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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1915

The Fear of Russia

By PROFESSOR A. W. CRAWFORD

Admiral Jellicoe: A Personal  
Reminiscence

By PROFESSOR R. E. MacNAUGHTON

The Trial of George Brown for  
Contempt of Court

By JOHN LEWIS

The Influence of Italy on British  
Life and Thought

By PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS

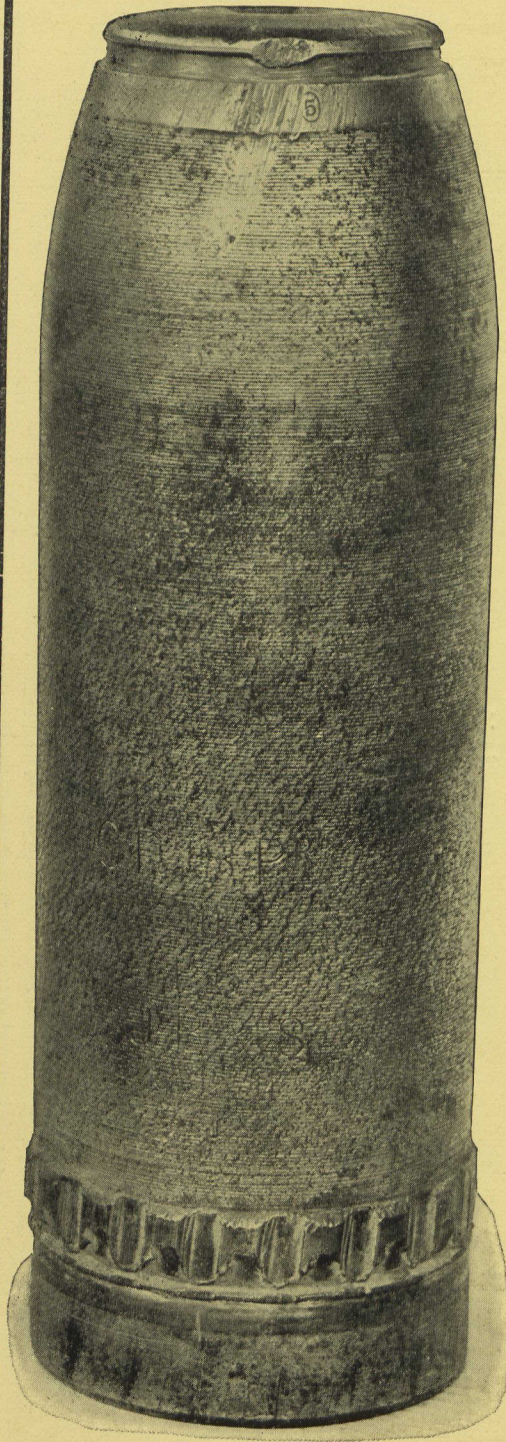
George Ham

Sketch of a Gentleman on Whom the Sun Never Sets

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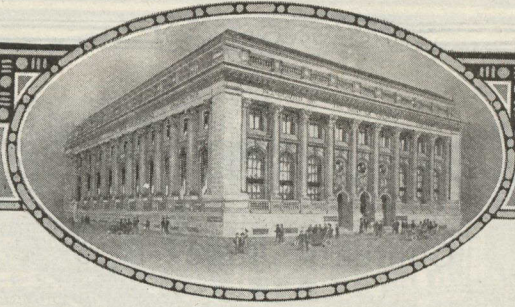
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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLV

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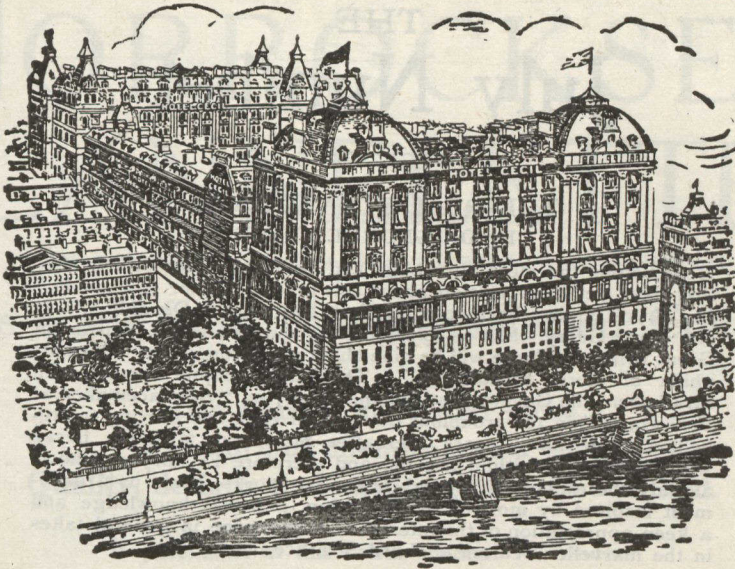
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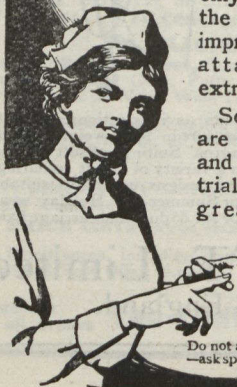
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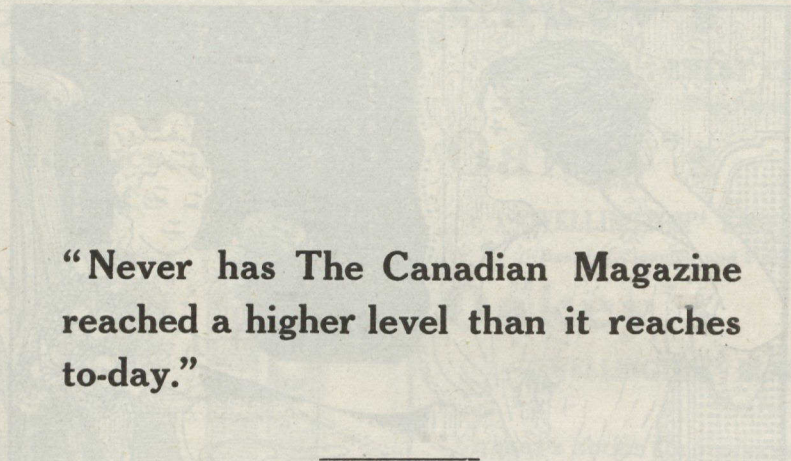


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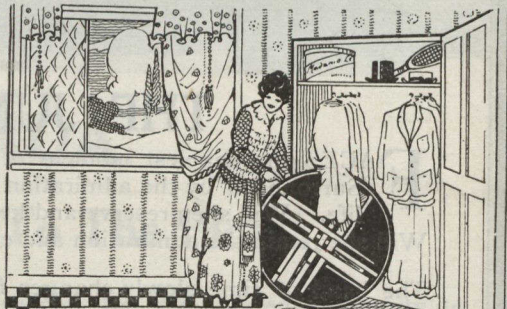
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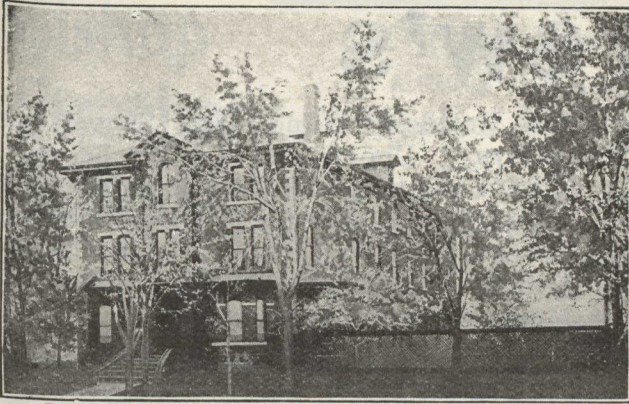
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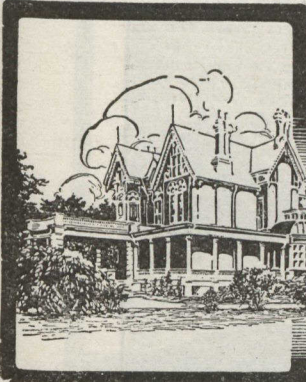
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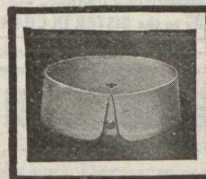
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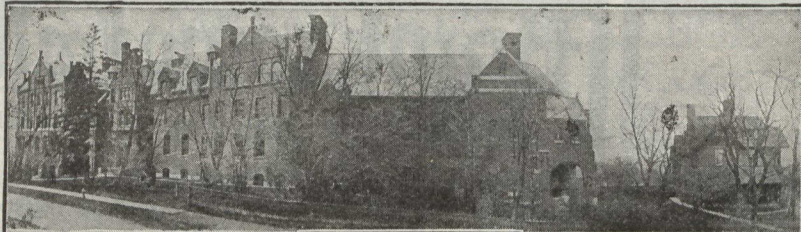
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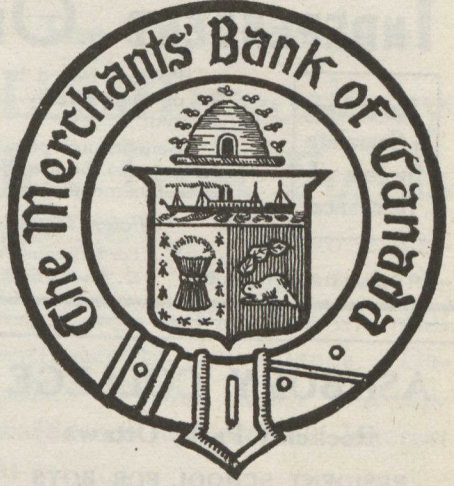
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THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV

TORONTO, JUNE, 1915

No. 2

THE FEAR OF RUSSIA

BY PROFESSOR A. W. CRAWFORD

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness has been felt in some quarters because in the present war Great Britain should be found fighting on the side of Russia. There is not without reason some alarm lest we may possibly be aiding the very country that is in reality the greatest foe of liberty, the avowed ideal of Britain. The two countries have so long been enemies, and their political ideals seem so entirely antithetical, that there is some fear lest the one great free country of Europe may possibly be assisting the one great despotism to tighten its hold upon its own people and to spread its sway farther west.

There exists undoubtedly some reason for apprehension in this matter. A victory for the Allies would no doubt extend the sway of Russia over all the old Poland, and make Russia, with already twice the population of any other European country, still greater and more powerful. The Empire of the Czar has for years stood in the British mind as the one great power whose political ideals and con-

ceptions make it the one great menace to our own free institutions.

On this occasion, however, we have had but little range of choice among the principal combatants, and have found our kindred spirits only in the Belgians and French. When the war was joined by Germany and Russia we were all but compelled to cast in our lot with one or other of the belligerents, and had only to oppose what seemed the more dangerous adversary. Britons had never before fought against the Germans, and all the ties of kinship in race and language and of intellectual and religious sympathy were in their favour. We might therefore conceivably have given our passive or even active support to Germany rather than to Russia, and have fought with our old friend rather than our ancient foe.

Apart, then, from the national alliances, and the particular aspects and developments of this war that led us to take up arms against Germany and on the side of Russia, it is worth while to consider which way our honour and our interest actually

lie, as the leading free country of the world, and as the home of democracy and of constitutional government. Would our own institutions be safer with Germany as master of western Europe, or with Russia triumphant and hence more influential in the councils of western nations?

In considering this question, it will be necessary to bear in mind that there are many factors besides the past histories of the two peoples and their present attainments in various kinds of knowledge and of material achievements that go into the balance. Not only the political status of a nation, but the way it is moving at the present time must enter into the calculation. It is all-important to observe whether a nation is moving forward or backward, whether it is making progress, however slow, or whether it is reactionary, with its face turned toward the dark. Even a nation that is comparatively primitive in general culture and enlightenment, if it is really moving forward, is vastly less dangerous than a much more enlightened nation that is relapsing more and more into autocracy and despotism. A country in which freedom is growing, no matter how young and tender the plant, is less to be feared than a country which has long had free institutions, but in which freedom has become only a name. The Germans have said the Russians are barbarians, but as Chesterton has said in *The New York Times* by barbarism "we do not mean something that is an imperfect civilization by accident. We mean something that is an enemy of civilization by design." And we want to know, then, whether it is the Russians or the Germans that are the true barbarians. We have need to ask ourselves which of the two peoples is at the present time really adding anything to the great temple of freedom, and which is it that is consciously and actually trying to destroy the government of the people and by the people. If we can answer these

queries, then we can tell whether a victorious Germany or a conquering Russia will be the more inimical to free British institutions and to the principle of liberty.

The one great achievement of the human race is democracy or self-government, for this not only marks the highest moral development, but it is the only guarantee to any people that any other achievement may be preserved. The world has seen not a few instances where all its attainments were swept away when trusted to the keeping of an autocrat, howsoever well-meaning. In this present war the Kaiser has called his entire nation from the farm and the factory, from the school and the office, from the laboratory and the bank, into the field of battle. With one stroke, and without consulting them in any way, he has called upon Germany to renounce all her achievements in art and in science and in education, or at least to abandon their beneficent use, for the pillage of their neighbours and for the destruction of all the fabric of civilization. The autocratic Kaiser has turned a nation of expert workmen and scholars into a ruthless, but well-organized, band of international buccaneers, and pillagers, appropriating or destroying all that lay in their path, and devastating and pauperizing one of the most peaceable and industrious nations on the earth. On the other hand, Russia has been one of the most peaceably disposed of autocracies, and her semi-barbarian hordes, Cossacks and Tartars, have never been guilty of wilful destruction of the very fabric of national industry and civilization. At the present time, these vast hordes, in striking contrast to the more educated German barbarians, are the defenders not the destroyers of small and weak states, and have arisen at the call of their Czar to save threatened Serbia from extinction.

In the survey of the past history of Russia, no doubt we can find many things to alarm us at our present al-

liance. No free people can recall without fears Russia's continued persecution of the Jews, her stern obliteration of Poland, her ruthless conquest of the Finns, or her savage suppression of her own revolutionists. For these cruel acts of autocracy there can be no excuse to the minds of free men. But though hateful and despotic, the one good result of Russian Czarism, as Dr. Sarolea has recently said, has been to maintain a sort of *pax Romana*, or Peace of the Czar, among all the forty-eight different races that compose the vast Empire. These turbulent peoples, untamed and barbaric, would no doubt have been fighting and destroying one another were it not for the strong hand of the Czar. Over a vast territory in Europe, as large as the rest of the continent, and over an immense tract in Asia, the rule of Russia has maintained a peace and a general national unity that has made possible whatever progress has been attained in the arts of civilization. During the reign of the present Czar, particularly, Russia has made vast strides forward, and has contributed not a little to the structure of liberty and of civilization.

It is one of the dark facts, only now to be seen in its full significance, that ever since the union of the many German states into one great Empire under the Hohenzollerns, the political life of Germany has been more and more influenced by the reactionary political ideals of Prussia. From almost the beginning Prussia has been a ruthless military empire, in strange contrast with the peaceable tendencies of most other German states. Now at last all Germany seems to glory in the savage military leadership of Prussia, and has become a nation at war. One of the most disquieting aspects of this war to pacifists is the apparent ease with which Prussia has transformed all Germany into an aggressive, arrogant empire of barbarian warriors.

During the same period of Hohen-

zollern ascendancy, and especially during the rule of the present Kaiser, the ideal of the army, its organization, its implicit rule of obedience, its ruthless aggressiveness, has become the index of all the national life. The ideal of military autocratic rule seems to have permeated every department of activity, until to-day Germany is the one enlightened country in the world that has not merely made no progress in political and constitutional freedom, but in actual practice at least has virtually lost her freedom. Military authority and military obedience have become the rule even with their Reichstag, until it has ceased to be a parliament of freemen, and only in their Social-Democratic party is there any semblance of political independence.

More and more, too, industrial life has been brought under the same stern discipline, for practically every German before entering industry or business has first learned implicit obedience in the army. Even in their universities, which are all government institutions, there seems to be complete subjection to the iron rule of obedience, as recent events have made all too evident.

And most discouraging of all, the entire German people have tamely submitted to this ever-increasing power of autocracy, and not once in the last half-century has there been even the beginning of a revolt against this monstrous system. One begins to wonder if the German people are any longer capable of that most exalted of all human passions, the love of freedom, and if there is anything left in them of the spirit of the Reformers, and if they will ever develop any genius for self-government.

The same period in Russia, on the other hand, discloses a much brighter picture. During the reign of the present Czar, several events have transpired which are of first-rate importance in the history of the world and of freedom. It needs to be recalled at this crisis that it was the

Czar who called the first World's Peace Conference in 1899, and hence gave an impetus to the movement for world peace. There can be no doubt that this was done in a sincere desire to further the amity of nations and to procure lasting good to the world. By this act alone the Czar has made for himself a great name as a benefactor of mankind.

But all this talk of peace has fallen upon the Kaiser's deaf ears and hard heart. He has taken all these appeals for peace, and the more recent offers of Britain for limitations of armaments, as but evidences of weakness and insincerity, and has only increased his feverish anxiety to surpass the world in preparation for war. He is the one great sovereign who has steadfastly led in the race for armaments, and has by deed and by word taught all his people to worship the God of War.

It is in Russia, moreover, that we find the greatest progress in parliamentary government in this generation. The Czar, in 1905, gave to the people of his own will, and out of his own magnanimity, the Duma, the first constitution and the first parliamentary institution in the history of Russia. It is true that this constitution and this parliament bear little resemblance to that which has its seat in Westminster under George V., but it is quite comparable to that under the Tudor kings, and from which has grown our present free government and parliament. And even in the days of its youth, while only learning to exercise its power, the Duma displays as much vitality and much more independence and eagerness for expansion than its neighbour, the German Reichstag, which has existed for half a century. The importance of the institution of the Duma by the Czar can scarcely be over-estimated when considering the relation of Russia to her free allies in this war, and the part she may take in the final peace. The free countries of western Europe have every reason to

expect better things from the Czar than they could expect from the Kaiser.

The treatment of subject peoples is one of the best indications of the political ideals of any nation, and of their attitude to freedom. It is of late becoming well known that conquered peoples are much less attached to Germany than to Russia. Of this the Poles afford the best example. While still maintaining their national ideals and aspirations, it seems to be a fact that the Russian Poles feel the hand of the conqueror less grievous than the German Poles. Russia seems to have some respect for national ideals and sentiments, and is satisfied to leave the Poles to their own habits and customs and to the occupation of their own lands, so long as they remain loyal subjects. But this does not satisfy the Kaiser. He wants not only implicit obedience, but by the harshest methods tries to Germanize them, and by every means tries to thrust upon them that peculiar brand of Prussian ideals known as German culture. No wonder, then, that in this war Germany has had no success in her march on Warsaw in inciting the Poles to rise against the Czar, but on the contrary has everywhere encountered a decided loyalty to Russia.

Another phase of the greater liberality of Russia has come to light in this war. It has been known by many that Russia has for years contemplated extending autonomy to Poland and some time ago proposed that Germany do the same. But Germany declined, and now the Czar has given the distinct promise on his own account to gather the partitioned Poles once more into a nation, and to grant them autonomy under the flag of Russia. This is an encouragement to nationality of which no Prussian Kaiser could ever dream. No such respect for other peoples and for other forms of culture has ever seemed to enter the German mind. The persistent and heartless attempts to



exterminate Polish sentiment, the similar merciless crushing of French culture and ideals in Alsace-Lorraine, and the inability of Germans to colonize their own vast possessions, are all forms of German inability to reach to that national and racial sympathy such as has built up the Russian Empire out of many diverse races and solidified it in opposition and hatred to the Germans. The greedy, arrogant, blood-and-iron Prussian exercises a much more ruthless sovereignty over alien peoples than the less enlightened but more sympathetic Russian. It is under Russia rather than Germany that a subject people can look for comparative freedom and autonomy.

But perhaps the greatest of all indications of the spirit of the two peoples is the fact that the Kaiser's people show no signs of discontent or uneasiness under his iron rule, while the Czar's subjects are forever manifesting their independence, and are always in an incipient stage of revolution. During the past years this has been credited to the more beneficent rule of the Kaiser, and it is only recently we have possessed enough facts to enable us to discern that it is rather due to the superiority of the Russian people and to their deeper love of self-government. Quite placidly and calmly the heavy, obedient mind of the German submits to the completest governmental management of his life and of his income, while his more independent Russian neighbour refuses to submit passively, and struggles and rebels, until by today he has achieved a much more substantial semblance of freedom. The German mind seems to-day to have no love of freedom, no longing and no capacity for self-government, while the love of liberty is a factor that must be reckoned with in the Russian national character.

Another great difference may be seen in the differing dreams and ambitions of the two peoples. Both have dreams of expansion and of develop-

ment, but these seem to differ very widely in their character. Pan-Slavism is perhaps a fair term for the ambitions of Russia, and indicates that the Czar, as the Little Father, desires to bring into his family all the children of Slavic race, and seems scarcely to dream of further expansion. But Pan-Germanism by no means represents the ambitions of the Kaiser and his people. If we are to believe their spokesmen, and if we can accept their avowed aims in this war, we are forced to believe that their purpose is not merely to consolidate all Germans in one vast Empire, but also to subjugate or destroy all their rivals in Empire and in industry and in commerce. Their present-day national song, *Deutschland über alles*, expresses probably the most shameless, the most arrogant, and the most immoral national ideal ever given utterance by any people, for unlike the anthems of other nations, it embodies a ruthless doctrine of aggression rather than an heroic spirit of national defence.

The two nations apparently have different and antagonistic conceptions of war and of conflict. It might not be correct to take Tolstoi and Treitschke as the typical spokesmen of the two peoples, but at least it was Russia that produced Tolstoi, the great apostle of peace, and it was Germany that brought forth Treitschke, and his disciple, Bernhardi, and Nietzsche, the most dangerous thinkers and worshippers of violence and terrorism that the whole world has ever seen. And even national trees must be known by their fruits. The Germans are to-day bringing forth the fruits of pillage, arson, robbery, and murder on a more colossal scale than ever in the world's history and are proving themselves the real barbarians—the followers of Attila the Hun.

It should be remembered, too, that the two countries have at the present day very different religions. German scholarship has led the world in an attempt to repudiate the Divine au-

thority of the Man of Galilee, and instead has exalted to Divine Right a very mediocre Hohenzollern war-lord, giving him full authority, in the interests of a perverted nationalism, to repudiate all moral and international law, and to set up his Will to Power as supreme. As Professor Cramb has so well made out, Germany has repudiated Christianity as a foreign religion, and has adopted a home product, the religion of valour, in which we now see Might worshipped as Right, and in which the old ethics of the sanctity of treaties and the rights of others are scorned openly and shamelessly before the whole world.

Russia, on the other hand, is still nominally a follower of the Prince of Peace. However much superstition there may be in Russian religion, there is every reason to believe that in both the Czar and the mass of the people there is a sincere desire to follow the principles of Christianity. The Russian may have a form of Christianity that savours of the primitive and in many respects of the semi-barbarie, but at worst it is but an imperfect Christianity, and not a renunciation of its fundamental principles. But no matter how primitive and how superstitious, the Russian devotion to the religion of the Prince of Peace is a much better guarantee of the honourable and just treatment of other peoples, and of the future peace of Europe, than the more enlightened but less moral German religion of might and of necessity.

