-lore can often be traced to English, Scotch or Irish sources. Nor is the yield of plant-lore as rich as might have been hoped. "Coming, as they did, more than one hundred years ago, to hew out a new home in the heart of the primeval forest," the early settlers "lived close enough to nature to lay up a rich store of weird fancies and strange legends for the delight of their children's children. But the struggle for existence was too keen." They had no time to weave new stories or even to keep alive the old. "Moreover, the effects of the late war were so deeply impressed upon their hearts that the reminiscences of old age were of the intense realities of the immediate past rather than of the superstitions about field and wood".

As a matter of fact, American and Canadian plant-lore is largely of a medicinal character. In some districts a potato, in others "a double cedar-knot" is carried in the pocket to charm away rheumatism. As "the dyspeptic nature of Clarenceville people demanded varied treatment", and "the efficacy of medicine was measured by its unpleasantness", boneset, dandelion and tansy teas all found eager advocates. Home-made remedies for the prevalent throat and lung troubles were also numerous. Amongst these time-honoured decoctions many are "still considered useful in home pharmacy".

In parts of Canada, as elsewhere, certain plants are used, with the proper incantations, as love-charms. In Campbellton, New Brunswick, love-

lorn damsels have been known to try to divine the future by means of thisle-heads under their pillows.

Miss Derick is greatly interested in the common and local names of plants. Many have been borrowed indiscriminately from older lands. Others, such as "meeting-houses", (*Aquilegia canadensis*); "quaker-ladies" (*Houstonia caerulea*), and "white man's foot" (*Plantago major*), the last named of which was supposed by the Indians to follow in the steps of the white man, suggest an American origin. "There is a rich field for investigation," says the professor, "in the beliefs of the Indians and the poetic fancies of the French Canadians." In the naming of plants are hints of black spirits and white; saints, fairies, and the quaint, bright fancies of childhood; but "early superstitions are rapidly vanishing before the light of modern science, and all should record at once" [the suggestion comes with peculiar force from so notable a scientist] "any legend or peculiarity met with, before it is too late, for in them lies much of the history of our people; its nature legends are often the only immortal possession of a race".

Amongst Miss Derick's writings are biographical sketches of several workers in her own line, including "David Pearse Penhallow", her predecessor in charge of the department of botany at McGill University, and "Philip Henry Gosse", whose first book, "The Canadian Naturalist", was one of the earliest "to call students from the laboratory and museum to the woods and streams".

Miss Derick is a Fellow of the Botanical Society of America and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is a member of many other scientific and learned societies.

As an authority on the subject, she "has been called upon to give expert evidence upon timbers and their fungal diseases in law-suits connected with the dry-rot of constructional timbers", and, in April, 1915, she lec-

tured upon "Timbers and their Diseases" before the Montreal Society of Canadian Engineers.

Despite all her achievements, it may be said once again that Miss Derick has not allowed her scientific interests to absorb or make her one-sided. She has identified herself with the work of a number of educational and philanthropic associations. The Girls' Club of Montreal, organized in 1891, and parent of the University Settlement, was suggested by Miss Derick's paper on "Women Wage-Earners".

For many years she has been one of the leading spirits in the Council of Women, and, when in 1912, she retired from the presidency of the Montreal Local Council, she was presented with a hundred dollars in gold, representing the life patronage of the National Council. "In all the work of the Council," said Lady Drummond, who made the address, "Miss Derick's trained intelligence and her infinite capacity for taking pains has been of the greatest value. One object she had followed with especial success—the education of women in civic affairs and the stirring up of the woman's conscience and sense of municipal responsibility. Her efforts were significant of the hope that men and women would come to work together for the uplifting of humanity." She is now elected vice-president for Montreal, and convenor of the Committee on Education.

She has spoken frequently on civic reform, and, as President of the Montreal Suffrage Association, has stood for the recognition of women in the national life. Since the outbreak of the war she has taken a very active part in patriotic work, and has given many addresses in different places on "Women and War".

Miss Derick has devoted much time and thought to the question of the employments and earnings of women, and as long ago as 1899 she urged women to take up agriculture and suggested that domestic service

"might be raised to the rank of a profession, like nursing". "The country did not need the addition of great numbers of women to those already engaged in the learned professions," she said, "though in these women of genius would meet with little difficulty and could render services of incalculable value to their fellows. Where women would find fields worth conquering would be in agricultural pursuits and domestic service."

"With few exceptions" [this is interesting considering how little trodden by women has been the path of Miss Derick's experience] "a Cana-

dian woman is free to pursue any calling for which she may be fitted. The public will not question her choice, and she may do her work with the calmness and self-poise of her who has arrived! Then, judged by the character of her work, which is in the nature of things sexless, she will soon reach her level, be it high or low. . . .

"Without aggression, without any noisy obtrusiveness, a few Canadian women, by deep thought, by clear vision, or by honest service have prepared the way for those who will follow, and have proved the right of all to work as they are able."

---

The subject of the next sketch of this series is Mother Hannah, foundress of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine and a pioneer in war nursing in Canada.

## PLACE VIGER

By GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

ONE morning watching from my room,

I saw the dawn

Quicken the shadows in the gloom

And show the idlers in the square

The night had sheltered, sleeping there.

The tulips shook their scarlet heads

Across the lawn,

That from their painted wooden beds

In such a lonely, hopeless way

These sleeping men should greet the day.

# The Grand Trunk's New President

— Mr. Howard G. Kelley —



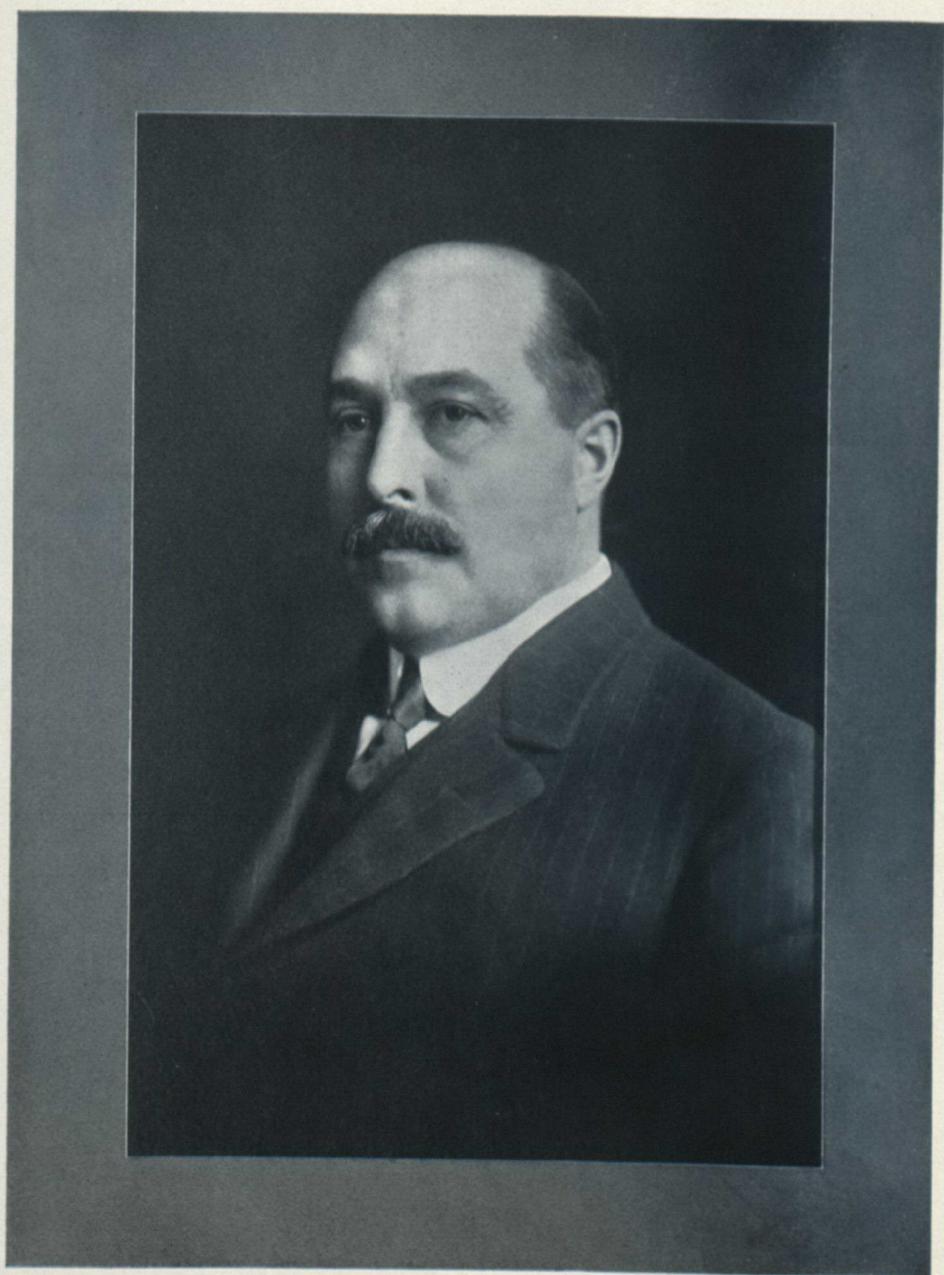
HE presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway is regarded as one of the most highly prized positions in the railway world. A system which serves practically ninety per cent. of Canada's urban population, has more than eight thousand miles of line and is a great international traffic artery ranks among the great railway organizations of America. Mr. Howard G. Kelley, who succeeds Mr. E. J. Chamberlin as president of the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and associated companies, has long been known in the transportation field as an able executive officer, and his wide experience fits him admirably for the high position to which he has been called. That experience has been gained in thirty-five years of railway work, during which time he had charge of the construction and maintenance departments of important railway systems. His ability as a railway engineer was recognized in his election to the presidency of the American Railway Engineering and Maintenance of Way Association.

The late Charles M. Hays brought Mr. Kelley to the Grand Trunk ten

years ago as Chief Engineer. Four years later he was promoted to the position of Vice-President in charge of operation, maintenance and construction, an office which he held up to the date of his appointment as President of the road.

In addition to splendid scientific and practical training, Mr. Kelley has the qualities of mind which make for the successful handling of big tasks. His railway associates speak of him as a man who inspires the loyalty and affection which lead to efficiency and accomplishment. His courtesy is not a veneer, but part of the man himself, and it is extended not only to the influential caller, but to all who come in contact with him. His capacity for work is a tradition in a business where hard and exacting labours are demanded of all. Work, it is said, is his only hobby. He delights in it. He finds in the daily crop of problems relative to railway administration all the exhilaration that he needs. He is a big man in a big position, and his achievements will be watched with close interest by all who realize the important part which the Grand Trunk has played and continues to play in the development of the Dominion.





MR. HOWARD G. KELLEY

New President of the Grand Trunk Railway System and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway



# The Influence of Ancestry in the Present War

BY PROFESSOR JOHN CAMERON, M.D., D.Sc.



THE following reflections have been inspired by a study of the ancestral history of the different combatants engaged in the present world war, in which it will be found that Darwin's theory of evolution is playing no small part. If it be true, as Darwin affirms, that man is descended from lower types of the animal kingdom, then he ought to exhibit traces of this ancestry at various stages of his developmental history. To put the matter tersely, each individual animal during its development has to climb the ancestral tree, on the topmost bough of which is man, alone in all his glory. Man, however, occasionally slips off his high perch and alights on one of the lower branches. This tendency to revert to a lower ancestral type is freely recognized by all biologists, and forms the main text of this communication.

Applying this idea to the human brain, one finds that the expansion of the skull is essentially due to the demands made upon it by the developing brain. Therefore, in lower types both of mankind and of the animal kingdom in general, one finds low forms of skull commensurate with the stage of evolution which the enclosed brain has reached. As a reminder of this fact, one regularly meets with cases of human reversion to lower

animal types. Microcephalic idiots furnish one of the best examples of this tendency to a "throw-back". In these half human creatures, what really happens is, that both the brain and skull cease to grow and remain in a primitive stage almost comparable to that of the ape. The most significant facts of all regarding these unfortunate individuals are that the chin is markedly receding and ape-like, and they are frequently devoid of the power of speech. In this relationship it is important to note that man is the only member of the animal kingdom who possesses a chin, an anatomical feature which is of the greatest significance, for its evolution is associated with the development of the gift of speech.

Darwin, in order to support his theory of evolution, made the assertion that the "missing link" between man and lower animals would be found somewhere. As a matter of fact, bones of a very low type, so low indeed as hardly to be called human, were discovered in the island of Java in 1892, that is ten years after Darwin's death. These remains are now known as those of the Java man-ape, who, geologists declare, was in existence about half a million years ago. Professor Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, has recently made a reconstruction of the head and features of this ape-like

creature from its skull. In carrying this out, a considerable amount of imagination had to be brought into play; but it exhibits a low receding forehead, flat wide nostrils, and prominent jaws and teeth, particularly the eye teeth, which overlap each other in lower animals for offensive purposes, but in man are on the same level as the other teeth. The most significant feature of all, however, is the receding chin, which probably indicates that this "missing link" was devoid of the power of speech.

Another "missing link" was unearthed in the Neanderthal in Germany in 1856, at the time when Darwin was hard at work on his theory of evolution. The discovery aroused the greatest interest amongst comparative anatomists, and has in fact proved a controversial question to this very day. Of course, it was inconvenient that the remains should have been found in Germany, and accordingly certain German university professors were called upon to disprove that the Neanderthal man was one of the "missing links" which they no doubt felt ought to have been discovered elsewhere. Now as is well known, a German professor can be got to prove anything, if ordered to do so from headquarters, more particularly since the commencement of the present world war. Accordingly the bones were examined by several German investigators and, as was to be expected, they came to the unanimous decision that the Neanderthal man could not have been a normal being, but was a sporadic example representing an extreme departure from the normal condition.

Professor Virchow, then Germany's greatest pathologist, and the bearer of a famous name in medicine, also made an investigation of the remains, and his conclusion was that the skeleton had been modified by disease. This was nothing less than a deliberate misrepresentation, for the bones have since been proved to be perfectly normal in every way. It is indeed

lamentable to think how a man of Virchow's reputation could have demeaned himself to such an extent. Anyway, the strategy of these German professors absolutely attained its object at the time; for they totally misled such a shrewd observer as Darwin, just as so many of us have been misled by them nowadays. The Neanderthal specimen was exactly one of the "missing links" Darwin was searching after to prove his evolution theory, yet he accepted the report of the German professors and ignored it entirely. The other traces of Neanderthal man at Spy, Krapina, and elsewhere were unfortunately not unearthed until after Darwin's death; but their discovery absolutely refuted both the sporadic and the pathological theories of the German professors. Truly one's sins always find one out!

The episodes chronicled above clearly indicate that the "Prussianizing" of the German university staffs has been in existence for at least fifty years, and is therefore not a recently developed movement, as many seem to think. Apparently their gospel is that the interests of the Fatherland are to be the prime consideration. Anything that is to benefit it is to be scrupulously, or even unscrupulously, cultivated; while any fact which may prove to be detrimental to its reputation or honour is to be immediately suppressed. People of this stamp are not fostering the advancement of science and learning in the slightest degree. On the contrary, their opinions are so swayed by national bias, and so influenced by the "higher authority", that they become grossly misleading and fallacious.

Professor Osborn's recent reconstruction of the bust of the Neanderthal man from his skull exhibits the feebly-developed forehead, heavy projecting bony ridges above the eyes, a thrusting forward of the jaws and mouth, and a receding chin—all signs of racial inferiority. A comparison of the bust with the skull will serve

to convince some anthropologists that Professor Osborn has been a little too flattering to Neanderthal man in his reproduction. For example, the deficiency of the frontal region of his skull does not warrant the amount of forehead conferred upon him in the bust; moreover, the whole aspect of the features ought to have been represented as decidedly more bestial. When one compares the Neanderthal skull with that of the Java man-ape, one really begins to appreciate how low the Neanderthal type of skull is, and how Darwin would have welcomed and acclaimed it as one of his "missing links" had he not been so grossly misled. Poor Darwin! To think that he did not survive to see the consummation of his life's work.

The great River Rhine and the peaks of the Alps appear to have proved formidable obstacles to Neanderthal man's advance into western Europe. However, within quite recent years fragments of skulls showing some of the features of the Neanderthal type have been unearthed in France and even in far away Gibraltar. This latter discovery is interesting, for it suggests that Neanderthal man was attempting to escape into Africa, across the Straits of Gibraltar, during the onset of the ice epoch in Europe. At any rate, if he did penetrate into France he appears to have been exterminated there by the more recent Cro-magnon race, so called from the caves in France, where some of the remains were found. The skull of this race was of a highly evolved type, the amount of frontal development being considerably greater than that of the Neanderthal specimen, as is well illustrated in Professor Osborn's reconstruction of the head. In fact, the form of skull compares quite favourably with that of modern Europeans. This Cro-magnon race also manifested the first glimmerings of culture in the form of rude drawings of animals on the walls of their caves. They appear to have been of greater stature than the Neanderthal

man, whose average height was only about five feet four and one-half inches, which is, of course, considerably below the average stature of a male adult at the present day (five feet seven and one-half inches).

Everything, then, seems to point to the fact that the Cro-magnon race was of a very much more highly developed type than the Neanderthal, and was indeed well worthy to represent one step in the evolution of the ancestry of the French race, and form the foundations of its art and culture. One cannot, of course, tell with certainty if that be so. Indeed, a very spirited controversy has been waged over the ultimate fate of Cro-magnon man. Some geologists declare that he may have died out as a consequence of the inexorable law of nature, whereby growth is followed by decay and death, while others assert that he may have followed the reindeer northwards into the polar regions during the retreat of the ice barrier when the glacial epoch passed away, and become degenerated into the Eskimo.

On coming now to the question of British ancestry, one finds there is much to inspire interest. It is only four years ago since the fossil remains of real primitive man were discovered in Britain at a place called Pilt-down, near the south coast of England. These remains, which have become known all over the world as the Pilt-down skeleton, are declared by geologists and anthropologists to represent the most ancient traces of *Homo sapiens* yet discovered. The generic name *Eoanthropus*, which has been applied to this human type, is most appropriate, for it means the man of the dawn. Seeing that the Pilt-down remains are more ancient than the Cro-magnon or Neanderthal specimens, then according to the Darwinian theory, the skull ought to show more primitive features than either of these. As a matter of fact, it does not compare favourably with the Cro-magnon type, as one would expect; but, on the other hand, it is a much

finer type of skull than the Neanderthal, which, of course, one would not have expected from its much greater antiquity. One notes, for example, that the frontal development is much better and not nearly so simian or ape-like. The lower jaw exhibits the features of the Neanderthal type in the absence of a chin, which means, of course, that the power of speech was probably feebly developed, as in the case of Neanderthal man. The eye teeth show, however, a great alteration, for they are very simian in the Piltdown skull. This means that they project above the level of the other teeth, and overlap their fellows, manifestly for purposes of offence and defence. In the Heidelberg jaw, which is closely allied to the Neanderthal type, the eye teeth are on the same level as the other teeth, and this is the condition in the modern human jaw.

It is interesting to compare the outlines of the Piltdown, Neanderthal and Cro-magnon skulls, for they represent a remarkable study in the evolution of the brain, and demonstrate very effectively how the skull has had to expand, particularly in the frontal region, to accommodate the developing brain. A storm of controversy has been aroused over the capacity of the Piltdown skull, but it must at any rate have been greater than that of the Neanderthal, though, as was pointed out in the previous paragraph, it ought to have been less, considering its much more ancient character. For example, geologists declare that the Piltdown man existed at least 100,000 years ago, while they say that the Neanderthal man could not have appeared until about 50,000 years afterwards. Now, if the Darwinian theory be correct, the capacity of the Neanderthal skull ought to have been somewhere intermediate between the Piltdown and Cro-magnon types. Biologists, therefore, assume that the Neanderthal man must have been a degenerate offshoot from the main evolutionary stem, a fact which

we are all quite willing to admit at the present juncture. Every citizen of our great Empire will be interested and no doubt relieved to know that no traces of Neanderthal man have so far been discovered in the British Isles.

Professor Osborn's recent reconstruction of the head and features of the Piltdown man exhibits many points of interest. If he is our ancestor, the first point that strikes one is that the modeller has not been very flattering in his reproduction. A large proportion of the reconstruction has, of course, been purely imaginative, but one would expect the prominent jaws and teeth to be reflected in the forward thrust of the mouth and lips. The chin is represented as distinctly receding, but on the other hand the forehead, as the skull indicates, is well developed.

These four types that have just been enumerated, namely, the Java man-ape, Piltdown man, Neanderthal man, and Cro-magnon man, represent four very definite and decided phases in the Darwinian evolutionary scheme. The evidence certainly seems to indicate that the Java man-ape, the Piltdown and Cro-magnon types were situated in that order from below upwards on the main stem of the ancestral tree, with the Neanderthal man as a degenerate offshoot, occurring somewhere between the positions occupied by Piltdown man and Cro-magnon man.

If degeneration, or reversion to type as it ought to be termed, was the fate that befell Neanderthal man in by-gone ages, why should it not occur in the case of modern man? This idea was certainly advanced by Darwin as one of the strongest arguments in favour of his evolution theory, and biologists are constantly meeting with examples of it not only in man but also throughout the whole animal kingdom. The writer was much struck by the recent remarks of an American author on this point. He states that "unruly animals come into this

world—why not degenerate humans? Every stock raiser on the plains knows what a 'throw-back' means. Why should one doubt the same conditions in the human species? Bismarck, for example, was called "The Iron Chancellor" and 'The Man of Blood and Iron'. He had brass tacks in his arteries. He was a 'throw-back' to the period of Attila. He will be recognized in future history, probably, as the greatest mental savage since Napoleon."

It is evident that there are many mental savages of the Bismarck type among Germans from the "all highest" to the lowest at the present day. Indeed, the senseless brutality of the German soldiery during the Franco-German campaign of 1870-71, and in the present war, has served to convince one strongly that the evil taint of Cain is not yet destroyed, and can still make its way to the surface in certain instances. This tendency to reversion to ancient ancestral types is the only explanation those who have studied heredity can offer for such an outburst of animalism at this advanced stage of the world's history. One must recollect that civilization after all is but a thin veneer on the surface, so thin indeed in many instances that it is not difficult to rub off, thus exposing the crude barbarous element underneath. One of the obvious duties of the Allies, then, is to stamp out this vicious element, and thus rescue Germany from herself. The writer made many good friendships amongst German scientists whilst engaged in post-graduate study and research at one of their universities fifteen years ago. He met some fine intellectual types of men there, and was treated on all sides with kindness and courtesy. It is, however, most deplorable to note how the devotees of real German culture represented by the universities, have absolutely capitulated to the domina-

tion of the Prussian military caste, and have applauded to the echo each fresh atrocity committed by that infamous organization.

The next question one will naturally ask is, "What difference, if any, is there in the configuration of the British and German types of skull at the present day?" The answer is that a very striking difference does exist. In order to appreciate this fact more fully, one must understand that there are two great types of skull, the dolichocephalic or long-headed, and the brachycephalic or broad-headed. The skulls of white races lie in an intermediate group between these two types; that is to say, they are neither extremely long-headed nor extremely broad-headed. However, the British skull tends to approach the long-headed type, while the Teutonic approximates to the broad-headed type—in many cases decidedly so.

From what has been stated, one will now be able to appreciate the fact that the shape of the skull is entirely dependent upon the direction in which the brain chooses to grow. It would, therefore, appear that there are certain centres developed in the Teutonic brain which require more room in a side-to-side direction, whereas the direction of growth of the centres in the British type of brain is such that the skull has to expand more in a fore-and-aft direction, to use a nautical term. One can, therefore, argue that the psychology of the two races must be different. Their mental outlook on life, their standard of ethics must also vary considerably. One reaches the interesting conclusion that the present terrible world war really resolves itself into a life-and-death struggle for world domination and supremacy between the long-headed and the broad-headed, or in other words, between the long-brained and the broad-brained. We must see to it that the long-headed race wins.

# The Way Home

BY T. R. ELLIOTT



MRS. GREAVES was a little woman with a big heart. Her kindly countenance never ceased to reflect her sympathetic soul, and except for the ripples of silvering hair over her brows, there was nothing to indicate that her life had been one of vicissitude. It was always hard for Jeanie Carson to tell when her companion was troubled, and now as she watched the elder woman reading a card with a foreign postmark, which had just come with the afternoon mail, she could detect neither surprise nor despair. So she waited patiently till Mrs. Greaves finished reading, handed her the card, and spoke.

"Not a trace can they find of him, Jeanie," she said calmly. "Seems as though they have scoured all the prisons in Germany. It's a heap of trouble to take for just you and me, my dear."

"Oh, it's from the Swiss Red Cross," said the girl, with a disappointed air. "I thought they would do something. But it must be a big task to answer all the appeals that are made to them. Is our search ended now, mother?" she asked quietly.

"Something will turn up, child. I can't believe Geoff is gone—for good. Just keep your heart up, dear."

Nearly a year had passed since the battle of St. Julien, when Pte. Geoffrey Allan Greaves, of the 15th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, had been reported missing. Everybody in his home city of Lon-

don, Ontario, believed him dead, and when word came from the Militia Department that Pte. Greaves was undoubtedly killed in action the verdict was accepted as final. The soldier's mother was the one exception, and she still clung to her thread of hope, slender as it was now becoming. She had not been content with waiting. Appeals had been made in succession to the United States Ambassador in Germany, the Y. M. C. A., and to the Red Cross Society of Switzerland. Hospitals in England were carefully searched. The remnant of the Fighting Fifteenth was appealed to, but those of his comrades who survived the inferno of St. Julien had small place in their memory for Geoff Greaves.

Any one of his former mates could describe how he might have met death on that terrible April day. Perhaps he was in one of the many trenches which were obliterated and gouged out again by the rain of high explosives; or he might have been in the track of one of the huge "coal-boxes" and been beaten into the mud like many another. But not a man of the 15th could recall that Greaves had actually met such a fate; so that the colonel, writing in reply to the boy's mother, was forced to admit he could supply no information in addition to that which had been forwarded to the Department. And he added a message of sympathy.

Sympathy Mrs. Greaves did not want. She wanted someone to support her in her belief that her boy

would turn up alive, and in Jeanie Carson, who had been Geoff's sweetheart, she found the hopeful spirit she desired. But now, even Jeanie was beginning to despair, though she would not let Mrs. Greaves perceive a shadow of it.

"Read the other letter, mother," said Jeanie, pointing to an envelope which till now had lain unheeded on the table beside them.

The elder woman looked at the address. "It's from Mrs. Cooper," she said, noting the handwriting. "I've had three letters from her since her son Bob was made prisoner of war, and she always has something cheerful to say. I wonder what it is this time."

She read indifferently at first, but soon her face brightened and she turned eagerly to her companion. "What is it?" asked the girl.

"Oh, I'm sure it means a new chance, Jeanie, girl. Read this. Mrs. Cooper sends it," and she handed over a newspaper clipping, a paragraph in length. The younger woman read:

"But science cannot do everything. While the best of surgical skill is mending the bodies of many broken soldiers, there are those among them whose minds will not respond to treatment. The terrific strain of some battle has been too much for them and their nerves or their minds will never become normal again. Some of them have lost their memories and do not even know their own names. In the convalescent hospitals of England it is estimated there are hundreds of shattered men of this type. Some of them are doomed to spend the rest of their days in a sanatorium."

"There is just a chance, mother," said the girl, as Mrs. Greaves turned to her expectantly. "We must write—"

"I'll go over to England myself, dear, I think. I'm sure our boy must be one of these poor fellows it tells about. Perhaps I'll bring him back to you."

The girl reflected: "These are English soldiers. He could not be among them. How could Geoff Greaves, now lost to us since the Canadians saved

the day at Ypres, be one of these demented English Tommies?"

"Don't you think I should go?" asked the mother, who had been watching the girl's face.

"Why, yes, indeed. It will do you good, even if—, and your sister will be glad to see you, too."

So it came about that ten days later, with a letter to the War Office from the officer commanding the London Military District, Mrs. Greaves was on her way to St. John. The *Mis-sinabie*, with a passenger list made up mostly of men in khaki, was due to sail in two days. The little, pleasant-faced woman from London found companionship among officers' wives who were going as far as England with their husbands. They thought they could appreciate the little woman's sorrow, and sympathized with great feeling, but she asked only that they admit she had still some ground for hope.

Down a tortuous, cobbled street in the town of Hythe, past a row of shops unlike those to be found anywhere but in England, two soldiers in "slacks" were making their way. One aided himself with a crutch, while the other, younger and taller than his companion, depended only slightly on a stout cane which he carried. At the cathedral corner the two turned, and strolled slowly down a by-street to a common near the outskirts. They seated themselves on a bench by a little stream and laved themselves in the warm April sunshine.

"You know, this place seems like home to me now, Scotty," spoke the younger man. "Even the cathedral spire there, and the trees yonder with their burly trunks and funny little branches look familiar."

"Well, you won't be lookin' at 'em long, 'Erb, now that the doctor is through with you. You'll be a-sluggin' pig-iron in a shell fact'ry soon, I s-pose," replied his comrade.

"I'd go back again and fight, if

they'd let me, Scotty, old chap, but my knee will never be quite right, they tell me. I don't know about tackling the pig-iron. I think I can do better than that. The only thing that seems to have gone back on me is my memory. Doc. Bowman tells me I shall never be able to remember people or places I knew before St. Julien. I can remember the fighting as well as you can, Scotty, but how I got into it, or who my comrades were, I don't know any more than you do.

"For a chap whose only injury is a stiff knee, I have a marvelous pedigree," he continued. "Take a slant at this." And he took from the pocket of his tunic a folded paper, handing it to his pal, who spread it out and read:

"Copy of medical record of No....., Pte. ...., Fernwood Military Convalescent Home, Hythe.

"April 23, 1915; found patient on the Ypres-St. Julien road, unconscious, wounded in left leg, clothing in shreds, tag missing, unidentifiable; sent to No. 1, Cas. Clear. Station. A. M. Martin, Capt., Durham Light Infantry.

"April 24; No. 1, C.C.S.; patient treated for concussion. Transferred to Boulogne, May 2. . . ."

Scotty read on down the page, to:

"July 15, 1915. Patient admitted to Hythe Military Convalescent Home. Treated for amnesia. Leg healed, Jan. 31, 1916. Memory unimproved. Discharged as physically unfit for further service, April 20, 1916. Martha Talbot, matron; A. R. Bowman, M.D., Capt."

"An' they start you out in the world with this, eh?" mused Scotty Wadd.

"That and ten pounds or so," said Herb, "and a ticket to anywhere in the world almost. I guess there are places on the face of the globe where they would be glad to give a job to a poor cove who has done his bit on the right side of this affair."

"Especially when the cove looks so much like the Honourable 'Erbert Kitchener as wot you do. But wot'll you do for a name, mate?"

"The matron has loaned me hers, Scotty. From now on, I'm Herbert Talbot, at your service. And, by the way, I've near decided to take your tip and strike for Melbourne. If Australia is as good as you say, it's good enough for me."

"You couldn't do better, 'Erb, my boy. It was 'ome to me for best part o' ten years. I'd like to be goin' with you."

So it transpired that the passengers on the *Laplandia*, which sailed a week later for Melbourne, included Herbert Talbot, discharged soldier, whose aim was to seek some place in a new country where he might begin a smashed life all over again.

Three days out from Bristol, the *Laplandia*, as everyone knows, met her fate.

Herbert Talbot was standing on an upper deck watching the mountainous waves through which the big ship drilled her way when he heard a cry of warning, and the next instant felt the shock of the blow as the deadly torpedo crashed through the plates. A mighty pillar of water, almost at his side, followed the explosion, and the air was filled with flying wreckage. Half dazed, the boy struggled to his feet from the side of the cabin where he had been hurled, and looked about, hardly comprehending what had taken place. One rail of the steamer had been thrown out along the bow, and part of it projected over the water. Across the rail lay the body of a sailor. The bow was already settling. Talbot, with the rest of the passengers, hurried aft, where there was less commotion. There was just time to fill the boats and get most of these safely away when the end came.

They were in the small boats but a short time. Simultaneously with the blow of the torpedo the call had gone out for assistance, and little wisps of smoke were soon everywhere on the horizon. A few hours later, with a score or so of disconsolate survivors, Herbert Talbot was taken abroad the

*Doric*, bound for Halifax. Talbot, though thankful to be alive at all, could not but regret that he had to give up his Melbourne trip. He rather had his heart set on Australia.

Aboard the *Doris*, the passengers from the *Laplandia* were royally treated. The young soldier shared a first-class suite with one of the wealthiest of the *Doric's* sailing list, Benedict Marquard.

To Marquard, his young companion confided some of his hopes and disappointments. Marquard laughed at his ruefulness, and set at rest his fears for the future by promising that in Montreal, where the Marquard Machine Company was one of the largest shell manufacturing plants of the Dominion, he would find work to his liking in the inspection of shells. There would be no trouble in getting the appointment.

Later, in his work at the big Montreal plant, Talbot frequently thought of Scotty Wadd and his prediction about "sluggin'" shells, but as Marquard had said, he found the work not unpleasant, and accepted his position philosophically.

Six weeks passed before the wanderlust seized him. He had the feeling that he could do better somewhere else. Winnipeg suggested itself. There would be fewer French there, and Talbot had a hard time with his French. So he bought a ticket for Winnipeg, over the Grand Trunk, via Chicago. He could not have told you why he rejected the northern Ontario routes in favour of the Chicago trip.

Town and city came and went without attracting any particular interest. It was late in June and the country was luxuriant everywhere in a coat of green. The maples were at their best. Herbert Talbot found himself gazing with pleasure at the continuous panorama of verdure through which he was passing.

It was nearly noon when the first section of the Chicago Flyer rolled

into the station at London, and Talbot dropped off to limber himself up by a stroll on the platform. Over the heads of hurrying travellers he caught sight of a girl, standing alone beneath the station canopy. She was quite evidently waiting for a train which had not yet arrived, and she had no eyes for the throng around her.

Talbot, from the shelter of a baggage truck, took a second glance at closer quarters, attracted by the girl's pretty, serious face. His heart skipped a beat as she turned his way, but she did not notice his glance, and he walked away inwardly berating himself for feeling excited about nothing. Indeed, his breath fairly caught.

The second section of his train pulled in, and Talbot began to walk toward his own car in the first section. Almost in his path, the girl he had been observing ran forward to embrace a little, bright-faced woman in black, about whose temples there was a trace of silver. Talbot stopped in spite of himself as he encountered them, and he felt a lump rise in his throat as he heard a sob from one of the women.

For the second time he shook himself mentally and proceeded toward his car.

He had gone but a few steps when his sleeve was clutched, and he turned to find the little woman at his side, saying in a voice so tense it was scarcely more than a whisper: "Geoff! Geoffrey Greaves!"

"I beg your pardon," said Talbot kindly. "You have made a mistake."

"Chicago train — fourth track! Board!" called a station man.

"I must get my train, you see," he added as the woman still held his arm.

"Tell me," insisted the woman. "If you are not Geoffrey Greaves, who are you? Oh, you must be my boy!"

"My name is Talbot," he said. "Herbert Talbot."

"Ah—h! Then if you take the train, I'm going with you. That's the name

they told me you adopted when you left Hythe. You must stay with us here. Why, I'm your mother!"

His mother! Talbot's brain surged. And Hythe—how did she know he had been at Hythe? Could it be that this little woman with the bright face had been looking for him? The girl had now come up, and her eyes were a wealth of pleading. He looked straight into their depths.

"Yes, I'll stay," he said.

Later, talking it over with the little woman, Geoff Greaves, erstwhile Herb Talbot, marvelled greatly at the chain of circumstances which had brought him home again.

"To think of them sending me to Hythe, of all places, mother! And you tell me I was born there. No wonder the cathedral spire and the willows and the river seemed so fa-

miliar to me! It was luck all the way through. Look at the torpedo that took me to Canada instead of Australia."

"It was not luck, my son," she replied. "I see the Divine Hand in everything. What if you had stayed in Montreal another day? Or what if you had gone to Winnipeg on some other railroad? You were just coming back, in spite of yourself, back to Jeanie and me."

"I am not quite reconciled to the loss of my memory, mother, for there must have been some happy things to recall in those years that will be blank from now on. You're the best mother any chap could wish for."

"And Jeanie?" questioned his mother.

"Jeanie? Mother, dear, don't you tell, but I've fallen in love all over again."



# Molly O'

BY THEODOCIA PEARCE

**M**OLLY O' paused on the second landing and gazed dolefully out of the window. There was June in the air, but a frown of dark November on Molly O's face. Molly O' was made for June. Usually she looked and felt June. But somehow this day she was out of tune with the weather.

She didn't want to go up to her room. Boarding-house rooms are not particularly desirable places for November hearts.

She didn't want to go out to the streets. Surely it was June, but Molly O' scarcely knew it.

So she just stood there on the landing—just stood there and stared at the house on the other side of the lane that divided the two places of abode. The nearest window was open to the top. Mr. June Breeze did his best to lift the white curtains and peek in. But, alas!—and Molly O' couldn't see either.

She was ready to turn away, when the nicest kind of a thing happened. A nurse in a white cap and apron—a nurse with eager brown eyes, came to the window, parted the curtains and smiled over at Molly O'.

Molly O' carried that smile to her third-storey room, and sat down on the bed with it. It was like a pretty snowstorm, that smile was, and it whitened all the gray of Molly O's November heart. She took off her hat and crossed her little domain to the window.

Why, it was June!

There were flowers in the little square of park across the way, and the plumpest friendly robin in a tree so near the window.

A ray of June sunshine came to Molly O's face.

*It was a smile.*

She shook a warning finger at the bird and laughed aloud.

"I'll show you, Mr. Smarty Robin, that you aren't the only songster on this block."

So Molly O', sitting down at the piano near the window, sang and sang, just as the birds and the streams and the breezes sing in June.

That was Molly O's supreme gift—her wonderful voice. She was studying so far away from home, and when she wasn't studying—for even a song girl must have rest, you know—she was dreaming of the wonderful things she would some day do. Hadn't her splendid dad told her time and time again that the pent-up musical ability of the O'Hagans for years back lodged in her genius. Hadn't her master—Siedhoff—praised her at many a lesson. Why shouldn't she dream as she worked—dream and dream?

Such an audience of birds as had collected in the tree ere she had finished. And when her song had ended—birds can't very well clap hands, you know, so they burst forth in a chorus of gratitude. Molly O' danced her delight up and down her narrow room. She was June again—positively June.

Suddenly Molly O' realized she was hungry—hungry enough to break. She danced to the cupboard for jam and buns and pickles, spread a napkin on the floor, placed her food upon it, and sat down to a picnic all her own. Molly O' loved indoor picnics on the floor.

"Only one month now," she told a bun, and then gave it a deep bite. "Only a month now, and I'll be journeying back for a summer—a whole blessed two months with mother and dad and Billie."

Not until dusk had fallen did Molly O' realize that the nurse's smile hadn't gone home yet. It was still with her, rocking on the motto above the piano,

Give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you

read Molly O'.

"Why, she gave me the dearest smile, that nurse lady," she mused, "and I haven't as much as offered her a pickle."

Molly O' laughed softly, jumped up from the floor and stole out into the corridor. It was quite dark and so very still. She felt her way to the stairs, and down to the second landing. The white curtains still fluttered from the window across the lane. Molly O' had just made up her mind about the poor sick person—the person who must be just the sweetest lady with great blue eyes, and such billows of black hair—when the nurse person came to the window and looked out. The sky was scarcely dark enough for stars. The nurse person seemed to be watching for one. Molly O' watched her, concealed. She looked so tired and worried, Molly O' felt sorry. Impulsively she leaned out of the window, and, waving her hand, called softly:

"Good-night, Miss White Cap—thank you so much for the smile."

Molly O' didn't wait to receive another. A burning shame spread over her. She raced up the stairs to her room and slammed herself in.

"Oh, you little idiot," she hissed, "won't you ever grow me into a sensible lady?"

But the more Molly O' thought—the more sorry she felt for the tired nurse and the sick lady across the way.

"It must be awful," she thought, "to be sick like that in June. I remember once—oh, years ago, I had measles in April. It was dreadful, but I don't think anything could be quite so bad as being shut up in June—like a rosebud that couldn't bloom, or a little bird with no wings. Why, I'd die."

And forthwith Molly O' packed all her dreams away and began to think. She wanted to help so much, but what could she do?

"I've only got about three dollars, God," she prayed, "only about three dollars left for my fun. The rest is all board money. I've read in books that one can't buy real happiness, but I can't see where I'm going to get any unless I pay for it."

The next day Molly O' went shopping—shopping at a book sale. She bought two books, a box of shaded blue note-paper, a bag of chocolate animals and a little bead purse.

The first sheet of blue paper went into one book. Molly O' didn't know it was so hard to write notes to sick ladies until she started. The blue sheet held a rosy message. She began like this, did Molly O':

The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Dear Sick Neighbour,

I thought about you mostly all night. Even when I was asleep I had a lovely dream about you. I'm so sorry you can't walk in the June sunshine—it makes me feel like lemon pie—all white meringue and spilling over with goodness. I'm sending you a book to read that will make you glad just to read it, and help you to forget that June gets stuck crawling through the window so that very much can't get inside. Please laugh at the funny parts of this story, or I'll be dreadfully hurt.

Yours,

A Singing Fairy.

Just before lunch she went to the

second landing—whistled long and low, but no one answered from across the way. A tumbler of water stood on the window-sill. Molly O' grew reckless. Up in her room was a whole row of coloured stones. She had brought them from home. Deliberately she chased up after them.

Molly O' was not only a fine singer—she could sling just great. Dad O'Hagan had taught her in the long ago.

The first stone fell earthwards; the second hit the sill and bounded off; the third—oh, horrors!—hit the glass and sent it crashing into the room.

Immediately the curtains parted. The nurse person was there. She looked most frightfully cross.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," Molly O' called. "I didn't think of doing that—honest. I only wanted to make a wee little racket. Say, are you very mad?"

The nurse smiled in spite of herself. Many people before her had found Molly O'Hagan's pleading brown eyes irresistible.

"No—not very, but why did you do it?"

Molly O' drew forth her package and held it to the light.

"I've got something here for you and your sick patient. If I leave it in your front porch you'll get it, won't you?"

The nurse promised, thanked her, smiled and withdrew.

Molly O' tore downstairs and out to the house across the way, left her parcel and hastened back to lunch.

The next morning as Molly O' descended to breakfast the nurse person was watching for her at the window.

"Good-morning," she greeted, "my patient is really too ill to write you, but we both thank you for your sweet letter and your gift."

"Did you laugh?" Molly O' questioned.

"Laugh! I should say so. Didn't you hear us?"

Molly O' shook her girlish head. "No, I didn't. But I'll leave you something else. Look in the porch about ten."

This time Molly O' tucked a blue envelope in a bead purse filled with chocolate animals. This time it was so much easier. She wrote:

My Castle in the Air.

Dear Unseen Neighbour,

I heard that you laughed, so I won't call you sick any more. You must be better or you couldn't laugh really. Don't you like these animals? They are to be eaten in little bites—first a head, or a foot, or a tail. It's heaps of fun to see them go in pieces. You must promise not to eat them whole. Mother would never let Billie or me do that. Keep the purse, and when you're tired count all the bead colours. It will make you feel bright thoughts.

Yours,

A Singing Fairy.

P.S.—May I send you a kiss? I'm sure you are pretty.

Could Molly O' have heard the laughter that greeted this letter she would have felt repaid indeed, that is, if she had not known why the poor sick neighbour really laughed.

So a week sped by. Every morning Molly O' was "Johnny-on-the-Spot" with a sick neighbour special and a little blue note. Once it was daffodils—only six—but they were so bright and yellow. Another day it was the other funny book, and yet another day—it was fancywork. Would the sick lady care to sew a weeny bit for her.

For a whole week Molly O' lived and laughed, sang and thought—June. On the eighth day came November.

"I just guess I'll have to tell her," Molly O' frowned. "Because—how can I help it?"

She stole to the second landing and whistled. The nurse understood that signal now, and answered. It had been arranged between them.

"You tell that patient of yours," Molly O' called without delay, "that I'm truly sorry, but I've only got

forty cents fun money left, and until dad sends me more—I guess I gotta quit.”

The nurse person turned hastily from the window. She was actually laughing. There was something about Molly O', serious, that did make one laugh.

Molly O' turned from the window, too. She had seen that laugh. Her resentment was keen. She went to her lesson in a blue mood, and sang—oh, dreadfully. Siedhoff told her so; she knew it, anyway. Molly O' was truly angry.

There was two dollars and sixty cents of good money as bad as in the gutter.

She ran up the two flights of stairs to her room—ran right by the second landing window and banged her door behind her.

Molly O' knew from the first that some one had been in her room. The very pictures, the piano, and the rocker told her. And then there was the table. She made a dash for the letter:

Dear Singing Fairy,

I am ashamed beyond measure that I laughed at you this morning. I truly didn't mean to. Did you ever laugh when you felt really sorry instead? . . .

Molly O' paused to consider.

“Yep—I do that heaps of times myself—so—well—what next?”

We are so sorry my patient and I that you have sacrificed in any way. But could you really know how your cheery messages have been appreciated, you would feel repaid. I was so worried about my patient until you came along, little Singing Fairy. This has been a sad case of mental depression, and very difficult to handle. You have helped me just worlds.

We are having a little tea at five. Please promise to come over.

Yours sincerely,  
The Nurse,  
Margaret Styles.

Room 14.

Molly O'Hagan gasped, then flopped on the bed—a bundle of laughter.

“Oh, I've been wanting something to happen for weeks. And maybe—

here it is. Thanks just awfully!”

Later Molly O' gowned in soft pink mull, with eyes a-sparkle and cheeks a-glow, surveyed herself in the mirror.

“Well, I might be lots prettier,” she mused. “But I wasn't made that way, so I can't help it. Mother always says, ‘Handsome is as handsome does’, so I'll just ‘handsome does’ as hard as ever I can.”

The nurse, watching from the sick-room window, saw her leave the house, and so met her in the porch.

“You don't know how glad we are to have you,” she said, taking Molly O's two hands and drawing her into the hall. “Just follow me—will you?”

At the door of the sick room they stopped. The nurse was smiling.

“You go first,” she said, pushing the door open. And Molly O' drifted in—a cloud of pink loveliness. With a little—

“Good-day, my neighbour”—she tripped across the room to the bed—then stopped suddenly.

The poor sick neighbour—the lovely blue-eyed lady with the billows of black hair was—a *man!*

Molly O' dropped to the floor and hid her face in her hands. The sick man exchanged an uneasy glance with his nurse. They had done wrong after all—not to tell her.

Suddenly the still room vibrated with sound. Molly O' was laughing. The other two joined her. The room rang with peals of merriment.

“Well, that's one on me,” Molly O' finally managed to say, “and a good one.”

Soon they had her in the big chintz rocker near the bed. The nurse herself poured tea and passed things—such things as Molly O' had not devoured for many months.

“I've been wanting something to happen so badly, I guess it had to,” she announced, nibbling at a bit of remarkable confection. “Let's make it happen hard while I am here.”

Molly O' stayed one whole hour.

Each one of the sixty minutes came and fluttered away like a beautiful winged butterfly.

"Yes, I am singing heaps these days," Molly O' had replied in answer to a question; "I'm studying to do wonderful things, and," she continued, "that is what hurts me most. I haven't done a thing yet. In such a little while I go home. Mother and dad and Billie will be so very glad to see me, but I won't have one splendid thing to tell them."

It was just before she left that Molly O' noted the horrible thing. The man on the bed was laughing at a last remark of hers—when she looked down and saw on the counterpane the right hand of his. The two middle fingers were missing, and all the back was red and raw. Molly O' knew it was from a dreadful burn. There was something about the hand so gruesome that the girl shuddered. The man noted her action. The look of a hunted thing came into his eyes. He turned away with a groan.

Molly O' could not forget that hand—the hand that lay so still and useless. Somewhere before she had heard about it—or had seen it. Try as she might she could not tell where. It was to her a tantalizing memory.

Again and again she went to the house across the way, but always the hand was hidden from sight under the covering. Molly O' could never quite forget it was there.

"I wonder," the man asked her one day, "I wonder what you would do if you awoke some day to find you had been beaten "

"I dunno yet," Molly O' replied thoughtfully, "I dunno, but I would do something. I remember once when I was small we went one day out into the country to gather primroses. I was simply wild with joy—for I love the yellow of primrose so very much. I think all my thoughts and dreams were primroses. But, alas!—we couldn't find a one—only little horrid yellow dandelions. I sat and

cried just surrounded by the hated weed things. Then by and by just because there was nothing else to do I picked and picked dandelions. They did look beautiful massed together in a great yellow heap. The next day we had a party and I had dandelions everywhere through the house, instead of primroses. I liked them best of all after that—just weed dandelions. I think if I woke up, as you say—beaten—I'd want to take what I had left and begin over again."

"But suppose there was nothing left "

"Oh, but there would be! Mother has told me so many times that life is the only master of life. As long as we have that—we have everything. I'd want to be like the sun that forgot to shine one day, so shone doubly bright the next. I don't think we can be beaten—just knocked down to get up again."

He seemed to delight in her simple philosophy—a philosophy interwoven always with flowers. Each time she came he asked her questions that she strove to answer.

The day she came to say good-bye he had a delightful surprise for her. He greeted her at the doorway. Molly O' clapped her hands with gladness. She had not known her sick neighbour was so tall and splendid—so much of a man.

"I've been walking out every day," he said smiling, "and now I am much stronger. I do not care to spend another day in bed—thanks to your fairy medicine. I'm going to the station."

Molly O' wondered a great deal about her sick neighbour during those summer days at home. He had not written—had not even asked if he might.

"Some day I shall hope to see you again," he had said at the station.

Days of July and August when the sun was hot and the dreams of glory beat in Molly O', she looked for him

to come. Something within her made her believe he would. But so many many times she was disappointed.

Hot days cooled into September. Molly O' began to prepare for her journey to the city—her journey to the world of studies and visioned desire. She did not cease to look for the coming of the man with the hand that hurt. A something had crept into her heart that made her want to touch it—to kiss it gently. A new life within Molly O' was reaching to a life without.

And when he came Molly O' did not dance down the garden path to meet him—she went away out behind the shed and cried, clutching an eastern paper to her. Again and yet again she read the blazing head-line:

MARCO MARTELLO IS BACK!

Famous Pianist has Returned a Greater Violinist.

Then followed the story she had heard before—the story that completed the memory of the awful hand she loved—the story of a great man's bravery in a hotel fire and its disastrous result—the story of a man who had been knocked down but not beaten.

She read with beating heart and glowing cheeks the printed description of the man who with but three fingers on his right hand, and a fair foundation of violin technique, had astounded the musical world of the East with his remarkable execution.

And Molly O', behind the woodshed, realized more than all the world what an effort it must have cost this man—what a soul must have been lifted to the heights again.

Marco Martello!

Marco Martello—the wizard of the piano, and her poor sick neighbour were one.

Then Molly O' cried into the sleeve of her blue gingham dress.

"He'll—he'll never remember now."

And when he had gone, no one would have known that Molly O' had been knocked down.

Was she beaten?

Would she begin again to pick dandelions of desire, because of primroses—there was not a one.

Molly O's eyes laughed, her feet danced, her lips sang, but within her through long weary hours her heart cried—cried with an agony she dared not show.

"He'll—he'll never remember now."

For two days—two eternal days—Molly O' was down—knocked very low.

But she was not beaten.

"I'll gather dandelions, God, and make them sun all over the new world in me," she said to the blue sky of a September morn.

So Molly O', with her trunk and her club bag and her gathered dandelions, journeyed back to the attic in the city.

She was not aware of the cordial welcome she received—not aware of the smiles sent her way. In the boarding-house of yore, with its second-storey landing, and its house across the way, it was very hard—to forget.

She wanted the protecting walls of her old room to hold her close.

Her old room!

Molly O' gasped on the threshold. There was new furniture, new hangings, new everything, and on the table, the dresser, the desk, great bowls of golden dandelions. And on the desk the card—

To the Singing Fairy,

From the man she helped to gather dandelions.

And when he came that night—came a man with a wonderful future, and a light in his eyes the world could not see—Molly O' was waiting for him.



FIDELITY

From the Painting by Greuze in the Wallace Collection, London



# The House of the Bride

BY ALICE BROWN



ANSEL JAMES, at five o'clock of the summer afternoon, was in the new house, measuring for a corner shelf. He was a robust fellow, something over thirty, with aquiline features and a skin brown and tightly drawn. His blue eyes looked out steadily from their background of tan and seemed the keener for it, like the eyes of all men who live much in the open. He had been thinking about the possibility of the shelf all day while he mowed the east meadows and answered mechanically the pleasantries of the other men. Ansel was much prized by his fellows, but they never hesitated in pelting him with all degrees of banter, because his attention, they knew, was absent, and he never really cared. Actually, his mind was on the new house, so perfect now, except for the furniture which would probably never be moved in, that it was hard for him to find place for another addition to its practical uses and its charm.

People were gentle with him over his worship of it. They even refrained from asking, "What you going to do with your house?" when they heard his engagement to Hatty Slate was broken. They were too sorry for Ansel. Hatty Slate was not, they thought, "much consequence", but Ansel must have set his heart upon her, or he wouldn't have built her a gem of a house with a soapstone sink and multitudinous closets, "all com-

plete". But no one could tell what Ansel felt, not even the uncle and aunt living in his old home "up the road a piece", and whom he had meant to leave when he went into a house of his own.

All that was certain about his side of the affair was that he tended and dressed the house now as if he were adorning it for a bride, fitting it with magic contrivances, all to make woman's work the easier. One night even, Abel Fellows, going past at something after eleven, saw a light there and thought somebody had broken in. So he tiptoed up to the kitchen window and peeped, and there was Ansel, face flushed and hair in a tangle, rubbing down wainscoting as if he had been at it for hours and meant never to stop.

But this moment of the corner shelf was one of the last ones out of the stillest summer day, full of green leaves and birds. Ansel had taken a lingering look at the world before coming in, for he knew he should work late. A feeling of solitude was upon him, and an intimate sense of communion with his house. He always had that when he was alone here, whether it was because the house had been the work of his hands or that it rehearsed an unfinished dream, not even he could say. But he had no sooner taken up his plane to run it along the strip of board under his hand than a step struck the porch floor.

At that he frowned, though as the

door opened and some one stood there to bid his eyes receive her before she spoke, he had assumed his old attitude of indifferent calm. But when he looked up at her, Ansel did start. This was Janet Gale, who lived "down the road" a mile away. She had come within the year to be with Gran'ma Gale, and Ansel did not know her very well. But he had seen her at church and walking along the country road, taller and of finer build than any of the neighbourhood girls, and almost to be afraid of, too, with her calm soft-coloured face and her large, deep eyes.

The eyes were what spoke and dominated. They were a living power, and even a startling one because their darkness shone so from the cloud of her soft, light hair. Once, at the celebration of the town's two hundredth anniversary, Ansel had stood with her for a difficult ten minutes in a tableau of the first settler and his wife. They two had been chosen because they made, so the neighbourhood said, such a likely pair, and they had accepted the call with simplicity, as they did all evident duties.

To-day Janet had come with a purpose, and she did not hesitate in running for it straight.

"I wanted to ask you something, Mr. James. Gran'ma said it wasn't my place, but I thought I'd rather be the one."