This war has served to bring to light many weaknesses of the German national character, and of the perverse rule of the war-lords, that the world little suspected. Not only the supreme debasement in their repudiation of international treaties, but the horrible and diabolical manner in which they have waged war upon non-combatants, upon women and children, their policy of terrorism and of destruction of cities and of art works and of seats of learning, have all helped to reveal the funda-

mental barbarity of their natures. Their learning, their science, their art, have but made them accomplished brutes and have only fitted them to fulfil their mission of the scourge of the world.

In strange contrast is the wonderful and almost unprecedented power of self-restraint and self-control which has been exhibited in this war by the Russians whom they contemptuously denounce as barbarians. The prohibition of the sale of vodka by the decree of the Czar and the apparent acquiescence of the people in this most remarkable temperance reform is an unforgettable example of the greatness of the Russian people. No other nation except China has ever been able to carry out such a sweeping moral reform, and no western people has ever made a like attempt. While the Germans, to take their own explanation, are burning and sacking Louvain and other Belgian cities in a drunken orgy that exhibits too well their ungovernable natures, the Russians deliberately, and at a tremendous sacrifice of public revenue at the opening of the world's greatest war, proved themselves capable of self-restraint and self-sacrifice.

It is one of the surprising and one of the noblest traits of our common human nature that the enemies of yesterday may become the friends of today. Nations that have found their interests in conflict have settled their scores, and then as a rule have proceeded to become friends. All but Germany. The Empire of the Kaiser has made permanent enemies of all its foes, with the one exception of Austria, herself a Germanic people. Germany's ruthless policy of blood and iron has made it impossible for any neighbours to be friends or even to drop their suspicions and fears. After forty-four years the wounds of the Franco-Prussian war have not healed. Denmark has never become a friend of Germany, though allied by language and religion and tradition. On the other hand, the Russo-

Japanese war of less than a decade ago has been no permanent barrier to the friendship of the two peoples, and now we see them fighting side by side in China to drive out the German, feared and hated by all nations alike. The Germany of to-day lacks the power of friendship, while Russia has made friends of all, and not one of her greater allies in this war but has been her foe on former battlefields. Russia can be a valorous enemy, and can immediately after become a firm friend. Not so with Germany, whose national character of arrogance and greed cuts her off forever from even her most valorous and most honourable foes. England and France have after centuries of fighting become the warmest of friends, for each has the generosity of the sportsman to give and to take. Russia, too, can act the part of the honourable victor, or the noble vanquished. But not so Germany. To challenge her claim to absolute rule over the earth seems to promise a foe forever. Without mercy in war, she is without generosity and friendliness in peace. Without honour on the battlefield, she is without nobility toward a great rival in peace. Without the instinct of respect for the national and racial ideals and aspirations of other peoples, she is incapable of real sympathy, whether in war or in peace. She is the Ishmael of nations, and every nation's hand is against her, because her hand is against every other nation's.

In the light of these considerations, it seems most probable that the free countries of western Europe have much less to fear in helping Russia win in her war with Germany than in standing off and permitting a possible victory for Germany. The alliances and the interests of the present war have quite properly bound the western peoples to Russia in a common cause against Germany, whose ideals of world power make her utterly hostile to all free governments.

Britons who have fears about the alliance with Russia should recall that though a despotism, that country is not so aggressive and arrogant as Germany, and is much more amenable to civilizing influences and developments. For civilization, after all, consists not so much in general enlightenment and education and science, as in power of self-control, and self-government. When we compare the political condition of the two autoeracies it becomes at once apparent that Germany is completely medieval and reactionary, and Russia to some extent at least modern and progressive. No country probably has moved much faster toward democracy than Russia under the present Czar. It would scarcely be too much to say that in comparison with Germany the Empire of Russia is a liberal autoeracy.

No less a person that the great Russian revolutionary leader, Prince Kropotkin, in a letter on the war in a recent number of *Freedom*, has attempted to allay our fears of Russia by saying that "As to us, who know Russia from the inside, we are sure that the Russians never will be capable of becoming the aggressive, warlike nation Germany is. Not only the whole history of Russia shows it, but with the Federation Russia is bound to become in the very near future, such a warlike spirit would be absolutely incompatible." It is not too much to expect, then, that in this greatest crisis in the history of the world, the Russian millions will prove the saviours of civilization, and will have the honour and glory of curbing Germany in her career of destruction, as for centuries she stood between Europe and the menace of barbarian Asiatic invasion. Recalling these former services of Russia to Europe when in danger from Asia, Sir Valentine Chirol in Oxford Pamphlets says: "If we still owe the Russians of those remote days a debt of gratitude, it looks as if, before this war is over, western Europe may have

contracted a further debt towards their descendants of the present day for bearing a very large share in the preservation of Europe's liberties against the modern Huns."

And after the war is over, cut off and estranged from Germany, and allied with the two great European democracies, it is quite within the bounds of probability that Russia will

adopt a more liberal policy than ever, and greatly extend the liberties of the constitution. In friendship with Britain and France it is quite conceivable and highly probable that Russia may bear a great share in human progress and in the emancipation of mankind, and may yet make some notable additions to the great temple of liberty.

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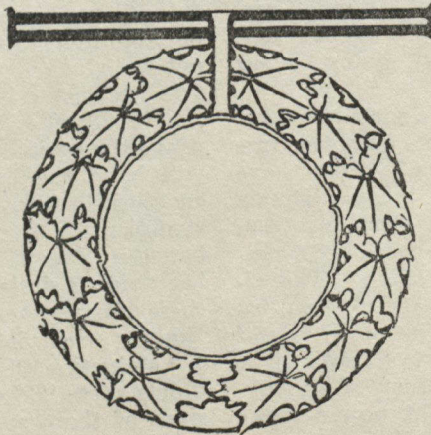
## YE WHO STRIKE THE DEFENCELESS

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

(LIEUTENANT, 12TH BATTALION, CANADIANS)

**N**OT yet the reckoning; but soon the day of your doom,  
 Ye who strike the defenceless out of the misty gloom!  
 Not yet our answer; but short is your time to wait,  
 (Ye who crawl in the dark and strike in bestial hate)  
 For the hands of an outraged world to crush you with their weight.

Surely we press upon you, marching by day and night,  
 Fired by grief and anger, armed and steadied by right.  
 Surely we draw to the finish, closing in on the day  
 When the spears of the hunters shall strike the desperate wolf at bay,  
 And the torn world's horror will pass with the death of the Beast of Prey



# FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VII—GEORGE BROWN FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT

BY JOHN LEWIS

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE BROWN," ETC.

THE leading figures in the case which forms the subject of this sketch were Senator George Brown and Judge Adam Wilson. The two men were born in the same district of Scotland, Adam Wilson at Edinburgh, in 1814, and George Brown at Alloa, in 1818. Both were educated in Edinburgh and removed to Canada in early life.

Before his appointment to the bench Mr. Wilson had taken an active interest in public affairs. He was Mayor of Toronto in 1859. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly of old Canada, and was Solicitor-General in one of the short-lived governments, before Confederation. As a Reformer he had been supported by Brown and *The Globe* in his public career. It looks as if some quarrel or estrangement had occurred before the incident of which I am to write; but of this I can find no trace.

There is a very interesting sketch of Judge Wilson in Mr. Hamilton's "Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar." There we are introduced to an amiable old gentleman with a taste for gardening, astronomy, and the simple life. He was one of the pioneers of Muskoka, and as the owner of a large estate on the lake shore east of Toronto, he is described as one of the founders of the suburb of Balmy Beach.

George Brown, as the founder of *The Globe*, for many years the real

though not always the titular leader of the Reform party, the stern opponent of religious privilege, the advocate of representation by population, and one of the chief architects of Confederation, needs no introduction. His zeal, his energy, his aggressiveness made him for years an outstanding figure in Canadian public life. At the time when he came into conflict with Judge Wilson he was not nominally the leader of the Liberal party, that position being held by Alexander Mackenzie; but his influence was undiminished. He was still the hero of the party, and to a large extent the director of its policy. As publisher of *The Globe* he was in the thick of the political fight, a giver and taker of hard blows.

In 1876 *The West Durham News*, a Conservative journal, published a series of attacks on Senator Simpson, of Bowmanville, president of the Ontario Bank and a prominent member of the Reform party. The charges included electoral corruption and an improper use of the influence of the Ontario Bank. J. A. Wilkinson, proprietor of *The News*, was prosecuted for libel. The case was argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, the members of which were Chief Justice Robert A. Harrison, Justice Joseph C. Morrison, and Justice Adam Wilson. The judgment of the court was unanimous against the editor in regard to two of the articles,

and in his favour in regard to the third.

With the delivery of this judgment the matter would probably have dropped into oblivion, if Judge Wilson had not intervened in an unexpected manner. Wilkinson had published a letter from George Brown to Senator Simpson, asking for a contribution to the campaign fund of the Reformers in the election of 1872. This was an extremely hard-fought campaign, in which the Reformers almost succeeded in defeating Sir John A. Macdonald, and it prepared the way for the downfall of 1873. It was the belief of the Reformers that the Government candidates were backed by an enormous campaign fund which, as they afterwards learned, had been contributed by the applicants for the Canadian Pacific Railway charter. The letter from Brown to Simpson referred to this fund, though without indicating its source, and declared that the Reform candidates were having a hard fight and that money must be raised. It was Brown's contention that the money was for legitimate campaign purposes, and there is nothing in the letter that is inconsistent with that view. It said among other things that "a big push" had to be made, and for that reason the epistle was known to politicians as "the big push letter."

Brown was not a party to the case before the court, but Judge Wilson seemed to be particularly interested in the letter, and he described it as written for corrupt purposes and to interfere with the freedom of electors. The Conservative newspapers naturally hailed the deliverance with delight, and it was used for all it was worth in some bye-elections that were then pending.

A few days afterwards, on July 8th, 1876, Mr. Brown replied. *The Globe* on that day contained a four-column editorial reviewing the case and denouncing Judge Wilson. It was evidently written with care and

deliberation, with argument preparing the way for invective. It began with a declaration of the respect in which the Bench was held in Canada. This was right, "but judges should not fall into forgetfulness of their mortality."

Fault was found not with the judgment, but with the gratuitous comment of Mr. Justice Wilson, his indifference to evidence, his assumptions, surmises, and insinuations, and it adds:

"This Mr. Justice Wilson shall be assured of: that such slanders and insults shall not go unanswered, and if the dignity of the bench is ruffled in the tussle, on his folly shall rest the blame. We cast back on Mr. Wilson his insolent and slanderous imputations. The letter was not written for corrupt purposes. It was not written to interfere with the freedom of electors. It was not an invitation to anybody to concur in committing bribery and corruption at the polls; and be he judge or not who says so, the statement is false."

The article declared that the entire fund raised by the Liberals in the general elections of 1872 was \$3,700, of forty-five dollars for each of eighty-two constituencies. There were, it was said, legitimate expenditures in keenly-contested elections. "Was there no such fund when Mr. Justice Wilson was in public life? When the hat went round in his contest for the Mayoralty, was that or was it not a concurrence in bribery or corruption at the polls?"

After a reference to the attacks made upon Mr. Brown and his friends by the Conservative press, it was said that "the bench has descended low indeed when a judge of the Queen's Bench descends to take up the idiotic howl, and rivals the dirge of the most blatant pot-house politician."

Five months elapsed before judicial notice was taken of the article. In December, 1876, Mr. Brown was called upon to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court. The case was heard before Chief Justice Harrison and Mr. Justice Morrison, the assailed judge taking no

part in the proceedings. Mr. Brown, though attended by counsel, pleaded his cause in person, and made an argument occupying portions of two days. His address was largely a review of the political history of 1872 and 1873, his position being that Judge Wilson's comments had opened up that field that the judge had plunged into politics, and had made a personal attack on Brown, and that it was only fair that he should be answered. The reader will therefore find in the address a fairly full account of the Pacific scandal, which

caused the overthrow of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1873.

Although the address was probably unusual in form, it was seldom interrupted by the judges, and nothing was ruled out as irrelevant. The famous lawyer engaged on the other side, Mr. Christopher Robinson replied in his usual dispassionate way. The court was divided, Chief Justice Harrison ruling that the editor was guilty of contempt, Mr. Justice Morrison dissenting. This amounted to an acquittal, and so the famous case came to an end.

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## HALFWAY HOUSE

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

A LITTLE house of laughter and of tears,  
 Whose walls have known wed-lovers whisp'ring low,  
 Lips seeking lips beside the hearth-fire's glow,  
 Wailings of birth-pangs, nights of chilling fears,  
 And babbling children's laughter, which endears  
 Even their bickering and short-lived woe—  
 And hush of death, the triumph of the foe,  
 Blest be thy roof-tree through the coming years!

What is to come I know not. To divine  
 Of doubtful joy, inevitable pain  
 Is never wisdom. But for what is mine  
 Beyond recall, the usual loss and gain  
 That on the steps of mortal man attend,  
 Blest be thy roof-tree till the very end!



# ADMIRAL JELlicOE : A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY PROFESSOR R. E. MACNAGHTEN

SINCE I was at school with the boy who is now Admiral Jellicoe more than forty years have passed; and yet I have the most vivid recollection of certain incidents of that time; and in particular a photograph which has just been published of the Admiral of the Grand Fleet, recalls to my mind in the clearest way the boy who was at school with me so many years ago.

Rottingdean, the school at which we were both educated, is a village on the Sussex coast about five miles east of Brighton, and apart from its connection with Admiral Jellicoe has other interesting associations. There is a tradition that it was at this school that the great Duke of Wellington received his early training; and it was in this village of Rottingdean that Mr. Rudyard Kipling lived for many years. Thus three of what will always be famous names in English history are intimately associated with this quiet village lying amid the Sussex Downs.

Sir John Jellicoe was one of four brothers who were all at school at Rottingdean, three of them being my contemporaries. The eldest brother after proceeding to Oxford, where he was distinguished by gaining a place in the Oxford cricket eleven, afterwards became a clergyman. The next brother was John, and he and the youngest of the four both entered the British navy on leaving Rottingdean,

through the training ship *Britannia*. This was the career to which they had an hereditary tendency, as their father was a captain in the British mercantile marine.

It will be seen that Admiral Jellicoe comes from the great middle class; the class which produced Roberts, Nelson, Kitchener, French, Wolseley, and indeed most of the great commanders by sea or land. "All avenues open to merit" has always been the guiding principle which has led to promotion in either of the two services, and though the Duke of Wellington was an aristocrat by birth, and may be regarded as an exception to the rule, it is none the less true that even in his case it was ability and not the accident of birth which led to his promotion.

I have seen it stated that "Sir John Jellicoe is a silent man—as silent as Nelson was loquacious and Beresford was talkative." This is certainly not my recollection of his character when a boy. I should on the contrary say that at that period he possessed a large capacity for fun, and he was certainly distinguished beyond any of my contemporaries at school with a fund of originality of which I remember one particularly striking incident. It is curious how certain trivial incidents remain fast in the memory after a lapse of many years. I remember as clearly as if it had occurred to-day an incident which must have struck



me at the time and which in the light of his subsequent career seems to be characteristic of his ability to utilize the occasion. Young Jellicoe had just entered the school, and being a new boy he had to make his way in the world of school life. He proceeded in an eminently original way. There was a boy in the school, whose name I think was Ingram, but in any case he was one of the leading boys; and there was something about his personality which evidently attracted young Jellicoe's attention. Now those who know anything about school life in Great Britain will know that it is hedged about with all sorts of rules and points of etiquette, and that it is extremely difficult for a new boy, especially at his first coming, to gain the friendship or confidence of one who has already an established place in the school. But John Jellicoe had evidently determined that it was worth while to cultivate the friendship of this senior boy; and he set about it in the following very original way. A game of football was being played in the afternoon on the small playing field which lay within the school precincts. On one occasion the ball went out of bounds, and Jellicoe went to fetch it. Instead of throwing it back in the ordinary manner, he ran back with the ball in his hand, and on coming close to Ingram made a neat drop kick so that the ball bounded against him with some force. There was a shout of laughter and applause, and away ran Jellicoe pursued by Ingram to a corner of the field, where they indulged for some moments in a friendly tussle before resuming the game. From that day Jellicoe and Ingram became bosom friends, and though this trivial incident occurred more than forty years ago, it has always remained in my memory. I do not indeed remember, either at this or at any of the other schools where I was educated, any instance of equally successful and original boyish diplomacy.

That Jellicoe was a hard worker

even at that time is certain not only from my own recollection, but from the fact that he successfully passed the very difficult examination which was necessary in those days to secure admission to the *Britannia*. He was certainly also a boy of exceptionally high character. I cannot remember a single instance or a single occasion during the year or two when we were at school together when his conduct was marked by anything but the highest possible standard; a statement which would certainly not be true in regard to some other of my contemporaries.

It is curious to what an extent national character and national life in Great Britain are affected by various games and sports. When the Duke of Wellington said—if he ever said it—that “the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton,” he certainly did not mean that any particular games of football or cricket actually contributed to the victory which led to the overthrow of Napoleon. What he rather meant, I conceive, was this, that it is not so much in the classroom as in the open-air life of the great English public schools that the lessons of discipline, loyalty, perseverance, and self-dependence are best learned; and I imagine that even in the navy at the present time games play a far greater part in the training of a British officer than is generally supposed. At any rate, my most vivid recollection of Jellicoe when he was a boy is in connection with the game of football, and, curiously enough, when I met him subsequently in the Isle of Wight, where his father was living at the time, I met him at a lawn tennis party at Sir Samuel Browne's house. Though it was many years since we had met he had not altered much in appearance; but he had acquired that clear but undefinable hall-mark which seems to be a characteristic of service in the British navy, and which for want of more suitable terms one might describe as a remarkable combination

of mingled modesty and efficiency. The active and vigorous boy, who was so full of humour and vitality, had developed into a grave, modest, and most capable officer. The vitality was still there, but it had been directed and controlled by long years of service in what is at once the most fascinating and the most exacting of professions. Commander Jellicoe, when I met him at Ryde, had made a name for himself in his profession. He had already been Secretary to the Admiralty; and had gained high distinction for his services in connection with gunnery practice. Even when he was a lieutenant at the Royal Naval College in 1883 he had won the special £80 prize for gunnery; and it was only natural that he should continue to pay particular attention to this extremely important branch of naval service. But he was no mere book-worm. On the contrary, he was, as I was told, at that time one of the best lawn tennis players amongst the naval officers in the southern district, and his skill in this game really dates back to the old days at Rottingdean. At the Rottingdean school there was a very large open air racquet court, the largest, I think, which I have ever seen; and as it was built on to the school buildings we could utilize it at a moment's notice. Thus all our spare moments were given to play on this court; and the result was that the Rottingdean school turned out more than one lawn tennis player of exceptional ability. Amongst these Admiral Jellicoe may well be named. Just as in the old Elizabethan days the admirals of her Majesty's fleet employed their leisure moments in playing bowls, so it is interesting to note that the same capacity for physical exercise in the open air prevails amongst many of the British admirals of the present day.

One of the most curious features of schoolboy life in England is the use of constantly changing and most picturesque slang. I do not know why English boys seem to take a special

delight in finding new and quaint methods of expression, but such as certainly the case, and to such an extent that the particular words and phrases used during one decade would, in the following decade, be entirely obsolete and out of place. An excellent example of this schoolboy habit is given in Kipling's "Stalky and Co." "Good Biznai," and "tirra lirra, I gloat, hear me," are the principle phrases which were in use among Stalky and his friends; but every school is continually evolving words and phrases of a similarly fantastic kind. I am sure that at Rottingdean we indulged in this habit as freely as any other school, but curiously enough the only example which I can remember is one started by John Jellicoe. He introduced the habit of talking not of "man," but of "mon," after, I suppose, the Scotch method of pronunciation. This reminds me of an extraordinary assertion made by Bernhard Dernburg in *The Saturday Evening Post* for November 21st: "Though there is a fighting spirit in the British army, it is mostly Irish, and so are the leaders—Lord Roberts, Lord Beresford, Sir John French, Admiral Jellicoe, and Lord Kitchener of Khartum." Even so far as French and Kitchener are concerned, such a statement seems exaggerated; for they both have a great deal of English blood in their veins. So far as Sir John Jellicoe is concerned, it is still more absurd. Anyone more typically English than the present Admiral of the Grand Navy it is impossible to imagine.

I can imagine no better training-ground for the boy who is to take an active part in directing the naval policy of a great country than early boyhood spent amongst the rolling downs of southern Sussex. There is a singular charm in this part of the country which has appealed to men of the most diverse character. I have already mentioned that for many years Rudyard Kipling made his home at Rottingdean. Sir Edwin Burne-Jones, who

in a different sphere was an equally celebrated artist, was not less attracted by the charms of this neighbourhood, and he also towards the end of his career made Rottingdean his habitual home. There is something in the scenery which presents an equal fascination to the painter and to the man of letters. Nowhere indeed in the world can you find a landscape which gives a wider or more varied panorama than this. As you stand on the top of the noble down which rises above Rottingdean, you see in front of you for miles on either side the white cliffs fringing "the inviolate sea"; while in every other direction the eye meets a constant succession of rolling downs and green valleys, diversified here and there by ploughed land, and occasionally by a clump of trees. It is true that to some eyes the comparative absence of woodland may seem a defect, but on the other hand there is surely abundant compensation in the glorious breadth and freedom of the view which meets one on all sides.

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
 No blossomed woods adorn  
 Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed  
 Downs,  
 But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
 Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
 And through the gaps revealed  
 Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
 Blue goodness of the Weald.  
 Here through the strong unhampered days  
 The tinkling silence thrills;  
 Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
 The Lord who made the hills:  
 But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
 And, in her secret heart,  
 The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found  
 Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

—Kipling.

And apart from the charm of the scenery, the whole country is full of historical associations. Little more than a mile from Rottingdean lies, in the next valley, Ovingdean Grange, in a secret chamber of which Charles the Second is said to have taken refuge, and thus to have baffled the Roundheads and to have succeeded in escaping to France.

It has been my good fortune to have met at the different schools where I was educated, several who have become men of distinction in after life, amongst whom I may mention, Lord Curzon (formerly Viceroy of India), Lord Parker (the Law Lord), the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the present British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Cecil Spring Rice. In the majority of these cases the middle-aged man seems to have little or no resemblance to the boy whom I remember in my school days. But there are a few exceptions. Lord Curzon, if the photographs published of him are in any way accurate, seem to resemble exactly the tall intellectual-looking boy, who walked into Eton College chapel, as Captain of the Oppidans, many years ago; and so far as some photographs are concerned, the same thing seems to be true of Sir John Jellicoe.