Ansel was looking at her in a kind of alarmed surprise she could not understand. He seemed to come to some sense of his own working disarray, and pushed his fingers up through his hair.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

There was one chair, a rough kitchen one, sometimes to be sawed on, sometimes piled with nails and cleats. She shook her head briefly and continued:

"No. I've only come for a minute. Mr. James, it's about your house." There she flushed, for she had evidently felt her feet to be on ticklish ground. Ansel frowned a little and

stood immovable, facing her. Whoever paved the way to talk, it would not be he. This she realized, and herself frowned with the sudden difficulty of it. But she was a young woman of direct address, and threw down obstacles by a dash and onset. "Mr. James, maybe you didn't know I was engaged to Oscar French." Here she did hesitate, conformably, as if such things were not usually offered with so crude a haste. Ansel nodded and looked at her the more intently, trying, apparently, to make her out. Having got over the introductory step she was more at ease, and took her course with a clear directness. "I haven't seen him for over a year. He's been workin' in Illinois. But he thinks he'll come home."

"Oh!" Ansel accorded.

"He wants to come here to live, maybe set up a shop, or get a piece of land and keep bees. I don't know how it'll turn out." She forgot him for a moment, he could see, her fine brows knitted in consideration of the doubtful question of bees and their swarming, and the price of honey. "Well!" she recalled herself and turned to him with a sudden smile. It warmed her face wonderfully, and moved his heart, too, in a way quite aside from her simple purposes. "Well, if we settle down here, the first thing'll be a house."

"I see," said Ansel gravely. "I see."

He stood quite still, not looking at her now, one hand resting on his bench, the other at his side, a perfect picture of the artisan in repose. She began again and now she hurried.

"I thought of your house. I could not help thinkin' of it. It's the prettiest house I ever saw in my life, and gran'ma said maybe you'd sell or let. But she said it wasn't my place to ask you. She said 'twas a man's place. But there's Oscar way out in Illinois, and here I am on the spot."

It seemed a perfect reason, especially when she looked at him in that soft, kind way.

"I see," said Ansel again, very slowly. "You want to hire my house."

"Hire it or buy it. I couldn't say about buying. Oscar never's gone so far as that. I don't know—" She hesitated an embarrassed moment, but with a certain dignity went on, "I don't know whether he could. I don't know exactly how Oscar's fixed."

Ansel found himself wanting to leap off here at a tangent and ask her whether she was going to marry a man she estimated at a random guess. But he pulled himself back to the house.

"Let or sell," he said, "I s'pose it's all one to me. It ain't likely I shall ever go into the house." But his face contracted, as he said it, and she hastened on.

"Gran'ma said you told her so. 'Twas when she offered you some balm and wormwood. If you hadn't said as much as that, I never'd asked you."

Ansel smiled a little.

"Wormwood's all right," he corrected, with his gentle humour, "for a house a man builds and never lives in. Well!" He shook his head, as if he threw off deadening dreams. "Want to go over it?" he asked abruptly. "Want to see the house?"

She brightened at that, and came at once out of her perplexity of wondering whether she ought to be in the business at all. So they began their slow and admiring progress, for Ansel was as frankly eager over it as she. He showed her all his little devices for beauty and for saving work, and pointed out the window he had cut after there seemed to be windows enough, to bring the tip of the big maple into the bedroom. When they went upstairs and he opened the drawers of the linen closet, fragrant with new wood, she began to feel the excitement of the bride, an emotion made up of delight in the things themselves and a sense of the strangeness of it all. She had not dwelt much on the overthrow of his hopes. Gran'ma, so old that her opinions got easily blurred and their expression

rather negative, had said only that Ansel had meant to get married, and she guessed it never came to anything, and Janet, instinctively solitary in her habit of life, had asked no one else.

Finally, they went "up attic", and Ansel took her to the big dormer he had thrown out at the back, just, he told her, to face Mount Everlasting. And there, by natural consent, they sat down on the window seat and followed the purple outline in the farthest sky. Janet recalled her gaze. She was looking straight at him now, and her eyes drew his. He thought he had never seen such soft, dark eyes except in some kind animal, and he almost forgot Janet herself in regarding them, as if they were a separate source of power and life. Janet, calm as she was by nature, looked very vivid. She was, Ansel saw, in love with the house. He, too, was in love with it, and he felt the reasonableness of their accord.

"Well," she said, as if she could not hold silence any longer, her desire was so big, "goin' to let me have it?"

Ansel did not answer. It hardly seemed important, compared with the riddle of her eyes.

That recalled him. He seemed to catch himself back out of some deep musing.

"I'd rather you'd have it," he said, "than anybody else."

"Then may I?"

"Anybody I know of," he clenched it, and then with a headlong haste, "anybody in the world."

That surprised her, and her eyes gravely questioned.

"But I don't know," said Ansel, also recalled perhaps by his own in-temperate speech. "I've got to think about it."

She rose at that, her mission being over, and the dusk outside shutting out Mount Everlasting more and more and so advising her that the reason for being there was done.

"Well," she said, "you think about it."

"Be careful of the stairs," Ansel bade her, and she returned with a joyous note in her voice:

"Anybody couldn't fall on these stairs. I don't believe gran'ma could. They're so easy, and then the rail's just in the right place."

When he stood in the doorway watching her down the steps, he called out suddenly and she stopped.

"Wait a minute," said Ansel. "When's it goin' to be?"

She stood there, almost a heroic figure in the dusk.

"When's what goin' to be?" she parried in the thrilling voice responsive to that nearing change.

"The weddin'. When's he comin' on?"

"In about a month," said Janet. "That's when he's comin' on."

Then the dusk enveloped her. Ansel went in, not to work, but to think it over. The little shelf he laid aside. It was not finished that night or the next. Indeed, it was not put up for months, until a winter day when he was still thinking of these things, but after another fashion. The next night he brushed his hair rigorously and went up to see her. Janet was sitting on the steps of the little low-browed house, and gran'ma, her chair drawn close to the entry sill, dozed and dropped a few words at intervals, like leaves from an autumn tree. But Janet, in her white dress, looked like the spring itself, a tree all over bridal white, and so Ansel thought, in other terms, as he came up the path and saw her rise to meet him.

"Good evening," she said, in her sweet, full voice. "Gran'ma, here's Mr. James."

"That you, Ansel?" gran'ma asked, from the depths of her reverie. "Well, you better come in, both o' you. It's gettin' damp. I guess I'll poke off to bed."

"You leave your chair," Janet bade her. "I'll fetch it in when I come. We'll sit here a minute, it's so nice."

But Ansel did not sit at once. Instead, he stood before her, his tall

bulk seeming to top the syringa down by the gate and shut it out. But its breath came sweetly to them.

"When d'you say he's comin'?" he asked abruptly.

"In about a month." Her heart beat hard. Janet was a calm creature, but sometimes she wanted things very much.

"I s'pose we needn't mention it to anybody, need we?" Ansel was continuing. "We needn't mention it till then. I hate talk."

"Why, no," said Janet, wondering a little, but thinking it reasonable of him. "I don't see's we need to mention it."

"Not to gran'ma?"

"Not if you don't want I should."

"Well, I don't," said Ansel. He drew a breath of greater ease. "I get so tired of their clack. If you could only do anything, and done with it! But you can't. It's, 'Why do ye so?' north, east, south and west. It's like a flock o' blackbirds."

Janet gave a little laugh. It had more than the music of her speech.

"But I ain't got anything to tell," she said, "not yet."

He answered soberly, with a grave indulgence, as to a beseeching child.

"Well, I guess you'll get it."

"Get the house? Shall I get the house?"

"I guess so." She drew a long, happy breath, and he saw again how much she cared. "We can keep our own counsel," he said, "till he comes and the papers are passed. Or if he rents it—it's all one to me."

Janet could simply say nothing at all. They sat there in the soft summer night, she very happy indeed and he, too, happy, in a way, because the house was, after all, fulfilling its purpose and coming to beautiful use. He was the first to speak.

"Well," he said softly, "you've got your house," Janet put out her hand to him in the darkness, and he gave it a strong, quick clasp. "That's right," he said. "Shake hands on it. It's a bargain." Ansel was a man of few

words, except when he was deeply moved, yet he had a little more to say, of a solemn import as befitted the sacredness of the hour. "I hope it'll be blessed to you," he ended, in what used to be his father's prayer-meeting manner. "I hope you'll live in it a great many years."

He stopped abruptly, because he had a sudden vision then of the Janet she would be sometime with her children about her, always calm, and miraculously young. But this was too swift a pace. It made him light-headed, and he returned, impatient of it, to what was. "Now," said he, "as you think it over, is there any changes you'd like made?"

"Oh, no," said Janet fervently. "It's lovely, just as it is. It's a perfect house."

"I can't find much fault with it myself," said Ansel, in the tone of disparaging pride accorded to our best beloved. "There's the lilacs, now. I set out four, three purple and one white, right side the back door. I don't know's I called attention to them."

She hadn't thought of them, she owned. She had been too occupied with walls and windows.

"Were you anyways interested in a mite of a garden?"

This he put almost timidly, fearing, it seemed, lest her answer should not fit his wish.

"Yes," said Janet, "there's got to be a garden. You know, it seems if it happened for all the world as if 'twas meant, gran'ma's got so out with hers. She says she can't 'tend to it, and it sort of frets her to have other folks fiddlin' round in it, and realize she can't. So she's goin' to give me her perennials if I got a house anywheres round here."

"Well," said Ansel, in his quiet voice, "come fall, you can move it lock, stock and barrel. I'll kind o' get the beds ready, 'most any time now, and mebbe put a fence round. You'd like that, I guess, and a little gate for you to go steppin' through.

You walk down that way to-morrer night after work and you see if I've picked out the right spot."

"But you don't want folks to know. What'll they think if they go by and see me?"

"Oh, folks won't see you! They're to home that time o' night, doin' the chores. I'll be spadin' up, and s'pose anybody does go by? They'll think you stopped to speak."

The next day it came about as he had said. Janet, perhaps too proud to go by dusk when eyes could be evaded, appeared in the late afternoon, as soon as there was hope of finding him. Ansel had staked out a goodly plot at the back of the house. Here were to be her flowers, and behind them he had decreed the kitchen garden. Just as she came round the corner, her face alight, her hair alive in the sun, Ansel had stopped to verify his corners, and he looked up and saw her. He caught his breath, she was so alive and lovely, so calm, too, a part of the divineness of the dying day; but he asked her quietly:

"How's this seem to you?"

"It's nice," she told him. "It's the right place exactly. But you think it's big enough?"

Ansel laughed a little at her greediness.

"You goin' to take care of it yourself?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes. I'm just like gran'ma. I don't want folks fiddlin' round among my plants. Besides, I don't know—" Here she stopped, and her face grew almost whimsically aghast.

"What don't you know?"

"I don't know whether he cares anything about gardenin'. He's always worked in a store."

Ansel turned abruptly and paced the lower boundary once and back again.

"Well," he said, as if he had been thinking out something and quieting himself to a conclusion, "I guess, whether he cares about it or no, he'll be ready to do the heft of it for you."

"Is there a gate here?" He saw she

was standing already in her garden. She even seemed to see the invisible gate. He also stood in the inclosure not yet made, and for a moment tasted the delight of feeling, not that he was sacrificing something to a happiness he could never share, but that the garden was still his because she let him plan it for her.

"Yes," he said, "a little gate, green, made narrow so's to swing easy over the grass. Here'll be a nice bed down by this pear tree. I vowed I'd get the pear tree in. Some things want a mite o' shade. They're as homesick as a cat, set 'em out in the glare. Then over by this corner's the old well. I'll put a pump in here; the water'll be terrible handy."

Janet stood there dreamily, still looking, it seemed, at the garden not yet born, at other happy things hastening toward her, and the lover who was the god to summon them. Ansel followed her thought, and stood very still.

"Well," she said abruptly, coming out of her dream. "I'll be goin'." But halfway to the road she turned and hastened back. Her face was flushed in a delicate way it had, a creeping of colour under the roseate skin. She held her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sunset, and looked at him with a soft, warm kindness. "I ain't thanked you enough," she said. "I can't ever thank you."

Then she turned decisively and went. Ansel stood, after she had left the garden lonely, and himself looked off into the sunset, fading now, yet entrancing in isles and lakes of colour, mountains, and a green-blue bordering shore. He had a fanciful habit of thought, and it seemed to him now that his grandfather who, being old, had uttered many uncomprehended things to him, then a boy, had known what he was saying when he told him, concerning the scheme of all things, "It's a mystery. It's a dinged mystery." Here Ansel had built his house and been denied the living in it, and now he was seeing the happiness that

enwrapped it like great guardian wings, through other eyes. And actually through her eyes—for he felt he knew, by some secret divination, the course of her days here, her progress from one room to another, and her long still hours of work in the garden by the earliest light. She would know enough for that. She had learned unerringly, he could see, the ways of doing things. And perhaps he should see her when he went by on some early quest, and step in a minute, and she would look up from under the pear tree, again with that rosy gratitude.

For a month it went on, the last exquisite ordering of the house and the inclosure of the garden. The beds were made, the fence was painted green, and the little gate swung easily yet with security. Neighbours dropped in to admire the completeness of it all, and to venture irrepressible questions. "What you goin' to do with your house, Ansel?" they asked him boldly. "You goin' to live in it?" But they were never told, and Janet, when one astute old body inquired why she was pokin' round there so much, replied, with her head held high, that it was the nicest house she ever saw or anybody else, either, and she was bewitched with it. She could hardly keep her feet away from it. And when the month was over, Oscar French came. Ansel had walked up to gran'ma's the night before and given Janet the key.

"You better have this," he said. "You'll want to show him round."

She nodded silently, and Ansel knew he had done the irrevocable deed. He had locked himself outside. This was Thursday, and Friday afternoon he saw her go past in Beasley's wagon, driving to the station, he knew, and he felt vaguely hurt that she had not asked him for his own team. But when she came back he was down in the lower pasture, and Saturday morning early he went there again with his dinner-pail and axe, and spent the day. It was

a long day, wherein he felt removed from the world and all the conditions of it. He had done the very largest thing that had ever been his choice, and by doing it he had cut himself off from the smaller pleasures and inheritances.

He went home that night a sadder man, different, older, it seemed to him, and because the day had tired him, he slipped into bed early and dulled his mind of thought. Sunday morning he was late at the table and portly Aunt Lindy, dallying there as she liked an excuse for doing, poured his coffee and settled to a cosy gossip. She loved to endow him with her accumulated nothings because he received them patiently, not like Uncle Rufus, her husband, who had sciatica, and was prone to exclaim, "There! there!"

"D'you know Oscar French was here?" she asked.

Ansel nodded, but she hardly needed that slight lubricant.

"Come Friday. Janet went over after him. Handsome feller, straight as a ramrod. I see 'em ride by."

Ansel drank his coffee, and found, by an involuntary hatefulness of the mind, a godlike youth, straight as a ramrod, sitting in the grandfather chair beside his hearth. At that instant, it seemed almost too hard a thing Janet has asked of him. When he could in kindness escape Aunt Lindy's monologue, full of speculation now over what Janet, if she should marry this fall, was likely to do about gran'ma, he wandered out into the woods at the back of the house and sat there whittling, making little dooryards of twigs and brushing them away again when he found whither his mind was tending.

It came to him that he could not, for the first time since his building of it, go into his own house; another man had the key and it was impossible to meet him there. But about sunset that night it seemed to him unnecessary to bear it any more. It was probable that they would have visited the

house by daylight. This was his hour, as it always had been, the coming dusk when tasks were done and he could take refuge in the stronghold of serenity he had made, as some patient creature might, grain by grain, build its own fitting shell.

So he went across lots, the back way, and approached the house stealthily almost, through the little garden. He mounted the steps to the back porch. It was very still. He took out his knife and slipped it in at a crack of the door to turn a button he knew, and walked in. Ansel drew a breath of satisfaction. It was his house, something sentient almost, that seemed even to return his love, as gardens breathe out rapture toward the hand that tends them. He sank down on his bench, moved into a corner to leave a garnished order for the coming bridegroom; but that instant he started up again. There was the turning of a key, and some one whirled tempestuously in. He knew who it was, and that no one was behind her. Janet had changed into a creature of wild yet still emotion. She spoke at once.

"I had to come. I had to have some place, so gran'ma shouldn't know."

Some place to cry, he saw, to quiet her racing pulses and still the blood aflame up to her hair. She began to pace back and forth from the hearth to the doorway, like an animal in bounds.

"What is it?" asked Ansel, when she seemed to have walked herself into a calm. "You tell me what it is."

"He's gone," said Janet.

"Gone?" he echoed, his own emotion rising, anger for her, resentment against the fool who had deserted her. "You give me half a day. I'll fetch him back to you."

"Fetch him back!" She stopped and looked at him superbly. "He's gone. I sent him."

"You sent him? What for, Janet, what for?"

She cried a little then, in shame, it

almost seemed, as if she blamed herself.

"For nothing. He hadn't done anything. He was just himself. But I don't like him."

Ansel, in his daze, felt that he could only repeat her words after her, in a foolish interrogative echo. But she was ready enough to tell.

"I've got to speak to somebody or I shall die. I'm so ashamed. How could I ever think I liked him? Why, he talks about gettin' cold—he talks about it all the time—and what lodges he belongs to. I don't like him, that's all there is about it. I just don't like him." Fair, large creature as she was, she looked like a wilful child. "He hates gardenin', too," she threw at him. "He thinks you get your ankles dusty."

"Well," said Ansel. His voice sounded hoarse and strained to him, and he stopped to clear it. "What about the house? What'd he say to that?"

"The house?" She looked at him in the amazement that kept her head so high. "You s'pose I brought him in here? You s'pose I'd take him into this house? Why, it's your house, not his."

Ansel was beside himself before the power of her proud beauty and the thrilling force of her emotion.

"It ain't my house," he cried. "It's yours. You've got to live in it."

Janet calmed at that; she smiled, and shook her head.

"You're sorry for me," she told him. "No, you mustn't be so sorry as all that. Sometime you'll live in the house yourself. That's the best way. It's your house. Here's the key. I'm going now. Good-night," she said.

But Ansel reached the door first and stood with his back against it.

"Look here," said he roughly, she thought, unlike his gentle self, "do you want to know why I ain't livin' in this house to-day?"

"Never mind," she said gently. "I've got to go now."

"I do mind," said Ansel. "You've

got to mind, too. You've got to listen. The girl I was engaged to broke off with me for one reason. Want to know what it was? 'Twas you. You were the reason."

"Me, Ansel?"

She had used his name unthinkingly, and neither of them noticed.

"Yes, you. That time I stood holdin' your hand in the town hall I trembled all over, you were so—so different. And I couldn't help talkin' about you. I couldn't keep your name off my lips. And I dreamed about you, and when I thought you were goin' anywheres, I wouldn't go, for I would not see you. I didn't dare to. And the girl I was engaged to said to me right out, 'You're in love with Janet Gale.'"

She had grown quite white, and her breath came heavily. But her eyes did not leave his face, nor did his cease to hold them.

"And when she said that to me," he went on in what seemed his rage at the overwhelmingness of the tide of life, "I said, 'I am, God help me, I am.' And she said, 'She's engaged to another man. What you goin' to do?' And I says, 'Nothin'. There's nothin' for me to do.'"

Again their eyes seemed to interrogate each other sternly.

"But there's somethin' to do now," Ansel continued. He threw back his head and laughed. Janet thought she had never imagined how he would look if he were happy. "I can give you the house—your house. You and gran'ma can live in it, and I can tend the garden, and by and by, when you can think of a man, who knows—"

He paused, dumb with the coming wonder of it, but Janet knew no staying. She was one of the women who, having something to give, must pour it out at once.

"Why, don't you see? Ansel, don't you see? I couldn't have him live in your house. 'Twas because 'twas your house. 'Twas because we'd got so well acquainted, Ansel. Don't you see?"

# ENGLAND IN ARMS

*By Lacey Amy*

## VI.—GETTING THE MEN

**B**RITAIN, the free! Britain, the democratic monarchy! Britain, the mistress of the seas! Britain, the unconquerable!

They were sweet-sounding tributes whose title and warranty were never honestly questioned in time of peace. And the British nation had so incorporated them into its creed that nothing within the range of the most imaginative pessimist had for generations cast doubt on their eternal appropriateness. Through one war Britain had struggled with but the superfluity of her energy. Through centuries of peace the world had bowed to Britain's well-deserved reputation.

And then came war—war of the kind that recognizes no reputations, that develops along the ordinary channels of guns and strategy and men. And Britain was forced to revise her creed.

In that very revision came the real struggle. Britain, the free, had to reconstruct the meaning of the word. Britain, the democratic monarchy, had to acknowledge that democracy involved co-operative reality as a prime necessity for the maintenance of Britain as mistress of the seas. Britain ceased to be free. That was the bitter pill.

And yet Britain passed from free-

dom to bondage only in the interpretation of those who count nothing to a nation in its extremity. Bondage laid aside its ungrateful mask and became union, a great patriotic rally for the dominion of freedom. "United we stand" was never so vividly demonstrated on the western side of the Atlantic. Freedom assumed its true meaning: the unassailable right to personal liberty so long as it does not infringe on the well-being of the state. Russia has tried the other kind of freedom for a few disastrous months and given the lie forever to the dreams of Socialism.

Born, bottled and bred on the freedom of the citizen, Britain entered the war as a Crusader. That first hundred thousand passed to France but as the vanguard of the millions that were clamouring to express their loyalty by force of arms against the enemy. The millions trooped to the recruiting offices, turning their backs on their occupations, their businesses, their comfort, their families. Voluntarism was to prove itself against every test. And for six or eight months it seemed to be succeeding. Faster than they could be trained and armed patriots rallied to the principles on trial. Great Britain was almost satisfied—the public part of it.

But there were military, and even political, experts who were not so credulous. Lord Kitchener had an

inkling of what faced the nation. The Cabinet, shamed by its own unpreparedness, trembled. It handed over to the lion of the nation the task of affording voluntarism its greatest opportunity. What Lord Kitchener could not accomplish in the call to arms was beyond the power of any man in Great Britain. And Lord Kitchener's millions are a tribute to him and to his country.

But still the sweeping spectacle of Germany's might in those early months loomed high above Great Britain's show of resistance. Kitchener appealed as only he could. Posters stared where bills never dared appear before. Huge red arrows on every London street pointed the way to the recruiting stations. The King beckoned. Women urged and cajoled. The newspapers filled their front pages with petitions to the people. Appeals turned to warnings, then to threats. And the people thought they were hurrying. They saw the long lines before the recruiting booths, the long trains leaving for the front, the vacancies at home. But the authorities knew that longer lines must form, longer trains start, more homes be manless. For Germany was still near Paris, was still threatening Calais; and Mesopotamia, Egypt, Gallipoli, Greece were clamouring for fresh aggressive battle-fronts.

The Derby scheme was introduced.

It was in this Great Britain received its first taste of conscription. The pill was sugar-coated at first. It was not a remedy, but a test. Every young man of military age was asked to report to the nearest recruiting station, not for service at the front, but for the compilation of a national register of fighting power. The sugar coating was very thin. The labour unions saw through it the first day. The entire country understood without accusing the Cabinet of falsehood in its declaration of intentions. But Great Britain was patriotic. It was also impressed with the promise that certain favours would be accorded

those who attested should necessity for conscription arise. In millions the young men signed their names and ages and answered intimate questions. Lord Derby became recruiting agent extraordinary.

It was because the scheme was put forward as his and superintended personally by him that what obloquy attaches to subsequent events clings unjustly to his name. Lord Derby carried through the idea. Mr. Asquith perverted its expressed aim. The men who walked the streets with the khaki arm-badge as an evidence of their willingness to fight upon necessity were called upon before many months to make good.

Conscription killed its reputation only by its name. Conscription meant force, and personal liberty was the Englishman's religion. But Great Britain was strong behind the principle. Organizations sprang up in opposition, of course. There were the so-called pacifists whose hankering for publicity drowns every atom of their common-sense and reason. There were foreign outlaws seeking asylum in England, where they had fled to escape military rule and other pursuing evils. There were Socialists whose only tangible creed is resistance to authority. And there were cowards. The noise they all made in chorus was deafening. Those who accepted compulsion did so in silence; it was one of their virtues. Those who opposed it howled. And Asquith, impressed a little with his own breach of faith, and fully seized of the fate of his party in the event of an election, made every concession that could be made with any appearance of fairness and honesty. A Coalition Government was the first necessity. It was at that time indisputable that the party which attempted to enforce conscription might be on the road to hari-kari. And both parties in the new Cabinet lent themselves with remarkable unanimity to concessions. There were elections coming some day.

Ministers of the Gospel were exempted from service, some attempt at control being exercised by the stipulation that the sect must be recognized. There are enough religions in England to reform the universe in this generation—or wreck it. And with exaggerated British respect for conscience conscientious objectors were freed with the Government's blessing.

The ministers presented only a small difficulty. But, since a man's conscience is a more private possession than his garters, there was none on this earth to decide with authority whether the conscience was for temporary use or was of that unfortunate stripe that becomes a habit, like drink, or cigarettes. Over the conscientious objector more strife has arisen than had he been forced to assume his share of national defence—his nation, his safeguard against coercion of conscience. His exemption was a political dodge, not British fair play. That is proved by the refusal of the House to deprive him of the vote he will not assist in making valuable.

And to prevent the conscription of others whose claims to exemption might be as real if not as spiritual, local tribunals were set up to pass judgment.

Two conspicuously egregious follies have characterized the conduct of the Government in securing the men for the front. One is the brief for these tribunals, the other the recent efforts of the authorities to squirm around the question of trade exemptions. And of the two the refusal farce is the most complete exhibition of official folly.

The idea at the back of this consideration for special claims was beyond criticism. There must be thousands of cases where compulsion would work unpardonable injustice and disaster. Local tribunals seemed to offer the most available court and the least expensive. But the good judgment of such bodies could not

have been considered. These tribunals were made up of local representatives of all classes. There were titled men, country squires, merchants, and labourers. Theoretically there was no favouritism in the personnel. However, it developed that every class of citizen had his advocate on the bench. And that was about all it did mean. Every claimant was personally known to one or all of his judges. The merchant resisted the conscription of his customers, the manufacturer of his employees, the workman of his fellow workmen, the farmer of his hands. Many of the applicants were in debt to one or more of the judges, and to send them to the trenches meant practically the cancellation of the debts. The tribunals as a body were prejudiced at the start against a duty that meant interfering with the business of the community. Indeed, many of them frankly contended that their chief duty was to protect local industry. The employees of members of the tribunals came before them and pleaded their cases, and while the employer usually retired for the decision, he knew he could trust his fellows as they would trust him when their turns came. Sometimes the members themselves were applicants for exemption. If it was an agricultural district, a farmer's helper was certain of favourable consideration. If it was a manufacturing town manufacturing became a national necessity. The applicant who had not a keen supporter on the tribunal was rare.

Of course, the War Office attempted to exercise some restraint on decisions. The military representative might appeal, but if he succeeded the tribunal was likely to go on strike in protest. When Sir William Robertson was clamouring for more men there were tribunals who "downed tools" for a month at a time; and all that time the cases of hundreds of men hung fire.

Many of the exemptions were laughable, had they not been so serious. No

occupation or profession escaped the leniency of these personal friends in the seats of the mighty. Pugilists, professional sportsmen, entertainers, labouring men whose only concern was to make enough to spend it in the pubs; clerks, workmen engaged on luxuries, men with nothing more to back their claims than a ready smile, were freely exempted. From hundreds of applicants for exemption only one or two would be turned down. A man would be exempted because his brothers were at the front, although he and his brothers had no financial or business connection; and lengthy eulogies would be showered on him for his family's patriotism. Weeping mothers and importunate fathers drew answering tears—and exemption for their boys. Even in July of this year a father secured exemption for six of his seven sons and one assistant, the other son refusing to share the family shame. There is even evidence that the members of a certain secret society were favoured.

Sometimes, aware of the weakness of their conduct, the tribunals retired into privacy to consider the claims before them.

It was a riot of favouritism, of blindness to the needs of the army, of selfishness. But the tribunals were no worse than the Government—not nearly so bad. Premier Asquith thought to lay the foundation to future political power, as well as to allay organized opposition to conscription, by exempting the members of twenty-eight unions. To give face to the act the trades were declared as essential to the war, but others, obviously more closely connected with the struggle, were ignored. And no restrictions were laid on this exemption through certificated occupations. If a man were a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers—even if he were making nothing remotely connected with warfare—he was exempted from service. The unions thus favoured openly advertised for mem-

bers on the ground that membership meant exemption. Millions of young men flocked to the munition factories and other "essential" trades, were forced to join the unions, and were immediately exempt. It did not matter that their work a week ago was clerking, or following the races, or systematic loafing. An engineer was simply a member of the union and therefore immune from military service.

But the Government did not stop there. It added thousands of single young men to its departmental staffs and refused to release them for female or more aged substitutes. As with the unions, the fact that an able-bodied young man was performing some trivial duty in a Government office was his guarantee against khaki. More, the departments reached out and laid a fondling hand on hundreds of pugilists, and football players, and sportsmen, put them in khaki, and kept them in England, where they were permitted to fight (with their fists), or kick a football, for the honour of the unit with which they were connected. And each department head was his own tribunal.

Of course, there were departments, like the Postal, with a finer record, but all the attempts of the House to enforce respect for their country and its danger failed of complete satisfaction.

The Government defeated its own regulation in ways more open to criticism. Tribunals were ordered by department heads to exempt certain applicants without giving even a reason except that they were necessary to the country. They took men whose applications had been refused and placed them in easy Government positions. They opened their doors to the sons of friends without any qualification save their pull.

So glaring were these inconsistencies that even the tribunals sometimes went on strike against them. While married men approaching the age limit, with large families for the

country to keep, classed in the lowest medical category open to the army, and owning large businesses which would be forced to close without their heads—while these men were heartily raked into the army hundreds of thousands of young, single, A1 men were posing as indispensables at a job they had picked up. It was even the case that Government factories were engaging these young men in the place of the older, married men while the tribunals were sitting on their cases.

Some of the newspapers took the matter up, especially the Northcliffe Press. Such a cry was raised in the House that certain departments were forced to release a few of these youthful slackers. But every month the fight has to be revived. Most of these young men loudly declare their inability to follow their inclinations, but they stand up under the restrictions with admirable fortitude and cheerfulness.

Not long after the start of the war Lloyd George's personal wishes on the matter were demonstrated in his contentions for dilution of labour, a task for which he was set apart by his leader. It is one of his greatest accomplishments that he was able to secure the consent of the labour unions, even at the payment of exemption. Women were introduced, and to-day they are entering factory shops where none but man ever worked before. The relief it gave to a situation whose seriousness will not be told until after the war was more immediate than even its most optimistic supporters expected. Indeed, the effectiveness of female labour, its versatility, its energy and trustworthiness, are partially the cause of the strikes that disgraced England during early May. The English workingman is having it brought home to him that his future is one of real work—with real pay—for the women have, in many instances within my personal knowledge, exceeded after a couple of weeks the output of the men

who have been specializing on such work for years.

Dilution freed hundreds of thousands of men for the fighting line. And several minor measures affected the same result directly or indirectly. For instance, the jury system was suspended in some cases.

But against such saving of labour and freeing of men stands the multiplicity of officials. Work that might more honestly be done by boys and girls is in charge of uniformed officers and privates. A private firm would be scandalized by the duplication of work and inspection. It demands the services of three officials to measure the floor of a Government office to determine what to pay the scrub-woman. The streets of London are full of khaki-clad officials, exempt from fighting, but performing nothing that is beyond the capacity of boys or girls. And for some unadvertised reason certain men, like actors, are permitted to don khaki and continue their usual occupations.

Winston Churchill has stated in the House that there were three and a half men behind the lines for every one in the trenches. And in this Canadian military service, in London or France, is said to be little better.

When Lloyd George rode to power on a platform of aggressiveness, he organized immediately the National Service Department. It was a fine scheme, under an experienced business man and backed by a thoroughly roused public. It opened a whirlwind campaign of publicity that carried the nation off its feet. It called for a half million men hitherto exempt, from age or physical condition or otherwise, as substitutes for able-bodied workmen in essential occupations. Sir William Robertson had publicly demanded a half million more men by July 1st. Hundreds of thousands responded—and but one from every hundred was placed. As a department fiasco National Service stands alone. It died an unnatural death of violence at the hands of a

disgusted people whose ardour has been cooled by this one act of official folly.

Then came the persistent necessity for something of real productive value. The men had to be secured. Thousands might have been combed out of the Government offices, but out in the munition factories were many times the needed number without a claim to exemption except the technical one of membership in specified unions. They were not essential to the output, because it had been proved that women could do better than many of them, and men graded B3 and C3 as well, and those who had gone into the factories since the war were openly exulting in their cleverness in thus escaping service.

There was encouragement to the Government to take them, because the union officials, finding their authority scorned by this huge new membership, longed for a way to free the organization of them. So the Cabinet announced a new dilution bill whereby those under thirty-one might be taken for the army. But the new union members defeated the measure in a simple manner. Without the acknowledged backing of one union official they organized a strike under their shop stewards. It is history that the Government at first counselled, then threatened, and finally yielded, as everyone knew it would. Politics was never more in the centre of the stage than to-day, with the Liberal party split into two factions and the Unionists watching their opportunity. (And yet coalition has been the salvation of the country.)

Since then the policy of the authorities has been one of unmitigated submission to a force they fear more than seems to a Canadian to be warranted. And to save its official face, as well as to introduce some sense of loyalty into the young shirkers in munition factories who are watching every official move, no public mention of the cowardliness and disloyalty of these young men was breathed in the

consideration of the recognized labour unrest until six weeks after the strike was over. Then a couple of indignant members arose in the House and told the truth that was already known to everyone in touch with conditions in the factories.

Defeated once more in its efforts to raise the new army where the opportunities were greatest, the Government turned to other sources. The original minimum age had already been reduced, first to eighteen years and seven months, then to eighteen. Towards the middle of 1917 the other end of the age scale was tackled and men up to fifty were appealed for. To give the move some appearance of justice, it was announced that these older men would probably be required only for substitution, but in case they were needed at the Front notice would be given. But there was no exemption loophole provided. The tribunal folly was eliminated. Also it had been long suspected that fraudulent exemption on the alleged ground of physical unfitness was rife, and the men thus freed were ordered for re-examination. In one district it was discovered that one in every four exemptions was dishonest. Legal action was taken against dishonest medical examiners. As was suspected, the numbers of seemingly strong men wearing the badge of discharged soldiers were large enough to merit investigation. These, too, were ordered up for re-examination.

It was obvious that the Government was attempting to solve the problem by following the smoothest channel. The older men with expensive families for the country, the discharged and unfit—everyone who was not organized for opposition—was on the way to service, while millions of the very youths for military life were flaunting their immunity. Whereupon the discharged soldiers organized. First of all there was a spontaneous and natural protest against forcing re-examination on the obviously unfit, on the nervous wrecks.

And there the Government bowed to popular opinion. And when the case of the discharged soldiers was re-considered a compromise was made exempting those who had already served overseas, even though they had once again been passed by the doctors. But still the young men in the munition factories calmly issued their demands on threat of strike or decreased production.

Other unions proved their loyalty. There were demands from some of them to clean out their own young men. The South Wales miners, whose record of loyalty follows a fluctuating line, spoke through one of their representatives in the House. They held indignation meetings, at which they called upon the Government to take the 205,000 unmarried miners under the age of thirty-one.

At the same time London was swarming with aliens, subjects of allied countries or of none, who were replacing Englishmen in their jobs. It was estimated that in England were 200,000 friendly foreigners of military age. When the spectacle became unbearable and the public anger dangerous, legislation was introduced to force them into the armies of this or their own countries. Of course, the so-called Pacifists and those others whose only meeting-ground is their pro-Germanism, fought in the House of Commons to exempt these people; but the feeling of the House was overwhelmingly against them.

It was at this time was held the notorious Leeds Convention, in early June, an aggregation of Labour and Socialist anti-war, peace-at-any-price advocates who posed as representatives of British labour. It has been estimated that thirty-three per cent. of the delegates were Russian Jews, thirty per cent. conscientious objectors, and twelve per cent. acknowledged pacifists. As their object was solely to end the war to save their own skins or Germany's they received scant respect from the country. The

experiences of Ramsay Macdonald and his friend Jowett will have done more than all the thousands of lectures and mobbings they have received to show them that there is a limit to human patience.

That is where the man-power problem rests to-day. What will be the solution is not at the moment apparent. Some say that the Government prefers to struggle along with what it has until the millions of the United States are available. At any rate, it seems certain that the present Government will not coerce the shirkers who have defeated it so easily at every move. It would be hard to blame Great Britain for leaving some of the fighting to the newest ally, and no one would be less likely to protest than the United States, which entered the war after the worst of the strain was over and can never, in any event, suffer as have those who took up the cudgels earlier.

That there should be a problem in a democratic country of finding the men for a war like this is not surprising. It is no contemptuous comment on the loyalty of the British. No other country would have gone so far on voluntarism, no country have given such proof of its patriotism without coercion. But there comes a limit to voluntarism in a war where every man and woman has work to do; and the shirkers stand out more prominently than their numbers warrant. Where Great Britain failed was in the loopholes she provided to the shirkers. Without preparation she found the men to block the armies of a country trained and fitted to the last movement and gun. It was only in the last pound of her strength that her manhood failed her. She secured the men for the worst days of the war. And even without the entry of later allies she would have found the men for victory when her back was against the wall.

Freedom is a misnomer in a nation's crisis.

---

The next article of this series is entitled "The Food Problem".

# Shakespeare's England

BY GEORGE C. WELLS



WHETHER William Shakespeare was the greatest literary genius the English-speaking race has produced, as the plays attributed to him indicate, or a very common-place person indeed, as a Chicago judge "learned in law" recently decided, the England upon which he opened his eyes in 1564, and closed them in 1616, was one in which changes of immense importance were taking place or had just occurred—changes affecting the social, the religious and the political life of the people—greater even than those which have taken place within the memory of living man.

Shakespeare's life covered almost the whole reign of Elizabeth and more than half her successor's, and, during that time, England ranged herself definitely as the champion of the Protestant faith, took first rank as a naval power, laid the foundations of her colonial empire and, by union with Scotland, put an end to the long-drawn-out border warfare and so gave opportunity to her northern counties, as well as to the neighbouring kingdom, for development along peaceful lines.

Prior to the sixteenth century all Christendom was in a sense a vast commonwealth, in which the chief authorities were the Pope and the Emperor, though the various states were often at war among themselves. During that century half the civilized world broke away from the spiritual dominion of the Roman Pontiff. The

discoveries of Christopher Columbus, Vasco di Gama, Magellan, Balboa and other daring navigators opened up a new world of richness beyond the dreams of avarice and, although the King of Spain, by virtue of the Pope's generosity with that which was not his to give, claimed most of it, the other nations were not slow in disputing his claim.

The fall of Constantinople before the Turkish hordes drove the wise men of the Eastern Empire to seek new homes in Western Europe, and the revival of learning there, which resulted from their coming, gave a new impulse to men's thoughts and turned them into paths previously unknown.

There *was* an English literature, of sorts, before the time of Shakespeare, but such of it as exists to-day is read only by scholars (with the possible exception of Chaucer's poems), and is interesting only by contrast and for the light it throws upon conditions of life, the development of the language, and so forth. Up to the time of Elizabeth, England had had little or no voice in European politics. Though her knights and men-at-arms had overrun the fair land of France more than once and had won renown on many battlefields, when they fought as free lances in the Italian or Spanish wars, as Crusaders had striven to wrest the Holy Land from the Saracens, with the fortunes of Continental Europe they had practically nothing to do—but when the great Armada, which set forth with its tow-

ering galleons and all the pomp and glory of Spain, came limping back in the shape of a few battered and dismantled hulks and it became known throughout the world that England had beaten the then mistress of the seas and had done so in fair fight, she sprang at once into the position of a great naval power and became a real factor in world politics. Soon her flag waved on every sea and in the New World, as well as in the old, the English seaman was feared and his prowess respected. All dread of foreign invasion had passed away: a flood of exultant patriotism ran through the heart of Englishmen and the feeling it produced is shown in some of Shakespeare's grandest lines, such as those which, in Richard II., he puts into the mouth of old John of Gamut:

This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd isle, . . .

This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house

Against the envy of less happier lands—  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England.

Shakespeare's England was not the busy hive of industry it is to-day. The whole population probably did not exceed between five and six million people, and the area covered by London was small indeed compared with the present, but, during the reign of Elizabeth, great industrial changes took place and England's trade and commerce made great strides in importance. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Antwerp and Bruges, in the low countries, were the chief markets of the world, but that dull bigot, Philip II. of Spain, his cruel lieutenant the Duke of Alva, and their fierce and brutal soldiers drove capital and industry away. The skilled worker and the capitalist were warmly welcomed in the free land

across the narrow sea, and ere long many thousands of refugees from the Netherlands had made fresh homes beside the Thames and, as the trade of Flanders fell off, so that of England grew until, instead of Antwerp and Bruges, London became the chief mart of Europe and, in her warehouses and along her wharves were to be found, side by side with the cotton of the Indies, the silken fabrics of the Far East and the woollen stuffs of home manufacture, the gold and sugar and tobacco of the New World beyond the western ocean. The linen trade of those days was of small value and silk-wearing had only just been introduced into England, perhaps by the French Huguenots, who, like their Protestant kin of the Netherlands, were driven to seek asylum in England and who set up a church of their own in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, but the woollen manufacture was fast becoming a very important source of national wealth. Formerly English wool had been sent to be woven in Flanders and dyed at Florence, but that time had passed, and the spinning of yarn, weaving, frilling and dyeing of cloth spread rapidly from town to town and through the country districts until the trade, of which Norwich was the great centre, extended all over the eastern counties. The east did not monopolize it, however, for the broadcloths of the west were considered best of all the English woollen manufactures; and even the north, where the people were poorer and rougher than elsewhere, began to make a name for its friezes and coarse fabrics. Government sought in every way to foster the development of these industries and, as an old-time example of "protection", forbade the export of goods that could be consumed at home, and ordered the use of English products in preference to the foreign article. One of the statutes, for example, read that "on every Sunday and holiday every person of six years old and upwards (with some few exceptions)

shall wear on his head one cap of wool fully wrought in England".

It is estimated that the tonnage of vessels engaged in English commerce during Elizabeth's reign did not much exceed 50,000 tons, or about as much as four or five of the steamships that lie along Montreal wharves in the summer or the waterfront of St. John, N.B., in winter. They were small to insignificance, according to present-day ideas, but they were manned by the hardiest and most daring seamen in the world, who "singed the King of Spain's beard" at Cadiz, who fought and worsted the Armada, and who faced the fury of wind and wave on every ocean. One of those bold sea-dogs, Captain Richard Chancellor, made his way to Archangel, on the White Sea, and began the trade with Russia. Others disputed with French seamen the cod fisheries of Newfoundland, and with Spaniards and Portuguese for the whale fishery of the Arctic Ocean, and others again, sailing from Southampton, trafficked successfully in gold dust and ivory with the African savages of the Guinea coast, while the redoubtable Francis Drake, most representative sea-rover and fighter of the time, who believed that in killing Spaniards and looting gold-laden galleons he was not merely pursuing a lucrative and congenial occupation, but also doing a work most suitable for "the elect of God", left England in 1577 with one tiny ship, the *Pelican*, and some eighty men, and after circumnavigating the globe in a three-years' voyage and passing through adventures innumerable, came back to Plymouth harbour with treasure of gold dust, bars of silver, pearls, emeralds and diamonds valued at more than £500,000—a fabulous sum in those days.

England was not long escaped from the horrors of a religious persecution. Men still lived who had suffered either in their own persons or in those of their loved ones at the hands of "Bloody Mary" and her lieutenants. Even the Queen, Elizabeth herself,

had had a narrow escape from martyrdom, and now that, under her liberal and broad-aimed rule, there was complete liberty of conscience, men breathed freely and compared their present happy estate with the evil days of the preceding reign. In contrast with Philip of Spain arrogating church functions and Henri de Valois planning to massacre all his Protestant subjects, Elizabeth's policy was "toleration for all"; she would not permit men's private thoughts or their personal religion to be inquired into, and it was not hard for her subjects to decide who were better off. Though Queen Elizabeth was not fond of theological disputes, was equally friendly to Protestants and Catholics, and welcomed both at her council board, though she was not given to the display of spiritual emotion, there can be no doubt that she possessed a strong religious sense and in times of peril or of special deliverance she was not slow to acknowledge her dependence upon and her gratitude for the Divine help. So with the men of her time, their religion was a reality, entering into the things of everyday life and, even if they were sometimes mistaken, it enabled them to do well what they undertook to do, for they did it as in the sight of God. We find Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a stormy voyage, quieting the fears of his sailors by telling them, "We are as near Heaven at sea as on land", and stout Sir Richard Grenville, after keeping the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels at bay for a night and part of a day with his one little ship, the *Revenge*, calmly laying himself down to die on the deck of the Spanish admiral's flagship with the words, "I have only done my duty". The utterances of Shakespeare himself, as Dean Farrar points out, justify us in believing that this great poet was a truly religious and God-fearing man, who was persuaded, as were his contemporaries, that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends", and he reflects the religious spirit of the time.

There were land and labour problems in Shakespeare's time as there are to-day. The lot of the labouring man had been, and still was, bitterly hard in England. Very poorly paid, half-starved, wretchedly housed, he was, in some respects, worse off than the cattle he worked with. Statutes passed in earlier reigns were extremely severe, and under them many men were forced from want into lawlessness and crime. We read in one instance of the Somersetshire magistrate capturing a gang of one hundred tramps at one time, hanging fifty of them at once, and lamenting that they had to wait until the Assizes before they could hang the others. The increase of sheep farming, connected with the growth of the woollen industry, led to the laying waste of lands formerly cultivated, by turning them into pasture, and this threw farm labourers out of work. But, of course, that righted itself as such things always do, and what was cut off in one direction was more than made up in another. Scientific methods began to be applied to farming, so that better crops were produced and one acre yielded as much as two had done before, and so much of the surplus labour was taken care of. Then, wise legislation was enacted which relieved the worthy poor, while it repressed and controlled the lawless and compelled the idle to work for his maintenance; under it work-houses were provided and local responsibility fixed for the relief of local distress. The statutes enacted at that time form the basis of the present English Poor Laws.

Great additions were made to the comforts of life during the time of Shakespeare. As manufactures increased and commerce grew, wealth became more generally distributed and wider traffic with foreign countries brought their good things to the knowledge and within the reach of Englishmen. Love of beauty, colour and display began to revolutionize English ideas of dress and soon were

carried to extravagance. Men were said to wear a manor on their backs, and Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe, with its 3,000 dresses, was rivalled by the slashed doublets, the ruffs and jewelled pourpoints of her courtiers. Even the lower classes adopted more generous modes of living—more meat was eaten and less salt fish, the wooden trenchers of earlier days were replaced by pewter and many yeomen could boast a goodly show of silver plate, the rough wattled and mud-bedaubed farm houses gave way to buildings of brick and stone, chimneys came into general use, a feature rare in ordinary houses a few years before, and no doubt lessened smoke meant improved eyesight; carpets superseded the former filthy floor-covering of rushes; pillows came into general use, whereas they had formerly been looked upon as fit only for women or for sick people. The wealthy merchants began to erect lofty houses with parapeted fronts and oaken wainscoting, carved staircases and quaint gables, such as may be seen to-day in old towns like Chester and Coventry. "The stately homes of England" in all the beauty of Tudor architecture began to replace the gloomy dungeon and frowning stone battlements of medieval times. Glass came into general use and increased light and improved ventilation made for better health among the people. Naturally, some conservatives objected, and we find Lord Bacon complaining that some houses were "so full of glass" that one could not tell where to go in order "to get out of the sun or the cold".

The schoolmaster was abroad in Shakespeare's time. Many grammar schools were opened and through them the middle classes from squire to tradesman were brought into contact with the master minds of Greece and Rome. Foreign travel became general, and a tour of the continent was looked upon as a necessary part of a gentleman's education. "Homekeeping youths," says Shakespeare in "Two Gentlemen of Verona", express-

ing the idea of the time, "have ever homely wits." The study of the English Bible, which became common among the people, and the reading of it and such works as Fox's "Book of Martyrs" did much to elevate and educate the lower ranks of society.

One of the results of the impetus given to learning by the opening up of the treasures of the classics was the production of Euphuism, a fanciful and affected style of language which took its name from a prose romance called "Euphues", published by John Lyly in 1579. Elizabeth was very much taken with it, and it became very fashionable until, as a writer of 1632 remarks, "that beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French". Sir Walter Scott introduced a Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shofton, into his novel, "The Monastery", and those who have not forgotten the story can imagine how delightful it must have been to hear such ridiculous jargon as he talked continually going on. Shakespeare ridiculed the craze in "Love's Labour Lost" by exhibiting Armado, whom he speaks of as "a man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight"—"that hath a mint of phrases in his brain; one who the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony".

But while language was over polished, the manners of the time were rude to our way of thinking. Bear fights and bull-baitings, at which dogs were gored and chained beasts beaten to death, were frequented by the court and, according to one chronicler, were accounted "charming entertainments". Elizabeth used to beat her maids of honour, and the box on the ear, with which she honoured Lord Essex when she thought him inattentive, was probably no light one. Great ladies were accustomed to beat their children and servants, and poor Lady Jane Grey, who was certainly meek and gentle if ever one was, has recorded that she was so "wretchedly

boxed, struck, pinched and ill-treated in other manners that she used to wish herself dead". Shakespeare's great people are not at all choise in their language or particular as to how they address one another. In "Much Ado About Nothing" we find Beatrice and Benedict, well-bred folk as the times went and noted for their wit and politeness, making several interchanges of repartee in which, for example, she addresses him as "a coward, a glutton, an idiot, a buffoon, a rake, an idiot", and he responds by calling her "a parrot's tongue, a fool, etc."

Men were superstitious in Shakespeare's time. We can readily see that from his plays: witches, hobgoblins and all kinds of uncanny things were firmly believed in; dismal legends were current and grew in the telling; every churchyard had its ghost; wherever a man had been murdered his spirit was believed to walk, and many dared not leave their village or even their own door after sunset. One clergyman of the time gravely records that, "It is an infallible rule that everie fortnight, or at least everie month, each witch must kill one child at the least for her part". So that when the witches circled around the cauldron and made their weird prophecies to Macbeth, when the ghost of Hamlet's father stalked majestically across the stage, the spectators shivered and believed they were looking at what they might very possibly see in reality if they were not careful. Had James Whitcomb Riley been contemporary with Shakespeare, his "Gobbleums 'ill git you if you don't watch out" would have had real force and would not have been regarded as a laughing matter at all.

Elizabeth's liking for display in dress was equalled by her fondness for shows and spectacles, and when she travelled throughout the kingdom, the universities, the cities and the great nobles strove to eclipse one another in the plays, revels, masques and triumphal programmes which, in

the mythological and classical style of the day, they prepared for her amusement and delectation. The most elaborate of these that we have any record of was one given by the Earl of Leicester when the Queen visited him at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, and which is described in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Kenilworth". The castle was not far from Stratford-on-Avon and it is quite possible, even likely, that Shakespeare, then a boy of eleven, may have been taken to see the spectacle, and indeed—though that is only conjecture—it may first have turned his mind to the stage.

The old "Miracle Plays" or "Mysteries" of the Middle Ages were in time replaced by the "Moralities", which rejoiced in such edifying titles as "Hit the Nail on the Head", "The Hog hath Lost His Pearl", and so forth—then, in the days of Henry VIII. were brought forth the "Interludes", which resembled our farces. The first English comedy, called "Ralph Royster Doyster", was produced about 1551, and ten years later the first English tragedy was performed by students of the Inner Temple. Then, with scarcely any intermediate steps, and after a lapse of but a few short years (springing like Minerva fully armed and equipped from the head of Juno) came the magnificent creations of Shakespeare, which mark high-water in the English drama and which, probably, will never be surpassed—or even equalled.

The theatres in which Shakespeare's plays were produced and where he himself acted, were of rude construction and had but meagre equipment. Good descriptions of them are extant and they must have been anything but comfortable or commodious. In 1576, when the first licensed theatre was opened at Blackfriars in London, it was merely a round wooden wall enclosing a central space open to the sky—this central portion was called "the pit", a name still maintained in the English playhouses, and

there sat or stood the common herd who paid from a penny up to sixpence for their admission. If it rained (and rain is by no means uncommon in London) the crowd of "butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers", mercers, sailors and apprentices received the downpour on their heads—not that they minded a little thing like that. Men who were accustomed to unpaved and undrained streets and who knew nothing of umbrellas and waterproofs had little fear of catching colds or else endured them as a chronic condition. While waiting for the play to begin, or during the intervals, this part of the audience drank beer, ate fruit and nuts, howled, fought and made a general pandemonium—if the performance displeased them they turned the place upside down, mobbed the actors and then perhaps finished up by going in a body to toss the author in a blanket or give him a beating. The stage was sheltered from the rain by a thatched roof, and there stood the better class of spectators, who paid a shilling each—or, for an extra consideration, were accommodated with stools, and there they played cards, smoked and interchanged pleasantries, not always of a very refined character, with the motley crowd in the pit.

At the back of the stage was a gallery eight or ten feet high, for use of the actors when supposed to speak from windows, castle walls, church towers, cliffs or other lofty places. The stage equipment and appliances were of the rudest tapestry or rudely daubed canvas served for scenic effects, and change of place was indicated by the hanging out of a placard bearing the name of Rome, Athens or Verona, as the case might be. A vigorous effort of the imagination enabled the spectators to realize that, when a rickety throne covered with tinsel was carried off and a rough table with flagons and bowls took its place, they were immediately transported from a royal palace into a tavern, and that when a thorn branch

or two replaced a pasteboard rock, they saw before them a waving forest instead of an inhospitable sea-coast. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we have embalmed a delightfully comic example of this sort of things, where the Athenian tradesmen perform the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe" before the Duke. In it a wall is necessary, through an opening in which the lovers are to interchange their vows; so Snout the Tinker, well-bedaubed with plaster, comes on the stage, informs the audience that *he* is the wall, and, with his thumb and finger making a circle, which serves as the chink through which the appointment is made to meet at Ninny's tomb. Then another gentleman appears on the scene carrying a lantern and a thornbush and accompanied by a dog. He announces that he is the Man in the Moon, and the stage is now supposed to be bathed in moonlight; one of the spectators suggests, however, that the man, the dog and the thornbush ought to get into the lantern, as it is hardly in accordance with the dramatic properties for the Man in the Moon to be seen carrying the luminary which he is supposed to inhabit. Of course, Shakespeare intended this as a piece of fun, but, no doubt, equally sorry makeshifts were of common occurrence in his day and, probably, the lookers-on really got more enjoyment out of what they saw than the blasé playgoers of 1917 get from the most gorgeous triumph of theatric art—just as the child is better amused by the home-made rag baby than by the most expensive *poupée de Paris*.

The performances began at one o'clock in the afternoon, Sundays included, and were usually over by three or four o'clock, when the audience went home to supper.

The actors wore the costume of their own time, with the addition of masks and wigs. The female parts—the Juliets, Rosalinds and Portias—were all taken by boys or smooth-faced young men in women's dress.

They were but lightly esteemed and seem to have been a rather disreputable lot, whose time off the stage was largely occupied in drinking and brawling, and whose careers frequently came to an abrupt and violent end.

Shakespeare had the advantage, as all British subjects have had for nearly a century, of living under a popular sovereign. Elizabeth had the favour of her people from the time when she ascended the throne, and was welcomed enthusiastically as a change from her gloomy sister, and the early favour grew into something that approached worship. She said, in addressing her first Parliament: "Nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is as dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects"—and that these were no idle words was proved by her subsequent conduct. She really sought the welfare of her people and fully deserved the love and good-will, which she had and kept. Taxation was light. The Government was firm but just. At home were peace and prosperity—abroad the English arms triumphed and the English flag was held in wholesome respect. The days of "Good Queen Bess" were indeed happy days for England compared with those which preceded her reign and with the evil times of the two Charleses that were not so far away.