In the case of one who has achieved such distinction as Sir John Jellicoe, one would naturally wish to be able to say that even his boyish companions had foreseen for him a brilliant future, but on looking back at my school days I cannot honestly say that either I or any of my companions at Rottingdean school entertained any such idea. Boys of the age of ten or eleven years are naturally not inclined to forecast the future; they live for the actual present, and they take such a modest and moderate view of their own and their comrades' abilities that the thought that any individual is destined for greatness would seem to the boyish mind almost absurd. As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult even at a comparatively later period to foretell success for any particular class-mate. I remember that at Cambridge we once had a discussion as to which of our contemporaries was most likely to make his mark in the world. One student's name was mentioned in particular, but though he has since achieved an honourable and useful career, he has certainly not attained

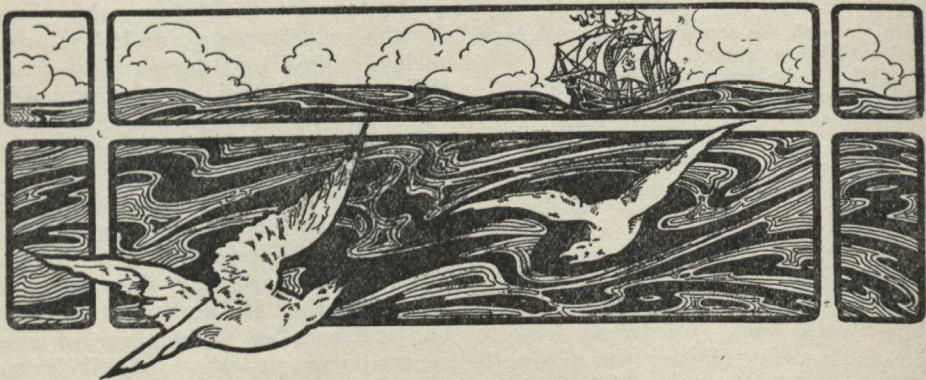
any conspicuous success; and in the case of those whom I have already mentioned as having been my contemporaries at Eton, I doubt if any of us realized that we were in the presence of great men. This I imagine has always been true. When one reads such a book as Southey's "Life of Nelson," it appears, even in the case of that remarkable man, that his conspicuous abilities were not at an early age regarded as very remarkable. To a certain extent also the success of the particular individual depends upon the conditions of the time, and even in the case of Nelson it seems doubtful whether the conditions of modern naval warfare would have afforded the same scope for his abilities as existed a hundred years ago.

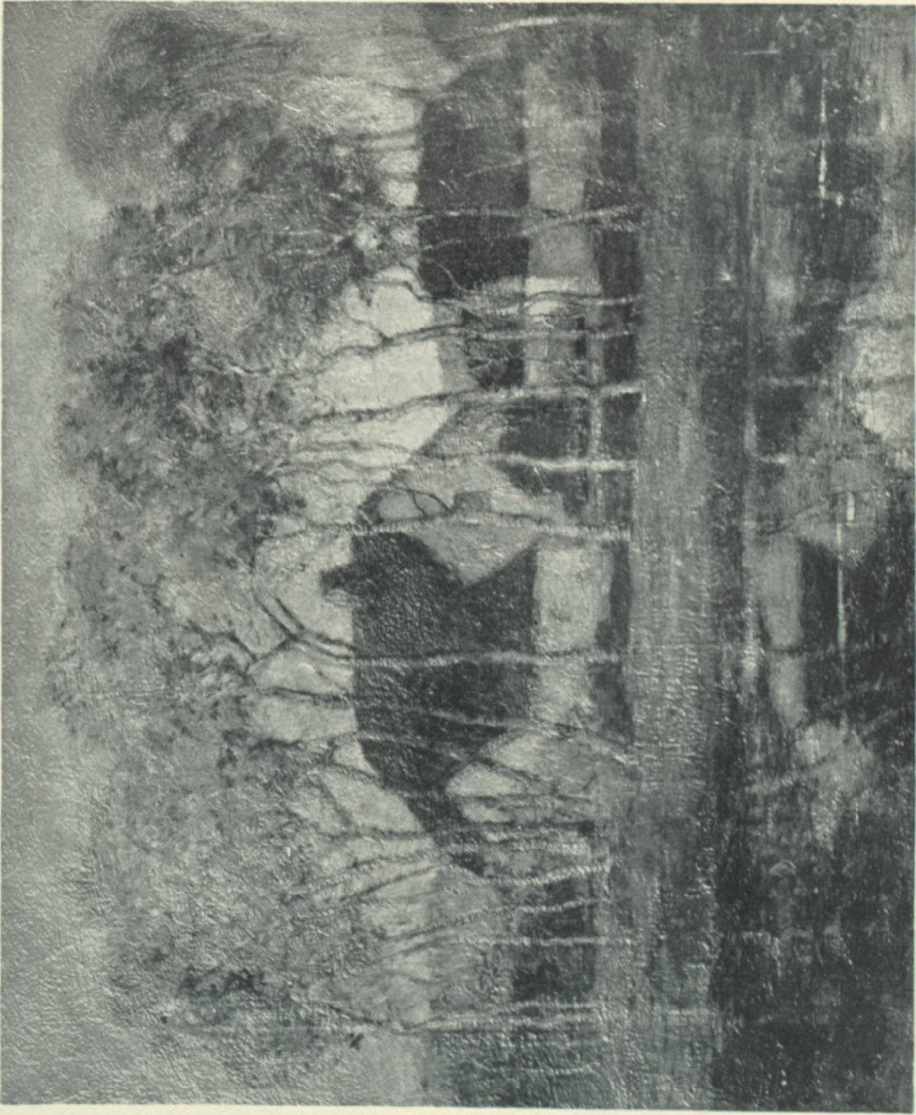
In any case it is certain that with

Sir John Jellicoe as its Admiral-in-Chief the British fleet is worthily maintaining the traditions of Nelson's days. And I like to think of him as he paces the quarter-deck of his flagship, in weary hours of ceaseless watching against a foe who, while declining direct combat, employs all those weapons of insidious warfare which were unknown in Nelson's day, as exhibiting in an ever-increasing degree the same qualities of capacity and self-reliance for which, even as a boy, he was remarkable. The days of Nelson are gone for ever, but the old Nelson spirit lives in the British fleet. And as I look back over the space of more than forty years at Sir John Jellicoe's schoolboy career, I am reminded of the lines in the Harrow School song, "Forty Years On":

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,  
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,  
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—  
Hardly believable, forty years on!

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,  
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;  
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,  
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on.





THE FARM ON THE RIVER

From the Painting by  
K. R. Macpherson

Contributed to the Canadian  
Patriotic Fund





## A PLACE OF QUIET BREATHING

BY WILLIAM LUTTON

FROM the great hills on either side the tender green comes down to the water's edge, cool and sweet in the heat. The sun polishes the surface of Muskoka Lakes like burnished silver. In the distance are the purple hills, which draw the spirit, and give to the harassed mind the sense of ineffable peace and rest. They seem to bar the path of the boat, fold upon fold, until the illusion is broken by the near approach, and the way lies open—narrow at times and tortuous, winding in and out, offering constant surprise, in the wooded shores, which one could, in the rare instance, almost touch with the hand in the emerald gems which rise from

the lake gleaming in the sun, and from whose bosom one could glimpse the charmed magic casement of the summer homes, which sought, in their uprearing, to mimic the softness and delicacy of nature.

All the way the charm is sustained—the shores recede or come close for friendly recognition; the lakes sleep in the sun; a vast and solemn silence, save for the throes of the engines, encompasses the world; and one yields himself to those monitions and intimations which seem to declare the immanence of God.

Now the lake is like a long and winding silver ribbon; anon there is a noble breadth. In the romantic mo-





"Winding in and out, offering constant surprise"

ment one might think he could put out his hand and pull the water lilies, through which, in narrow passages, the boat passes. The islands come upon you with the sense of delighted surprise. When the boat touches, happy summer people come down to the edge of their tiny kingdom, and exchange greetings; the young people sing songs; the girls are all in white, with fresh cheeks; there is neither care nor sorrow in the world. The launches dart in and out—youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm.

The canoe glides through the water, with the young girl lying on cushions and her companion, wielding the paddle in approved fashion—a glimpse of that eternal romance which can never die while there are youth and hope in the world.

On the great bluffs, which rise on either shore, you see the homes of American and Canadian millionaires—lordly in their bulk—with spacious

grounds, from which rise the stately palms, and which express the instinctive and elemental desire for poetic association with nature.

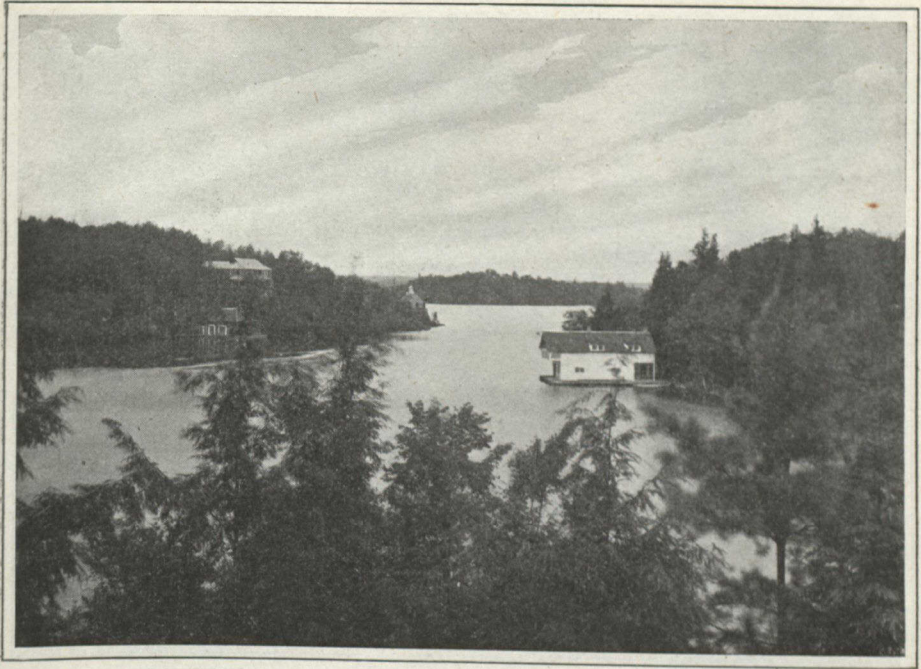
To these enchanted lakes they come for health and pleasure. The cares of life are thrust out of the doors of the mind. Life has been strenuous and wearing; but here is the idyl for which the heart craves. The harassing things of life recede to a remote distance. All is lapped in immutable calm.

One might well fancy the happy summer occupants saying, with the poet, "We will no longer roam."

Here and there the boat touches; and down to the water's edge come the happy young people, gathered together from many widely-separated points of human contact to laugh and sing and yell their topical cries.

Letters are received and creature comforts are taken on shore, for the stomach is clamant, even though one





"The sweet, idyllic charm of the Inlets"

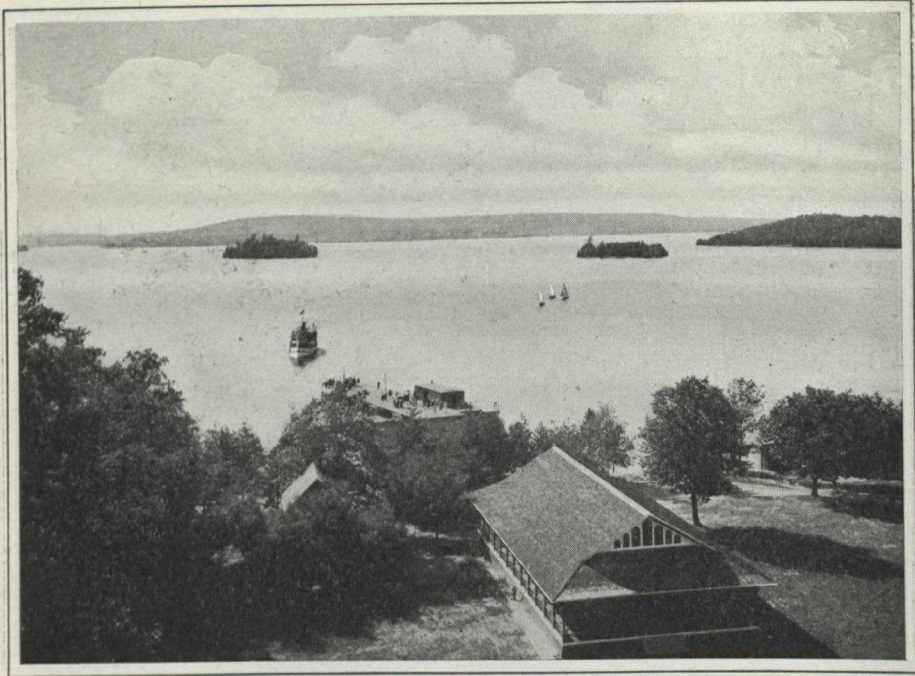
may, at twenty, yield to the influence of a big yellow moon; for while we have been musing upon the beauty of the scene, so fresh and unhackneyed the afternoon has worn on; the sun has sunk into the lake; the after-glow has made a splendour almost terrible in its depth of colour and broad diffusion; and the moon has succeeded—large and golden and supernal. And now the lake is molten gold; and every sound is hushed, save for the plaintive cry of the gull or the loon. The solemnity is inexpressible. All are affected by it. The chatter ceases; and all come out on deck to feel the ravishment of the incomparable scene—the haunting beauty, the sense of nearness to the deep things of nature. The lights twinkle on the shores, the launch darts across the track of the boat; the canoe can be outlined in the distance, with the two figures, which are enough for happiness.

Across the lake comes the sound of happy laughter. As the boat nears the shore, one can see the flying feet,

as the young people pay their *devoirs* to *terpsichore*. For, remember, this is a world of delight and laughter. There is not a pain nor a tear in it. No carking care wrinkles the brow; and at twenty one can afford to miss the beauty sleep, while the vibrant tones of Strauss's "Blue Danube" tremble on the air and demand response. One could wish that the boat might go on and make that trail of glory on the lake, that the moon might ravish the world with its own delight; but Rosseau, now the objective of the trip, is reached, and the twinkling lights of the *Monteith House* gleam out upon the water.

Here are welcome and good cheer. Nobody thinks of bed; and the young people are lured to the dancing-pavilion, where, until far on in the night, delicate measures are gaily tripped.

One hears the swish-swash of the lake at the very feet, as it were, sees the golden moon high in the heaven; the shores ghost-like in the



"When the boat touches, happy summer people come down to the edge of their tiny kingdom"

ravishing radiance; finds a world all golden and young and beautiful, and desirable as the lost Atlantis.

One is not satisfied with Muskoka Lakes, but must add the Lake of Bays to one's itinerary.

The name has been well chosen. This is the potent lure—the innumerable bays which afford a constant delight and surprise. To the broad stretch of lake succeeds the sudden inlet—the sheltered haven, where one might pluck the growing things on the shore. The lake broadens and narrows at its own sweet will; but always hints the surprise to prevent the satiety of sameness.

The breadth is superb; but the narrows, the sweet, idyllic charm of the inlets, this is the chief remembrance.

The lake is as smooth as glass; pellucid, serene, arresting in its subtle charm.

The bays come upon you before you know it—full of allurements, as if nature was various on purpose to

whet desire, like the charms of some beauty, whom time doth not wither, nor custom stale.

And thus the trip proceeds—from the plain and candid width, to the rapturous surprise of the bays or lagoons, on which the water-lilies idly float, and which with a prodigal wealth of shore-growths, express the very air of romance.

There, too, we find the islet to surprise and gratify by its softness and vividness—its summer homes perched on the highest point—the whole, when first the eye catches it, suggesting a dreamlike vision, suspended in the air. Along the margins, too, are the summer residences of the well-to-do people, who make this their summering place—people who have made the discovery of this entrancing world and enjoy it the summer long. There are, of course, hotels along the way, and these are filled with merry guests; but the islands that lift their *frondaison*; the bluffs which show the



"The lake is as smooth as glass, pellucid, serene, arresting in its subtle charm"



"The islands that lift their frondaison, the bluffs which show the beautiful summer homes"



"In the distance are the purple hills, which draw the spirit

beautiful summer homes, adorned with every luxury, and always showing lawns and gardens touching the water edge—these claim the regard, as the expression of individual taste and feeling. The bluffs rise sheer; the hills seem to touch you, but always part their involutions and give you passage. Beyond the rim is the great outside world we have left, without sorrow, behind; here is enough for joy and rest and peace, there is murmurous hum in the warm air; the gull follows the boat, darting suddenly to the water, and finding its food like the ravens, who are promised providential care.

The engines throb as the boat makes a shining track in the water; the isle shows its head for a moment and is no more seen; the summer home on the crag flutters a dainty handkerchief as we pass. The Indian names called out suggest the primordial lordship of the people whom we have

despoiled. When the white man was not, the children of nature smote the water with their paddles, and, in the immemorial silence made the only human sound for aeons.

As the evening comes on, up comes the golden moon, and glorifies the world. Then something wistful steals upon nature; the utter beauty of the scene makes the spirit pensive.

One feels the silent ecstasy of the heavenly light, and would fain prolong the experience. Come the merry greetings from the twinkling human habitations along the shores; comes the boat to final pause; and romance ends when the porter of the *Wawa Hotel* shouts out, "Baggage checks, please." Nevertheless, after dinner, there is strolling through the enchanted and illuminated grounds; while one in watching the flying feet and hearing the entrancing music can only think that the divinest thing in life is youth.

# GEORGE HAM

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN ON WHOM THE SUN NEVER SETS

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

GEORGE HENRY HAM is a large body of superfine humanity entirely surrounded by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is bounded on the south by the line to Drummondville, on the north by the branch to Ste. Agathe, on the east by the Quebec and Maritime sections, and on the west by the four-thousand-mile stretch that ends at Vancouver. Among the eighty-five thousand employees he is the only latitudinarian. And he is a latitudinarian simply because he has more latitude than longitude, latitude of movement as well as of mind. And being a latitudinarian he was free when a Roman Catholic friend called him by telephone recently and complained that his wife was playing Protestant hymns on the piano—he was free to say, "Have the place fumigated and send the bill to the Archbishop." Any lawful day you may find him in his own office, unless he happens to be running up to Ottawa, or down to New York, over to Chicago, through to Vancouver, out to San Francisco, or across to Drury's. For he has what is known in university parlance as a travelling scholarship.

His office is in the headquarters of the railway, at the Windsor Station, Montreal—just off a long corridor that makes you feel when you enter it as if entering the big end of a telescope. You could pick him out because he is the only one that never appears to be working. If he is there

at all, he is either just coming in or going out. If you are coming in, he is going out—or across. If you are going out, he'll go out with you—or across. And once you see him, you will never forget him. For he always looks the same. He always has looked the same. And after all, why shouldn't he? For into the many perplexing, annoying, and tragic vicissitudes of an unusually eventful life he has never failed to infuse the saving grace of good humour. The fun of laughing at the ridiculous side of things has kept him young, and for a quarter of a century he has provoked more wholesome mirth than any other man in the Dominion. And while as a matter of fact his humorous and unique personality has greatly increased the fame of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it is equally true that he has been able to render peculiarly valuable service in several important adventures. All of which goes to prove that the genuine humourist must possess the basic quality of seriousness. I have seen George Ham in his official capacity as representative of the C. P. R. stir men to the height of merriment while he himself was weighted down by some acute personal bereavement or rendered almost helpless by intense physical agony.

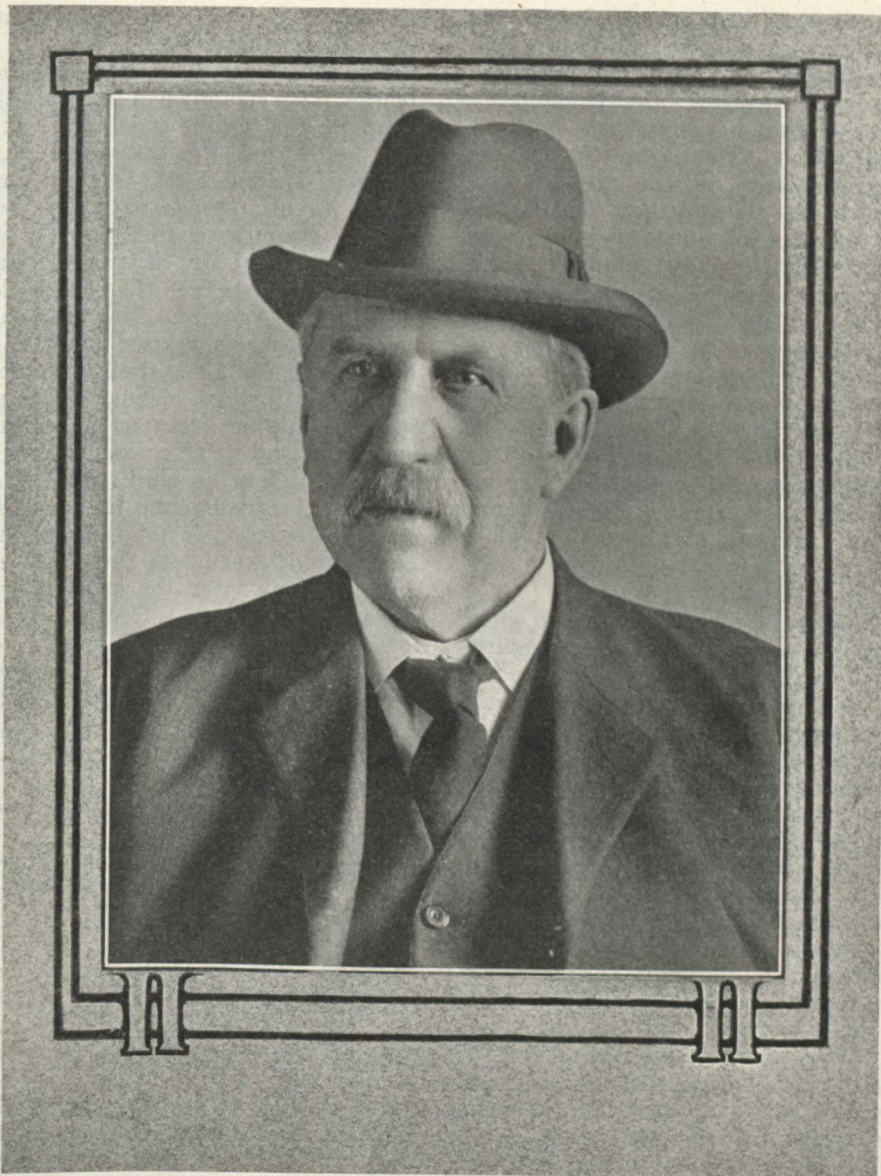
But I had been remarking that he always looks the same. For he usually wears a complete suit of plain gray tweed—trousers, waistcoat, and coat. "Neat, but not goddy," as he himself

says in his admirable brochure, "The Flitting of the Gods." The pockets of the waistcoat are always bagged under the pressure of cigars carried there against every emergency, and the trousers are mostly of the regulation length, although he once complained of a pair being a little tight under the arms. Above all, there is a soft felt hat, which is worn outdoors as well as in. It covers a head not otherwise wholly covered, a head that has had more changes of pillows than any other head north of Forty-Nine. I cannot say whether the moustache improves his appearance, because I have never seen his face with it off. It is possible, of course, that it covers a feature suggesting some villainous tendency which so far he has been able to subdue. If so, he has been subduing it a long time, for he was born in the town of Trenton, by the Trent, on the 22nd and 23rd of August, 1847; the occasion is known in Canadian history as the Trent Affair. There was another affair of the same name fourteen years later, but it was not purely Canadian, being merely a demonstration of British and American diplomacy. Nevertheless, it almost caused a misdating of the real Trent Affair from 1847 to 1861, which would have been a grave injustice to the whole Trent valley. But George, by this time an overgrown lad jealous of his natal glory, and with the blood of his United Empire Loyalist forefathers seething in his veins, enlisted in the Canadian militia and stood ready to defend his people and his country. It is only just to say that he was not at that time killed in battle; and while the second Trent affair is sometimes mentioned by historians, everyone now knows that the real Affair took place in 1847, the birth-year of George Henry Ham. Owing to these things, but mostly to the fact that he repeatedly refused to run away from home at an early age, he still speaks with a slight Trentonian accent, though distinctly enough to be understood in nine Pro-

vinces, especially when making an after-dinner speech.

And that reminds me of an occasion when he was responding to a toast to the Canadian Pacific Railway. He said he would rather be President of that railway than be Mayor of Westmount or laid to rest under the tallest shaft of marble in the English-speaking world.