Even so far back as the days of Solomon men complained that the good old times were no more, and the wise king declared their views fallacious and that the times in which he and his contemporaries lived were better than any that had gone before. So, in spite of wars and tumults and other drawbacks of the twentieth century, no one will hesitate to admit that with ripened knowledge, multiplied comforts and conveniences and the manifold triumphs of art and science, we are vastly better off to-day than were the men of "Shakespeare's England", great though their advantages were over those of earlier periods.

# The Argonauts

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON



FEW months ago I attended a banquet and left it as I always leave such functions, hungry. Entering an all-night lunch-room I took a seat, and gave my order to a waiter, who, when he had filled it, sat down at the table with me. It was very late, and his duties were light.

"You're looking well," he remarked, as his glance travelled over my evening clothes. "You're dead swell, but the last time I saw you, you were covered with mud, carrying a stern line ashore in the Welland Canal."

I took stock of him. He was white-haired, but had the keen, intelligent face of a man of forty-five who had not yet given up the fight; a lively, hopeful face, one that comes to those who win oftener than lose. His skin was brown, as though the sun and wind of all the zones had smitten it. His eyes, gray, steadfast and humorous, had in them when half closed the twinkle of self-confidence, but also, in their wide-open stare, the intensity of a man of initiative and sudden action. In his voice were character, individuality, and the habit of command; yet he wore the short jacket of a waiter, and might have accepted a tip. I could not recall having met him.

"You seem to have the advantage of me," I said. "I know the Welland Canal, however, though I am trying to forget that ditch."

"You can't," he laughed. "No man

can who ever went through it. That trip with you in the old *Samana* was my first and last. I struck for salt water again when the old man paid me off at Port Colborne. Don't you remember going to school with me?" He mentioned his name, and with a little effort I recalled him—a school-mate a little older than myself, who had gone to sea early in life, and returned a full-fledged salt-water navigator, to ship, on his record, as first mate in the schooner that carried me before the mast, and to meet his Waterloo in the Welland Canal, though navigation of which demands qualities never taught nor acquired in the curriculum of seafaring. After grounding the schooner several times, parting every line on board, and driving us to open revolt by the extra work coming of his mistakes, he was discharged by the skipper. As I thought of all this the grumbling sailor rose within me, and there at the table, he a waiter, I a writer, we fought out a grudge of twenty years' standing. But it ended amicably; I called him a farmer, he called me a soldier, and we shook hands.

"I've learned," he said, as we settled back, "only in the last month or so, that you're the fellow that writes these rotten sea stories. Why don't you write real sea stories?"

"For the same reason that you don't serve a real Welsh rabbit," I answered, tapping the now cold concoction he had served me. "I couldn't sell a real story."

"That's so," he answered slowly. "Who'd think that you could have become a writer, and I a hash-slinger? Making lots of money, I suppose."

"No, I'm not, or I wouldn't be in your society to-night."

"We're all bluffers, I guess. You are, here in this beanery with your glad rags on. I am, too—no, not now. I'm slinging hash, and glad of the chance. But I was a millionaire for a time. Not long. But while it lasted I had dreams—big dreams."

I asked him about this, and there followed his story. It was interrupted every few moments by calls for "ham an—", "corn beef and—", "mystery and white wings", and it kept me at the table until daylight. He precluded it by the advice to write it up as a real sea story, but asked that I suppress his name until he had saved enough to get him to Cuba, where he had new plans for advancement. And now, after months of thought, I am following his advice; for no effort of the creative mind, and no flight of conventional fancy, can equal the weird, grim yarn that he reeled off between orders.

"You must have read in the papers a few weeks back," he began, "about that bunch of college men that chartered the old racer *Mayflower*, filled her up with diving gear and dynamite, and went down after the treasure in the *Santa Margherita*."

I nodded assent, "Yes, and a hurricane hit them and they barely escaped."

"They're keeping mum," he said, "and mean to try again; but it's no use. That treasure is seven hundred miles to the nor' nor-east now, and I was about the last man to look at it. It's resting in the hold of a small schooner, sunk in four hundred fathoms. I never heard of that treasure ship until about three years ago, when I quit a brigantine at Cedar Keys and mixed in with the boarding-house crowd. There was a fellow out of a job named Gleason, and he had a chart in his pocket that he talked

about, but never showed. He told us all about that old Spanish ship that went down with all hands in the sixteenth century, carrying with her about seven millions' worth of gold, silver, and jewels; and he knew the location. He had got it from a drunken diver who had seen her on the sea bottom, spelled her dingy old name on the stern, and saved the news to himself while he wormed out of the skipper the latitude and longitude of the place. And now he wanted to enlist capital, or make up a crew of men that would do the work. Dead easy, he said. Just to get there, drag the bottom with two boats and a length of chain until the wreck was located, then to go down in a diving suit, hook on to the chests and hoist them up.

"Well, in the crowd that he talked to there wasn't a dollar. We were all dead broke, but we were all ambitious. There was Pango Pete, a nigger six foot tall, who couldn't write his name, but he was a seaman from his feet up; and a Dago named Pedro Pasqualai. These two were the kind that will choke you before they ask the time of night. Then there was Sullivan, old man Sullivan, a decrepit old codger who had sailed second mate all his life, and never got a first mate's berth because he couldn't master navigation. And there was Peters, a young fellow filled up with the romance and the glory of the life at sea—rot, as you and I know, but he was enthusiastic, and that was enough. A trio of Dutchmen were taken in—Wagner, Weiss, and Myers, three good fellows down on their luck. A Portuguese named Christo, and two Sou'wegan brothers named Swanson completed the bunch. We talked it over down at the end of the fruit dock, where the oyster boats come in and make fast, and where the downs-and-outs congregate to smoke and boast of the prosperous past.

"But this crowd talked of the prosperous future.. Seven millions, said Gleason, lay down there off Turks Island in less than sixty fathoms, and

all we needed was some kind of a craft to get us there, a diving suit, and a storage battery to light up a bulb to search for the treasure. These things seemed beyond our reach, until a schooner came in for supplies. We sized her up, and Gleason went wild as her different fittings and appliances showed up. There were the diving dresses we needed; there was the storage battery; there were the extra anchors for mooring a craft over a certain spot, and the air pumps and paraphernalia for diving operations, scattered about the deck. She was a small craft, and was manned by men who did not act and talk like sailors. There seemed to be no skipper, and they smoked on deck while working, and talked back and forth as though all were equal.

"A company," said Gleason, "just like us, only they've got the money, and possibly the secret. Well, the company that gets the loot owns it, and such matters as the ownership of the schooner and the outfit can be settled afterwards, possibly out of court. What do you say?"

"We were. We laid low, but watched, and when that schooner was filled up with grub, we were ready to raid her and chuck the crew overboard; but it wasn't necessary to do the latter. They filled up too late for the tide and went ashore for the evening, leaving no one aboard but a Japanese cook. We remembered as we climbed aboard after dark, that we hadn't a man among us who could cook, and so, instead of dropping that Jap over the rail, we simply locked him into a stateroom and made sail.

"Naturally, as Gleason originated the scheme, he was elected captain, but, as I was the only navigator in the crowd, I was made first mate, and the big nigger, Pango Pete, second mate. It looked good for discipline, for even pirates recognize the need of it, and the first man that growled or kicked had to deal with Pete. He whaled a few before we'd got around the Florida Cape, but he also whaled



"I had the feeling as I went down that I was number thirteen of that bunch."

the Jap for bad cooking and insolence—which was a mistake. That Jap was an educated man, a college graduate and a member of the Japanese Samauri, a curious class in that country that never yield, never forgive, and kill themselves when defeated. We didn't know this; we only knew that he was a mighty poor cook.

"After we were around the Cape, Gleason gave me the latitude and longitude of the spot, and I made for it. It took me two or three days of careful observations and calculations before I announced that we were within six seconds of the spot, which is all that navigation will do. Then we dropped anchor and began to drag. We knotted together every line we had, and in the middle we had a length of mooring chain that would stick to the bottom. We kept two small boats, to which this was attached, a quarter of a mile apart and pulled together, gathering in the slack, and when we met, the schooner, under charge of Gleason, came up and anchored, over the spot.

"I was the only man there who had any diving experience, so I went down. Say, have you ever been under

water in a diving suit, trusting your life to the fellows above who pump the air into your helmet? No? Well, it's a curious experience. I had the feeling as I went down that I was number thirteen of that bunch, and that they only needed to shut off my air supply to make their number twelve instead of thirteen. But that didn't happen; they pumped, and I breathed and saw the old galleon, the *Santa Margherita*. She lay there, heeled over to starboard, covered with the ooze and the slime of the sea, with barnacles everywhere.

"I signalled for slack and walked around her, taking note of her rig. She had three masts, and three tops very much like the fighting tops of our modern battleships. There were no royal masts, but she had two sprit-sail yards under the bowsprit and jib boom, and a huge lateen yard on the mizzen that took the place of the cro' jack. But her poop deck was a wonder; five tiers of windows one above the other, and on top three big lanterns much like the ordinary street lamp. Of course, all canvas and running gear had rotted away, but here and there was a leg of standing rigging, preserved by the tar. She was a big craft in her day, no doubt, but not so big compared with present-day ships; at any rate I could reach up to her channels, and by this means climbed aboard.

"The deck and rail were a foot thick with mud, and the small, spar-deck guns could hardly be distinguished. I saw at once that I would need help, and signalled to be hauled up. On deck I told the news and all hands, even the Jap, went crazy over it. We got out two more diving suits, rigged a bulb for each, and Pango, Peters, and myself went down again.

"Now, this isn't a yarn of the finding of that treasure. Anyone can invent such yarns, and I've read dozens of them. They all wind up successfully, with each man wealthy and happy. This is a yarn of the men who found that treasure, and what

happened to them. So, I'll just say that we didn't find a skeleton or a ghost when we got below decks. All hands were up, I suppose, when that ship went down, and the rush of water as she plunged, washed them off. We found seven big chests in the 'tween decks forward of the cabin, and in them all were coins, and jewellery, and here and there in the mess, what might have been an opal, or some kind of jewel. All the stuff was black from the action of the salt water; but we knew we had the real thing, and hooked on tackles. We had to come up to help each time we lifted a chest, for, after the chest was out of water, it was too heavy for the crowd above; but at last they were all up, and stowed snugly on the floor of the cabin. Then, after final search for other loot worth taking, we picked up our anchor and cleared out, not yet having decided where we were going.

"We were pirates under the law, and didn't know but what all the revenue cutters on the coast were looking for us, for the theft of that schooner. But with seven millions of bullion and jewels, melted down, counted up, and translated into cash in some bank, we didn't care for the charge of piracy. The real trouble was to get that stuff translated, and while we argued we sailed due east, out into the broad Atlantic. Peters, the young enthusiast, had been a jeweller, and he told us that nothing short of a blast of air in conjunction with the heat of a fire would melt gold and silver. Well, where could we set up a blast furnace with not a dollar in the party? My suggestion—and I was backed by Gleason, Peters, and old man Sullivan—was that we count out the loot, separate every salable jewel, and make some big port like New York, Liverpool, or Rio Janeiro, sell the jewels and get ready money with which to plan for the disposal of the rest; but we had to deal with men like Pango, Christo, Pedro, and the three Dutchmen, who didn't know what they were up against. They wanted an immedi-



"We couldn't waken him at eight bells, and we knew his troubles were over."

ate count up and division; then, each man to go his way. The nonsense of it did not strike them; thirteen men to divide up seven heavy chests—each one shouldering seven-thirteenths of a load that took the whole thirteen to lift with a four-fold tackle. We asked the Jap cook what he thought, but he had no opinion.

"It's somewhat curious how the different men of that bunch had different ideas of what they wanted. Young

Peters wanted to go back to his native town and win the girl that had soured on him because he was poor. Pango, Pedro, and the two Sou'wegians only wanted a big drunk. Old Man Sullivan wanted a course in a nautical school and a first mate's certificate. The three Germans wanted to get to New York and set up in the saloon business. Gleason wanted to study law, and I wanted to study medicine and be a doctor, a gentle-

man who could enter any society in the world. The Jap didn't give out his aspirations.

"And so, growling like an unhappy family in a menagerie, we sailed east, with the question unsettled. But at last we won over the Dagoes and the Dutchmen, and agreed upon New York as a port, and the selling of the jewels in some Bowery pawnshop, where no questions are asked. Then we shook hands all round, gave the Jap blazes for his cooking—for we had been too worried to attend to that matter before—and squared away before the trade wind for Sandy Hook and a market.

"From jealousy and mutual distrust, we all slept in the cabin. There were plenty of staterooms for the crowd, though some of us doubled up. None of us wanted to remain away from the seven chests of treasure, and the Japanese cook, who might have slept in the cook's room next the galley, still showed a preference for his room in the cabin, and we did not contest it. But now we were millionaires and easy—dead easy. We stood watch, steered and trimmed sail with no man for boss, for now the work was done, Gleason and myself and the nigger Pango gave up our false positions. We were a democracy, and loved and trusted one another, only, when we roused out the watch below and found that Old Man Sullivan did not come, and on investigation found him stone dead in his berth without a sign of violence, we forgot our brotherly love and began to wonder.

"We did not know what he died of, but we gave him sea burial that day, and Gleason read a chapter from the Book. We concluded that the old man had died of heart failure, or old age, and thought no more about it after the day had passed. But, when we called the watch at eight bells next mornin', we couldn't get one of the Swanson brothers up. He was cold and stiff; and there was nothing wrong with him either. That is, he had turned in cheerful and healthy

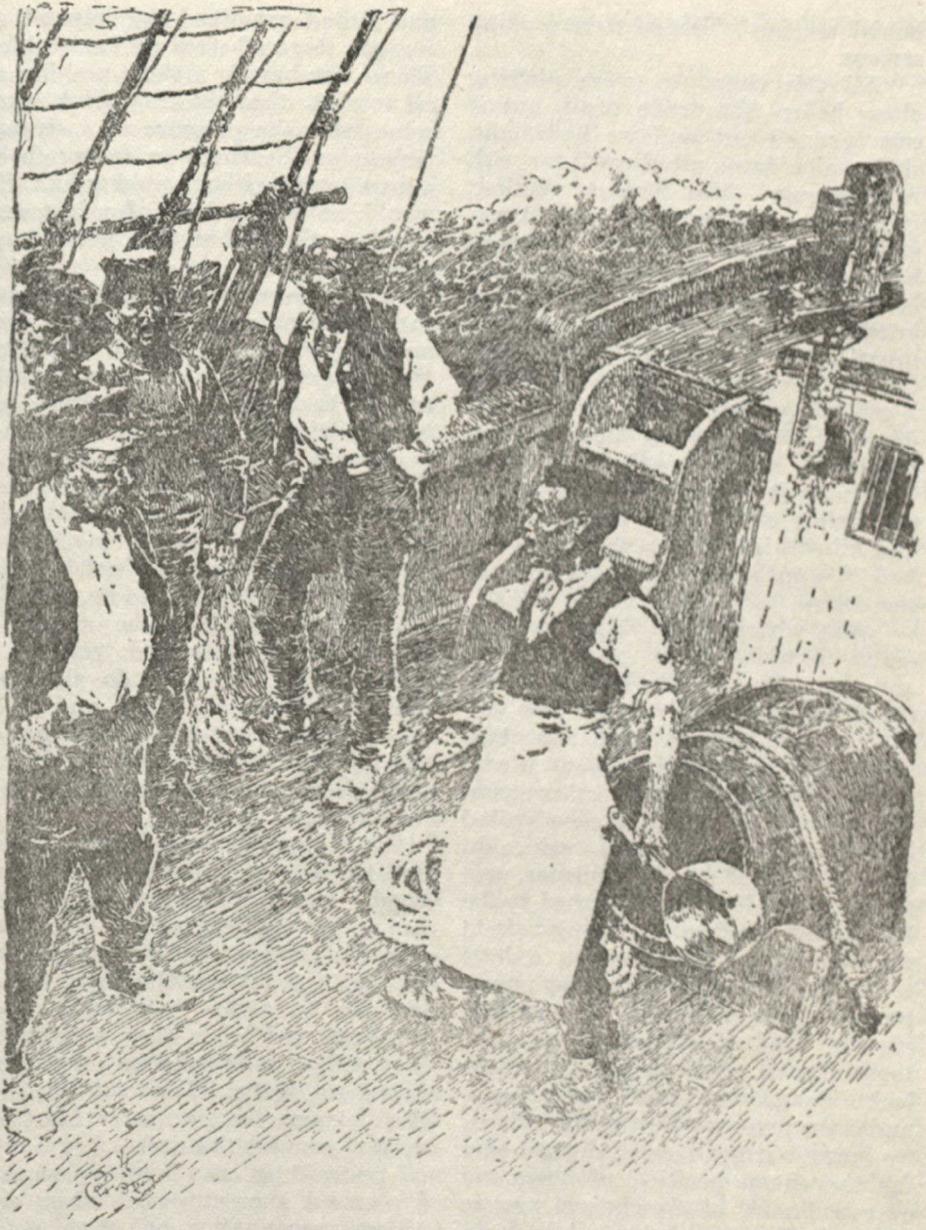
and died during sleep, leaving no sign.

"The other Swanson raised merry hell that day, raving about the deck, mourning for his dead brother. But his grief was short-lived, for when we tried to waken him next watch he was cold and stiff. We buried him with the ceremonies, and began to think—all of us. We wondered whether men may rake up ill-gotten treasure from a dead past without coming under influences of that dead past. We thought of the conquered and enslaved natives, labouring in the mines for the aggrandizement and enrichment of Spain, and giving up their lives in the work, unrecognized and forgotten, while their exploiters, the children and relatives of Ferdinand and Isabella, sat back in luxury and self-satisfaction. We wondered as to what was killing our shipmates, ghosts or poison.

"Naturally, we suspected the cook, and Pango, the Dagoes, and the surviving Sou'wegian were for tossing him overboard; but the rest of us wouldn't have it. There was no evidence of poison, and as we'd done no killing so far in our piratical venture, we'd better keep clear of it now, with so much at stake. A court that would acquit us as soldiers of fortune that had merely borrowed a schooner might hang us as pirates and murderers; but we watched the Jap. We kept him away from the grub while we ate it. He brought it on in two or more big dishes, and there was no chance of his poisoning one without the rest. We weren't afraid of that.

"I examined Swanson thoroughly before we buried him, and there was not a mark on him, or a sign of anything out of the way, except what didn't seem in any way important, just below each ear, and back of the corner of the cheek bone, was a little pink spot; but there was no blood, and no sign of finger-prints on the throat.

"Peters, the romantic young fellow, got ghosts on his mind, and as he thought about it, they got on his



“‘Naturally, we suspected the cook.’”

nerves. He couldn't sleep, and walked around, up and down from the cabin to the deck. The others slept in their watch below, and on that night nobody died. But the next night Peters was too exhausted to stay awake, and he went to sleep on the

cabin floor alongside the chests. We couldn't waken him at eight bells, and we knew his troubles were over. At daylight I examined his body. Nothing wrong, only the two little pink spots under the ears. We buried him at daylight, with scant pretense of a

burial service. Things were looking serious.

"All this time we were plowing along before the trade wind, but it soon panned out and we had light, shifty airs from all directions, with rain—regular Gulf Stream weather. It made us bad-tempered, and Pango and Gleason had a fight. It was a bad fight, and we couldn't stop them; both were powerful men, and as they brushed into me in their whirling lunge along the deck, locked tight, they knocked me six feet away. When I got to my feet, Pango had Gleason down and was choking him. I got a handspike and battered that coon's head with it; but he wouldn't let go, and before others came up to help he had killed him. He went for me, but had to stop before the handspikes of the crowd.

"Now, with Gleason dead, the command devolved upon me or Pango, and this fellow was in a mood to demand the place. He could lick any three of us, but not all hands; but, while we were growling about it and cooling down, we found other troubles to keep us busy. We had piled several tons' weight on the weak cabin floor timbers of an old schooner, and of a sudden, down they crashed to the hold below, leaving a yawning hole in the cabin floor and starting a butt or two in the planking. It was pump, pump, pump, now, for we couldn't rig any kind of a purchase to clear those busted chests away from the leak. Pango was a good worker, and, under the pressure of extreme fatigue, we forgot our grudges. I did not care for the cheap position of command over a bunch of foreigners, and so we made Pango skipper, while I remained navigator and mate. Pango promptly quit pumping, saying that skippers don't pump. And that night he quit everything. As skipper he stood no watch, but at breakfast time he was cold, with the same little marks under his ears. On his skin, however, they showed a brownish black.

"Gleason had been choked to death,

and I had examined the imprint of Pango's fingers before we buried him. There was hardly a sign; nothing at all to show that the little pink spots came from the pressure of a strangler's grip. Besides, you cannot choke a man asleep without waking him. He would make some kind of a fuss, and apprise others; but that never happened.

"There were but seven of us now, three Germans, two Dagoes, the Jap, and myself. I talked with that Jap. He was an educated man, highly trained in one of our universities; but he couldn't tell me anything, he said. It was all mysterious and horrible—this quiet taking off of men while they slept. As for poisoning, of which he knew he was suspected, it was absurd. There was no poison on board, to begin with; and why should he, a landsman, seek to poison the men who could take the ship and treasure to port? What could he do alone on the sea? This was logical, and as he was a small, weak and confiding sort of creature, I exonerated him in my mind from any suspicion of choking the victims.

"That night the two Dagoes, Pedro and Christo, passed into the land beyond. There were the same little marks, but nothing else. Weiss, Wagner, and Myers, the three Germans, got nutty about this time, and talked together in their lingo while they pumped; and when they were alone they talked to themselves. I confess that I got nutty. Who wouldn't, with this menace hanging over him? I walked around the deck when I was off pump duty, and I remember that I planned a great school where ambitious young sailor men could study medicine, and escape the drudgery of a life 'fore the mast. Then I planned free eating houses for tramps, and I was going to use some of my wealth to investigate the private life of a Sunday school superintendent, who, when I was a kid, predicted that I would come to a bad end. You see, we never can judge of our own men-

tal condition at the time. It's only when you look back that you can take stock of yourself. The result of this mental disturbance upon me was insomnia. I couldn't get to sleep; but I kept track of the ship, and worried the three Dutchmen and the Jap into trimming sail when necessary.

"We'd got up to the latitude of the Bermudas, I think, and I was beginning to hope that the curse had left us; for we had passed through three nights without a man dying. But on a stormy morning, when the gaff topsails were blown away, and we four men—for the Jap was useless on deck—were trying to get a couple of reefs in the mainsail, Wagner suddenly howled out a lot of Dutch language and jumped overboard. I flung him a line, but he wouldn't take it, and passed astern. The poor devil had taken the national remedy for trouble. Did you ever notice it in Germans, even the best? When things go wrong they kill themselves. They are something like the Chinese in this.

"There were only four of us now, counting the Jap, who still spoiled good grub, and it took a long time to snug that schooner down to double reefs and one head-sail. The water in the hold had gained, and we pumped while we could stand it, then knocked off, and dropped down on deck for a snooze. We were dead beat, and told the cook to call us if the wind freshened or if anything happened. He didn't call us, but something happened. I wakened in time, and stood up, sleepy and stupid and cold; for you can't sleep on deck, even in the tropics, without getting chilled; and we were up to thirty-six north. The Jap was fooling round the galley, and the schooner, with the wheel becketed, was lifting up and falling off, practically steering herself by-the-wind. Of course, I thought of the water in the hold, and sounded the well. There was four feet of wet line, and I knew that things were bad. Then I went to the two Dutchmen, to call them to the pumps, and found them cold and

stiff, each with the little pink marks under the ears.

"Well, I naturally went more or less crazy. I took that Jap by the throat and asked him what had happened. He did not know, he said. He had left us to sleep, and rest, sorry for us, and trying to cook us a good meal when we wakened. He was in a shaking fright, trembling and quivering, and I eased up. What was the use of anger and suspicion in the face of this terrible threat of death while you slept? We hove the two bodies overboard, and made a stagger at the pump; but we could not lessen the water in the hold, and at last I gave up, cleared away a boat, and stocked it with water and grub for two. Meanwhile I shaped a course for the Bermudas, and steered it after a fashion, hoping that I might beach the schooner and get, out of some court of salvage, a part of that seven millions down in the hold.

"But I had to steer, and keep the deck, for the Jap was useless. I kept it up until we sighted land, and then flopped, done up, tired out, utterly exhausted by work, and yet unable to sleep. I sang out to the cook, as I lay down on the hatch, to try and steer toward that blot of blue on the horizon, and then passed into a semi-dazed state of mind that was not sleep, nor yet wakefulness; I could hear, and, through my half-opened eyelids, could see; yet I was not awake, for I could not guard myself. I saw that Jap creeping toward me. I saw the furtive, murderous glint in his beady eyes. I heard the soft pat of his feet on the wet deck, and I heard his suppressed breathing. But I could not move or speak.

"He came and stood over me, then reached down and softly pressed the tips of his forefingers into my throat, just below the ears and back of the cheek bones. Softly at first, so that I hardly felt it, then more strongly, and a sense of weakness of body came over me, something distinct from the weakness that I had felt while sinking

down to try and sleep. It seemed a stopping of breath. I could not move, as yet, but could see, out the corners of my eye, and a more hateful, murderous face never afflicted men than the face of that Japanese cook.

"He kept it up, steadily increasing the pressure, and soon I realized that I was not breathing. Then, I do not know why, there came to me the thought of that Sunday school superintendent, and his advice, to pray when in trouble. I forgot my grouch. I said to myself, 'God help me, God help me,' and I wakened. I found that I could move. I shook off the Jap, and he staggered back, chuckling and clattering in his language. I rose to my feet, weak and shaky, and he ran away from me; but I found myself without power to follow. I was more than weak; I was just alive, just able to breathe, but I could not speak. He shut himself into his galley, and, with regard to the condition of the schooner, and my own helplessness, I painfully climbed into the boat I had stocked and cleared away the davit falls. Then I lay down.

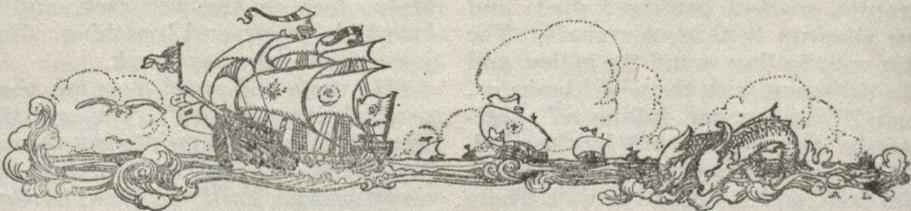
"I have a dim remembrance of that sleep in the boat, of waking occasionally to drive that cowardly Jap off with an upraised oar; of my utter inability to speak to him, and the awful difficulty of taking a long breath. But the final plunge of the schooner stands out. I was awake, or as nearly awake as I could be. The Jap was forward, and the decks were awash.

I knew that she was going down, and got out my knife to cut the falls when the boat floated. I did this successfully, for, though I could not speak, I could move, and as the schooner plunged under, and the screams of that heathen rang in my ears, I cut the bow tackle, then the stern tackle, and found myself adrift in a turmoil of whirlpools.

"I was picked up a few days later by a fruiter, and taken into New York. I found my hair had turned white. I've been working as waiter most of the time since, hoping to enlist somebody's interest toward salvaging that schooner; but it's no go. I'm going to Cuba, where I've heard of a pot of money in the Santiago hills. Want to go along?"

"No," I answered. "But, tell me, what killed those men?"

"The Jap must have been an expert in jiu jitsu, the wrestling game of that country. I've made a stagger at studying medicine since then, and learned a little. The pneumogastric nerve did the business. It passes from the base of the brain, down past the heart and lungs and ends near the stomach. It is motor, sensory, and sympathetic, all in one. Gentle pressure inhibits breathing, continued pressure, or stimulus, paralyzes the vocal chords; a continuance of the stimulus renders you unconscious, and a strong pressure brings about stoppage of the heart action, and, finally, death."