It is said that his right palm is callous from much hand-shaking. Whether it is or not, one thing is sure, his heart isn't. For if there is a big, generous heart in the world, it is George Ham's. But I was attempting to describe his appearance, not his besetting sin. I had got as far as the moustache. On either side of that adornment there is a deep wrinkle which an undiscerning person might mistake for a sign of old age, but which as a matter of fact is merely a result of the efforts of an optimistic man to play a joke on his friends by appearing to be pessimistic. For George Ham is fuller of optimism than some persons are of philanthropy. In that condition he displays a fine expansive figure, in keeping with his five feet, twelve inches of height when well healed. He has indeed a soldierly appearance, due no doubt to the fact that he was the first Canadian war correspondent, that he enlisted in the Canadian militia at the age of fourteen, that he served during the Fenian Raids in 1866 and 1870, receiving a medal for merit; that he was with Major-General Middleton at Fish Creek, that he was on the steamer *Northwest* when she ran the blockade; and, lastly, that in 1914 he was appointed by the Minister of Militia at Ottawa an Honourary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Department of Intelligence. Any one wishing to study his early literary style may search *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) of thirty years ago and there read his despatches from the front during the last uprising under Riel. He was a well-known man in the West, even in those days, and it



MR. GEORGE HENRY HAM

is said that he passed through the lines one night when if he had been any other man than George Ham he would have been shot dead on the spot. It was during the course of this rebellion that a friendship developed between him and Middleton. The friendship began one evening when

George rode out upon the prairie, following the General, who had ridden away alone and who, George feared, might be surprised by Indians. Soon he perceived that the General had halted, and coming closer he overheard him speaking freely in the vernacular. For the General had rid-

den away to have a quiet smoke, and was trying, unsuccessfully, to light his pipe, a trial that is oath-provoking on the prairies. George offered to light it, and he succeeded—with the first match. Thereafter the General regarded him as the greatest man west of the Great Lakes. But George always was an adept at such tasks, even before he took to after-dinner speaking. But his speeches have not been restricted to dinners, for once by a speech (just before dinner) he earned the appointment of official station-opener. A station had been built not far from Toronto. George, being present on the occasion of the opening, was called on to do the act officially. He stepped forward, and in an apologetic manner said that he did not know whether to open it with a key, a crowbar, or prayer.

He felt like praying one time when, Hamlike, he surrendered his sleeping-berth to an unfortunate lady who was so fat that no one but a brute could go to sleep while thinking of her sitting up all night in the day coach. He was travelling in company with Mr. Edward Farrer, and when the two parted for the night Farrer told George not to worry about getting up in the morning as he would call him at the right time. But as George was about to retire, the lady came puffing into the corridor and announced that she had not been able to get a berth.

"Why, there's one right here for you," said George, without any pretence at gallantry, as he pulled aside the curtains of his own berth.

The lady, little suspecting that she was compelling an honest man to sit up and play poker all night, slept serenely in the berth until morning. That was well enough, but sometimes fate will not let well enough alone. And in this instance Farrer stood for fate. He knew nothing about the fat lady, and therefore, to ill-use a Baconian phrase, he hied him hence, in the gray of morning, and, pulling apart the curtains of the Ham berth,

shouted: "Get up, you old villain! Last call for breakfast!"

One should not infer from this that George Ham has always slept on the bumpers, for on one particular occasion he shared the stateroom with the late William Stitt, General Passenger Agent. George says Mr. Stitt was the heaviest snorer east of the Kootenay. And Mr. Stitt used to say that George Ham was the easiest liar this side of Ananias. However that may be, George's revised version of the stateroom affair is that Stitt snored like a dustless cleaner. George was in the upper berth, so he reached down and gave the snorer a slight pressure under the chin. The snoring ceased suddenly and then a raucous voice asked, "What time is it?" George told him it was three o'clock. Half an hour later the snoring was louder than before. George struck downwards again.

"What's the matter?" growled Stitt. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"My father used to tell me," said George, "never to go to sleep with a lie on my conscience."

"I don't give a hang about your conscience."

"Well, I told you just now it was three o'clock. As a matter of fact, it was three-fifteen."

"Oh, go to . . . !"

George says he hasn't gone yet. And I do not believe there's a man anywhere who would like to see him go. For he is deservedly the most popular man in the Dominion. That would be a pretty strong claim for one who had never entered public life. But I cannot make it as such, for George Ham was at one time a sort of *Pooh Bah* in the city of Winnipeg. He was an alderman, a school trustee, a licence commissioner, and the registrar of deeds. I am not sure that he occupied all these positions at once, nor do I know whether he was commissioner of dog licences or a registrar of good deeds. In any case, no one begrudges him the huge emoluments of these offices. And although



he has been out of public life for about thirty years, there are in the Dominion but few men who are as widely known as he is. And to know him is to like him. For he is the kind of man whom you can call George fifteen minutes after first meeting him. Because he will call you Tom, Dick, or Harry right from the start, and thereby open the way for a lasting friendship. If I wished to strengthen my claim as to his popularity I could enlist the opinion of any railway man in Canada, any newspaper man in Canada, any politician—indeed, any all-round good fellow. For he himself is the prince of good fellows, and, to use a phrase that is much abused, he is as well a gentleman and a scholar. It might be expected, in order to make his attributes complete, that I should record him as a judge of good whiskey. But as a matter of fact, his judgment is better as to ginger ale, a beverage which, curiously enough, he had to eschew a few years ago owing to ill-health. He did not let the incident pass, however, without marking it by one of his characteristic observations. For, as he himself explained afterwards, they first cut out the appendix, then the thyroid cartilage, then, worst of all, the booze. His cheerfulness in time of sickness has been a marvel to his friends. And it is marvellous, also, what he has survived.

"You must have a great constitution," said a caller at the hospital one day.

"Yes," said George with a grim smile, "a great constitution, but no by-laws."

His good humour is irrepressible, and although it has been recorded only in the minds of his friends, he won the admiration of Mark Twain, who presented him with his portrait and autograph. I have never known him to be at a loss for a brilliant sally, and his wit has been summoned many and many a time when other men would have been at home in bed. At a luncheon tendered a few years

ago by the late Senator Jaffray to Colonel Watterson, I was placed next to George, which is a privilege that Sir Wilfrid Laurier always requests when he attends the annual dinner of the Press Gallery at Ottawa. George was by no means well, yet his vivacity was not in the least affected. Opposite us sat Mr. (now Sir John) John S. Willison and Mr. Joseph Tarte. These two engaged in an argument that involved Quebec and Ontario. As Mr. Tarte seemed to be floundering, George, being a fellow-resident of Montreal, leaned forward and in a stage whisper urged him to "deal in glittering generalities."

It is quite right, and natural, to suppose that a man of George Ham's popularity would be the object from time to time of a great many presentations. He has run the whole gamut, from bedroom slippers to gold watches and travelling companions. He has received travelling companions almost to the point of embarrassment, just like the bride of thirty years ago used to receive cruet stands. And the worst of it is he has never liked the formality of a presentation, and he has been heard to say that he would rather receive an increase in salary any day than have to reply to a presentation of two gold cuff links suitably engraved. I recall an occasion when he tried to hide from a committee that had bought something handsome to give to him. He had accompanied the members of the Ontario Legislature to inspect the Agricultural College at Guelph, and on the way back, shortly after leaving the city, everything was ready in the last car—everything except George. He was not in sight. Two of the party went to fetch him. They found him somewhere up near the engine. It was a long train, and George had to walk back through car after car, until finally, as he entered the last one, he muttered to himself, almost inaudibly, "Great Caesar! They'll have me back in Guelph again, first thing I know." Then he received the pres-

ent, and replied with the kind of speech that has made him famous, not so much because of what he says as because of his inimitable manner of saying it.

His great popularity is due in part at least to his spontaneous human sympathy. In everything except politics he is liberal, so liberal indeed that he can be sorry even for Judas Iscariot or for one German Emperor. His sympathies are so wide in fact that they have earned for him the singular distinction of being the only man member of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Of course, his membership is honorary, and although it is many years since he quit the field of active journalism, he is *de jure* (the italics are mine) still a newspaperman. He began as a printer, and has been successively reporter, war correspondent, editor, and publicity agent. Just what his position is in the Canadian Pacific Railway service it would be difficult to define. Whatever it is, it is generally well known that his personality

has done much towards making the road popular. At one time he was called the General Publicity Agent. But for a complete definition we have to go back two hundred years, to one Alexander Pope, in whose writings we find these time-honoured words, "Guide, philosopher, and friend." We borrow them, and here rival their author in the application. For they apply to George Ham with rare fitness. And almost every important party that has crossed Canada in the last twenty years has been accompanied by him in that amiable capacity.

Under such circumstances the road-bed is always smooth, the meals tempting, the porters obliging, the waiters good-natured, the time-table accurate, and the sun perpetually shining. For George Ham's is a shining personality. And it will go on shining long after many great men are forgotten. Then let us take off our hats now to this one on whom the sun never sets.



# THE TESTING OF BOB

BY GERALDINE LENINGTON STEINMETZ

"DISGRACEFUL! How dare he do it! Mother. She works in a shop. And he never told us."

"He told me," said my mother very gently, "that he was going to marry Miss Marie."

"Miss Marie! Is that what he calls her?"

"My dear!" said mother.

Of course, I couldn't say any more, but I made up my mind then and there that I'd save my brother. There were lots of ways of doing it. I meditated.

As for the girl, I did not think of her. Why should I? Of course, I would break that engagement, break it for my brother's sake, break it by some means.

I made a party that week that I thought would have turned the head even of my steady gray-eyed brother.

I had Madge and Dorothea and Kitty, Jim Horseman, Tom Raynolds, and Archer. And before they came I had the tennis court rolled fresh, the boats overhauled, and lots of cushions in the hammocks on the verandah.

You'll notice I didn't ask as many men as girls—on purpose.

I said to Bob, Friday night:

"I say, Bob, Dr. Lawson has disappointed me. I haven't enough men to go round because Jim never gets very far away from me. But you're not going anywhere specially, are you, Bob?"

He had been, I knew. I could tell by his face. He was so disappointed.

What sort of a girl was Miss Marie, anyway? But my brother knows what he had to do for me. He said:

"I was, but I'll fix it up. When do they come?"

"At one on Saturday."

"And when do they go?"

"Bob, how hospitable you sound. They go Monday morning."

"That means I'm on duty all Sunday."

"Bob, Madge is coming."

Bob looked at me quizzically. Madge was an old sweetheart of his. I suppose that even my out-and-out brother began to wonder what my little game was.

"And I've asked Dorothea."

"Dorothea Hazelwood?" Bob whistled. I had interested him finally. Dorothea is the most beautiful girl I know, and if it came to a try-out between Dorothea and the Miss Marie person, I had a guess which would win.

Bob hung around after dinner. I knew what he wanted—a clear hall to telephone in, for our hall is the sort that magnifies even a whisper. I was curled up in the hammock half asleep, planning an entirely new salad—something that even Kitty couldn't guess—when Bob finally got a number in town. I suppose it was some sort of boarding-house place where Miss Marie lived. Miss Marie—what a funny little name.

Bob spoke so quietly I couldn't hear all the name he gave. Then in a moment I heard him say:

"Is it you, dear?"

"Dear." I was cross. Apparently, it was "dear." Then he said:

"Not call you up so late? What time is it? Ten o'clock, I didn't know. I'm sorry. Won't do it again."

Imagine Bob so humble. So that was how she did it? Playing Miss Propriety? But perhaps she lived all by herself in that horrid boarding-house. Bob was saying:

"I've just called you up to say I had wanted to spend Sunday with you, if you'd go for a ride or for a picnic, or whatever you like, but my sister has a party on down here, and wants me to help her out. Do you mind? I hope you do, very much.

Thanks. Will you come out with me Monday evening?" I suppose she said she would. Bob didn't say any more, no nonsense, or talking, or anything, just, "Good night, dear," in a voice that sounded as if he meant it.

But I wouldn't give in. I would try Madge first, and if Madge's daredeviltry didn't break the Miss Marie spell, then I'd do it with Dorothea.

Madge played my hand unconsciously. I knew she liked Bob—for that matter, every girl likes my big brother. I settled Kitty and Dorothea, Tom and Archer at tennis. At first I thought Madge was going to be content to sit alongside and watch. But I might have known Madge better.

"Bob," she gurgled, looking up at him and fairly throwing herself at him, "Bob, I long for a canoe, my hands ache for a paddle, my soul—"

Bob smiled at her. I *thought* he'd forget Miss Marie.

"If that's all you need to make you happy, come on," he said, and I saw them going off across the meadow path to the boat-house.

I'd give Madge the afternoon.

Jim tagged after me to the dairy-house, where we spent the afternoon making ice-cream. That is, Jim made it, and I superintended. It was my idea that the temperature has a lot

to do with a man's love-making. I chose the ice-cold dairy-house in the hope that the temperature would keep Jim from proposing, even if I did get pleuro-pneumonia and die as a secondary result. The device didn't work. Jim proposed and I refused him. I felt worse than he did, but I had made up my mind to refuse Jim three times, and this was only the first time. I don't know how I shall manage not to say yes the next time. But—

Bob and Madge came back about half-past five. I thought Madge looked disappointed and Bob a trifle bored—not, of course, that he'd let anyone see it if he was.

"Where'd you go?" we asked them.

"Across to Macready's Point, and through the woods," Bob said.

"The flowers are lovely," gurgled Madge, "Bob and I used to go there every week. It was just like old times, wasn't it?"

Bob said "Yes," but it was a dead sure thing to me that if it was like old times to Madge, it wasn't to Bob.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "we're rather lucky to be here—in the country—aren't we? And you girls with your good looks," they laughed at him, but he went right on, "every girl can't paddle as you do. Every girl hasn't the chance."

I said, "Oh, Bob, keep your sermon for to-morrow," But I knew what he was thinking—that Miss Marie in town hadn't the fresh air and the fun and good times we had. Now, if he began to feel sorry for her, it *was* all up with my plan. Oh, dear, why did one's brother have to be the dearest fellow in the world to anyone but his own sister?

That night I slipped into Bob's room to say good-night and thank him for helping me with my party. I was curious. I couldn't help asking him what Madge had said in the afternoon. Bob shut his lips hard, and looked at me.

"What little girls don't know won't hurt them."

"Bob, *was* she reproachful?"

"Reproachful about what?" asked Bob savagely. "There's nothing to be reproachful about. But for my part, Angelica, I don't see *why* you can't have girls with some sense."

I felt rather weepy, for Jim had been trying, and now Bob, my always comfort, was cross. Bob must have seen I was tired, for he stopped scolding and came across to where I stood by the window, and kissed me.

"Isn't the lake beautiful in the moonlight, Bob?"

"I know someone else who is beautiful," said my big brother.

"Oh, and who is it?" I teased. Bob is the nicest person in the world to flirt with. Jim is much too serious.

I believe Bob was on the point of taking me into his confidence about Miss Marie, and if he had, I should have given in, for I do think Bob is the nicest boy I know, but he didn't say anything, and after a minute I turned away from the blue, moonlit water, the orchards, and the night, said "Good night," and went away, and my heart was sore both because of Bob and Jim.

But the next morning in daylight the moonshiny sentimentality drifted off the situation, and I considered putting my money on Dorothea.

I got Dorothea into a blue-checked apron—Bob does like domesticity, he is so sentimental—and I suddenly remembered the peaches hadn't been brought in for luncheon. Bob and Dorothea were told off to pick peaches. Dorothea certainly looked the part. She has wide open blue eyes and fair fluffy hair, and a manner appealing enough to appeal even to Bob. I found out later that there wasn't much "appeal" about Miss Marie. You never can tell, can you?

They came back in an hour—the time consumed to pick one basket of peaches was satisfactory. Dorothea's cheeks were pink; of course, that might have been the heat. Bob certainly was attentive, but then every man is attentive to Dorothea.

After luncheon, the Dinsmores came, and the Allens, and the Browns, and Bob was chiefly occupied in lifting iced tea around the verandah. Dorothea was paying a good deal of attention to Bob. I counted on the evening.

We went to church and I proposed we should walk back along the lake shore. We lost Bob and Dorothea, and when they came in half an hour late we learned that Dorothea had walked part of the way in her bare feet along the edge of the water. Dorothea was coming on. That was more like Madge. I watched Bob lighting a cigarette, and there was a curious sort of look about his eyes. I couldn't make out just quite what it was or what he thought of Dorothea.

The next morning Bob was up at sun-rise, while the rest of us were yet asleep, and had gone off with the car, to be gone all day down in the country buying stuff. But I thought the situation was promising enough to keep Dorothea. So I kept her, for I saw that if I kept Bob just this one more night—one more apology to the Miss Marie, one more night of Dorothea—

He drove in at six, tired and dusty, and turned the car over to the man with instructions to clean and make it ready. I thought, "He can take Dorothea and me for a ride, and I'll get tired at the last moment, and stay behind."

He dug up-stairs to tub before dinner, and I got some iced tea and went up after the splashing stopped.

"Good kid," said Bob, who was standing with two blue ties in his hand, one dark, the other pale. He drank the tea with a gulp, gratefully, and then asked:

"Which looks best?"

"Neither," said I decidedly. "Your face is like a lobster. That blue shows up every vein. Where's that gray tie I gave you a week ago?"

He meekly got out the gray tie and went about putting it on.

"Bob," I said, sitting down on his window-seat, "Dorothea stayed."

"Yes, I saw her," dryly. "Say, isn't this gray rather dead?"

"No. It looks cool. You leave those red ties until November."

"Oh, *all* right." He put up the red ties.

"Bob, will you take Dorothea and me for a ride?"

"Sorry. Can't. You said they'd go Monday morning. I've an engagement."

"Put off the engagement."

Bob turned and looked at me.

"Do you know?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," I said, "and I want you to put off the engagement."

Bob came over and, picking me up, sat down with me on his knee—this puts you at a tremendous disadvantage, if you don't know.

"Look here, kid, what are you driving at?"

"Well, Bob, you're going to see a girl we don't know, and I don't want you to go, or to be engaged."

Bob sat looking before him, and for a minute I wished I hadn't said anything.

Then he said: "I suppose that Jim man is just fooling around with you—not the slightest intention of being engaged or anything like that—"

"Bob," I howled, "he's proposed twice."

"A great mistake," said Bob. "He shouldn't have."

"Bob," I said, for I suppose there was some truth in what he meant, "Bob, is she *really* nice?"

"She's as nice as you, nicer to propose to. She didn't refuse me twice—better not."

I hung my head.

"Bob," I whispered, "do you really care about her?"

"Just this much, little girl, that if you cared as much for Jim you'd have understood and not kept me here dangling attendance on those idiots for two days, and working all day to-day until I could go—"

So he had seen through my scheme all along.

"What will I do with Dorothea?" I wailed. For if she hadn't been there, I should have telephoned Jim to come down, and—

"Dorothea?" Bob considered. "Oh, telephone to Jim to come down and—get Dorothea to play the piano."

"Bob," I said, for I was sorry, "I'm going to call on Miss Marie some day this week."

"No, by Jove, you're not," said my big brother. "You'll wait now. If you're very good you may go the week after next."

"What about mother?" I sulked.

"Mother," said Bob, "went last week."





THE LIGHT ON THE SEA

From the Painting by Paul Doherty, in the National Art Gallery of Canada





# THE INFLUENCE OF ITALY ON BRITISH LIFE AND THOUGHT

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS

TO many persons it would seem either frivolous or satirical to speak at the present time of the influence of Italy on Great Britain, whether by influence we mean either a political or an intellectual one. If we except musical compositions, then in the estimation of most people it would seem that waiters, marble angels, table-tops, street pianolas, ice-creams, products for Italian warehousemen, and certain modes of cooking would comprise the contributions to English life emanating to-day from that fascinating peninsula. But we are not thinking of to-day. The truth is that many of us are scarcely at all aware of the very great influence which Italy exerted on the intellectual life, not only of England, but of the rest of Europe, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, an influence whose effects are still clearly traceable in almost every phase of life north of the Alps.

The Renaissance, though a movement which originated in Italy, could not be confined to that great meeting-place of East and West. It was quite impossible that the energy of a movement, which in the land of its birth had in one way or another permanently altered the aspect of every phase of Italian life, could be restricted within the geographical limits of a country in which the agents of the merchants of London met those of Constantinople on that unique com-

mon waterway, the Grand Canal. It was inevitable that Italy, then leading the world into the enjoyment of all in literature, art, and science that the New Learning had to reveal, should have profoundly influenced even so distant a country as the island England, which, although it had indeed slept through the night of the Dark Ages, had never been quite unconscious of certain notable phases of activity whose theatre was outside itself. The Crusades and later the Reformation had not been without influence on the intellectual life and secular thought of England.

But, of course, it is a sober fact that the Christian religion reached England through Augustin sent by Pope Gregory the Great direct from Rome in 590 A.D.

As Italy reached her intellectual zenith when England was just awaking from her sleep, so England, having learned a great deal from Italy and borrowed much that was best there, carried on the spirit of the Renaissance, at least in science and in medicine, long after the sun of Italian glory had begun to set. As in commerce, Venice had been the world's exchange when London was merely England's, so London was to be the world's vast meeting-place when Venice had become an architectural museum and an exhibition of pictures, a collection of magnificent relics sinking in sad splendour to their

grave in the Adriatic slime. The call of Italy has always had a great fascination for the best minds; Milton heard it and never forgot the autumn leaves of Vallombrosa; Addison obeyed it and was inspired to make the famous phrase, "classic ground"; while meditative Gray sent from Italy some of the best letters he ever wrote.

As in physical science the Italian Galileo had led, the English Newton, following, had universalized; so, too, in medicine, the University of Salerno was training surgeons and granting them academic licences and diplomas at a time when surgery in England was the affair of barbers and wigmakers. The English youth, William Harvey, in the first year of the seventeenth century, was already far ahead of his septuagenarian instructors in Padua. So in the eighteenth century, when the Hunters of the London School of Anatomy, and the Monros of the Edinburgh, were discovering what was to stand the severest test of time, little was being contributed from Padua or Bologna towards those very subjects, clinical medicine and pathology, which had had their origin in those southern universities. But it is equally true that when our forefathers in England were woad-stained savages, the highly civilized Etruscans were adorning vases and performing with an admirable technique such operations in dentistry as bridge-making in gold.

Most of us have no adequate notion of the magnitude of our indebtedness to Italy, for instance, in the handling of merchandise and all manner of trading, yet our everyday language is full of testimonies to it. Do not £.s.d. stand for *liri* (*livri*), *soldi*, *denari*, although we call them pounds, shillings, and pence? Bank and bankrupt are *banco* and *bancorotto*, the *banco* being the bench or banc at which the banker sat to transact his business. Our "journal" is but *giornale*, or that which came out every day (*diurnal*). Our word "gazette" takes us back to the time when a sin-

gle sheet of news in handwriting was displayed in a certain place in Venice where each person had to pay a small coin or *gazetta* to read it. Again the word "policy," as an insurance policy, has nothing to do with policy in the ordinary sense of that word; it comes from *polizza*, a promise. Our word "quarantine" has no connection in itself with any disease, it is the Italian *quaranti* from the Latin *quadraginta*, or forty, the forty days' detention which a plague-stricken ship underwent in the port of Venice. The very form of the word "company" on the notes of the Bank of England at the present day is an Italian and not an English form at all (*Compa*). What, for instance, do we mean by *italics* in our printing? Nothing other than the use of a certain sloping type first used in Italy. And where did we get that sloping handwriting, the beautiful copper-plate caligraphy of our grandfathers? From Italy; it is sometimes called the Spencerian; it is really a copy of Petrarch's own handwriting, and it came to Britain from Italy in the sixteenth century as one of the minor results of Italian influences on us at the Renaissance.

To those of us who know Lucca at the present time, it is almost ludicrous to think of such a place lending an English king, our Richard I., funds wherewith to meet his part of the expenses of the Crusades. Not only was there much commercial reciprocity between England and Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but the galleys of Genoa and of Venice carried more merchandise to and from the shores of England than did all the English ships taken together. Italy taught England how to trade; she has certainly bettered the instruction. Villani, the Italian historian, tells us that the two great Florentine families of Bardi and the Peruzzi lent King Edward III. more than one million ducats, and that when at last these two great financial houses became insolvent, the failure disturbed the whole of Christendom.

But how comes it that every pawnbroker displays the sign of the three balls over his door? These three balls (*palle*) were the arms or crest of the world-famous family, the Medici, and you can still see them emblazoned in unfaded colours on the roof of the cathedral at Pisa. Now the Medici, besides being the virtual rulers of Florence, were the greatest bankers in Europe, and so it came to pass that their family arms were adopted as a sign by those who carried on transactions more or less analogous to legitimate banking. Every one knows that the name Lombard Street in the city of London dates back to the time when the merchants of Lombardy dominated English business.

As early as the middle of the fourteenth century, when the Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., married Violanti, daughter of Geleazzo Visconti, Lord of Milan, London consisted of unpaved streets and thatched houses in which people slept on beds of straw. The contrast with the city of his bride must have been very great. Smoothly paved streets were flanked by lofty palaces of marble in one of which the wedding feast took place amid every sign of luxury and splendour. Presents were given to the two hundred Englishmen of the Duke's train; and the occasion was made memorable not only by the profusion of rare dishes, but on account of the display of suits of wrought armour, coats embroidered with pearls, jewels set in gold on the belts, and gold lace over crimson cloth. The greatest poet of his age, Petrarch, sat among the princes at the feast, the remnants of which could have fed hundreds of people. Such was the scale of magnificence in Italy when in England, wine, for instance, was being sold like a medicine.

It is not very widely known that the art of printing did not arrive in England until twelve years after it had been practised in Italy. When at the close of the fifteenth century there were printing-presses in sev-

enty-one Italian cities, England had them in four of hers. Ornamentation on the bindings of books (gold tooling) was in Europe first seen in Italy; it had come there from the East.

It is a commonplace of knowledge that art in Italy was magnificent when elsewhere it was scarcely born; and long afterwards, when France, Germany, and the Netherlands had each a school of painting, the education of no artist was deemed complete until he had stretched his canvas under the Italian's sunny sky. But what is true of painting, is equally so of the allied arts of sculpture, architecture, and house decoration in stone, metal, wood, and plaster. Some of the choicest bits of ecclesiastical architecture in England—Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, and King's College, Cambridge—are not native work at all but Italian, while the most beautiful plaster mouldings on the ceilings of many English and Scottish mansions, of Holyrood Palace to name only one, were fashioned and fixed there by Italian hands. An Italian garden was at one time the type on which all good English gardens had to be modelled; the terraces, grottoes, statues, and vases being of transalpine origin.

In music of a certain kind, Italy has always been *facile princeps*. The Italian opera, until the rise of the Wagnerian, was the paragon of operas; and if Italian music is not at the present moment so omnipotent a power in the art world as it once was, we have to remember that it has influenced the style of numbers of foreign composers, amongst them the mightiest tone-poets of France, Germany, and Austria.

The amount of Italian influence on English life in the spheres of diplomacy and statecraft was very great; it was in these as part of general culture that the training of the gentleman of the Renaissance was to consist. The courtier was the highest product of all the co-operant ten-

dencies of the Renaissance; its learning, its poetry, its interest in revived antiquity, its polish, its technical knowledge of art, and its skill in all manly, outdoor exercises were to be his. The exquisite result embodied in a Sir Philip Sydney or a Sir Walter Raleigh was quite Italian, and very directly due to humanistic influences. The very comprehensive culture of the Admirable Crichton of St. Andrews, for instance, was typically Italian, including as it did not only the knowledge of fourteen languages, but music, fencing, and horsemanship as well. The love of classical archaeology was in point of time first an Italian passion, and women as well as men came under its power. As example of such ladies we might take Vittoria Colonna (1490-1547), and Isabella d'Este, the patron of Aldus Manutius, the Venetian printer, who was printing as early as 1476 those beautiful editions of the Greek classics which have survived to this day as exquisite examples of his art. Equally humanistic and therefore of Italian origin was the learning acquired by Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Bedford, the Countess of Pembroke, the mother of Francis Bacon, and Mary Queen of Scots. This enthusiasm for learning for its own sake, though scarcely so widespread in England as in Italy, yet deeply and fruitfully affected the best English minds.

In the matter of Biblical criticism one tends to look farther north than Italy; and certainly the humanistic ruler of the Vatican who spoke of "this fable of Jesus" was at the spiritual antipodes from the monk at Worms; nevertheless alike in piety and erudition Peter Martyr Vermigli of Florence and Bernadino Ochino of Sienna were not a whit behind their Teutonic brethren. Both resided in England, the writings of both were translated into English, and the former occupied a chair of divinity at the University of Oxford. Of Peter Martyr the discriminating Beza said,

"He is a phoenix born from the ashes of Savanarola."

Turning now to literature, nearly every one knows that the influence of Italy on our poetic and dramatic literature was of the deepest. The Italian novels (*novelle*) and the writings of Boccaccio in particular, supplied the subject-matter of a great deal of lighter literature of England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The setting and scenery of no less than fourteen of the plays of Shakespeare is pure Italian; so noticeable is this that the suggestion has seriously been made that Shakespeare must have travelled in Venetia. Not that our and the world's greatest dramatist was the feeble borrower of ideas from obscure Italian tale writers. Shakespeare used Italian scenes, plots, and dramatic situations to supplement what was lacking in the picturesque in the life of England. He used these foreign raw materials in working up by means of the transfiguring power of his own genius that which was to be for all men everywhere for all time. He borrowed, if you will, but he borrowed Italian bricks to hand them back to the world as marble. To the mint of his mind was brought base foreign metal, the great master issued it pure English gold with the stamp of the eternal on it. We should be more exact in speaking of Italian materials for Shakespeare rather than Italian influences on Shakespeare, for no one country or time could influence him who was to influence all for ever. There were Italian actors established in England before there were any English ones.

On many of Shakespeare's poetical predecessors the power of a very potent spell was cast by Italian poets, and especially by Petrarch, whose sonnets became for many a day the model for English poets to copy until some of their sonnets were little more than translations of his. Sir Thomas Wyatt, Henry Earl of Surrey, Sir Philip Sydney, and even Shakespeare himself in some of the sonnets were

all more or less consciously imitating Petrarchan mannerisms. It may even be said that they were plagiarizing, but plagiarism was not in the fifteenth or sixteenth century that deadly literary sin that it is in the twentieth.

The Italian influence on English literature was at its height during the reign of Elizabeth at a time when the national spirit was rapidly maturing towards a robust patriotism. Indeed it was the successes of the Italian circumnavigators, notably of Christopher Columbus of Genoa, and of Amerigo Vespucci of Florence, that fired the latent enthusiasm of Elizabeth's hardy seamen. It is certain that the geographers of Italy had charts and maps of the world as they knew it many years before any other nation. For two hundred years before the reign of Henry VII., Italian ships had carried nearly all England's merchandise; and our earliest books of travel are but translations of Italian works published during the period of the Renaissance. The classical Renaissance in Italy meant a great deal more than a study of the Latin and Greek tongues and the ability to write in those languages, a relic of which is, of course, still with us in the public schools' insistence on the writing of what is called Latin and Greek "verse." It meant for all persons desirous of being thought educated a degree of acquaintanceship with matters relating to classical antiquity not even attempted to be attained in this day save by professional scholars. The medical man of the Renaissance was a scholar. Linacre, physician to Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and the founder of the Royal College of Physicians, was a great deal more than an Oxford graduate in medicine. Thomas Linacre and John Chamber, his brother physician to Henry VIII., had both studied medicine at Padua, of which at that time great university they were doctors of their faculty. Linacre, along with the erudite Grocyn, had as their pupils at Oxford students who were afterwards to be

known to the world as Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, Cardinal Pole, and the mighty Erasmus himself. Oxford was the first place in England to feel the influence of Italy; the order of subsequent reception being Cambridge, the court, the nobility, and the public schools.

We are indebted to Italy for the models of two out of the four Scottish universities, and for much else that is characteristic of academic life in Scotland. By 1065, a year before the Norman conquest, there was established at Salernum a *studium generale* to which flocked students not only from all parts of Italy, but also from France and Germany. Petrarch called it "Fons Medicinæ." By 1096 its reputation as a school of surgery was such that Robert, Duke of Normandy, a brother of the Conqueror, returning from the Crusades, halted at Salernum to have his wounds professionally treated. Thus about six hundred years before surgery was an academic subject in England, it had its professors and its practice in what is now an unimportant town on the shores of the Mediterranean. There was a faculty of arts also, for the students of medicine were required to study arts for three years before giving no less than five to the study of medicine; not a bad curriculum for the eleventh century!

By 1088 this great University of Salernum had added to it a faculty of law, and it continued to be the most celebrated school of law until, on its decline, the centre of medical gravity was transferred to the northern city of Bologna. In Bologna the study of medicine and surgery flourished greatly, wholly due to the insistence of its professors on the dissection of the human body. The University of Bologna is interesting to us because it was explicitly on it as a model that the Renaissance Pope Nicholas V. founded the University of Glasgow in 1450. Architecturally the original university buildings were Renaissance in their design; the stones

fortunately remain in their relative positions and constitute the gateway of the beautiful new university buildings in the west of Glasgow. Glasgow then, academically, was a daughter of Bologna. Another Pope—a man very different from the book-loving Nicholas—I mean Alexander VI.—founded, in 1500, the third University of Scotland that owes its existence to foreign influence—Aberdeen. It was the Spaniard, Alexander Borgia, who was instrumental under good advice in founding a seat of learning in the then wild and bleak country of the north of Scotland. The University of St. Andrew's had been founded in 1411 by Benedict XIII. (Peter de Luna) the anti-Pope at Avignon.

Since Oxford owed its existence to Paris, and no less than three out of the four Scottish universities were created by foreign influence, we see what was the indebtedness of the world of British learning to forces moulding it from afar.

The next feature of our intellectual life which came to us very directly from Italian sources was the learned society or academy. Our own Royal Society dates only from the middle of the seventeenth century and did not get its charter from Charles II. until 1662. But all the learned societies of Europe were modelled on the type of that at Florence, the Florentine Academy, founded by Cosimo de Medici before 1485. When England was being riven by the wars of the rival roses, the Florentine savants were discussing the importance of the study of Greek in general and of Plato in particular in an atmosphere of intensest enthusiasm for learning of every kind.

To return to the court of Henry VIII., it was, in a word, Italianated, for besides the two Englishmen, Linacre and Chamber, both of them Italian-trained, Henry had two other physicians who were Italian-born, Battista de Boeria and Ferdinando de Vittoria. We are not at all surprised to know that the court sur-

geon was also an Italian, Antonio Ciabo. Another at the same court, Ammonio, a personal friend of Linacre, knew the great Erasmus well; while still another Italian, Petruccio Ubaldini, served in Henry VIII.'s unjustifiable and devastating war against Scotland. Adrian de Castello, at this time papal Nuncio for Scotland, wrote a Latin poem published by the world-renowned Venetian, Aldus, who was also Linacre's publisher. Corneliano, another Italian, wrote a Latin poem on the death of James IV. at Flodden, having so many false quantities that Erasmus derived immense amusement from it. In the next reign, Peter Martyr Vermigli, after eight years' study at Padua, was invited by Cranmer to come to teach at Oxford, and the unfortunate philosopher, Giordano Bruno spent two years (1583-1585) at the court of Elizabeth. Bruno lectured at Oxford as a neo-Platonist on the immortality of the soul; in physical science he expounded the Copernican philosophy then described as new. Bruno's publisher in England was that same Thomas Vautrollier who spent seven years in Edinburgh (1580-87) and published no less known a work than Knox's "History of the Reformation in Scotland." Jacopo Acontio, an Italian living in England at this time, wrote a treatise on the "Philosophy of History," in which he demonstrated the influence of the environment on the individual and exhibited man as the product of his age. So well-known an Englishman as Thomas Cromwell had studied at Padua, where you may still see his coat-of-arms on the wall of the cortile; Padua had sheltered John Panketh as well as Sir John Cheke, who had lectured there and had counted amongst his friends that strange man of universal learning—Jerome Carden (Hieronymus Cardanus). The links between Oxford and Italy were neither few nor unimportant. Henry Chicheley, the founder of All Souls and the giver of gifts to Oxford, had long re-

sided at Sienna; Alberico Gentile, who had come to England in 1580, was seven years later appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in England's premier university; Richard Croke, the friend of More and Linacre, had studied in Italy; Thomas Starkey, of Magdalen College, one of the lecturers at Oxford, had been at Padua; while Robert Parsons, of Balliol, had studied medicine in the same halls. This great university of north Italy had been Alma Mater to such different Englishmen as Peter Courtney, later Bishop of Exeter; Richard Pace, and Sir Thomas Hoby. To Pace, Erasmus addressed more letters than to any other of his learned friends.

Many were the Englishmen, who though not matriculated at any Italian seat of learning, yet travelled through the country to enrich their minds; of such were the elder Sir Thomas Wyatt, Inigo Jones, the architect, and John Dowland, the musician. Occasionally one of our own countrymen attained to high honours in his adopted land; we cannot forget how Crichton held his own in learned disputations against all-comers on the continent, and how Peter Bisset, a graduate of St. Andrews, died Professor of Canon Law at Bologna. On the other hand, Erasmus, the prince of humanists, did not at first go to Italy but to Oxford to study Greek, his reason being that all that Oxford possessed of classical learning she had derived from Italy, and that this in Oxford had gone on to a quite independent growth. But it was at Cambridge, as we all know, that the Italian model was most closely followed in the refoundation of Gonville Hall by John Keys, M.D. (Johannes Caius), a man as deeply versed in humanistic lore as any of the others who had left Oxford for Italy, a man who had not only studied medicine at Padua, but had remained there for some time to lecture on Greek. There seems little doubt about the correctness of the statement that

Caius at Padua lodged under the same roof as the great Vesalius. If Caius studied medicine at Padua, then the father of modern anatomy must have been one of his teachers. The college which Caius founded at Cambridge was from the first intended to be a medical one, and both in constitution and architecture it was on an Italian model. Its gates of Humility, Virtue, and Honour are in the florid style of the Renaissance. Caius stipulated that the holders of its travelling medical scholarships should study either at Padua, Bologna, Montepulciano, or Paris. But in constituting thus this characteristically medical college, he introduced into England the study of practical anatomy, that is, the dissection of the human corpse, the basis of all surgery and the practice of the medical art. An original member of the College of Physicians, Caius may certainly be regarded as one of those who laid "truly and well" the foundation-stones of English medicine, and if that is so, it is evident that it drew its inspiration and was given the leading lines of its action very directly from Italian sources.

Possibly few know that when Francis I. in 1542 wished to establish the School of Medicine in the Collège de France he sent to Florence for Guido Guidi (Vidus Vidius). Guidi did his work of organization so efficiently that when he resigned in 1548 and went back to Italy, the wits exclaimed, "Vidus venit, Vidus vidit, Vidus vicit." His name remains with us to this day in the "Vidian nerve."

However ready the well-informed person may be to admit that Italy led the way for Europe to follow in classical learning, in fine arts and architecture, in poetical and other literature, in diplomacy, statecraft, circumnavigation and cosmography, yet the statement that she also as distinctly led in the physical and biological sciences would scarcely be so readily assented to. One instinctively thinks of the Italy of yesterday, poor

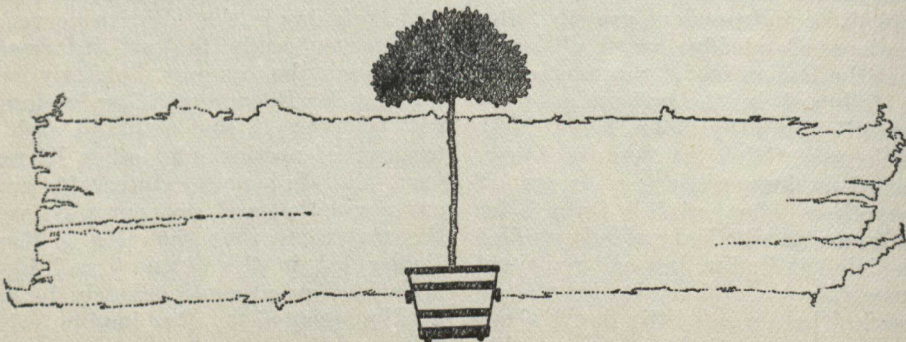
and disunited, the most unlikely country to lead in anything anywhere, least of all in science, the British Empire. But we should think of the Italy of the Medici in their zenith, a time when there was no United Italy and no British Empire; both are recent, the one a synthesis, the other an evolution. The Italy of the Renaissance was indeed geographically many states, but their courts vied with one another in the passionate love of culture and of what science there was and in extending patronage to men of letters and to men of science. English science had not been born, it was barely conceived. Roger Bacon was indeed an Englishman, but he was of the thirteenth century, a prophetic voice calling unheeded but not unpersecuted in a desert of theological bigotry and intellectual vacuity. England was a nation, but of shopkeepers and sailors; she had men of commerce, men that went down to the sea in ships, men that did business in great waters, and men of letters, too, but as yet no outstanding men of exact knowledge.

Was not one of the first stars ever seen through a telescope seen from the summit of the campanile at Venice by one of Galileo's "optical tubes?" Was it not the swinging of that candelabra in Pisa's cathedral that, viewed by Galileo, brought all the pendulums of Europe into being? Was it not from Pisa's leaning tower that ocular demonstration was made, once

more by Galileo, to the Senate of the University to the effect that as regards the laws of falling bodies the aeon-revered Aristotle was absolutely in error? Did not Galileo devise the thermometer? Was it not on the roof of a house in Bologna that the first scientific observation was made, by Galvani as every one knows, in regard to electricity, concerning which form of energy we know not whether to admire its adaptability to our uses or to wonder at its mysteriousness? Was it not at Padua that the revelation came to the young English student, William Harvey, as he watched the Italian dissecting the venous valves—the revelation of the ever-moving blood; and was it not again an Italian, once more in Bologna, who first of all men, realizing what he saw in the light of what Harvey had taught, beheld through his microscope the living blood moving as Harvey had said it must?

The eye of an Italian was the first to gaze on a star through the space-annihilating telescope, the eye of an Italian was the first to behold the innermost recesses of life through the space-creating microscope—sufficient leading this in astronomy, physics, and biology.

Her own sons to-day admit as just the description of Italy as the "land of the dead"; but the Italy of the past might with equal justice be described as, intellectually, the land of the first-born.





## A PROMPTED MASTERPIECE

BY ALFRED G. PALMER

IN an untidy atelier of one of their confreres a small knot of artists were gathered around a newly completed painting. It was a full-length portrait of a sprightly girl, nearing that exquisite period of female existence, the threshold of womanhood. The little maiden was holding a fan in as dainty a way a young and pretty girl would when attempting her first essay in coquetry. Her face, in partly unconscious challenge, was turned towards the spectators and she stepped across the polished floor in a manner at once gay and graceful. The portrait was pleasing and attractive, although the colouring was unusual as the somewhat flat gray tones predominated throughout. The atelier was that of the "Guy."

This, of course, was a mere fanciful name; everyone in his circle had such a fanciful one.

The artist was one of an aggressive circle of young aspirants of the brush, self-named "The Fraternity." This "Fraternity," launched with the greatest bluster, fluster and enthusiasm, was well sustained by the boundless ambitions, the strong friendships, and the rainbow hopes that influence vigorous youth. It was already notorious as the rallying place for all the wild and luxuriant imaginations of the younger art world, and here they gathered for mutual protection and inspiration; its mutual sympathies afforded them the delicious opportunities of advancing their original and daring ideas

unchecked and unchilled by the cold eye of custom and the established order; it was a place of security, a citadel from which they could hurl their thunderbolts of criticism and attack against the traditions, the teachings and the formalities of the Fathers of the Art World, past and present; and especially against, what they termed, the *limitations*. This was their favourite foe and they never seemed to tire in their attacks upon him. They were, however, just as unsparing, just as vigorous, in their criticisms of the productions of their own circle, and many were the historic battles and Homeric duels that were waged within the camp.

The present time was one of tense excitement, even, for these consistently excitable folk; it was the eve of the annual exhibition in which they hoped to be successful in displaying the fruit of a long year's labour; to show the sum of proficiency they had attained in their craft. Many of their pictures were awedly painted in the "Fraternity" spirit; were intended as challenges, in a more or less degree, to the council of the exhibition, in fact, to any council of any art exhibition in the world, so limitless, and of such gravity, was the mission of these young Raphaels and Rembrandts and Turners still in the seed.

The "Guy," so named, was a young persevering artist, a Walter Sculthorpe, who had earned his sobriquet from the "Fraternity" by reason of his fairly successful painting in the previous year's exhibition, a portrait

of a Spanish grandee, a Guido somebody, a picture somewhat after the manner of the old Spanish master, Valasquez.

He was now leaning against a small table that served him as a palette or paint-mixing board and was evidently in a distinctly angry mood. He pulled at the ends of his moustache and chewed at them as he listened to the flow of noisy comment from his friends assembled.

Someone had interfered with his intended exhibit.

"Who would do such thing? No one surely in the 'Fraternity!' No, a thousand times, no! I agree with the Broncho!" This remark, with increasing emphasis, came from a small red-headed man in a rather easy-going state, who peered in a shortsighted way into the features of the portrait.

"No, to be sure; the idea is unjust, absurd," added a fair-haired young woman, waiving her hand as if to dismiss an unpleasant thought, then, she folded her painter's smock about her in a thoughtful pose. She was the "Broncho." She had acquired this startling sobriquet on account of the subject matter of her pictures being of western incidents and scenes. She was one of the most assertive spirits in the "Fraternity."

"But, who from the outside would do it?" queried a thin young man with a very thin young beard, blowing as he spoke a thin cloud of cigarette smoke across the face of the little lady in the picture. "Who on the outside?" he repeated, in a shrill French accent, throwing up his arms and shoulders in a characteristic gesture, "Who would steal into your atelier like an assassin in the night and pink-tint your little chic gray mademoiselle, and put these smiles into her eyes and upon her lips, all so excellently performed too? Who would thus dishonour himself and us? Who, my dear 'Guy,' who? I am amazed. Peste! Distraction!"

As he finished, the "Broncho" appeared to have a sudden thought; she

turned and confronted the "Guy," looked into his face in a searching way for several seconds:

"Come, come, old 'Guy!' You are fooling us; you have done this yourself?"

"I? Pshaw!" retorted the artist, scornfully and harshly.

"No, really, 'Guy!' Is this not some spectacular stepdown, some concession to us philistines, and especially to the good efforts of the 'Poet' for resurrecting you from those sepulchral grays with which you have enshrouded yourself and your recent work? A confession, come?"

His harshness and scorn increased:

"I, indeed! No, please believe me. No!"

"And please believe us. We are all mightily concerned—perturbed. This act of vandalism then is an affront to us all."

"So! Well, listen. That villainous pink was daubed into my picture last night. Dickey and I left the atelier late, very late last night; the picture was not so then. I never came near until I came to work this morning, then, it was—bah!" he jerked his hand contemptuously at the portrait.