From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

"Before the leaves fall you will have peace."—*The Kaiser, Spring, 1915*

THE MARSHES OF PINSK, AUTUMN, 1915



# Stories of the Redcoat Riders

BY W. McD. TAIT



PROTESTS from the fur companies of western Canada and petitions from the missionaries of the West called the attention of the Government of Canada to an outrageous state of affairs existing at the foot of the Rockies. Whiskey smugglers were plying an illicit trade with the Indians, and something had to be done to stop the demoralization of the red men of the plains. Hence in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the Commons authorizing the establishment of a force of three hundred mounted police.

The spice of danger, deviltry and adventure in the duties of the new force appealed to the popular mind. Men of all ranks tumbled over each other in their eagerness to enlist. Sons of lords, generals and famous novelists enrolled shoulder to shoulder with cashiered "Tommys" and Indian scouts; and, curiously enough, the Mounted Police retain the same heterogeneous elements to-day as when the first enlistment took place. Immediately upon organization they started from Toronto to Fargo by railway, and made a march to Dufferin, the beginning of their famous trek through 800 miles of prairie westward toward the Rocky Mountains, relying solely on their own transport train for supplies.

On October 10th, in the very heart of the Blackfoot country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first Mounted Police fort in the West, was completed. Another force was sent northward to Edmonton, among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelly, and thence to Dufferin. In four months the force had travelled 1,960 miles, and had accomplished, without loss of life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—taking possession of the Great Lone Land.

Fort Macleod, on the Old Man River, was a smugglers' stronghold, and here Colonel Macleod, after whom the place was named, marked off the square for a fort on an island in the river. Cottonwood logs were daubed with mud, whitewashed outside and lined with cotton inside. Then the British flag was hoisted in opposition to the smugglers' régime.

Here then was a mere handful of men surrounded by a confederacy of Indians noted for their aggressive ferocity. Not a day's ride distant was Fort Whoop-up, much stronger than that of the Mounted Police, with cannon, abundance of ammunition and provisions, and four times as many outlaws as there were police. Inside the smugglers' stockades was whiskey enough to win the whole Blackfoot



A "Redcoat" of the Blood Reserve

confederacy as allies of the traders.

The first things the police had to do was to win the friendship of the Indians. Colonel Macleod invited the chiefs to the new fort. They were feasted by the police, given exhibitions of military skill, and shown the cannon. Pointing out a tree more than a mile away, the Colonel bade the chiefs watch it. The next instant a cannon ball tore it up by the roots. That was a better shot than the old

mortar over at the smugglers' fort could make. The Blackfoots were greatly impressed, and their visit marked the beginning of a friendship between the Mounted Police and the Indians that has lasted to the present day.

The end of open whiskey traffic did not mean that smuggling had entirely ceased. In those days liquor was not only forbidden to the Indians, but prohibited to white men throughout the entire territories, except by special Government permit for small quantities. The duty of watching all incoming freight, whether by pack train, ox cart or railway fell to the police. The most likely avenue of illicit trade was, of course, along the international boundary, an imaginary line 1,800 miles long, with absolutely no settlement at its western end. The deep valleys and rolling hills offered countless hiding-places for smugglers, and only the most vigilant patrolling could check the traffic. In summer time, with a good horse under him and frequent relays, this was pleasant work for the scout; but when winter came, with blinding blizzards on fenceless prairies and a temperature that drove the mercury to forty below zero, there was work to test the mettle of heroes.

Not long after Fort Macleod was established, urgent occasion arose to send a despatch to a distant post in the south, warning an officer to be on the lookout for an incoming desperado. The thermometer stood at thirty-five below. It was night, and the north wind was humming with the peculiar half growl, half croon which every Westerner knows foretells a blizzard. To delay until the storm was past would let a criminal slip the patrols. The question was, who is the best man to send? A scout of Indian blood would be the most likely to get through the storm without losing his way, for the "red rider" travels by the wind; that is, when darkness covers the trail, the Indian, like the moist-nosed moose, gets the feel of

the wind on his face and so gains the points of the compass. But on no condition will a scout of Indian blood set out when a storm is brewing.

The choice fell on a young man from a home of luxury in an Eastern city. He was a good pathfinder and one of the most trusted scouts. There was not yet much snow, so he set out on horseback, with snowshoes strapped to his knapsack. The storm did not break for some hours, and it was hoped that he had reached the police post. A week passed, but he did not return. Another messenger was sent, and he found that the first had never reached his destination. When spring came, by chance a detachment set out for the north, and on their journey the bones of a saddled horse were found on the lee side of a cliff. Then it was remembered that, on the night of the scout's ride, the wind had veered to the southeast, and the rider, travelling by the wind, knew that it should be on his back, and turned north. The body was found on the bank of the river, where his horse had evidently given out. The brave fellow had pressed on till the river bank told him that he was off the trail. Then the long frost sleep had claimed him.

Almost as unfortunate was another scout sent with a despatch to one of the smaller outposts. It was towards spring, when the mid-day sun thaws the surface of the snow and the night frosts harden the melted crusts to a glare of ice as dazzlingly bright as the blinding flash of sunlight from polished steel. The thaw had crusted over the trail, and the scout had to keep a sharp eye on the way not to lose the path altogether. Suddenly the mid-day sun developed extraordinary hues. Magenta, purple and black patches began to dance on the snow, alternately with wheels and rockets of cheese-coloured fire. Then the light went black altogether, though the man knew that it was broad day. He had become snow-blind.



In leather coat and Angora "schaps"

The only thing to do was to give his horse the bit. The horse stood stock still, and by that he knew that he had lost the trail altogether, for the broncho would have followed any visible path. He wheeled the horse about. It still refused to go on; and then the man inferred that the crust of ice had been so hard that the horse could not follow back the way it had come. That night the trooper slept



A private of the Northwest Mounted Police

under saddle blankets, with the faithful horse standing sentry. For five days the policeman wandered blindly over the prairie, losing all count of time, eating snow to quench his thirst, and sleeping in the holes that the broncho had pawed through the ice-crust to the undergrass. The trooper was now too weak to mount and keep the saddle. As a last hope, he thought struck him that if he unsaddled his horse and turned it loose it might find its way back to the fort and so notify his friends that he was lost. He did this, but the faithful creature refused to leave the man lying on the snow, and stood over him in spite of all his efforts to drive it off. The pathetic scene enacted between these two, the blind and half-dead man and the affectionate horse, well able to look after itself, can better be imagined than described. On the sixth day the mail-carrier found the pair. The trooper was severely frozen, but rider and horse lived to see many another day's service.

In the early days of the Mounted Police the prison where criminals

from the Territories were confined was at Winnipeg, 2,000 miles by pack trail from the outermost police post. To have kept a horse thief at the scene of his action in a reserve of several hundred Indians, with only a defence of twenty or thirty policemen, would have invited disaster. In one case, scouts discovered that the Blackfoots were planning to rescue their brave as he was being driven across the plains. A detachment of police rode away eastward without the prisoner. Quietly another detachment left at night and also rode away to eastward. Finally a third detachment, this time with the prisoner, slipped out from Fort Macleod at midnight. The first two companies had spread themselves out in a patrol with relays of fresh horses for the entire distance between Fort Macleod and Fort Walsh, which was the next fort eastward, only stopping long enough to hitch fresh teams to the wagons. Thus the escort dashed across two hundred miles to Fort Walsh before the Blackfoots knew that their warrior had been carried off.



The Big Bend Detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police

By 1882 the Mounted Police had become responsible for the lives of the people of the entire West, and for property scattered over 375,000 square miles. Trading-posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing large herds into the country. At this time it became necessary to increase the force to 500 men. Permanent headquarters were established at Regina, and substantial barracks, instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, were erected.

In 1885, the Riel Rebellion gave the police plenty of work. Twelve men were killed and an equal number wounded in the first engagement with the rebels at Duck Lake. A few years after the Rebellion the force

was increased to 1,100 men, the maximum strength to which it has ever attained.

One of the greatest achievements of the force was their persuading Sitting Bull and his six thousand Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities, after the massacre of General Custer and his troops, even when commissioners from the United States had failed in accomplishing this.

Mounted Police forts have been established in the farthest north, some isolated, such as Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, which is 700 miles from any other trading-post. Others are closer together, as on the trail from White Horse to Dawson, where they are only twenty miles apart. A

police report recently received at Ottawa from Herschell Island, in the Arctic Ocean, was conveyed 1,000 miles by dog sleigh, 1,000 miles by water, and 3,000 miles by rail. It took more than three months to make the journey.

As soon as the rush began to the Klondike gold fields, a troop of police was sent up to the Yukon to maintain order. The cosmopolitan population of the mining towns marvelled at the adequacy of the force, as new settlers in Western Canada do yet.

Boundary patrols are still maintained to intercept the horse-thief who drives a ranch band across the line, to be quickly sold. On the boundary patrol the police travel annually more than a million miles. The "rustler" who appropriates unbranded animals for his own herds must also be watched, traced and punished. Prairie fires, which might sweep away the year's fodder for the cattle and horses, must be guarded and checked. Foreign settlers who know not the laws nor the climate of the country must be advised and frequently helped. All these duties cause a distribution of the seventy-nine detachments of Royal Northwest Mounted Police from the international boundary to the very gates of the Arctic.

Even now there is opportunity for the display of those qualities of fortitude and bravery which has made the name of the "Mounted Police" famous throughout the world. One notable instance is the ride of Sergeant Tucker—sixty miles at a temperature away below zero—to capture the murderer of Tucker Peach. The "Riders of the Plains", in their midwinter pa-

trols, frequently have to face the blizzards and Arctic colds that sometimes sweep upon Alberta from the north. Their reward is in the welcome assistance they often are able to render the lonely homesteader who by accident or sickness has been left in a precarious condition.

Of Indian troubles now there are none. The police always have maintained a tradition of stern vigilance and swift retribution towards the Indians, so that besides there being no lynchings and few train robberies in the Canadian West, there have been no Indian wars. The arrest of some aboriginal who has been unable to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum* in the matter of horseflesh, or the bringing to justice of some white man who has found the profits in peddling whiskey among the dwellers of the reserves to outweigh the risks, these comprise the chief items in the list of crimes. Not since Sergeant Wilde, who was shot by a renegade in 1897, has there been serious trouble. The Indian, whose name was Charcoal, paid the penalty on the gallows.

Listening to the conversation of the men of the police as one encounters them everywhere in the West, it is distinctly evident that the Mounted Police is a head, not an atomaton nor a flunkey. This was curiously illustrated during the visit of the Duke of York to the West a few years ago. Arriving at a station where a stop was to be made, the liveried servants of the Duke asked the troopers where was the royal carriage, and the answer made was to the effect that the servants of royalty should get the horses hitched themselves.

# Curiosities of Memory

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT L. STEWART



WHAT do we mean by "curiosity"? We may mean by it something which happens seldom, belongs only to the exceptional case, lies outside the common track of common experience. An interest belongs to that which is rare, just in proportion to its rarity. The booklover values a first edition, and he values it the more if few other people have it. The botanist swells with joy if by all sorts of unnatural arrangements he can make an exotic flower develop in his own conservatory. The curator of a zoological museum boasts to you that the largest tooth ever grown in a mammal or the largest hoof ever found on a quadruped reposes, neatly ticketed, under his glass case. There is no limit to the enthusiasm which one can acquire for getting together such things—old stamps, old coins, old pictures, old furniture, old anything, provided it is ancient enough to be odd. It is perhaps the same impulse to get out of the beaten path which gives its interest to what is called "originality". Thus in one sense the curious is simply the unusual.

But in another sense the curious may be that which is met with every day. It may be a fact with which we are so familiar that we have never tried to explain it to ourselves, and which, the moment we ask a reason for it, makes us conscious of our ignorance. A flash of lightning soon ceased to be a curiosity in the first

sense in which I have used the word; it was an event comparatively frequent. So, too, the formation of snow and ice, the alternating appearance of summer and winter, and an indefinite number of such natural phenomena. Yet all these things, until their causes were discovered, were curiosities in a sense far deeper than that which belongs to the merely exceptional. They were curiosities in that they stood outside the known principles of explanation. However far knowledge proceeds, there remain groups of such facts that lie still ahead of our science, and they are often facts which belong to the most obvious circle of our experiences. An oddity challenges our investigation at once; the commonplace is taken for granted and remains unprobed.

It has been said that the central puzzle about memory is just the fact that we are able to remember at all. Perhaps you know half a dozen languages. You may be able, on occasion, to think in more than one. *Where* at the present moment is your knowledge of French, of Latin, of Spanish? When you say that you *know* these languages, what you mean is that, if required, you could turn your thoughts into one of these linguistic channels. French, Latin, Spanish modes of expression can be summoned up at will. But how could they be summoned up unless they were somehow there? Are they stored in a kind of mental warehouse to which you can make a visit at choice, just

as you go down to open a trunk that has been laid aside in your cellar? "Consciousness," said Dr. Bain, "resembles the scenery of a theatre actually on the stage at any one moment, which scenery is a mere selection from the stores in reserve for the many pieces that have been or may be performed." And it seems as if, like other objects, an experience of long ago may be buried under more recent accumulations, until without ceasing to exist it is no longer accessible to its owner. George Eliot speaks of the joys of early childhood as having "vanished utterly from our memory", although doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot". But what shall we make of such a case as the famous one in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, where a servant maid repeated in her delirious fever whole passages of Greek and Hebrew? Some thought she was inspired from on high—like those at Corinth who spoke with tongues—and we may be sure that others thought her prompted by the devil to profane the sacred text. The only explanation forthcoming was that she had been at service in the house of a theologian who was accustomed to read aloud from the Talmud and from the Greek New Testament. Is it fair to suppose that these passages, without being understood, had lodged in her mind, much as a gramophone receives a record? But, if so, how did the hidden reservoir work? Why should it have been tapped by the onset of a fever? Perhaps this retentiveness is just one of those ultimate facts about human nature which may be used to explain other facts, but which themselves defy explanation, and must simply be accepted. As Aristotle once said, "If water sticks in your throat, what will you drink to wash it down?"

In truth there is just the same sort of mystery in a more familiar and hence a less discussed form as often

as we make an engagement for the future, and manage to keep it. In some sense the appointment must remain "in" our minds during the intervening days while it is not being thought of. But why should not *every* experience remain with equal vividness? What determines the particular things which we shall remember, and the particular things which we shall forget? An adequate account of the laws of memory must be at the same time an account of the laws of obliviscence.

One theory on the subject would deny altogether that the mind can "contain" an idea while it is not consciously reflecting upon it. The school of Locke has insisted that there can be nothing "in" the mind of which the mind is not aware, for an idea means just a fact of consciousness, and thus an unconscious idea would be a contradiction in terms. Concretely then, why is it that the engagement which I make for five o'clock on Tuesday recurs to my thoughts about the time I have to fulfil it? Because—so runs the theory—every event of our past, including the making of an appointment, leaves a definite trace upon our psycho-neural system. If you crease the leaf of a book in a particular way and then straighten it out again, the leaf will tend to fold itself in the same fashion next time you open the book at that place. The crease does not remain when the book is closed; only the disposition to double up in the former way at the first opportunity. So when I make the engagement the thought of what I have to do becomes associated with the thought of five o'clock on Tuesday, and when the second thought recurs the first tends to revive. This view seems to be confirmed by the circumstance that at periods of life when the neural system is most impressionable, when, to borrow our illustration again, a crease is most easily imposed, recollection works best. Hence the superior retentiveness of childhood; hence the

impairing of memory in nervous disease and in advanced old age; hence the impossibility of trusting a memory which is over-burdened with a multitude of details. If your leaf is twisted in a dozen places the marks will quickly obliterate one another. "Old paths fade," writes William James, "as fast as the new ones form in our brain."

But the difficulty in this view lies in the fact that the recall of the past is never a mere reinstatement of the old experience as we had it. It is not enough that at five o'clock on Tuesday the thought of going to meet my friend A. B. should occur to me. Joined with this there must be the explicit recollection of my promise. Otherwise there would be nothing to distinguish the thought of A. B. from the thought of C. D., or of anyone else whom accident might suggest to me at the moment. In the true act of memory I must not only bring A. B. before my mind; I must reach back in imagination to what passed between him and myself; I must consciously identify myself with the person who made the engagement, and who is thus bound to be at a certain spot and no other at five o'clock. Indeed, the theory of a "psycho-neural disposition", though true and important so far as it goes, fails to account for just that specific element by which memory is constituted.

Light would be cast upon this, and upon very many other oddities of mental life, by accepting that sensational hypothesis of modern psychology known as the doctrine of "subliminal consciousness". Briefly put it amounts to this. The thoughts and feelings, impulses and purposes, of which we are consciously aware constitute only a fragment of our spiritual activity. The mind resembles one of those coral islands or one of those enormous icebergs in the ocean, whose tip alone projects above the surface, while by far the greater part is concealed, reaching to unknown depths below. The judgments that we form,

believing ourselves to be guided by evidence consciously considered, are often the result of reasoning carried on unconsciously; the emotions by which we are stirred, and which we think we can appreciate by looking inward, extend in reality to depths of our nature that are unknown even to ourselves; the projects we cherish and for which we assign superficial reasons are prescribed to us by forces that lie far beneath our powers of introspection. As George Eliot said: "There is a great deal of unmapped country within us, which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms."

This view, into the discussion of which I have not space to enter, has a very obvious bearing upon our problem. It would enable us at once to accept the notion of a storing up of past impressions in that great mental area which lies "below" our conscious waking life. And that something of the sort takes place seems to be sufficiently attested by the facts of hypnosis and of crystal-gazing. What change is produced in the brain by staring fixedly into a bright globe no pathologist has ever made clear. But there is a trance of some kind, during which pictures appear as in a dream. They are often made up of shreds and patches taken from scenes which had been actually passed through by the clairvoyant, but which had been long since forgotten. Only by an effort, after the trance is passed, can they be identified and placed. Thus, as has been aptly said, the real question about memory is not so much "How do we remember?" as "How do we forget?" If the past buries itself in our subconscious world, what is that selective agency which enables us to recall some things, but not others?

Professor Bergson has given so far the clearest solution, though he was to some extent anticipated by Frederic Myers. We remember, broadly speaking, and, of course, with numerous exceptions and failures, that

sort of experience which it is of practical importance that we *should* remember. Our thinking is subsidiary to our action, and it is as needful that we should forget ninety-nine hundredths of the occurrences of life as that we should retain the remaining one-hundredth. Otherwise our minds, like that of Dominic Sampson, would become clogged with rubbish. It is an incident of the struggle for life that we should exercise such powers of obliteration, just as one must periodically clear one's desk of accumulated papers. This does not, of course, mean that we never fail to hold, either in memory or in desk, that which is of consequence, or to get rid of that which is useless. But such is our aim, and we are practically effective in proportion as we achieve it. Memory is never disinterested. Once in a while we may permit ourselves to look through the old litter, but to do so is a species of luxury; in general, we use our past as a stepping-stone rather than as food for reverie. As Myers has put it:

"The question of self-preservation—What must I needs be aware of in order to escape my foes?—involves the question: What must I needs remember in order to act upon the facts of which I am aware? The selected currents of memory follow the selected avenues of sensation; what by disuse I lose the power of noticing at the time, I also lose the power of recalling afterwards."

One of our odd mental performances is the effort to recover a forgotten name. We cannot get the word we want, but we are sure that it is not Macgregor, nor Macpherson, nor Mackintosh. Perhaps it turns out not to begin with Mac at all; yet through some subtle law of suggestion it is the Macs that come up to us, and won't be turned away. The thing becomes provoking, but we cannot help going on with it, "like one courtling sleep, in whom thoughts recur like wilful tormentors". The singular thing is that although we have not the word itself we have that which serves as a touchstone by which the candi-

date words are judged and discarded. As William James put it, we seem to have a sort of "wraith of the name", which suffices to discredit the various claimants. At last the correct one somehow pops into our minds, and, as has been neatly remarked, the effect is as satisfactory as a completed sneeze.

Psychologists are now convinced that we should speak rather of memories than of memory. For example, the psycho-neural system may be retentive for sounds but not for sights, for perfumes but not for colours, for names but not for faces. Thus we have at least as many memories as we have senses, an auditory, a visual, a gustatory, an olfactory, a tactual. It is one sort which serves the musician, a second the artist, a third the tea-taster, and so on. Naturally enough, he who has got one but not another is surprised at his neighbour's deficiencies in recollection, and incredulous about his superiorities. The author of this article combines a singularly poor memory for faces with an eccentric facility in recalling initials.

Macaulay, who was able to repeat to himself on a voyage from India the whole of *Paradise Lost*, had plainly a word-memory, although whether for the written or for the spoken word we have no evidence. And it was a dubious gift, not sufficiently combined with salutary powers of obliteration. He could not help remembering such useless matter as the list of Cambridge Senior Wranglers! Sir George Trevelyan tells us of him:

"He was always willing to accept a friendly challenge to a feat of memory. One day, in the board-room of the British Museum, Sir David Dundas saw him hand to Lord Aberdeen a sheet of foolscap, covered with writing arranged in three parallel columns down each of the four pages. This document, of which the ink was still wet, proved to be a full list of the Senior Wranglers at Cambridge, with their dates and colleges, for the hundred years during which the names of Senior Wranglers had been recorded in the University Calendar. On another occasion Sir David

asked: 'Macaulay, do you know your Popes?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I always get wrong among the Innocents.' 'But can you say your Archbishops of Canterbury?' 'Any fool,' said Macaulay, 'could say his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards.' And off he went at score, drawing breath only once in order to remark on the oddity of there having been both an Archbishop Sancroft and an Archbishop Baneroff, until Sir David stopped him at Cranmer."

The late Professor Conington, of Oxford, is said to have complained that he could scarcely forget the copies of Latin verses which were sent in by candidates for college scholarships, and that after many years of examining he retained scores of them in his memory. Anyone who has examined students' papers will feel what a burden poor Conington must have had to bear, and will give thanks for the merciful oblivion into which most of what he reads at such times immediately passes.

Some years ago an enterprising psychologist issued a circular to a very varied multitude of persons, asking each to picture in his "mind's eye" the objects which had stood on that morning's breakfast table, and to write down the list. It was found that in this trial women were most successful and scientists were least so. Some of the latter protested that "mind's eye" was a mere metaphor, and that no such thing as visual memory existed! They *knew*, more or less, what they had had for breakfast, but in no sense was it possible for them to picture it. How significant this is of the extent to which one's personal defects of faculty may lead one to a false generalization! Fancy a novelist, who can make a whole scene alive with colour, accomplishing this not because he sees it himself, but because he "knows" what is there.

A special case of colour memory came under the writer's personal observation, and it may be of some special interest to those who read Professor Fraser Harris's very suggestive paper on "Coloured Thinking" in the July number of *The Canadian*

*Magazine*. A certain lithographic artist in Belfast has a set of playing cards with a series of numbers written at random on the back of each, e.g.:

Jack of Spades	
371,429	70,894
835,602	858,835
198,357	9,963
27,391	526,318
3,872	

These numbers were written down by his friends as a memory test, and were purposely made as miscellaneous and confusing as possible. When given the face value of a card the lithographer can repeat the whole set of figures on the back, and so for all the cards of the fifty-two. He explains this through association with colour. Each digit has for him a particular hue, and even a particular weird colour-shape. On studying a card he connected the figures with the series of colour forms, and these latter remain stamped upon his very sensitive colour memory. When one mentions, for example, "Jack of Spades", these forms rise before his mind's eye, and he translates into figures, as one might from one language to another. But he has no special memory powers in any other direction, and, so far as the writer could judge, his general mentality appeared low.

An interesting question has been raised as to the relative facility with which the impressions of the different senses are revivable. Apart from the exceptional case, like Beethoven's memory for sounds, or Turner's memory for colours, can we say whether to the *average* person a sound or a sight is more easily recalled? Can we arrange the data of the five senses in anything like an accurate series from this point of view? Probably a little reflection will convince most of us that it is easier to imagine with vividness a landscape that we have seen than a perfume that we have smelt. If you try to bring before you, for example, the old Parliament buildings at Ottawa they seem to come up at once. If you try to revive the odour

of a rose you must first revive the visual appearance, and then the odour indirectly through this. In most cases I think the impression upon the nose will not reinstate itself, no matter how much you try to bring it back, with any such clearness as the Parliament buildings will have for "the eye of the mind". Sound seems to be in a similar way more dilatory of recall than sights, and perhaps it would be difficult to adjudicate between smell and taste, because they so commonly seem to reinforce each other. Professor Ribot endeavoured to state a law on the subject which is at least interesting, and covers a good many of the facts.

The poet's dictum that sight is "the most despotic of the senses" will be borne out by common experience. When we have once seen a thing, if we remember it at all we remember its look. Why is this? Professor Ribot has offered two reasons. (1) As a rule, its appearance is complex to a degree in which none of its other qualities are so. It has parts, shape, internal difference. The impression upon the eye is manifold, and if we can recall any point in the visual whole this point will tend to reinstate the remainder. Hence we have quite a number of corners, so to speak, by which we may get hold of it, quite a number of chances any one of which will give us success. (2) In visual exploration the perceiving eye moves backwards and forwards round the contour of the object, and the movement renders the impression both more distinct and more lasting. The blind man gets to know an object by running his fingers over its surface, and the man who can see uses his organ of sight as the blind uses his organ of touch. In the case of the other senses the experience is relatively simple and static. Hence the rule that impressions are revivable (a) in proportion to their *complexity*, and (b) in proportion to the *motor* elements contained in them. The descending series which we should con-

struct on this principle is, sight, sound, touch, taste, smell.

It is often asked whether, and if so by what means, memory may be trained. Can one who is deficient improve himself through any sort of discipline?

The answer seems to be that just as a boxer's prowess depends partly upon strength and partly upon skill, so one's power to recall a past experience depends partly on a native endowment, and partly upon knowing how to use this endowment to advantage. Aristotle distinguished these two elements as *Mneme* and *Anamnesis*. The former varies within very wide limits. It is a sort of congenital tenacity, and we should all, of course, wish to be, in the old phrase, "like wax to receive and like marble to retain". How great the individual differences may be is seen at once by comparing a man like Macaulay with the average person. But we can no more improve ourselves in this respect by "systems" than we can by taking thought add a cubit to our stature. We need not go to a "memory man" and expect him to put us through a regimen which will alter the quality of our brains. What we can do, on the other hand, by judicious practice, is to become able to make the best of that endowment which we have. We can improve enormously our habit of close attention, we can learn to connect things not—like the examination "crammer"—through the sounds of their names, but through their rational relations, we can discipline our minds to act always in an orderly and systematic way. If we do so we shall find that memory has improved itself. And for those whose native tenacity is low, it should be some consolation to reflect that powers of thought and of reasoning are by no means very closely associated with such retentiveness. Dr. Thomas Chalmers used to say that the man with the best memory he ever knew was a fool in Dumfries.

Psychology owes a great deal to the

poets, the novelists, the general *li-térateurs*. For they have often brought home to us in vivid arresting phrase some fact of the mental life which science has to express in uncouth technical jargon, and they have not seldom called attention for the first time to a mental oddity which the professed psychologist had insufficiently noticed. They have rendered both services to a marked extent in the field of memory. For example, the text-books explain how "the residual traces of past experience, and the laws of association among ideas determine unconsciously the way in which new experience will be assimilated". But it is Wordsworth who has spoken of,

. . . the curious props  
By which the world of memory and thought  
Exists and is sustained.

And it is Rogers who has told us how,  
Lulled in the countless chambers of the  
brain  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden  
chain.

Again, there is the recollection which is a mere sense of general familiarity; we are unable to say of what we are reminded, but the objects before us give a diffused impression that they are not wholly strange. With what piercing directness has Tennyson pointed this out:

Moreover, something is or seems  
That touches us with mystic gleams  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language can declare.