"Whoever did it is a rotten meddler, and, by George, he had better keep out of my knowledge. He hadn't even the decency to wipe off his splashes from the bottom of the canvas."

"But, have you a conviction that anyone in the 'Fraternity' did this dishonourable and disloyal act?" she insisted.

Before he could answer her the door of the room opened and two young men entered, the one a tall dark lank man, known among them as the "Rubens," or more often as the "Rube," the other, a florid, stout-built man of middle height and striking personality; this was the person previously referred to as the "Poet," occasionally they called him "Shakespeare."

"Hullo! Hullo! What's on? A hanging committee—or what?"

shouted the lank newcomer and immediately commenced singing:

Oh, hang Proffy Smiff's in the centre of the line,  
And hang Dully Brown's in a good place in the line,  
But, any bally picture with the ghost of a show to shine,  
Why, sky that away up aloft.

The "Guy" glanced at the two men, then turned moodily towards his picture.

"Oh, shut up, 'Rubens.' Something nasty has happened. Some meddler has been daubing pink into the 'Guy's' exhibit."

It was the "Broncho" who spoke and, although she addressed the lank man, her glance was on the other and her words seemed directed at him.

"Eh! Sacre—mento! Assault on Lady Jane Grey! Let-me-see!"—with an exaggerated show of consequential interest the lank man drew a lady's lorgnette from his pocket, applied this to his eyes and placed himself in an extravagant attitude before the portrait: "Hah!—the devil! Jee-osophat! This is not your work, Guy! you couldn't do it. Lady Jane is blushing blushes—she has dimples now, and oh! girls, the little Quakeress has rouged her lips. She's positively laughing at us—she's flirting. But—but, it's beautiful and—clever, really. Here 'Shakespook,' here's something that has the whole sheebang of us beat to a whimper."

The hand of the "Poet" was on his shoulder, it moved him politely aside and the owner of the hand took his place. The "Poet" gazed very intently at the picture with his large mild brown eyes, his wide brow was without a ruffle and his calm face was without a tinge of disturbance. This band of wild artists that appeared to defy all authority seemed to pay a marked deference towards him. He was silent for a few seconds, then in a running comment, more to himself than to his audience, he spoke:

"This fleshwork is not the 'Guy's';

he never sees the flesh, the colour of life beneath the skin. A cool moist gray haze always obtrudes between him and his subject. He thinks he is following his old master Velesquez in this—I think he is in error, as most of those are that affect this master. They are deluded by the present state of his paintings. I am of the opinion that age has dissipated the warm tintings and has left us the cool grays in undue prominence. This added effect to the Guy's gray portrait proves this more than all my former arguments."

The "Guy" shrugged his shoulders impatiently under this lecture, while the "Broncho" looked concernedly from one man to the other as if fearful of a resumption of the tremendous duel that had been waged between these two men on this question. The "Poet" continued:

"None of us can gray as you can, 'Guy.' Who could have added this effect? Who is clever enough to do it?"

"Oh, not such a hard guess, either," growled the "Guy," in a bitter tone, "one of your rose-pink school without a doubt."

The calm, but sensitive face of the "Poet," flushed and his mild eye winced under the thrust; he let the remark pass and attempted to mollify the anger of his brother artist, although he did this in a clumsy enough fashion, because he again drifted into his former line of comment:

"Oh, do not mistake me. It is sacrilege to add to any man's art. No one should have done this to your picture or to anyone's picture. It is a reprehensible act, although the addition is so wonderfully done. That oasis of warm colour concentrates attention upon the features, which, of course, should always be the pivot of attraction in any portrait. The movements of the body and limbs are secondary indications of vitality. These now bathed in unobtrusive grays are in perfect accord; it is approaching the peculiar charm of Greuze's

faces. A remarkable achievement!"

The "Guy" pulled harder at his moustache; the "Poet" became more absorbed in his contemplation of the portrait and oblivious of the mental agony of the artist:

"The drawing of the altered face is not quite smooth enough to accord with the precise lining of the rest of the figure. The ends of the mouth should be more drawn in, the growing smile firmly accentuated by a slight, ever so slight, protrusion of the lips and the corners of the nostrils and eyes should—"

"You and your pink business go—"

The "Broncho" cut short the "Guy's" fierce retort; her hand was upon his mouth and her arm on his shoulder. The "Poet" had started backward as if he had been struck, recovering himself from the confusion he had been thrown into, he apologized in an agitated manner and withdrew from the room.

"'Guy'! Why did you wound him so!" exclaimed the "Broncho" in a tone of reproof. "He is utterly devoid of malice. He was absorbed; it is his way. Has he not always, to the neglect of his own talents, devoted himself to the assisting of others in their struggles? How much do we all owe him? Oh, 'Guy,' you acted like a savage, and I am almost as angry as yourself."

"If you please, good kind arbitrator," began the lank "Rubens," sideling up to the pair, "Arbitratress, I should have said. Please to remember our poor old 'Guy' is hurt also, and the face, if not the feelings, of out little gray Quakeress here. Our drawing-room manners are unfortunately packed with our dress suits, don't you know! All you say is right; you are always right, and he is a savage, but, are we not all some brute?"

He struck a comical attitude of submission, holding his chin with the palm of one hand and supporting the elbow of that arm with the palm of

the other hand. It was his role of pacifier and in this crowd of wild spirits he was irresistible as such; he succeeded now. The "Broncho" immediately melted, calling him an "idiot," took his arm warmly within her own and passed the other through the arm of the "Guy." It softened the harsh look on his face, and the babel again broke out.

For the rest of the day very little work was done in the ateliers. The incident had stirred the artists into the wildest of wild discussions and conjecturings as to the author of this unheard-of act of vandalism.

The "Guy" broke away from his agitated friends and prowled about the streets alone, sullenly nursing his rage against his unknown foe. A mischievous whisper, fatal to his peace of mind, came continually to his ear, this foe, this vandal was someone very near him. When utterly tired out, he went into a German beer hall. At a table opposite to his sat a young German woman with her lover. The pair were in high spirits. The "Guy" could not keep his eyes off her. Her flaxen hair and flushed cheeks, her deep red lips between which, from time to time, her gleaming white teeth appeared, her fleshy red hands and even the rocking movement of her body as it followed the animation of her chit-chat with her lover, served to feed rather than to lessen the ire he felt towards his mysterious adversary. With this woman before him the "Poet's" phrase, "the flush of life" jagged into his brain. In her face the very crimson tints that had been added to his picture seemed to stand out, to leer at him, to mock him and his silver gray theory. It maddened him and he left the place angrier than when he had entered it. He went through the streets at a tremendous pace. However, the chill of the cool night air and the deep silence of the streets gradually subdued his heated feelings, so much so, that by the time he reached his lodgings he had com-

menced to calculate as to the best way to restore the portrait to its original form and colours in time for the exhibition. When he retired to bed he had the scheme well outlined and went to sleep in a much better state of mind than he had been in all day.

As he dressed next morning he reviewed the scheme made the night before; it now seemed even easier to accomplish, so he went up to his atelier, which was at the top of the house, with one thought, namely, to restore his work as quickly as possible.

As he opened the door of the room his eyes went instinctively to the features of the little gray lady. His hand immediately stiffened on the door handle, his body became rigid and his face set in amazement. Not only was the glow on the lips and the cheeks of the little lady heightened, but it had crept into the nostrils and into the corners of the eyes. The lines of the face stood out in bolder curves and it was more flushed. The hitherto slight smile was accentuated. The sight stupefied him; he doubted his eyesight and even his reason. He remained thus quite a time when a sudden paroxysm occurred, then he relaxed and became limp until his wrath broke out. He shook his fist at the picture, but did not go into the room; he retreated gradually from it on to the landing, then rushed across and burst into a room opposite. It was the atelier of the "Broncho."

She and "Rubens" were already absorbed in their work on pictures, intended exhibits. They were undisturbed by the intrusion, so accustomed were they to such noisy entrances from their numerous friends, it was the ensuing silence that caused them both to look around at the intruder, who had come to a halt in the middle of the room.

The "Broncho" caught the indescribable wild look on the "Guy's" face, but, the careless-minded "Rubens" missed noticing it, for he at once commenced his usual banter:

"Hullo, 'Guy,' and how's our little hectic Quakeress this morning?"

"How?" shouted the "Guy," loosening his voice like a sudden thunderclap and walking up close to the startled pair. "How? How is she? Come and answer the question for yourselves."

Both glanced from him to each other. It was an alarmed questioning glance; they were now both alive to the wild state of his mind. Had they not seen others of their circle, close students, too close students, to their art, as this man now was, with frenzy in his eyes and a wrath shaking his frame. They had seen such disappear from their circle, of whom rumour had afterwards whispered that they were in the flames of their loving watchful friends, and others less fortunate were kept even closer in public institutions. In a word, they thought he was crazed.

He took her palette firmly from her hand and put it aside; then taking her by the arm, led her into his atelier. The "Rubens" followed with much misgiving, wondering what was about to transpire. The "Guy" did not release his hold until he had placed them before the portrait, then he closed the door, walked back to the easel and faced his now amazed friends. Their faces were studies of bewilderment.

"Well, how do *you* think she is now?"

His voice was billowy with a restrained emotion. His condition was too dangerous for any light reply, so the "Rubens" held his tongue. The suspense became too much for the "Broncho"; she asked him, not meaning to say what she did:

"Did—er. Oh, 'Guy,' did—er, you—"

He interrupted her in a tempestuous fashion:

"Did *I* do it? Hah, hah, you would flatter my limited ability. My strictly limited ability that is struggling in the gray haze. My ability that is strictly limited to mere surfaces.

What! a shallow fool like I do this?"

His face was so harsh and forbidding that she actually felt afraid. The "Rubens" blurted out:

"Jee-osophat! Surely no one else has been at your picture?"

The "Guy" turned at him with a vicious gesture:

"No! No one else. The same damned meddler."

"Who, who can it be?" exclaimed the "Broncho" in real distress.

"Who? Who? You ask me, who?" Don't both of you know, who?

Both protested their ignorance.

"Humph. What do you think of the collaboration, anyway?" He became icy. "Come, we were always good candid critics of each other's art, in fact the 'Fraternity' has the reputation of being—well, notorious for its candour."

"And, I trust, it has not become so feeble as to lose that candour," retorted the "Broncho." "Although, there are cases—" She stopped.

"What cases?"

"Oh, 'Guy., Your trouble has made you unkind. You are dense."

"Why, dense? How?"

"Why, your case, your feelings—"

"Oh, never mind feelings. Candour before feelings."

"Well, your pride; your pride in your art."

"My artistic pride! Pshaw, pride! Uncle has that forfeited along with our unredeemed pledges."

"Oh, you vex me past my patience, 'Guy.' Our good fellowship—"

"Fellowship! Umph! with this as heirloom of that same good fellowship."

The "Broncho" blazed out at this aspersion on the "Fraternity."

"You are still labouring under the delusion that one of our circle has done this. I will not believe it. If you suspect anyone, tell us your suspicions for we are all concerned. But, still, whoever has done this, I am astonished at the art and harmony of the combination, and if you insist upon candour, then when you have

overcome your feelings at the interference with your exhibit you will admit with me that it will be vandalism to remove what this meddler has so daringly added to your creation."

"Thank you, that's kindly said. I am convinced we are still as strong as ever in the matter of candour; it is refreshing to find that excellent quality still flourishing. And you, my old colleague, and—you concur?"

"Why, hang it all, 'Guy'—anyway, I am not strong on the critical, or the candour; or on these pinks and grays; but—well, yes, I do think just the same as the 'Broncho.'"

"The 'Guy' gave an irritable grating laugh:

"Good! So really we must all be converted to the pink flush theory; we must sit at the feet of this Gamaliel of art. Stubborn heretics must be converted. Do you get me? Come, come! Do you imagine me as enough not to recognize the hand that castigates me? Yesterday, came my first lesson, a mild one, one would say; this morning I am honoured with a second, somewhat more emphatic. Was it not yesterday the lady needed a smoother finish, the ends of the mouth drawn in, the lips protruded—"

"Great heavens! You don't mean—No, No, 'Guy,' you don't suggest our "Poet" has done this?"

"Suggest! Woman! Suggest! I have not spoken plainly enough then. I say it now. It was none other than your magnanimous 'Poet' that created this masterpiece it would be so much vandalism to touch."

"Impossible! Impossible!" exclaimed the "Rubens" excitedly: he pulled out his lorgnette with all seriousness now and closely scanned the painting. He grew suddenly silent, drew back in astonishment, then examined it again very intently, drew a deep breath as if wrestling with some obstinate and apparent fact, he added: "Impossible! He is honour himself. It's strange, by jove, it's

strange; this is his manner of drawing in the colour from the edges and  
 \_\_\_\_\_”

“What, ‘Rubens,’ what?” The “Broncho” stood in consuming agony.

The “Guy,” who up to this moment had suppressed the tempest within, now let loose his wrath like a madman. He seized a large palette knife, thrust “Rubens” aside and would have slashed his picture had not his foot caught the leg of the small paint table and brought him stumbling to his knees at the foot of the easel. The lank artist recovered himself and threw himself upon the enraged man as he was rising to renew his attack upon his painting. The “Broncho” joined in this wild struggle and endeavoured to twist the knife from his fingers. Easel and picture were overturned and the infuriated artist who was again on his feet, endeavoured in his Berserker rage to stamp his canvas under foot. He was on the point of breaking from the long sinewy arms of “Rubens” when the “Broncho” succeeded in dragging the picture away and out of the room.

The absence of the offending picture calmed him somewhat, so the “Rubens” was enabled to force him into a seat. When his frenzy subsided it left him in a state approaching collapse. He sat with his head in his hands and continued to mutter violent threats against the safety of the “Poet.”

The “Broncho” and the lank artist, of course, kept the matter to themselves. They had a very serious talk, the upshot of which was that they should take upon themselves the task of watching the “Guy’s” atelier that night, on the chance that the offender might pay another visit.

It was an inspiration of the “Broncho” to place on the easel, hitherto occupied by the unfortunate portrait, a blank canvas. She secreted herself in the “Guy’s” atelier in an alcove where the models retired to robe and disrobe; the “Rubens” was

stationed as lookout from the fanlight over the door of the “Broncho’s” atelier. With an enormous pipe and a plentiful supply of the comforting weed to console him during his long vigil, he ensconced himself seated in a high chair placed upon a table. From this place of vantage he was able to observe anyone approaching the door of the “Guy’s” atelier. The lank artist proved a faithful sentinel.

The “Broncho’s” nerves were in full tension when she took her lonely post, and it was not long before her vigil began to prove, not only irksome, but the increasing gloom produced an eerie feeling difficult to combat. She tried to stifle the fear and lonesomeness by repeating softly to herself all the poetry she could remember, but, somehow, she could not call to mind any consecutive cheerful stuff.

It was past midnight when her closed eyes received a slight shock. She arose as one dazed from an over-deep slumber. In this unprepared state she parted the curtains. The scene that met her eyes struck all power of motion and speech from her control.

Before the blank canvas stood a familiar figure, but with a face so strange, so ghastly, so devoid of any expression of life; it was a corpse that moved. With brush in one hand and a lighted lamp in the other, it painted, painted, with unctuous care. Behind this figure in the half gloom stood the lank artist “Rubens” in an attitude of dumbfounded amazement, his staring eyes fixed, his face at once haggard and alarmed. A terror, like a chilly snake, crept in an icy wave over the horror-stricken woman; all before her seemed so unreal, she doubted herself as the ghastly hand unceasingly moved the brush over one small oval space on the canvas before it. She felt herself sinking; everything around her was sinking, except the figure with its easel, this began to rise in a spectral mist; then

she found her voice in the approaching wrack, she screamed out wildly: "Guy! Guy!" and fell forward in a swoon.

The exhibition had opened. The "Fraternity" was in a high fever of excitement, especially as an event of exceptionally exciting nature had occurred; one of the circle had been awarded the gold medal. The picture that had secured this coveted prize was the portrait of a little lady with a fan, the same smiling maiden whose completion had been accomplished in our poor "Guy's" atelier under such tragic circumstances.

The painting remained in the same condition as when the "Broncho" removed it from the sight and fury of its creator.

The lank "Rubens" was one of a group of artists gathered at the exhibition on the morning the result was announced; immediately the news came to his ears, explosively, as a suddenly maddened Malay running amuck, he, with as little ceremony, thrust his companions left and right and bounded from the building into the street. Then, regardless of the traffic, the street crowd and all sense of decorum and propriety, he dashed away through the thoroughfares at a mad speed.

On reaching his lodgings he bounded upstairs to the "Guy's" rooms, bumping himself in his frantic haste on all sides. He reached the landing quite breathless. Before him outside the door of the "Guy's" room stood his colleague, the "Broncho."

"He's — taken — the — gold — medal," he pumped the words out amid the labouring of lungs.

One would not have recognized in this sorrowing woman the once light-hearted irrepressible "Broncho." Her eyes were red and swollen and her face gray with grief.

"What did you say?" she asked as one dazed.

"He's won—the medal—the medal—everyone — masterpiece — wonder-

ful, wonderful," gasped the still panting "Rubens."

"Did you say—the medal? The little gray lady—the medal? Oh, oh!" she sobbed.

The door of the room opened as she was speaking and a man stepped beside her; it was the "Poet."

With gentle command the "Poet" drew her to him and in the spirit of the pure old chivalry he kissed her forehead as if to impart a consolation more potent than words could express. He then said softly and slowly:

"Our griefs are inseparable. He is now in the dark valley. They tell me he will never emerge; if he does he will go—Oh, horror!—to the asylum, a place worse than the grave. Two warring forces within him are warring him in a mysterious internecine strife, a conflict of colours, under this he droops like a devastated and ravaged country.

"I am the arch-culprit in this tragedy, although, Heaven knows, a culprit without intent. I destroyed his art by prompting his own hand to work that destruction. He hasn't the power left to reproach me. He would hate me and we know his pride would spurn these nearly posthumous honours and the medal as none of his. Who would have thought, have dreamed, that my simple suggestions would have moved this talented and self-willed man against himself and incite him in sleep to defeat the set purpose of his waking hours? Mind! What do we know of the mind?"

He was becoming absorbed. The poor woman at his shoulder gently touched his arm. He instantly ceased, kissed her again in the same chivalrous way and took the wistful "Rubens" sadly by the hand, saying with a sigh:

"Hah, 'Rubens,' we must still to school with Horatio; for there are deeper mysteries yet than our philosophers have fathomed. Hush! We must go in. We must be with him when—he passes."





ST. MARK'S VENICE

From the Painting by Henry Sandham, in the National Art Gallery of Canada



# THE EAGLE

BY GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

IT was two o'clock in the morning in the winter of 1910, as Mary Montague, Countess of Cher, left her brougham and toiling wearily up the steps of a little house near Park Lane, stood waiting for the door to open. Her sable cloak was slipping from her bare shoulders and she shivered as she gathered it together at the neck with one hand. Seeing that the carriage had not moved away she called to the coachman crossly that he had no need to wait. After a few moments the door opened. She passed in and ascended the stairs to the first door, pausing on the threshold of the drawing-room.

Two men were sitting at a card table. One, hollow-chested, with a sallow, wan face, had a rug thrown across his knees. The thin hair on his temples, turning gray already, gave a look of premature age to his face, bright spots burned in his cheeks and he looked feverish and out of health. He was the Countess's husband, Lord Cher. For a moment Lady Cher stood motionless, leaning lightly against the frame of the doorway, wholly absorbed in her scrutiny of the man who was playing with her husband. Meteoric rises are frequent enough in the world, but this man had so suddenly become famous, no one exactly knew how, or why. Questions were raised. Had he any relations or friends? Was he rich, or poor? No one could give an answer. A cloud of dust had appeared upon the horizon, and before men could distinguish the horseman had arrived.

The Countess gazed longer than she intended. She was vexed with herself for feeling so strongly interested.

"I have won," said the stranger, turning to his opponent. "I shall give you safely into Lady Cher's keeping."

"Always the invincible eagle," exclaimed Lady Cher.

"You are late," her husband remarked peevishly.

"Yes, I'm late. And there are some uneducated people who say our class does not work! We, who have the impossible task of turning night into day."

The Eagle smiled, took a step forward, and grasped his hostess' hand.

Lady Cher looked at her husband. "The lights are burning in the hall, but Bradford has gone to bed."

"Don't let me trouble you," said the Eagle. "I can let myself out."

They heard him going down the stairs and after a few moments, the sound of the hall door closing.

The Countess leaned her hands on the corner of the mantelpiece.

"Cher," she said. "What do you make of him?"

"I make this of him, that he is the only man I know who always beats me at piquet."

"How much did he win?"

"About a hundred pounds."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You've no luck," she said. "It's ridiculous of you sitting there with your back to the fire and a rug over your knees. Why don't you go to bed early? You might as well admit it. Your devilish days are over. If this

goes on, I'll be earning my own living and worshipping the Moloch of retail trade."

She raised her eyebrows and looked into the fire.

"I wonder why he comes," she said. "From what one hears a hundred pounds are nothing to him. There's some reason. He is certainly not cast in our mold. I'm always afraid he will break the chairs. There is something lawless and untamed about him and his eyes gleam like flames."

"A good English school would have done it. If one felt that he had once been up for a caning, one would be more sure of him, as it is —."

His wife had moved to the door and was stifling a yawn.

"Good night, I'm off."

"Good night." He rose and looked towards her. Involuntarily he held out a hand in her direction. "I say, Mary, won't you kiss me, good night?"

She threw back her head and laughed a bitter, derisive laugh.

"Kiss you! You funny old Cher. Why should I? The world is asleep. Not even the servants as an audience. It is hardly necessary."

"No," he said. "Perhaps not."

He turned shivering to the fire as Lady Cher went up to bed.

There are many women like Lady Cher. Women with no faith left in any thing, splendid in appearance and a little shabby in soul. Life resolves itself into a game for them, a game to take what they can.

When she reached her room she undressed quickly, leaving her clothes in utter disorder; her dress lay crumpled on a chair, a fan had fallen on the floor, her jewels were heaped carelessly on the dressing-table. She got into bed, leaving the night-light burning, for she was afraid of the dark.

Her mind was full of restless thoughts. Quickly the images flashed upon her brain following each other in rapid succession. She was a girl again, living in Ireland. She remem-

bered the lake near her father's house, the whirring of the wild birds that flew around it and the trees that left dark shadows on the water in the moonlight. Youth passed and Cher had come with his knowledge of life and London, for a lure to take her away. Her motives for marrying him were vague, complex and many, but chiefly she had wanted freedom. The vows she had made so lightly had become a heavy burden. The clock in the downstairs hall chimed three. She turned restlessly in her bed, but the more she sought sleep, the more restless she became. She slipped on a tea-gown of silver tissue and decided to get a novel from downstairs. As she reached the drawing-room, she imagined she heard a noise. She waited, but all was still. She stirred up the fire, but before she had been there many minutes, she distinctly heard a movement downstairs. It was as though a book had been dropped on the floor. Determining to see for herself, she descended the stairs very quietly, the light was still burning in the hall and the adjacent rooms were in darkness, with the exception of a small streak of light which came from her husband's study. The door was open about two inches. She came close to it and looked in.

In the centre of the room was a desk, one of the drawers had been taken out and placed upon the top. And leaning over it, his thin hands moving quietly, was the Eagle, quickly going through the contents. She stepped in, closed the door and stood with her back to it.

"I'm afraid you won't find anything very valuable," she said.

The Eagle turned quickly round at the sound of her voice. Not a muscle of his face betrayed the slightest emotion, he might almost have been expecting her. She remembered as she watched him having read somewhere that Napoleon had never felt his heart beat. And this man's wonderful coolness compelled her admiration. He stood for a moment, a

package of her husband's papers still in his hand, quietly making up his mind.

"Lady Cher," he said. "I have always completely disregarded the ordinary rules of life, otherwise I should not be where I am. When I want anything—I try first to get it by ordinary means. I am patient and I try several times. But I am indomitable and if they fail"—He fixed his eyes on hers—"Why I use other methods. The means, to me are not to be considered, the effort and the end are everything."

"You wonder what I'm out for, why I'm here? Well I'll tell you. Three months ago I heard your husband had in his possession the plans of a German arsenal. He has them on account of his connection with the war office. How? I don't know. Where he got them? I don't know. If they are genuine, someone was bribed. I have come here night after night hoping Lord Cher would let something fall. I merely wanted to know whether they were genuine, or whether they had been cooked up for the object of making money—And—"

Lady Cher broke in. "I am glad I have come in time to prevent you doing any such thing."

"I was just going to add," said the Eagle. "I found the plans last night, they are quite unreliable, but I've made a copy and am just returning the original."

"I shall ring for the servants," said Lady Cher.

The Eagle shook his head. "The deed is done. The copy is on its way to Germany."

He let the package of letters fall on the table and crossing his arms, bent his gaze upon her.

"You've a perfect right to ring the bell and give me up. I'm no ordinary housebreaker. I won't try to escape. If you ring the bell—" She stretched out her hand towards it."

"Wait a moment," he said sharply. His eyes shone and he seemed invested with extraordinary power.

"Supposing you don't ring the bell. The harm's done now in any case. I give myself up to you. You have caught me, I'm your prey. Well, I'm your captive and what then? Instead of being tried as a spy and acquitted—for I would be acquitted—I've enough money for that. Supposing you try me—cross-question me—put me through my paces and—fine me." He lowered his voice and looked steadily at her.

"Oh! I know your set. It does not talk of money, but it thinks of it and it needs it just the same. Money is the greatest power in the world. There are only two things it cannot buy. One is health, the other is—love. And men like your husband are not taught to make money. And women like you"—he came closer to her, "must have it. I'm caught and I'm quite willing to be punished for what I've done, but—though I'll pay for it I would rather pay—to you—"

Lady Cher looked across the room. She was silent.

"Let me go," he said after a moment, "and to-morrow you will have a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds."

"One hundred thousand pounds," she said breathlessly.

She put her hand to her throat and suddenly she remembered—she was only partly dressed.

"Very well," she said. "Only go now at once."

She opened the door and motioned the Eagle to go.

As he passed a smile curled his lips. "You won't regret it," he said. The Eagle went out into the night. He stepped over a moonbeam that lay across the doorway and took a deep breath of the cool air. He walked to the corner where his hansom was waiting and a few moments later Lady Cher heard the sound of its bell as it drove towards Piccadilly.

The Eagle was driving away. But she did not know that in his pocket were the plans intended for Germany.

# AN UNREPEALED LAW

BY PAULINE C. BOUVRE

JACOB ELICH sat on the back door-stoop and gazed upon his tulip beds complacently. As the rings of blue smoke were blown upward from his T.D. pipe his eyelids drooped until there were only two very narrow rims of greenish blue visible to the flaxen-haired girl who sat on the step below him, knitting a long gray stocking. The flush on her soft round cheek seemed to be the result of some inward rather than external warmth, and the long lashes that fringed her eyes quivered ever so slightly now and then, and the plump little fingers were long picking up the stitches that would drop, no matter how hard the small hands tried to hold the long steel needle steadily and evenly.

"So," said Jacob Elich at last, after an unusually long puff, "so you would marry that young Hosenklaiver and leave your old uncle and the house here to do as best they can?"

The flush on Minna Stofer's pretty face deepened to a rich crimson at her uncle's words.

"Yes, uncle," she said in a very low voice. "But I could come every day and right you up, Claus would not mind and—"

"Claus may go to the devil," said the old man testily. "I care nothing for Claus. He's an idler and a spendthrift and will come to want and ruin and bring you there with him."

"That is not true of Claus!" The voice was quite steady now and a pair of flashing brown eyes were

turned upon the old man proudly and defiantly.

Jacob Elich refilled his pipe leisurely, rubbed his bald head reflectively, and then began to puff away again.

"'Tis always the way of a woman," he remarked, gazing upward on the barn roof reflectively. "They never remember the proverb 'Wedlock rides in the saddle and repentance in the crupper.' If you must marry this Claus, niece, why, then I suppose you must. You are your own mistress since last November, when you had your twenty-first birthday. Only, he may understand, you will have no dower from me."

"We want no dower, Uncle Jacob—only, only—if you could spare me a little to buy some clothes—I should not wish to go to my husband like a beggar bride."

"Clothes, clothes, clothes," grumbled the old man. "A woman is always begging for finery."

"Begging," cried the girl, "is it begging to ask you for a few clothes when I have worked and slaved and toiled to make you comfortable ever since I was old enough to sweep and bake and sew for you? Begging, indeed! I am only asking for what is mine by every law of right and justice. That is what Katrina van Tassel and all of the neighbours say." And Minna, no longer able to control her long-pent-up tears began to sob convulsively.

Jacob Elich pulled his heavy steel-rimmed spectacles from his pocket

and surveyed his niece with calm disapproval. The pretty, plump Minna Stofer was nearer to his somewhat flinty heart than everything else, except his money. His neat little house, with its trim garden and flower-beds, was dear to him because it stood for just so many round dollars. The feather beds, old Dutch linen and china, and squatty mahogany furniture, which were his by inheritance, he regarded merely as articles that might be converted into cash and he respected them accordingly. His pigs, his poultry, his bee-hives, and entire property, from real estate to his kitchen tinware, represented to him, not comfort and respectability, but the mere fact of possession, and were dear to him in greater or less degree, according to their intrinsic and pecuniary value.

Jacob Elich was a most respectable citizen. He had the greatest veneration for law and order and propriety, but he was undisguisedly and frankly a miser. He spoke of himself as a man of forethought and prudence, giving measure for measure and taking those business advantages only to which the law entitled him. His neighbours called him a skinflint and a miser, but Jacob smiled shrewdly when such remarks came to his ear and fell to quoting the proverb, "Every man's friend is every man's fool." For every occasion in life he had a proverb tucked away somewhere in his shiny bald head, and it was the reiteration of these familiar old sayings that had come nearer to making Minna ill-tempered than anything else in her somewhat dull young life. But her life was not dull now, for Claus Hosenklaver had asked her to be his wife and she had said "Yes." The course of true love had run very smoothly with the lovers, but, as the wedding-day approached, a very serious (or so it seemed to proud little Minna) impediment stood in the way. She had no possible means of buying a wedding-gown. And she could not, *would* not, let Claus buy it for her.

Jacob put his spectacles on, took them off, put them on again with great deliberation and then said:

"So, Katrina van Tassel said that, did she?"

"Yes, and she said you ought to be made to give me a silk dress!"

"Katrina van Tassel is, is—a female peacock. No, Minna, you have had a comfortable home, my care and protection and your food and lodging since you came to me a child, and you are welcome to the same as long as you live under my roof. But as for giving you money for a silk dress—that I shall certainly not do. Women are vain and frivolous enough without such follies. As for Claus Hosenklaver, if he wants a silk-gown bride, let him seek a wife who is able to make a fool of herself without aid, or get the gown himself."

"Claus would get me everything if I would let him, but can't you see what shame I should feel? *Lend* me the money, Uncle Jacob, and I'll earn it afterwards and pay it back. Sometime in your life you must have wanted to marry some one—you can't refuse to *lend* me the money!"

"Lend you the money, indeed! The minute you were married your debts would become your husband's and where would I be? I'll trust no Claus Hosenklaver for a penny! As for marrying, I never would have been able to save a cent if I had a woman after me for bonnets and dresses and ribbons and feathers and what not. No, Minna, marriage is an expensive luxury I could not afford. If you and Claus choose to imagine that you can afford it—you are twenty-one—I've nothing to say except that I won't give you a red copper. Remember this, however: 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

Minna folded up her stocking and walked to the door.

"I won't ask you any more, Uncle Jacob, but some day you'll be sorry for this."

"Maybe," replied Uncle Jacob,

with one of his metallic laughs. "Tell your friend, Katrina van Tassel, that I am a law-abiding citizen, and when the law compels me, I'll give a silly young woman a silk wedding dress. Until such a law is made, I'll do what I please about spending my money."

Miss Katrina van Tassel stood in the Lykens public library, with her hand on a musty volume and a happy smile on her red lips. She took out a card from her case and pencilled a number and a title on it and then replaced it carefully, snapping the clasp of her alligator combination purse together with an energy that bespoke secret triumph. She then entered her carriage and ordered the coachman to drive to an office in the business part of the town. There was a merry light in the young lady's eyes as she entered her brother's office.

"I've a case for you, Fred!" Then she stopped and blushed as Charlie Shackford rose up and offered her his hand.

"May I be assistant adviser?" he said smiling down upon her.

"Yes," she replied gaily. "But neither of you can guess what it is; I have the most delicious scheme you ever heard of. Oh, Fred, is 1912 divisible by four?"

"What on earth are you driving at?" said the young lawyer in a bewildered voice. "Aren't you feeling well this morning?"

"I haven't felt so well for a year. Wait a minute, have you got this book over there?" And she handed her brother the card she had pencilled in the library and passed to the book-case.

Shackford glanced at it over her shoulder and then taking the volume from the shelf, looked at her in a perplexed way.

"Read that," she said.

"Gad!" said her brother; "that's queer."

"It's odd I never noticed that before," said Shackford.

"Sit down, and I'll explain," said the young lady. "Turn to the page I numbered." Then she bent forward, and in a low, rapid tone, outlined her plan. When she finished, two long low whistles followed by long and uncontrollable fits of laughter that seemed to threaten the two dignified young counsellors-at-law with a combination of apoplexy and dementia.

"It's the bulliest scheme ever unravelled by a woman," gasped Fred, when he could command his organs of speech.

"It's a flash of genius, Miss van Tassel, you may count on my co-operation."

"But how are we going to get the girls to do their part?" asked Fred, who was eminently practical.

"If you two will do the legal part of it, I'll guarantee the rest," was the confident reply. And then, after a prolonged consultation, Miss van Tassel drove home to lunch.

The next day Minna Stofer was sent for to come to the van Tassel mansion to take an order for some crewel-work, in which she excelled, and which enabled her to provide herself with a few little articles dear to girlish hearts.

"Now you've given your word," said Miss van Tassel, as her little friend said good-bye. "Remember you have nothing to do with it."

"Oh, Katrina, I wish I hadn't told you he called you a peacock," wailed Minna.

"Never mind," said the descendant of a patroon, "I'll have something to be as proud of as a peacock before long."

Miss van Tassel, to the surprise of her intimates, joined several church guilds that year and became the most popular girl in Lykens with the very girls who had, before this period of religious, philanthropic fervour, been wont to call her "a society girl" and "a woman of the world, she doesn't care for women." Her mother grew



quite anxious at this sudden change of heart fostered by a change of life. Mr. van Tassel pulled his whiskers and smiled. "She has a scheme to put through," he said to himself, while Fred let fall various hints to the purport that "Katie was a corker"; and young Shackford made sundry and various pretexts to call and "talk over little plans" which was disquieting to the prudent *pater familias*.

"Well," said Mrs. van Tassel one morning, at breakfast, "little Minna's wedding comes off next week. I think you might give her some of those Paris dresses you've outgrown, Katrina; it would be a great help to the child, and that mean old uncle is too stingy to provide her with anything."

"Oh, he'll come around," said Katrina carelessly, and the subject drifted into other channels.

Minna's marriage was to be solemnized at the chapel of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday morning. On the preceding Friday Mr. Jacob Elich had been taking his forty winks in a little back parlour when he was summoned to the door by a sharp ring. He was rubbing his eyes and yawning as he opened the door and was greatly surprised to see Lizzie Brulaker, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, standing on the threshold.

"Good afternoon," said Jacob crossly, "Minna's not home," and was about to retire, but Miss Brulaker slipped in uninvited.

"Well, no matter," she said, in rather a flustered voice: "I—I came—I came to see you, Mr. Elich."

"Me! What do you want with me?"

Miss Brulaker eyed him for a moment and then said, hurriedly, "I thought as Minna's going to leave, you might be lonesome and need some one to keep the house and do your baking, and—and it's leap year, you know—so I came over to ask you to marry me, sir."

Jacob Elich's jaws opened, his eyes

bulged, his whole being shook with amazement and anger as he looked at the girl.

"To do what?" he stammered.

"Marry me!" said Lizzie with a sudden boldness.

"I won't," half shrieked Jacob. "You're out of your head. Go home to your mother, you bold girl. I won't!"

"You refuse?" said Lizzie stolidly.

"I am a respectable man," said Jacob wrathfully, "and I certainly refuse!"

"That's all right, good afternoon," and Miss Brulaker descended the steps and walked down the street, leaving Jacob staring after her. Was she crying? Her whole frame shook convulsively as she moved quietly out of sight.

"She is a disgrace to her family," said Jacob, as he closed the door. "Thank God I have no daughters!" Then he went in and sat down, put on his spectacles and took them off again a great many times in an aimless fashion. "What is this generation of women coming to? What, indeed!"

The fire had died down, but Jacob had not noticed it. He was sitting gazing at the dying embers, when Minna came in.

"Why, uncle, your fire is nearly out; what ails you?"

"Nothing ails *me*, Minna," said Jacob. "I am as usual, only I was in a brown study. I had forgotten the fire. Do you know farmer Brulaker's daughter, Lizzie?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What manner of girl is she?"

"She is so clever that some people call her brilliant."

"That may be, but she is no fit companion for a modest maid, Minna. 'A brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife' is a wise saying, and we might well heed it."

Hardly had the grouty Jacob finished his words when there was a loud peal at the bell.

"Go see who it is," he said shortly.

"It's Mrs. Bagley; she wishes to see you, uncle."

Pulling himself together, but with reluctance in every line of his gaunt figure, Jacob rose up to greet the young widow of his lately deceased friend, Caleb Bagley, the miller.

"Is it about the lease of the mill, that you have come, Mrs. Bagley?" said Jacob politely.

The widow sighed and shook her head. "No, Mr. Elich, it isn't the mill exactly, and yet I can't say but it indirectly concerns the mill. The fact is, I know that I am a good hand to keep things trim and cozy, for Mr. Bagley always said as much to every one, and I know that you are a good hand to manage and put by; so I thought as how it might be a good thing to unite our forces—make a combination arrangement, you know—and, as it is the woman's privilege this year, I have concluded to make a little matrimonial proposition to you. Of course you can refuse to—"

"Mrs. Bagley, I *do* refuse, I most certainly decline to become a party to your combination. I can't afford to marry, Mrs. Bagley—I must say no to your very—very—er—"

"So you won't accept me? Very well, Mr. Elich, you will remember this before long," and before he could say a word more the front door banged and the rejected widow had gone. He looked around in a frightened way, but Minna was gone—she had evidently heard nothing, for she was singing in the kitchen.

"This is very strange," said Jacob—"very strange, indeed. To think one small town could contain two such fools at once. If I were going to marry I would not 'hang my sickle on another man's corn.'"

That night Jacob slept poorly and dreamed of being convicted of bigamy.

The next day Minna went to visit a school friend, from whose house she was to be married, as her uncle said he could not be at the expense of a wedding breakfast.

"I hope you won't be lonesome," Minna had said as she left. "Perhaps some of the neighbours will drop in to keep you company." And her uncle had replied "God forbid." But evidently the overruling Providence was not on his side, for on that day and the next, seven unmarried women came on the same errand that had occasioned Lizzie Brulaker's and the widow's visits. Each one gave a different reason for her action—two urged his loneliness; one suggested that in his old age he would need a young head to look after his business affairs. One recommended herself as a good cook, one commended her piety, and the last—a saucy girl—had hinted that he needed a wife to teach him to be happy!"

To each one of the six, he had politely but firmly declined; but the saucy girl had shocked him to such an extent that he felt compelled to threaten to tell her parents and the pastor of her behaviour.

"Do," said the girl. "It will be the funniest thing that ever happened to hear you. It will be better than the theatre. Do, Mr. Elich!"

On Sunday Jacob stayed indoors and early Monday morning he closed every blind in the house and forbore to build the fire, thinking to give the impression that he was not at home. But the postman stopped at every round he made and slipped letters under the door. They were all offers to share his fame, fortune, and name. They all referred to it being "leap year" and they all wound up with such phrases as: "If I do not hear definitely from you by Tuesday night, I shall take it for granted that my proposition is favourably considered"—or, "If I do not hear from you at once, I shall conclude that you accept the unsolicited love of a modest heart made bold by a desire to confer a benefit," et cetera.

To each of which Jacob penned, in small crabbed chirography, this brief but unequivocal reply: "I cannot marry you. Jacob Elich."

On Tuesday afternoon Minna returned home and was much surprised to find no sign of life about the house. She managed to open one of the cellar windows and made a burglarious entrance into the house. As she approached her uncle's bedroom, she heard him wail out: "Don't come in. I won't marry you. I won't marry any woman. Go away!"

"Uncle Jacob," she called out cheerily, "It's I, Minna—let me in. What's the matter?"

In response to a relieved "Come in" Minna entered. Lying in bed, with wet towels about his head, lay Jacob Elich in a collapsed condition.

"Minna, send for the doctor," he said brokenly; "but don't come too near me, don't! don't! don't!" as she approached.

"But, uncle, why not. What is the trouble?"

"I am crazy," moaned Jacob piteously. "I have had terrible hallucinations—I may become violent—I am a madman!"

"Why, Uncle Jacob, how you talk."

"That's just it, you won't believe me when I tell you I've had horrid dreams. Twelve women have asked me to marry them, but I said 'no' to each of them. Yes, Minna, I said 'no' to every damned—excuse me, but I am not responsible, I am a madman. I tell you it is the only solution."

At this moment there was a ring at the front door-bell.

"There, there's another one wants me to marry her. Tell her no—no—no!" And Jacob, with his hands clasped about his head, fell back upon the pillows.

"This isn't a suitor, uncle," said Minna; "it is a lawyer's letter to you."

"Read it!" said Jacob weakly.

Minna broke the seal and opening the document, read:

Mr. Jacob Elich:

Sir,—I wish to inform you that twelve ladies of the town of Lykens, Pennsylvania, have placed in my hands suits against you for the payment, either in

money or merchandise, of twelve silk gowns, or their equivalent in gold, specie, or bank notes, to be paid in twelve equal parts to the said twelve ladies, whose proposals of marriage you have declined. These claims are based upon a statute of Pennsylvania enacted in 1723. You will find it upon page 432 of Colonial Laws in Pennsylvania.\* The statute referred to, reads: "If a woman, during what is called Leap Year, taketh advantage of her privilege to ask a man to marry her and he refuseth, then shall he be liable to the law, if so be that the woman require, to give her one silk gown or the purchase money wherewith to buy such a gown. And if he refuse to pay it, he is liable to a penalty of one hundred pounds or to twelve months' imprisonment." As this singular law has not been repealed it may still be enforced. We are therefore commissioned to advise you that the twelve ladies whom you have refused to marry within the past week have put their claims into our hands for collection. Hoping that you will settle the same claims at once and avoid the very disagreeable publicity a refusal would entail, we are,

Respectfully yours,

L. VAN TASSEL,  
C. SHACKFORD,

Counsellors at Law.

"Damnation," roared Jacob, who was ordinarily a man of sober words. "I have been duped by a pack of brainless women! Give me the letter!" Minna handed it to him.

"I knew it," he said, pointing a gaunt finger at the signatures. "That minx, Katrina van Tassel, is at the bottom of this trick."

"Hark, uncle, she said, 'here she is.'"

"Bring her here," he commanded, "but first bring me my dressing-gown."

Sitting in bed, enveloped in a red dressing-gown and looking like a distracted flamingo, Jacob Elich awaited the advent of Miss van Tassel, who entered, wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, Mr. Elich, are you sick? I am so sorry. I came to bring you a message from my brother."

"I am not well," replied Jacob. "Sit down; what did your brother say?"

"Why, he said that he had spoken to each of your admiring friends,"

\*This law was never repealed.—Author.

replied Katrine, "and they have all agreed that they would renounce their claims—"

"God be thanked!" cried Jacob, closing his eyes.

"Wait," said Katrina, "on condition that you would make over to Minna a sum large enough to cover the expense of the twelve silk gowns, as a sort of nest-egg for housekeeping, you know," and Katrina smiled seductively.

Jacob groaned. There was no help.

"He that hath a head of butter must not come near the oven," quoth the sufferer. "Get me my cheque-book, Minna. Here is the key to the lock cupboard."

"Now, that's a great deal the best way out of a bad bargain," said Katrina. "I am sure Minna will be grateful."

"How much does a silk gown cost?" asked Jacob miserably.

"Why, ten yards at one dollar and a quarter—you can't get good silk any cheaper—will be, twelve dollars and a half—and twelve times twelve dollars and a half is, let's see—one hundred and fifty dollars."

"When the wolf grows old, the crows ride him," said Jacob bitterly. And with trembling fingers and glassy eyes he wrote out and signed the cheque.

"Here," he said, "give that to your brother. And—you are a woman, but you have a clever brain, notwithstanding; if you will keep the other women quiet, I'll put in an extra hundred for Minna."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Elich, I think I can amaze that."

Jacob took out from between the two feather beds a pouch, from which he counted out twenty five-dollar gold pieces into his amazed little Minna's hands.

"Say nothing to Claus," he said in a tone of entreaty. "'It's bad marketing with empty pockets,' I wish you good luck. Now leave me. I would be alone."

The girls stepped out together, leaving the miserable Jacob alone with his thoughts. At the door stood Charlie Shackford and Claus Hosenklaver.

"How did it work?" the counsellor asked breathlessly.

"Like a charm," said Katrina.

"Come," said Claus to Minna, "the minister must be waiting for us."

"Look, what he gave me," whispered Minna. "And here is the cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars," cried Katrina, handing it over to the young lawyer. "Just think what a lucky thing that I found that unrepealed law!"

"Very lucky," murmured Charlie as he took both the cheque and the hand and held it in his own.

"I suppose you think you deserve some of the credit?" said Katrina. "I shall have to save up for a month to settle your bill, I dare say."

"What is won by law may be kept by love."

Katrina's blue eyes were lifted to the young lawyer's for a moment as she said shyly:

"Is that another unrepealed law?"

There wasn't anybody in sight except a baby in a go-cart, and Charlie's answer was a kiss.



# THE HOUSE SURGEON

BY EDGAR WALLACE

I REACHED out of bed, and turning down the lamp, tried to sleep. The knowledge of the fact that one has, by a single foolish action, placed himself on the verge of bankruptcy is scarcely conducive to mental quiet, and it was only after what seemed to me hours of wakefulness that I sank into a fitful sleep.

I could not have been dozing more than half an hour when a knock at my door aroused me. A knock at such an hour, could only mean one thing to a house surgeon, and getting out of bed, I opened the door to admit, as I had expected, the night porter.

"Case just come in, sir," he said tersely. "Dr. Thompson don't think he's likely to live."

"What sort of case," I asked sharply, for even one liable to end fatally did not necessarily require my attention. "and when was he brought in?"

The porter was rather taken aback at my brusqueness, for amongst my subordinates, I believe, I bore a reputation for courtesy.