Perhaps it is because the sense of smell acts, relatively speaking, with greater independence than the other senses, that an odour is so potent in making us ask ourselves where we perceived it last. George Eliot did not fail to observe this when she spoke of 'the plant with wandering seed that gives the far-off lands a kinship to the exile's home'. De Quincey,

in the famous "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater", has told us how in a drug dream the minutest incidents of his childhood would recur, incidents that he could not recall or acknowledge if told of them in waking life, but which he instantaneously *recognized* in sleep. Finally, there is the curious circumstance, which Dickens has so often presented with such artistic effect, that in moments of strained attention the mind will wander in spite of itself to the utterly trivial. Everyone recalls Lady Macbeth's wretched pun at a crisis when punning might have been supposed far from her thoughts:

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal  
That it may seem their guilt.

Shakespeare was but signaling the truth that an effort to concentrate will succeed up to a certain point; beyond that point, and especially when emotion is tense, the very struggle defeats itself. In the closing part of "Oliver Twist", Fagin when on trial for his life looks up at the gallery, where a young man is sketching him for the newspapers, wonders what the sketch is like, "looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point, and made another with his knife. . . . In the same way when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now come back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it". How true to nature is the exclamation of Manfred, when his fancy in spite of itself keeps reviewing the historical fortunes of ancient Rome:

'Twas such a night;  
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;  
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight,  
Even at the moment when they should array  
Themselves in pensive order.

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

**I**N the March number of *The Canadian Magazine* Dr. J. D. Logan, in an article entitled "Canadian Poetry of the Great War", criticized a poem entitled "The Hun", by Frederick George Scott. It has been learned since that Canon Scott had not authorized the publication of the poem, for, as he has explained, it was written as an experiment, to show that it is easy to write after the manner of the so-called German poems of hate. Unfortunately, however, he handed a copy of it to a brother officer, who in turn gave it to a third officer, who was associate editor of *The Nova Scotia Highlander* and who suggested to the editor, Sergeant Logan, that it was worth publishing. It was handed in as "copy" and duly appeared in *The Highlander*. From that source it was republished in *The Canadian Magazine*, with Dr. Logan's comment. As the poem had not been offered for publication by Canon Scott, the criticism did the author an injustice, although, of course, it was not malicious or conscious injustice. Dr. Logan referred in terms of praise to Canon Scott's other war poems, and as soon as he knew that this particular poem had not been intended by the author for publication he wrote an apology to Canon Scott.

\*

## THE OPPRESSED ENGLISH

BY IAN HAY. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

**T**HIS little volume of ten thousand words, which sells for fifty cents, gives a succinct and inoffensive re-

view of the Irish question, which, by the way, it does not presume to settle. One can infer from the book, if not from the title, that it is the Irish especially who oppress the English. Some of the other things mentioned as oppressions, but which the Irish have escaped, are the Land Valuation Act, Lloyd George's scheme of National Insurance, and the Military Service Act—"to the black shame and grief of every true Irishman". Besides escaping these oppressions, the Irish have benefited through George Wyndham's Land Purchase Act to the extent of \$500,000,000, which amount has been added to the taxes of the English. But notwithstanding all that England has done for Ireland, the author observes that the "Irish character, ever prone to dream and brood, prevents Ireland from forgetting her ancient wrongs. Heaven knows they were grievous enough; but they were probably no worse than those of Scotland, and if they had been regarded as hers were by Scotland, they need have left no permanent mark". After reviewing the Irish situation, Mr. Hay, in a brief chapter of one hundred and twenty-five words observes the "deplorable status of that unfortunate country, England", which, he says, has her chief offices of State occupied to-day by "Scotsmen of the most ruthless type". Removing from the list the chief office of all, which now is occupied by a Welshman, we have Sir Douglas Haig leading the British forces in France, Admiral Beatty, head of the British Grand Fleet at sea, Sir William Robertson directing the Imperial General Staff at home, Lord Findlay as

Lord Chancellor, A. Bonar Law (who is acknowledged to be half Canadian) as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Arthur James Balfour as Foreign Secretary. It is at least an interesting book.

\*

### THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS

By EDITH WHERRY. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

EDITH WHERRY has arranged a rather weird tale to illustrate Chinese customs. It is weird, fatalistic, at moments beautiful, at moments terrible, but in all these attributes it only matches Chinese customs. The reader feels that the author has taken the utmost pains to be exactly truthful in the portrayal of these customs and absolutely just and faithful in presenting Chinese character. If the writer has been painstakingly truthful, however, it has not spoiled her high art in telling the story; on the contrary it adds to the pleasure. "The Wanderer" is an English boy who has been stolen by a Chinese girl and brought up as her son. The tragic episodes in the girl's life which lead to her theft are the most dramatic and absorbing in the volume. The book carries the fascination of all good romance.

\*

### THE VERMILION BOX

By E. V. LUCAS. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

EVERY beginner in the art of writing holds in secret the ambition of writing a book some day, and almost every successful writer thinks he must keep adding to his list of books lest he be forgotten. Thus are accumulated many volumes of little value. Edward Verrall Lucas could not write a valueless book because his style is fine art, his outlook is sincere and keen, and he is always pleasant, but in "The Vermilion Box" he has given nothing

new or inspiring or even extremely interesting in his pictures of English types and their opinions about the war, and the letter form is rather tiresome. It is better for even so excellent a writer as Edward Verrall Lucas to wait until an inspiration comes.

\*

### A SOLDIER'S SKETCHES UNDER FIRE

By HAROLD HARVEY. Toronto: Thos. Allen.

THIS book contains a great many pencil sketches, done on the spot, by a well-known London artist who enlisted at the beginning of the war. They have the merit of depicting, as is claimed, only what the artist saw and was able to sketch at the moment, and are not embellishments of occurrences that really never can be illustrated correctly. The drawings are accompanied by interesting reading matter.

\*

### ACROSS FRANCE IN WAR-TIME

By W. FITZWATER WRAY. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is a delightful addition to the "Wayfarers' Library" and another instance of the desire of the publishers to admit to this splendid collection books of the moment that have literary value as well as books of the past. The book describes France in war-time, but is not a book on the war. It is something more than that.

\*

### THE NORTH AMERICAN IDEA

By J. A. MACDONALD. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.

HERE appear in book form the six Cole lectures delivered this year by Dr. Macdonald at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. The author long has been an interpreter of the national sentiments and ideals of the two chief peoples of North

America, and his interpretation, looking forward to a common ideal, which he sees illustrated in the present great struggle, is broad and optimistic. The people of Canada and the people of the United States are, at bottom, as Dr. Macdonald sees them, much the same, and it certainly is refreshing to read the conclusions of one who has not been carried away by narrow ideas of loyalty and patriotism.

\*

#### DIVERSITY OF CREATURES

BY RUDYARD KIPLING. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**M**ANY persons who like to read Kipling will find this volume of his latest work somewhat different from what they have been used to from this versatile author. With the exception of three or four, most of the stories have appeared in magazines. They range in size from the very short story to the length, almost, of a novelette, and they cover a wide range of characters and studies in human experience. Interspersed throughout the volume there are fourteen poems, most of which will not add to Mr. Kipling's reputation.

\*

#### THE CELTIC DAWN

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HIS is a study of the several movements which, although having their foundation in a single and easily expressed philosophy, have laboured in widely varied fields to produce a social synthesis in contemporary Ireland. These movements comprise literature, drama, the revival of the Gaelic as a language of everyday use, economic and social reform, and political thought. The writer, although an American, appears to have made a very critical study of Ireland, particularly the recent literature of that country, and he discusses in an inter-

esting manner the works of Russell, Yeats and Synge.

\*

#### NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

BY JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

**T**HE interest in these monthly volumes, which cover in detail the progress of the war, increases with each successive volume. The enthusiasm of the author shows no diminution. Volume sixteen is devoted to the great Battle of the Somme. There are many maps, and two appendices, which add greatly to the interest of the volume.

\*

#### EDUCATION IN CITIZENSHIP

BY JOHN D. HUNT. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HIS is a very valuable book to the average citizen, because it presents him in an understandable form the processes of government, particularly in Canada. It is well suited also for schools and colleges, and as a handbook for literary societies, farmers' clubs, home, school and church organizations and for all interested in the general welfare of the people.

\*

#### VIRGIL C. HART

BY E. T. HART, D.D. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

**T**HIS is one of the most interesting books on missionary work that has been published in a decade, and it is as well a biography of importance to the records of Christian influence and teaching in Central China, the vast field that was "opened up" by Virgil Hart, who was founder of the American and Canadian missions in the central and western portions of China. The author, Dr. Hart, is a son of the missionary.

# THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

BY C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

Do you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious, ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls

of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from The New York Times:

“What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

“The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the

lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really

is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described,—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study, and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

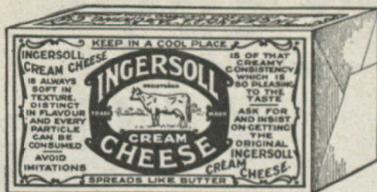
This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 534, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Canadian Magazine.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.



Children love it



Motor Lunches



Picnics

**FOR ALL OCCASIONS**

Where refreshments are needed, there you will find Ingersoll Cream Cheese first favorite.



Afternoon Tea

**Ingersoll  
Cream Cheese**

It is nutritious, tasty, convenient and economical.

At all Grocers, in 10c and 15c packages.

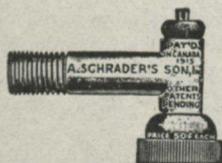
Manufactured by  
**INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.**  
INGERSOLL, ONT.



Yachting Trips



Workmen's Lunches



**Schrader  
Universal  
Pump  
Connection**

Facilitates Pumping and Testing of Tires. Air pressure can be ascertained without detaching connection from valve.

Price 50c

**Schrader  
Universal**



**Tire Pressure  
Gauge**

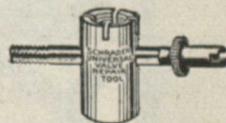
Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

Price \$1.25

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

**A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.**

20-22 Hayter St., Toronto



**Schrader  
Universal  
Valve  
Repair Tool**

A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

Price 35c

# The KELSEY All Over Canada

—is used in the finest city and country homes; the homes of prominent and wealthy folk; the homes of well known people; the homes of architects; the homes of heating and ventilating engineers and experts; the homes of university professors and writers on scientific heating; the homes of physicians and health officers; the homes of those who can afford the BEST and those best calculated to KNOW about heating apparatus. With those who have money, brains and scientific knowledge the evidence is overwhelming in favor of the

## Kelsey Warm Air Generator

Look into the Kelsey before you buy a Heater. Let us show you just why Kelsey Fresh Air Heating is preferred to any other system by people *who investigate*.

WRITE FOR KELSEY LITERATURE

**CANADA FOUNDRIES AND FORGINGS, Ltd.**

**JAMES SMART MFG. CO. BRANCH**

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MAN

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

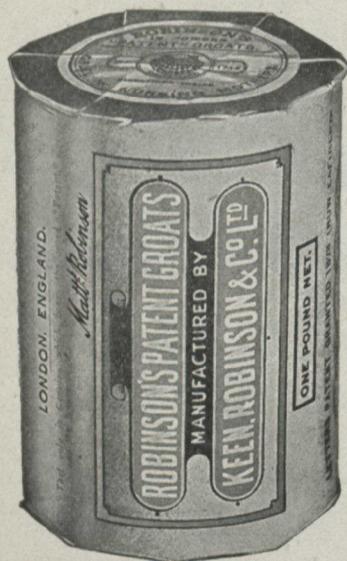


**In Every Home**  
a ration of Grape-Nuts  
food, daily, adds to  
health and happiness.

**Grape-Nuts**  
digests easily for weak  
stomachs. Still it is a  
"man-size" food, full of  
sturdy nourishment for  
brain and brawn.

**Ready to Serve, Crisp  
Delicious, Economical**

# Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



**For Baby** when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

## Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

**For the Invalid and the Aged**, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

**MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited**  
Sole Agents for Canada

191 St. Paul St. W.,  
Montreal

30 Church St.  
Toronto

# 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**

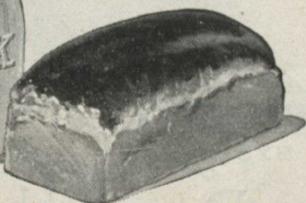
# Food Costs

Compared by Calories  
The Unit of Food Value



## Bacon and Eggs

Cost five times as much for  
the same amount of  
nourishment.



## Bread and Milk

Costs twice as much for a  
satisfying meal.

Nutrition, you know, is always measured by calories. Folks need on the average about 3000 calories per day.

Every woman, in these high-cost days, should judge foods on this basis.

Oats excel all other grains in calories per pound. They sometimes sell by the bushel for one-fifth the price of wheat.

In Quaker Oats—which is queen grains flaked—each cent buys 180 calories. The average mixed diet costs four times as much. Many a food costs ten times as much.

Every serving, on the average, divides your food costs by four. Yet this is Nature's supreme food, and in an extra-flavory form.

# Quaker Oats

*The Oat-Flake Luxury*

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit.

## An Aluminum Cooker for \$1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send \$1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to Canada and United States. We supply only one cooker to a family.

Address The Quaker Oats Co., Premium Department  
Peterborough, Canada

1713

Saskatoon Canada

The "Office Specialty" 800 Line of Upright Filing Cabinets



**OFFICE**  **SPECIALTY**  
FILING SYSTEMS

## Is YOUR Filing System Dependable?

Does it yield up the important information you want—speedily? Modern business demands speed. The success of a big deal, the closing of an attractive contract often depend upon speed—knowing where to get the proper information—promptly. Designed to meet this modern

need are "Office Specialty" Filing Systems. There's a particular system to meet your requirements exactly—a system that will insure speed with accuracy.

You'd be interested in our new folder on the "Direct Name" System of Filing Correspondence. Just ask for Folder No. 1862.

**THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED

*Largest Makers of Filing Devices and Office Systems in the British Empire*

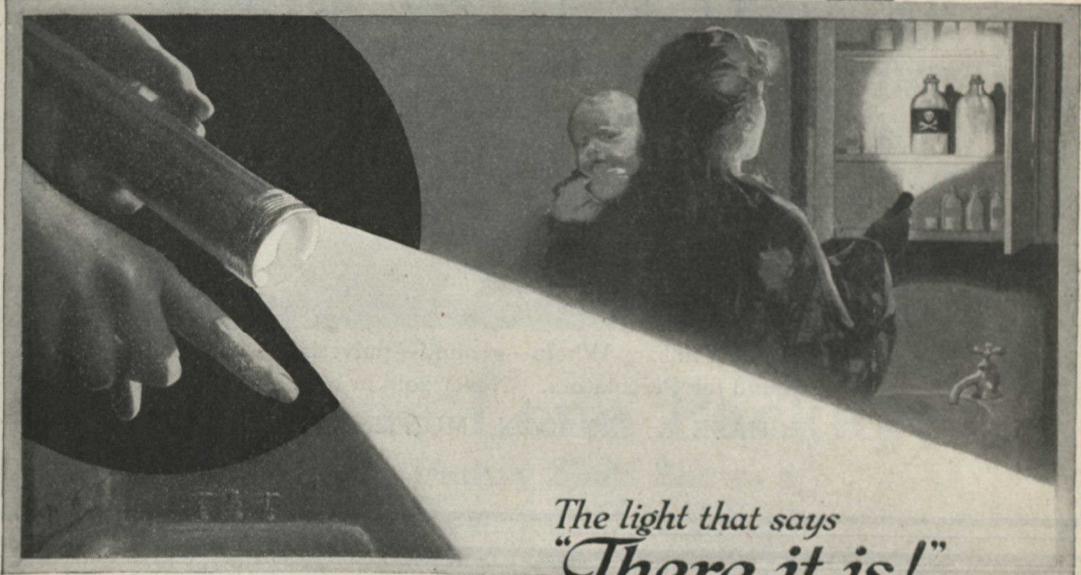
Home Office and Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

9 Filing Equipment Stores:

TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA HALIFAX HAMILTON  
WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON VANCOUVER

# EVEREADY DAYLO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The light that says  
*"There it is!"*

**H**OW much safer to use light when you should! Darkness is so deceiving that even the sure-fingered sometimes blunder.

There is no reason why you should trust to your sense of touch in the dark—even in the emergency that may call for great haste.

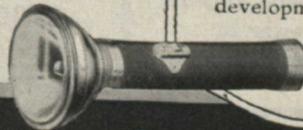
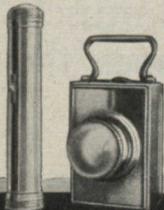
For an Eveready DAYLO provides *instant* light which safely and surely prevents mishap or mistake.

Learn the comfort and convenience of a light that is always ready for immediate use.

Made in 77 styles at prices from 85 cents up. The better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, jewelry and stationery stores everywhere carry Eveready DAYLOS and a full line of Eveready TUNGSTEN batteries and Eveready MAZDA lamps.

**Canadian National Carbon Co.,  
Limited**

Toronto, Ontario



*when* a mistake would mean a tragedy

*when* you must get the medicine bottle—quick!

*when* you're alone in the night and a strange noise alarms you

*when* a coin or a ring rolls under the table

*when* you take the short-cut home after dark

*whenever* you need light for your protection or convenience, that is powerful, safe and dependable, you need an Eveready DAYLO, the highest development of the portable electric light.

*Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO*

The treat that its lovers learn to expect from a cup of "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE, is always realized to the full—for "Seal Brand" holds its aroma and flavour to the last spoonful in the air-tight can.

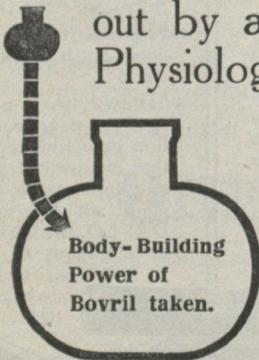
In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

183

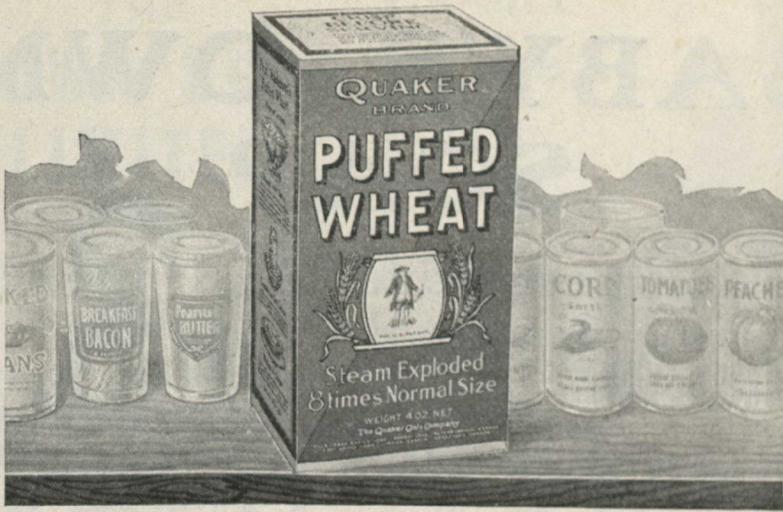
## The Body-Building Power of BOVRIL

In feeding experiments on human beings carried out by a well-known independent British Physiologist, when Bovril was added to the normal diet it produced an increase in flesh, bone and muscle equal to 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.



33

No increase in price since the War.



## The One Lone Package On the Pantry Shelf Shows a Wrong Idea of Puffed Wheat

Some people treat Puffed Grains as tidbits, to be served on rare occasions. These bubble grains, flavory and flaky, seem like food confections. As some folks say, "They seem too good to eat."

That is a wrong conception. Puffed Wheat and Rice, above all else, are scientific foods.

They are whole grains, rich in minerals and vitamins. They supply what flour foods lack.

And they are fitted, like no other grain foods, for easy, complete digestion. Every food cell is exploded, so digestion can instantly act. And the whole grain feeds.

Their easy digestion makes them perfect between-meal foods, or good-night foods, or luncheon foods. Everybody revels in them. Keep plenty on hand, and both kinds, so children can have all they want of them. At odd hours or at meal time, they are the best foods one can eat.

**Puffed Puffed  
Wheat Rice**

Both 15c Except in Far West

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper, float in bowls of milk. Use as wafers in soup, as nut-like garnish for ice cream. Douse with

melted butter, like peanuts or popcorn, for an after-school delight. They are as welcome as confections, and far better for the child.

### The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers  
(1698)

Saskatoon, Canada

# BABY'S OWN SOAP

## For Nursery Use

you cannot take chances on Soap. Four generations of Canadians have enjoyed the creamy, fragrant skin healing lather of Baby's Own Soap—the Standard in Canada for nursery use, on account of its known purity.

Baby's Own is Best for Baby—Best or You.



3-12

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, Mfrs.,

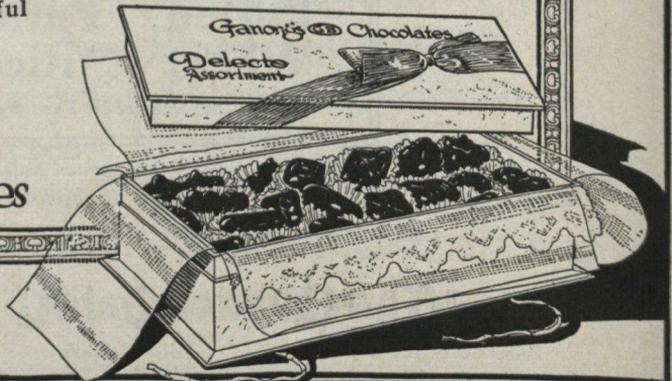
MONTREAL

## Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the center.

An unusually delightful assortment.

Ganong's   
Chocolates



THE  
**BROWN BROS.  
LIMITED**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**ACCOUNT BOOKS**

ALL KINDS CARRIED IN STOCK

AND THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS

**INTEREST TABLES:**

COOK'S, MURRAY'S, MATTE,  
HUGHES, BUCHAN, etc.

**LETT'S INTEREST TIME  
TABLES**

**WATSON'S LOAN AND  
VALUATION TABLES**

**IMPORTER'S ADVANCE  
TABLES**

**TRAVELER'S EXPENSE  
BOOKS**

**SURVEYOR'S LEVEL TRAN-  
SIT and TALLY BOOKS**

**CORPORATION RECORDS**

**HOTEL REGISTERS**

**SLATER'S TELEGRAPHIC  
CODES**

**LETTER DESPATCH BOOKS**

**PARCEL RECEIVED BOOKS**

Simcoe and Pearl Streets  
TORONTO

**Don't  
Take a  
Trip  
With a  
Corn**



**D**ON'T handi-  
cap yourself  
in a business way or  
socially with a painful  
corn. There's no need  
to keep your mind on  
your corn.

Blue-jay—the easy way—brings instant relief from pain. And your corns are gone in 48 hours. That is, the average corn. Some very stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

Millions upon millions of corns have been removed the Blue-jay way. Millions of families keep a supply on hand, and they never have corns. You, too, can be freed now and forever.

Paring corns brings only temporary relief. And harsh liquids are dangerous. Blue-jay is the scientific way.

**BAUER & BLACK, Limited**  
Toronto, Canada

Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

25c. packages at druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

**Blue-jay**  
Stops Pain — Ends Corns  
Instantly Quickly

A TREAT  
INDEED

*O'Keefe's*

SPECIAL PALE DRY  
**GINGER  
ALE**

*Other O'Keefe beverages:*

Belfast Style Ginger Ale,  
Ginger Beer,  
Cola,  
Sarsaparilla,  
Lemon Sour,  
Cream Soda,  
Lemonade,  
Orangeade,  
Special Soda

Order a  
case from  
your  
dealer.

**O'KEEFE'S**  
TORONTO  
515



# FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON



There is nothing quite so ap-  
petizing 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

# There is Nothing Else Like *Sani-Flush*

Nothing else that makes toilet bowls spotless and sanitary. Nothing else that gets down to the hidden trap. Just sprinkle a little

## *Sani-Flush*

into the bowl every few days. It will make stains disappear and put an end to dipping of water and scrubbing. Use for toilet bowls only.

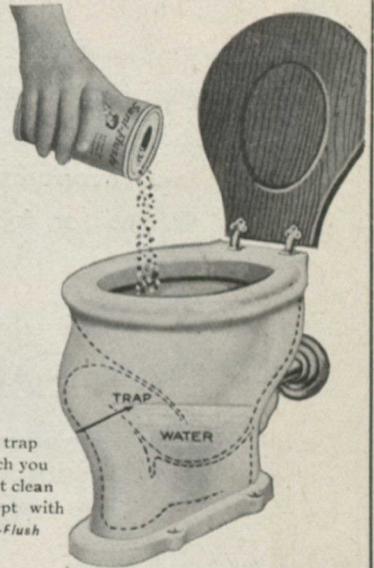
*Sani-Flush* is needed wherever there is a toilet. It cannot harm the bowl or connections.

### Ask Your Dealer

Almost every dealer has *Sani-Flush*. If you do not find it readily, write

**Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Limited**  
 10-12-14 McCaul St., Toronto, Ontario

Representing The Hygienic Products Co.,  
 Canton, Ohio



The trap which you can't clean except with *Sani-Flush*

# WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

à la Quina du Pérou

**R** Cinchona Bark,  
 Fruit Acids,  
 Aromatics, Salts and  
 Old Oporto Wine.



## The Perfect Prescription

For Breakdowns, Anaemic Weakness, Bad Digestion with Loss of Appetite, and for the period of weakness and lassitude during Convalescence.

*Absolutely no Alcohol is added.*



BIG BOTTLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALL DRUGGISTS

# A Range You Can Trust

The "Pandora" doesn't require constant watching. You can trust it to do its work while you rest or attend to other duties. The Pandora has features that insure far greater efficiency and economy than can be found in other ranges. Write for free booklet.

## McClary's PANDORA RANGE

LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER  
ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON CALGARY  
SASKATOON EDMONTON

9



No 624

### GRACE

Grace is added even to a charming slight figure by the D & A Corset No. 624. Like all D & A's it is made in Canada and fitted on living Canadian models. It has the "chic" of the best French corsets but sells at half the price. There is a D & A to suit every figure.

DOMINION CORSET CO.

Makers also of the La Diva Corsets and the D & A "Good Shape" Brassières 7.17

*Ask your corsetière.*

NON  
RUSTABLE  
**D & A**  
CORSETS

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC—MONTREAL—TORONTO

# MURAD

THE  
CIGARETTE



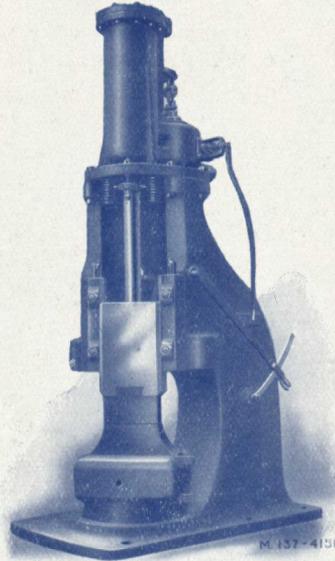
15¢



*Everywhere  
Why?*

*S. Anargyros*

Lathes  
 Planers  
 Drill Presses  
 Steam Hammers  
 Punches  
 Shears



WE BUILD—

Machine Tool Equipment for  
 Locomotive and Car Shops  
 Structural and Bridge Shops  
 General Machine Shops

and



**BERTRAM**  
**MACHINE TOOLS**



Are Backed by Sixty Years of Experience and Service.

The John Bertram & Sons Co., Limited

Dundas - - - Ontario

TORONTO

VANCOUVER

MONTREAL

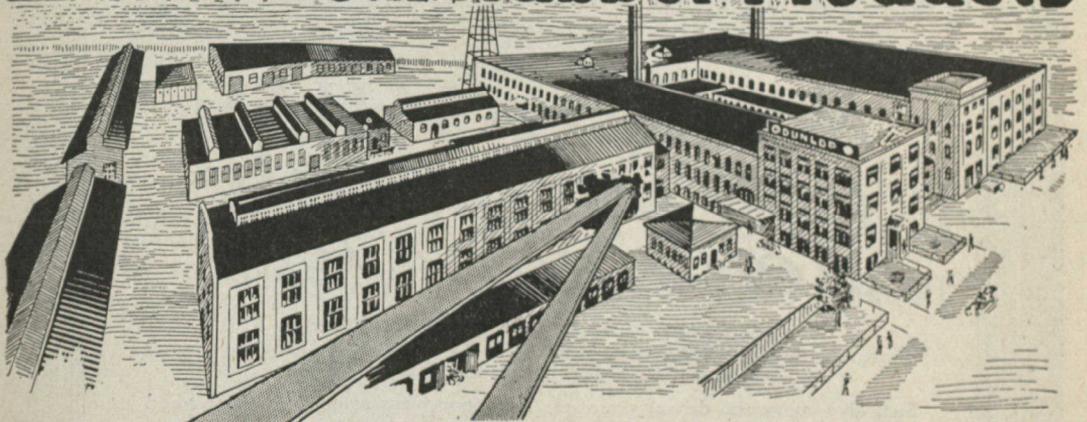
WINNIPEG



# DUNLOP



## Mechanical Rubber Products



## Dunlop "Gibraltar" Frictioned Surface Belting

All that can be found in any other belt will be found in Dunlop Gibraltar; that is, special quality of duck, special quality of friction, and, in addition, "That Extra" Resilience of Friction Which in Most Belts is Sacrificed.

Its widespread adoption by various industries is based on the use of the finest quality of selected duck, having the proper tensile strength in the right direction. This, in combination with a superior quality of rubber friction between the plies, insures absolute uniformity of service.

Years of careful study of the high-power belt situation have enabled us to produce the **Original Red Face Rubber Belt** of Canada. In producing it, our object has been to have the friction coat of rubber between the plies such as will retain its life indefinitely, and to have a quality of rubber with long "fingers," and not a quality of rubber the elasticity of which has been sacrificed to obtain the so-called high-pulling test.

## Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO

BRANCHES:

Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon,  
Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto,  
Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

Makers of High-Grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Bicycles, Motorcycles and Carriages; and High-Grade Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose and General Hose, Dredge Sleeves, Military Equipment, Mats, Tiling, Heels and Soles, Cements, Horse Shoe Pads and General Rubber Specialties.


 McLAUGHLIN

# McLAUGHLIN *again wins Reliability Test*

THE GRAND PRIZE OF THE OTTAWA-PRESCOTT  
HIGHWAY RELIABILITY TOUR GOES TO  
DR. R. E. VALIN AND HIS McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-45

Sixty-five motorists driving cars of all makes started on June 28th in the Reliability Tour from Ottawa to Alexandra Bay via Prescott and Gouverneur, N. Y.

The McLaughlin D-Six-45, driven by Dr. R. E. Valin, emerged with a perfect score of 1000 points from the gruelling tests to which all were subjected. So keen was the competition for highest honors that Referee Edenburn had to devise special tests in which the McLaughlin proved its superiority.

McLaughlin supremacy in points of Power, Easy Control, Efficiency and

Economy has again been established by this Tour.

The results of the tour reflect credit on Dr. Valin as well as on Canada's Standard Car.

The Reliability Tour was not a road race nor a speed test. No professional chauffeurs took part. Owners drove their own cars and the tests brought out the best both in car and driver.

Canadians who want the joys of motoring, without the annoyance of mechanical trouble, will heed the lesson brought out by this tour and make their new car a McLaughlin.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE SHOWING MODELS AND PRICES

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited  
OSHAWA, ONTARIO



DR. R. E. VALIN IN HIS McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-45, WINNER OF THE  
OTTAWA-PRESCOTT HIGHWAY RELIABILITY TOUR

*Canada's Standard Car*



## The TRAIL BLAZER to greater Motor Car Value

From the standpoint of dollar for dollar value there's not a car made which offers more for your money than the famous Chevrolet Four-Ninety A.

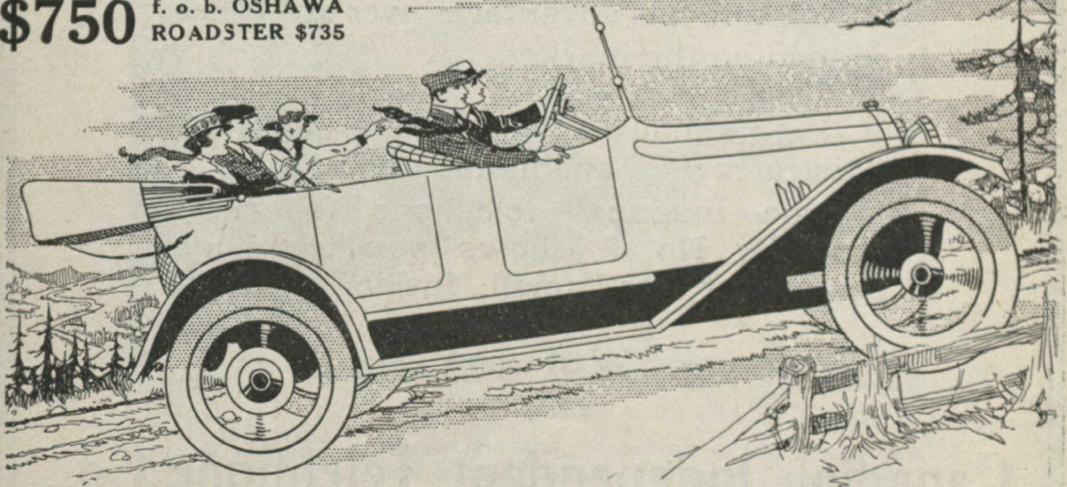
Before the Chevrolet was made in Canada, good cars were all high in price.

But our mammoth production and manufacturing efficiency enables us to sell the Chevrolet Four-Ninety A at a price much lower than its value when compared with other makes of cars.

With the surplus power developed by the famous valve-in-head motor the owner of a Four-Ninety A invariably is the "trail blazer."

Standard equipment includes speedometer, electric starting and lighting, ammeter, oil indicator, light equipment, one man top, demountable rims, non-skid tires on rear wheels and many features usually looked for in cars much higher in price.

**Chevrolet Four-Ninety A**  
**\$750** f. o. b. OSHAWA  
 ROADSTER \$735



There are Chevrolet Models in Roadster, Touring and Sedan Bodies. See them at your nearest dealer.

**CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., of CANADA, Limited**  
**OSHAWA, ONTARIO**

Western Parts and Service Branches: Regina and Calgary

# CANADIANS! LISTEN, AND INVESTIGATE.

Do not purchase foreign made goods if you can purchase goods of equal or better quality that are Made-in-Canada. Certainly do not purchase foreign made goods without investigating what is made in the same line in Canada.

We make telephones for every service, the city, the rural system, the factory, the home or the office. Give us an opportunity of showing you what we manufacture.

In factory systems our Canadian Automatic has advantages over any other system on the market.

Let us mail you a Bulletin--our No. 5 illustrates the Canadian Automatic; No. 6 is the magneto telephone for rural systems; No. 7 shows you telephone equipment for small inside systems.

Write now.

**Canadian Independent Telephone Co.,  
Limited**

263 Adelaide St. West

-

-

Toronto

**WHERE-TO-GO**

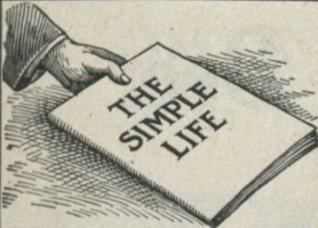
**HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT**  
APPEARING MONTHLY IN TEN FAMOUS MAGAZINES

Century Scribner's Write to these advertisers.   
 The New Country Life   
 The Canadian   
 World's Work   
 Everybody's   
 Field & Stream   
 Harper's   
 Red Book   
 Review of Reviews

Two Million Copies—Fifteen Million Readers Monthly

ELEVENTH YEAR

Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., for reliable travel information and advice



## LIVE THE SIMPLE LIFE AT HOME

If you want to get the most out of life, you must live in accordance with Nature's laws.

In his little book, "THE SIMPLE LIFE IN A NUTSHELL," Dr. Kellogg tells you how you can live the "Simple Life" at home—and how to maintain 100% efficiency.

The book is free. Send for your copy now.

**THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM, Box 109c, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

**NEW ORLEANS LA.**

New Orleans  
**HOTEL DE SOTO**  
 Million Dollar Home  
 Rates Notably Moderate

**MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.**

**FOR RHEUMATISM  
 THE PARK  
 MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH.**  
 Send for booklet. P. O. Box 247

We have 15,000,000 readers monthly

WHERE-TO-GO combines the best in advertising with the best in service. Thousands come to us for travel advice. The kind we give, with recommendations for the right hotels, transportation lines and resorts, is absolutely reliable. Write WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Boston, for our advice and rates.

Where-to-go forms for Nov. close Oct. 1

**SEATTLE WASH.**

**HOTEL BUTLER** large airy room. Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 50c. Rooms \$1.00 up, with bath \$2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

**OCONOMOWOC WIS.**

Home for the aged. A limited number of cases. Childishness or old ladies and gentleman of good family find a suitable cheerful home and excellent attention at Waldheim Park Oconomowoc, Wis. For particulars address Miss Mary L. Bird, Matron.



SEE THE

## Canadian Northern Rockies

*en route to the PACIFIC COAST*

by the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park and Mount Robson, Monarch of the Range

You will be amply repaid. Convenient Train Service. Summer Tourist Fares.

For through tickets, information and our handsome Mountain Booklet apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

**CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY**

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

# Big Game Hunting Moose - Deer

The silent spots in the "Highlands of Ontario" are the haunts of Moose, Deer, Bear and other big game.

## HUNT WHILE YOU MAY

OPEN SEASONS:—

**Deer — Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th.**

**Moose—Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th.**

In some of the Northern districts of Ontario including Timagami, the open season has been extended and is from **Nov. 1st to Nov. 30th.**



In that part of the Province of Ontario lying north of the Canadian Government Railway from the Quebec to the Manitoba boundary, the open season for Moose is from **October 10th to November 30th.**

Write to any agent of the Grand Trunk for illustrated literature, full particulars of game laws, etc., or to J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure, Montreal, or C. E. MORNING, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
MONTREAL

W. S. COOKSON  
General Passenger Agent  
MONTREAL

# “JULIAN SALE”

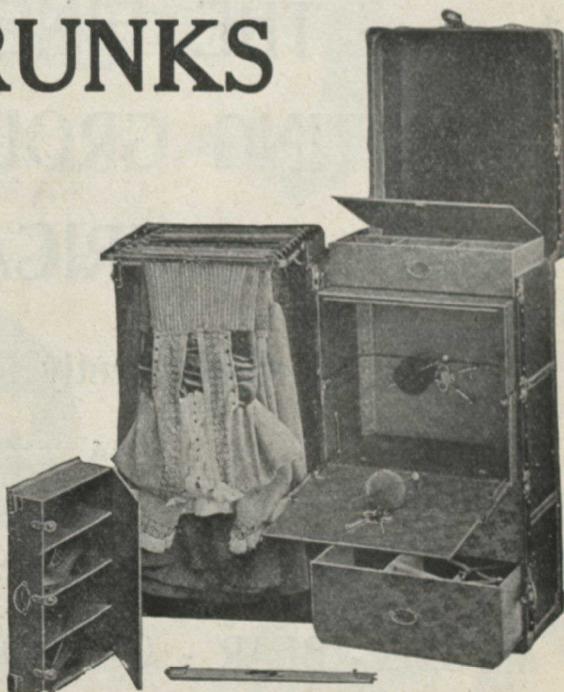
The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

## ‘RITE-HITE’ WARDROBE TRUNKS

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

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the “hangers” or in the “Chest of Drawers” in the home.

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



**\$33<sup>00</sup> to \$90<sup>00</sup>**

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**  
105 King Street West, Toronto

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

## THE FINEST HUNTING GROUNDS IN AMERICA

Are Conveniently Reached

VIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MOOSE - BEAR - CARIBOU - RED DEER

and SMALL GAME ARE

QUITE PLENTIFUL

---

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket  
Agents or

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent,  
Toronto.



# HOME DEFENCE



Right now, when defence is the issue of the hour, is the time for every man to settle the question of *complete* defence of his home. It's a man's *duty* to defend his loved ones from the aggression of prowling burglars.



A friendly Iver Johnson Revolver should be in every home just for the peace of mind and mental comfort it gives. It is the safest small arm that you can own. You can drop it, throw it against a wall, or "Hammer the Hammer"—the cartridge will *not* explode. Only one thing under the sun can make it go off—a pull on the trigger.

Hammer model with Regular Grip, \$8.00. Hammerless model with Regular Grip, \$8.75. "Perfect" Rubber or "Western" Walnut Grip, extra.



**Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works**

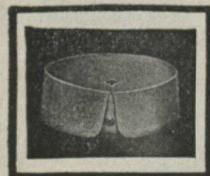
145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York  
717 Market Street, San Francisco

**Three Books FREE**

Indicate which books you want: A—"Fire-arms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

Iver Johnson "Western" Walnut Grip Revolver with 6-inch barrel shown here is a real man's gun. It has perfect balance and is a dead shot. Accidental discharge impossible. \$10.00.



**THE ARLINGTON CO.**  
of Canada, Ltd.  
58 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.



## Mail Courses

in Journalism, Short Story Writing and Advertising are given under the very best result-producing conditions, by the

**Shaw Correspondence Schools :: Toronto**

Anyone interested in these money-making courses is invited to write for our descriptive booklet.

W. H. Shaw, Pres., 391 Yonge St. Toronto

**EARN \$25 weekly**, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate 514, St. Louis, Mo.



# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



The most delicious of table syrups for Griddle Cakes and Hot Biscuits. Excellent for home made candy.

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—  
3 lb. "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

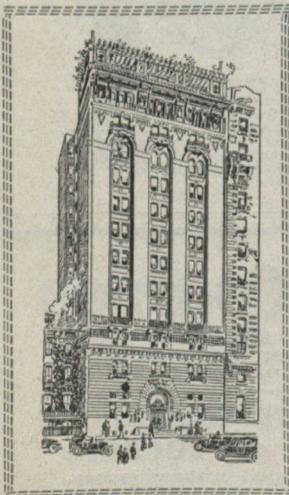
Write for free Cook Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED,  
MONTREAL. 30

## HOTEL WEBSTER

Forty-fifth Street by Fifth Avenue  
40 WEST 45th STREET  
NEW YORK

(Just off Fifth Avenue on one of city's quietest streets)



One of New York's most beautiful hotels. Much favored by women traveling without escort. Within four minutes walk of forty theatres. Center of shopping district.

Send for booklet

Rooms, private bath - \$2.50 and upwards  
Sitting room, bedroom and bath - \$5.00 and upwards  
W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

MINARD'S  
LINIMENT



*A safe and palatable laxative  
for children*

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

*Absolutely Non-narcotic*

Does not contain opium, morphine,  
nor any of their derivatives.

By checking wind colic and correcting in-  
testinal troubles common with children during  
the period of teething, helps to produce  
natural and healthy sleep.

*Soothes the fretting baby and  
thereby give relief to  
the tired mother.*

## Lift Corns out with Fingers



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

### Freezone

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

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

*Small bottles can be had at any  
drug store in Canada*

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Walkerville, Ont.

The Handy Little Spout Lets the Salt Run out.

Made in Canada

# REGAL

FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED 173



## GENUINE DIAMOND CASH OR CREDIT

Terms 20% 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.

**AFTER  
THE  
MOVIES**

## Murine

Is for Tired Eyes.  
Red Eyes—Sore Eyes  
—Granulated Eyelids

**Rests—Refreshes—Restores**

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

**YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!**

Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores  
Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

# Are YOU Missing Something that Millions Enjoy?

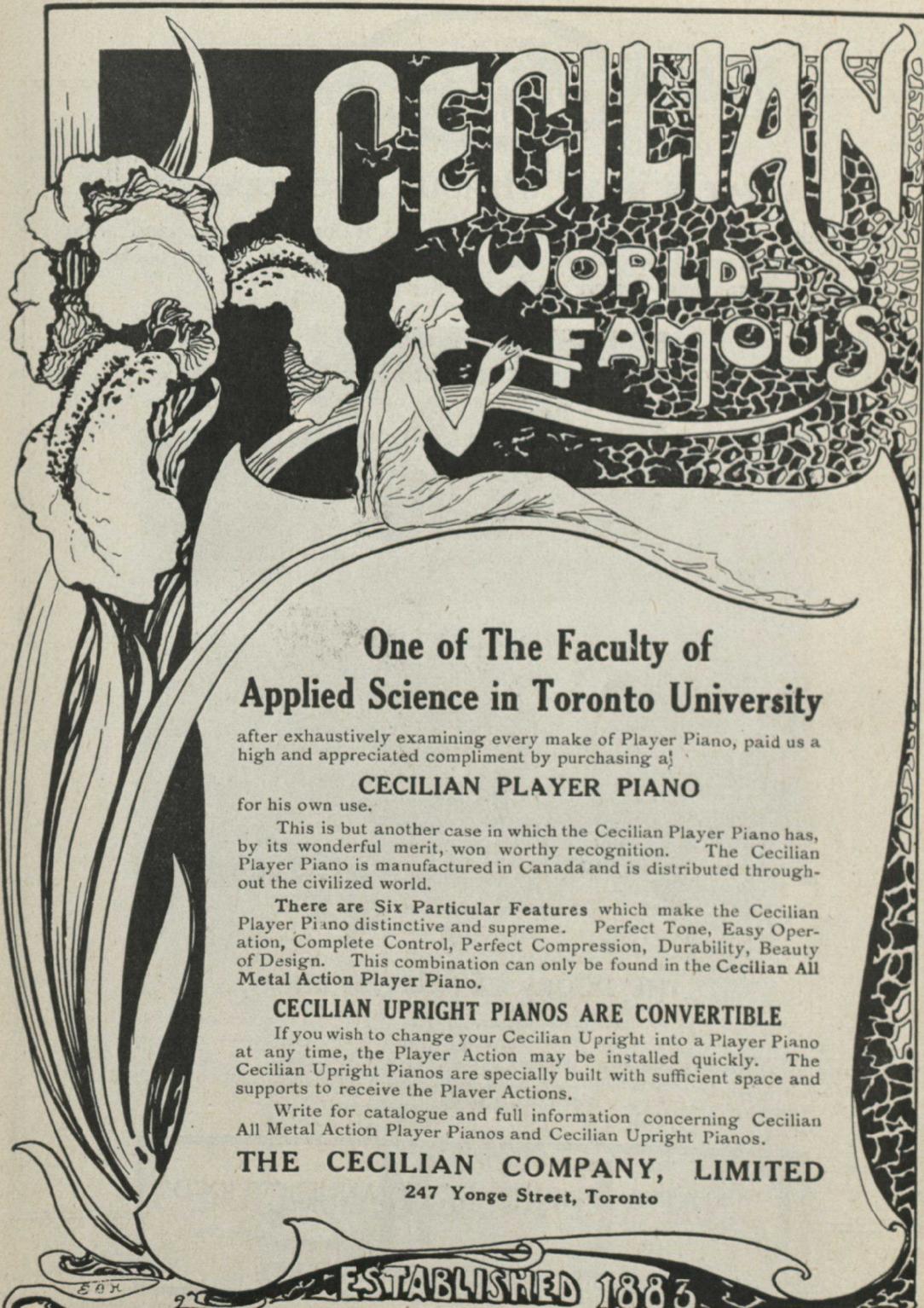
Why do you suppose the majority of the men on this continent who can afford the money for shaving satisfaction, are using the Gillette Safety Razor?

Why is the Gillette a treasured item of equipment in the kit of practically every officer and of tens of thousands of men in the Canadian Overseas Forces?

Only one reason could possibly hold good with so many level-headed men. It's this—the Gillette gives a shave, day in and day out, that no other razor in the world has ever equalled—and does it handily in five minutes or less. That is why over a million more men everywhere are adopting the Gillette every year.

YOU would appreciate this as much as any other man! The saving of time—the independence of barber shops—the resulting economy—and above all the matchless comfort of the clean, quick Gillette shave—these are real, personal advantages which you must not longer miss.

The Gillette Safety Razor is a leading specialty with Hardware, Drug and Jewelry Dealers everywhere. "Bulldogs", "Aristocrats" and Standard Sets cost \$5—Pocket Editions \$ to \$6.—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.



# CECILIAN

## WORLD-FAMOUS

### One of The Faculty of Applied Science in Toronto University

after exhaustively examining every make of Player Piano, paid us a high and appreciated compliment by purchasing a

#### CECILIAN PLAYER PIANO

for his own use.

This is but another case in which the Cecilian Player Piano has, by its wonderful merit, won worthy recognition. The Cecilian Player Piano is manufactured in Canada and is distributed throughout the civilized world.

**There are Six Particular Features** which make the Cecilian Player Piano distinctive and supreme. Perfect Tone, Easy Operation, Complete Control, Perfect Compression, Durability, Beauty of Design. This combination can only be found in the Cecilian All Metal Action Player Piano.

#### CECILIAN UPRIGHT PIANOS ARE CONVERTIBLE

If you wish to change your Cecilian Upright into a Player Piano at any time, the Player Action may be installed quickly. The Cecilian Upright Pianos are specially built with sufficient space and supports to receive the Player Actions.

Write for catalogue and full information concerning Cecilian All Metal Action Player Pianos and Cecilian Upright Pianos.

#### THE CECILIAN COMPANY, LIMITED

247 Yonge Street, Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1883



## WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A BOOKCASE ?

Just think what an ideal piece of furniture this is for your home, and what pleasure and comfort the whole family will derive from it. Your books are your best friends and deserve to be taken care of.



## THE DOORS CAN NEVER BIND

When you buy "Macey" sectional cases you are absolutely sure that you will never be bothered with binding doors, as we use a Patented contrivance that makes such a thing impossible. **For sale by all leading Furniture dealers.** Our "Macey Style Book" will give you a liberal education in the origin, development, and uses of these handsome cases, and should be in every book-lover's hands. **It is free. Write for it to-day.**

**CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS**  
LIMITED  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

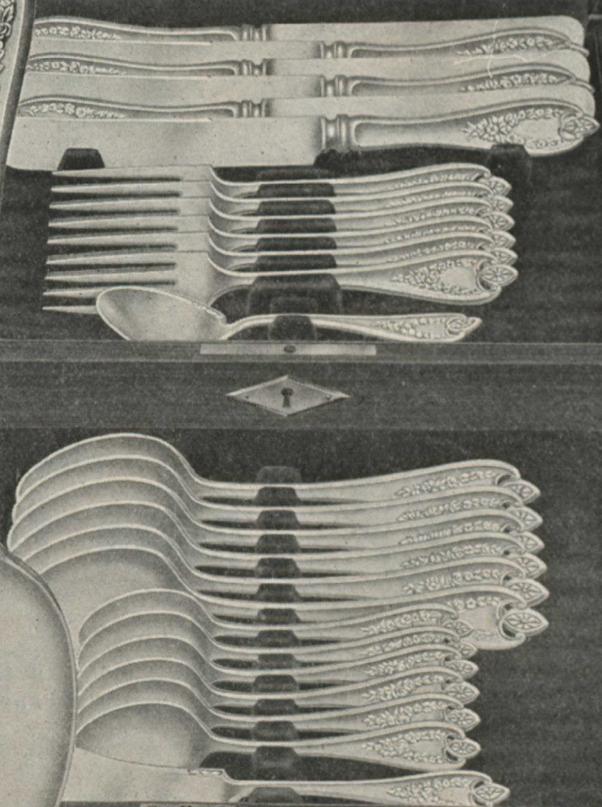
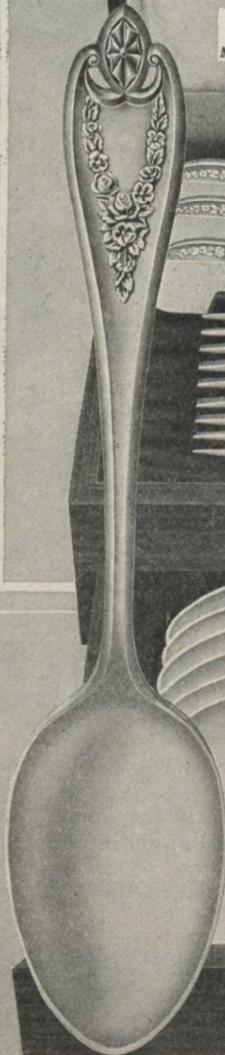


**1847 ROGERS BROS.**  
*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

The beautiful Old Colony pattern is shown in this chest. Surprisingly low in cost are some of these chests, being priced according to the number of pieces contained, and can be had in almost any combination.

Always sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. At all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-47"

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited**  
 HAMILTON, CANADA  
 MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
 The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate





## Suppose You are in a Dining Car?

You will probably want a light meal, but still nourishing and sustaining. Try

# Kellogg's

## TOASTED CORN FLAKES



and note how fresh and bright you feel.

Also note the economy compared with the cost of other foods. The same ratio of economy will apply in your home.

And insist on the original in the red, white and green package.

Made in Canada for over eleven years.

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

# Overland

TRADE MARK

Closed Cars



Light Four  
Five Passenger  
Touring Sedan



## The Full Round of Seasons in Luxurious Comfort

FOR the winter? A closed car—by all means.

For the summer? An open car—most assuredly.

The Overland Light Four Touring Sedan is both an open and closed car.

And it is a smart appearing car either closed or open—in no sense a makeshift, either way.

The side windows can easily be lowered.

They drop into concealed slots in the body and doors

This leaves the sides of the car above the body practically open from end to end whenever that is your humor.

And it's so little trouble that you'll shut the car up tight for even a light shower and have it all open again in a jiffy as soon as it's over.

Then there's the solid comfort all winter long of a perfectly en-

closed car with all the protection of a limousine and the richness of closed car upholstery and interior finish.

Mounted on the economical Overland Light Four chassis, this is an ideal every-purpose car.

And you'll be delighted with its luxuriousness.

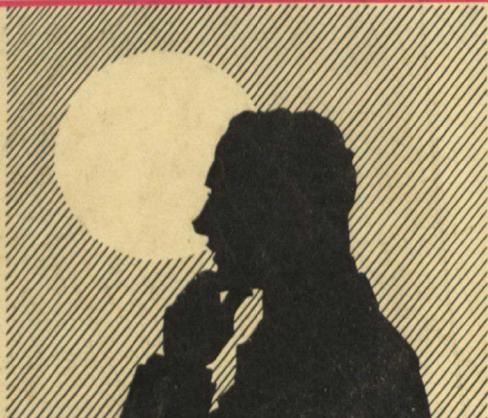
Enjoy the full round of the seasons in luxurious comfort. See the Willys-Overland dealer about this car today.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont.





Sleeplessness is often due to tea or coffee drinking. In such cases a change to

# POSTUM

brings sound refreshing sleep.

**"There's a Reason"**

## A REMINDER

In redeeming your Fall obligations—do not forget that there is an urgent obligation no man can afford to ignore—a debt he owes to himself and to his family—the obligation to protect his energies and interest by means of LIFE INSURANCE.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company, in its wide range of Policies, provides for every need and circumstance. The farmer, the merchant, the professional man, and the wage-earner—may all find Policies peculiarly adapted to their needs. Premium rates are low, and the profit returns to Policyholders are remarkably high.

Full information of the Company's many attractive Plans will be gladly given on request.

*The*

**Great West-Life Assurance Co.**

DEPT. "P"

Head Office - WINNIPEG

## Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

## Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

## Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

## Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

Oakey's GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN Oakey & Sons, Limited

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

For Over a Century

## MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



has been used by persons of taste the world over.

This unailing popularity is due solely to its grateful, enduring fragrance and unique refreshing quality.

It is delightful in the Bath, the best thing after Shaving, and beyond question the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume in use.

PREPARED ONLY BY

LANMAN & KEMP,  
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.  
Accept no Substitute!