"Brought in a few minutes since, sir," said the man. "Came in a cab with a policeman. Pears as how he was goin' home from his club, and passin' down Holborn the horse bolted and came bang against a pillar at the corner of Chancery Lane, gent was thrown out of the cab and fell against the kerb."

By this time I was ready, and after bathing my face to waken me I followed the porter down the dimly-

lighted corridor that connected my quarters with the hospital, along the broad stone-flagged central hall, with its many glass doors opening into various wards, till my guide stopped before No. 11, the accident ward.

I entered and softly closed the door behind me. Screened off from the rest of the ward, on an operating table, lay the form of a man, who was in evening dress, the coat of which had been removed to allow the surgeon to commence operations.

By his side stood the night nurse and Thompson, who nodded as I entered. I went nearer to the table and looked into the face. Good God! Newton!—Newton whom I left a few hours before in the bloom of health—and now!

For the moment I forgot our last interview when I had left my club, a ruined man, with the haunting remembrance of Newton, a sympathetic smile on his florid face, making a bundle of the notes and bills that I, in the true gambler's spirit, had plunged with to recoup the trifling losses of the previous evening. The sympathetic smile was part of his stock-in-trade, and was the result of long practice. Believing in that ancient fallacy, luck must turn, I had plunged and plunged, till I suddenly realized that I had lost every penny I had in the world.

In that evening I had entered the private card room a comparatively wealthy man, and had left it with my year's salary mortgaged. I had read of such cases, but had always accept-

ed them with a grain of salt. For how, I argued, can a man continue to play a losing game? Why does he not desist when he finds luck against him? Even now I couldn't say why I hadn't; I only knew that I had played doggedly on, expecting my luck to turn.

In the bitterness of the moment I had said some hard things concerning Newton's "luck," which I more than hinted was assisted by the lucky one's dexterity. He had retaliated with words that had made me wince; he had told me that by such fools as I—those were his words—he managed to make a living. There were other stinging, maddening things he had said, such as only an educated man could have said, but now for the time I forgot his insults, forgot that he had ruined me, and only saw the poor battered form that lay awaiting my skill. "What are the injuries?" I asked, regaining my composure.

"The scalp wound that you can see," was Thompson's reply. I nodded; one could not help but see that ugly gash that stretched across the head from eyebrow to ear. "Anything else?"

"I haven't looked," he answered. "I thought I'd wait till you came. The bleeding ceased soon after his arrival. I have had him washed up. Will you examine him?"

I took off my coat, and, rolling up my sleeves, proceeded to inspect the wound.

It was, I could see at first glance, a serious case.

I ran my finger gingerly along the bare skull that lay exposed till I felt a little swelling beneath my fingers; unlike the ordinary bump, it was splintered across in two or three directions. I looked up and met Thompson's inquiring eyes.

"Fracture?" was the question. "Yes," I answered slowly. A small fracture above the brain. Just see if there's anything else."

Carefully and tenderly Thompson

passed his hands over the body and limbs of the insensible man; "a fractured rib," he muttered, half to himself as surgeons are wont to do. "That's nothing; face cut up, evidently from a sharp stone—that's nothing, other limbs seem all right. What are you going to do?" This last remark was addressed to me.

I gave the wound another glance and then decided. "Get the instruments ready for trepanning," I said, "it must be done at once, or it will be too late. There is, undoubtedly, a compression which must be removed."

As my assistant and the nurses hastened noiselessly to obey my orders, I was left alone with the inanimate form.

It was a scene that could not have failed to impress the most callous observer.

The long airy room was just sufficiently lit to allow the attendants to move about without injury to limb. The first faint streaks of the dawn were struggling through the windows at the farther end of the ward, its ghastly light making the flickering night lamps a bilious yellow. This was no novel experience to me; I lived my life amidst these rows of sufferers.

Even the sweet scented flowers that stood amidst the queer shaped instruments on the nursing sister's table were so inseparably associated with the internal decoration of a hospital, that a visit to the fairest garden amidst the most picturesque surroundings had no other effect than to recall the scenes of suffering that I had left behind. They were so familiar, too, those neat cots with the overhanging pulleys, and the little Scriptural texts above each patient's head.

I looked at Newton. How still he lay! To all intents and purposes dead. I had served a long and hard apprenticeship, and suffering and death had long ceased to cause me mental pain. There had been a time, when the sight of a blood-splashed

knife had made me feel sick and giddy, and the memory of the patient's agonized cries had haunted me through the long hours of the night. These times had passed, but in passing they left a few lines on my forehead, and had given a tinge of gray to my hair as a souvenir. In spite of practice a feeling of pity came over me for this unfortunate man, who had probably only a few hours to live.

His "choker" collar and his white tie had been removed to allow of his breathing, and from the front of his dress shirt, crumpled and stained, a single brilliant winked and glittered. I turned my head with half a sigh, when almost at my feet, I saw what, in the dim light, appeared to be a sack. Methodical, even in my abstraction, I stooped, with the intention of removing it to the outside of my ward.

The moment my fingers touched I realized that what I had taken for a sack was a dust coat—evidently Newton's.

I switched on the electric light under which his head had been placed; the coat was soiled with that mixture peculiar to London street accidents—mud and blood. As I turned to put the coat with the remainder of the clothing on an adjacent locker, something fell from the pocket; it was a pocket-book. I bent down and picked it up, and was about to replace it, when, like a flash, I remembered that in this book were the bills and notes that Newton had won from me the same evening.

For a moment I stood irresolute.

Here lay a man on the point of death, a man who had as good as confessed that he lived on the wits of fools—such fools as I. He had not, I knew, a single relative in the world, no prying heirs to raise awkward questions.

Half unconsciously, I pressed back the clasp, and opened the flap. Yes, there snug and crisp, lay the little roll of notes and papers; in two or three places I could see my signature,

"Donald Fraser," written at the foot of divers bills that spelt ruin to me. What a fool I had been! And what a fool I was. Within my grasp lay all that I desired, and who was to know? He had left the club at the same time as I. I knew there was only one small chance of his recovering; if by that chance he lived, I could restore the money, and if he died— After all, was not this money mine? Yes, I would take it. This episode should be a lesson to me for all lifetime. I would never again touch a card.

Thompson would soon be returning, I refastened the clasp of the book and, raising my eyes, I met the fixed gaze of—Newton! For a moment I was speechless; the shock of encountering the glare of those eyes that I had thought closed in insensibility, produced a momentary paralysis. For the moment I imagined that I had been speaking my thoughts aloud, but recovering my mental equilibrium, my professional instincts came to my rescue.

"You must remain perfectly quiet," I said in a subdued tone; "you have met with a bad accident." He did not speak, but his eyes rested for a second on the pocket-book, and then rose to my face, into which, in spite of a determined effort, and for the first time in my life, a blush of guilt was creeping. He evidently noticed my distress, and mistaking the cause, he said faintly. "It's all right, Fraser, don't trouble, I'm not afraid of your holding these things, I know you are straight!"

The blush deepened, and I tossed the accursed thing that had made me forget duty, as a gentleman and a physician, on to the heap of clothing. If he was a sharper, what was I, a thief? Had the tables been turned, and he, instead of I, been the loser, should I have considered his feelings? I looked at Newton; he lay with half-closed eyes, breathing very quickly, and I could see he was lapsing again into insensibility. Thomp-

son at this moment came up with an apology for keeping me so long; he bore a tray containing the instruments. The nurses who accompanied him placed the necessary waters and antiseptics in the various basins, and all was ready.

Thompson looked curiously at the patient.

"Has he regained consciousness?" he asked, proceeding to divest himself of his coat, and fastening back his cuffs.

"For a short time, yes," I answered. "He is half-conscious now; these periods of lucidity are not uncommon in cases of compression." I felt the pulse—it was normal; with a stethoscope I examined the heart, this, too, was sound.

"I shall give him chloroform," I said, by way of explanation, "and endeavour to elevate the splintered bone." Newton opened his eyes, and glanced from one to the other; at last his inquiring gaze rested on Thompson.

"This is Doctor Thompson," I said, thinking to inspire him with confidence; "we are going to operate on you, there will be little or no pain—" He stopped me with an almost imperceptible movement of his head. "I want to talk alone," he said, and there was a suspicious thickness in his voice that warned me that any interview would have to be short. "I want to talk alone with Dr. Thompson." I started in astonishment, for I knew they were not even acquainted. "Do you mean me?" I asked, thinking that the injury might have affected his brain.

"No, no!" he said almost impatiently, "I mean that gentleman." It was a strange request, but I could see that every moment now was precious. At a motion from me, Thompson took his place by the side of the patient's head, and the nurses, with myself, withdrew. Why should he wish to speak to Thompson? I could see them from where I stood, the patient speaking slowly and evidently

painfully, and Thompson's nod of acquiescence. Suddenly the conversation came to an end, and beckoning one of the nurses to him, my colleague walked to the heap of clothing, and picking up Newton's book, placed it in his pocket, and resuming his place by the patient's side, continued the conversation.

Now I knew! Newton had told him of what he had seen when he had recovered from his insensibility. He had called the nurse for a witness and handed the book and its contents into my assistant's keeping for safety. To-morrow, the whole world—my world, would know that, in addition to being a ruined gambler, Donald Fraser, Doctor of Medicine, had violated the sacred laws of humanity, had dishonoured his noble profession, by attempting to rob a patient!

I made my way back to the table. Thompson looked curiously at me, but I avoided his glance, and by a mighty effort of will all emotions were hidden for a time, and I took my place at his side, not as the man whose reputation was at his mercy, but as a surgeon.

I took up the conical inhaler that lay on the tray and, bending over the head of the dying man, for dying now he undoubtedly was, placed it over the patient's mouth and nose, and gently shook a few drops of the anæsthetic over its porous sides. The sickly, penetrating odour of the chloroform rose and, as he felt the first whiff of it in his lungs, Newton opened his eyes and, looking at Thompson in a meaning manner, said the one word, "remember." Thompson nodded and again glanced from me to the patient, who, closing his eyes, was gently inhaling. Now and then, as is usual, when patients are sinking under the influence of the chloroform, the breathing for a moment ceased, but a slight pressure upon the uninjured side would cause him to resume his respiration. After a while, I lifted the eyelids, and gen-



tly touched the pupils. Yes, he was well under. I handed the inhaler to Thompson and, dipping my hands into the antiseptic lotion, I commenced.

It was a difficult job, even more so than I had anticipated; the fracture extended farther than I had thought, but I had not been working long before I realized the hopelessness of my task. But, to a surgeon, the adage, "Whilst there's life, there's hope," had a special significance, and the fact that to all appearance my work would be useless did not deter me from doing my utmost.

The end came very quietly. Thompson, who was administering sufficiently small doses of chloroform to keep the patient insensible, suddenly dropped the inhaler and, picking up the stethoscope, applied it to the heart.

I stopped my work and leaned, red-handed, on the table, awaiting his decision.

"You can stop," he said after awhile, "he's dead." I took the instrument from him and listened. It was as he said! Newton had gone—to face his Maker.

Hastily washing and drying my hands, I slipped on my coat, and made my way back to my room.

Now that it was all over, a dreary feeling of my own helplessness came over me, and as I drew a basket chair up to the fire that the porter had replenished in my absence, I thought of the misery I should have to face on the morrow. I glanced at my watch; it was three o'clock. To-morrow, then, was to-day. To-day I should die—the social death. I never realized till that minute how dear this little world of mine was to me. The functions that I had held up to ridicule as senseless and time-wasting, seemed now to be clothed with a dignity and refinement unthought of. The profession I loved so well, and God knows, no mother could suffer more at the death of her firstborn than I at the thought of severing myself from St. Mark's.

What a blackguard I was. I fan-

cie'd I could hear Newton saying, "I can trust you, you are straight." I who, even as he spoke, was weighing the chances of evading detection. And yet, after all, he could not have meant it, otherwise why should he have told Thompson?

A quick footstep echoed down the corridor, and stopped opposite my door. There was a knock. I rose from my chair, and opened the door to Thompson. "Come in," I said, closing the door after him. He seated himself, facing me, on the opposite side of the fire. I pushed the decanter towards him.

I hadn't the nerve to open the conversation.

"Thanks," he said, helping himself to a modest allowance of Burgundy. "I owe you an apology for disturbing your rest again, but I have to tell you what transpired between this patient and myself." I nodded. I had expected something of this, if not so soon, and my hand trembled as I pushed back the decanter from its perilous position on the edge of the table, where Thompson, with youthful disregard to safety, had left it. It is curious how, in times of great trouble, or mental worry, little trifling incidents leave a lasting impression on one's mind, and the sight of a decanter placed too near the edge of a table has ever since then reminded me of that startling interview.

"I saw when you came into ward," my assistant went on, "that you knew him, and you can imagine, knowing this, how surprised I was when he asked for an interview with me. I could see that you, too, were a little astonished; however, before I had time to recover from my amazement, you were gone, and we were left together. The first thing he did was to ask me whether I knew anything about law. I told him I did for, as you know, my people are in the law, and I was, at first, intended for that stuffy profession. He then asked me whether he could dispose of his pro-

perty without making a will. I told him that such a thing was permissible in cases of urgent necessity. 'Such as this?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'this would be a case in which you could verbally bequeath your property, providing it was done in the presence of two disinterested persons.' It was then, at his request, that I called Nurse Joyce, and searched among his clothing for a pocket-book. This I found and brought to him, and then to my profound astonishment, he said, 'In the presence of these witnesses I bequeath this book and its contents to—Doctor Donald Fraser, of St. Mark's Hospital!'" As Thompson said this he drew from his pocket the book.

I had risen to my feet as he commenced his story and stood by the window that overlooked the dawn-lit quadrangle of the hospital. I had done this partly to hide any show of emotion that may have been evident, partly because, in my then condition of mind, I could not remain seated, but as the unlooked for, unthought of

story of Newton's generosity was laid before me, the room swam round, and the figure of Thompson, silhouetted against the dancing flames of the fire, became blurred and indistinct. "For me?" I managed to gasp.

"Yes, for you, and he made me promise to hand it to you to-night. 'For,' he said, 'there are some papers that I want the doctor to burn.'"

My fingers closed over the leathern package.

"He added a very strange sentence," said Thompson. "His last words before you came were, 'Tell the doctor the cards were marked.'"

As he finished speaking Thompson stepped towards the door and, holding it open, he looked down, with a perplexed frown. "About those papers," he said, "I don't know whether it is irregular to destroy them until the will has been proved, but as it was evidently his wish, I suppose you had better burn them."

"I think I had better do so," I answered, closing the door after him and turning towards the fire.

## ABSENCE

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

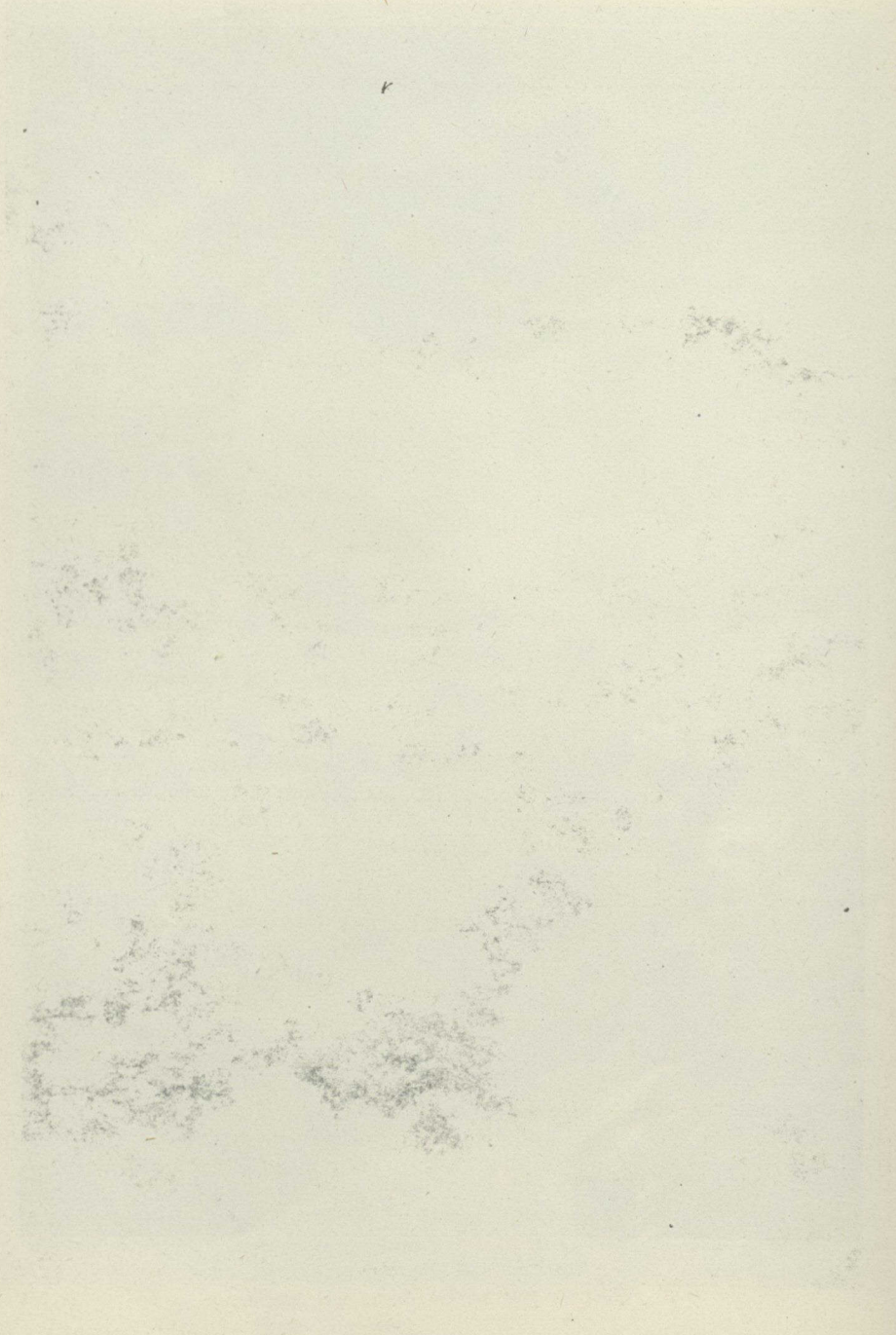
I CANNOT rest  
 For the swallow's flying,  
 And blue-birds with saffroned breasts  
 Blue the lea;  
 How can I rest?  
 Earth with night is lying,  
 And the white star o' the west  
 Guides to Thee.

I cannot stay  
 While the winds are calling  
 And the wild, white horses play  
 O'er the sea;  
 How can I stay  
 With the red leaves falling,  
 And ways in their windings stray  
 But to Thee?



Photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MARPOLE, CANADIAN ROCKIES



# ON THE RISE OF THE HILL

BY SEUMAS O'KELLY

"SAY you'll have me," said Johnny Claffey.

"I will not, Johnny Claffey," Maria Cooney made answer. "I'll say I won't have you. I like to tell the truth."

"What prospects have you beyond myself?" Johnny Claffey persisted.

"You're a grand prospects surely! A big ugly-looking pike of a man! And you without as much as a cabin. Go out of my sight."

"You'll rue it, Maria Cooney."

"I won't, Johnny Claffey. I may as well tell you I have bigger game in view. My grandmother is on for seeing me settled before she dies. She has made my match with a lovely-looking lad over near her own place. If you were to see the grand house he has, and it upon the rise of the hill! What good is a man without a house anyhow? What good are you, Johnny Claffey? You sleep in a loft over a kitchen, and the loft itself is not your own. You have a big cheek to be asking any girl's promise. Clear out of this now!"

Johnny Claffey seized Marie Cooney in his brawny arms. She struggled vainly. His face swooped down upon her face. Maria Cooney had only had time to drop her head suddenly on its hinges. The next moment Johnny Claffey had planted his lips fervently upon the knot of black hair tied tightly at the back of her poll. It was not what he intended or expected, of course. He was out in his geography, had struck the wrong continent on the map, so to speak. When

he realized this he walked heavily out of the house, a cloud gathering across the breadth of his face. Maria Cooney followed him to the door and as he went her mocking voice followed him down the road.

"Johnny Claffey!" she cried, "come back here with my hairpins!"

After this incident Johnny Claffey avoided Maria Cooney as much as possible. It was not possible to cut her altogether, for Johnny Claffey was a farm hand in the employ of the Byrne family, and Maria Cooney a housekeeper in the Glennon family. The Byrne homestead adjoined the Glennon homestead, and there was constant communication between the families.

"What do you say to Johnny Claffey if he hasn't made a representation," Pat Glennon said one day, shortly after, coming into his house.

"A what?" Mrs. Glennon asked, while Maria Cooney's eyes went wide open. She had an idea that Johnny Claffey was about to supply some extraordinary sensation. And so he was.

"A representation is an application of a tentative nature for a labourer's cottage," Pat Glennon said, talking like a leading article.

"Johnny Claffey!" Maria Cooney exclaimed under her breath.

"We have a scheme of cottages on hand at the rural council. Each will cost up to one hundred and thirty pounds, and will have an acre of land attached."

Maria Cooney had to hold on to

the table. A cottage and an acre of ground for Johnny Claffey! Were the district councillors all gone mad?

"And where is all this money to come from," Mrs. Glennon demanded.

"From the oul' cow that everyone who can lay hands on milks, known as the public ratepayer," Pat Glennon answered with a grin. "What's more," he went on, "Johnny Claffey is going to marry for the inspector put him the question, 'Are you married?' says he. 'No, I'm not,' says Johnny, 'but I have a nice one in the corner of me eye. You give me the cage, I'll chirp, and the bird will hop on to her perch!' He put the whole place into a roar."

Maria Cooney found herself suffering from insomnia for the first time in her life that night. Johnny Claffey went between her and her rest, for she remembered, with horror, that Johnny Claffey, since he had left off proposing marriage to her, had been in the habit of disappearing every Sunday.

Next day she waylaid one of the young Byrnes and bribed him into confidence by the pressure of a penny upon his little palm.

"Tell me, pet," Maria Cooney said, "where does that Johnny Claffey be meandering to every Sunday?"

This young Byrne had a cute face and he looked up at Maria Cooney with quick gray eyes.

"Off over after a girl he do be going," he replied promptly.

"How do you know that?"

"'Cause I saw him a Sunday. We were driving back from the chapel."

"Where was it you saw him?"

"In Kilelooney, near a gate they were. Johnny Claffey was leaning over the gate, and she was leaning over the gate. The two of them was leaning over it."

"And who was the girl now?"

"I dunno."

"And was she a young one or an oul' one?"

"I dunno."

"Well, what was she wearing?"

"She was wearing a dress."

"What sort of a dress?"

"I couldn't say."

"Was it a black dress or a white dress?"

"It was."

"A black dress maybe it was?"

"Maybe."

"Or it might be a white one?"

"It might."

"Was it black?"

"It was."

"Are you sure now, it wasn't a white dress?"

"It was a white dress."

"Sure it couldn't be a white dress if it was a black one?"

"It could."

"It could not, child. Think well."

"Sure amn't I after telling you? It was a black dress and a white dress—white at the top and black down below."

The child ran away, apparently tired of the argument.

"Be dad," Maria Cooney cried, "she was wearing a white blouse and a black skirt, the whipster! Wait until I lay my two hands on you, Johnny Claffey!"

But Maria Cooney kept her hands off Johnny Claffey, mostly because he abandoned any further proposals of marriage, partly because all was not plain sailing for Johnny Claffey and his cottage. The Byrne family objected to the cottage at once. All his life Johnny Claffey had slept in their loft over the kitchen. Every night he carried in a ladder from the stable and mounted to this unlighted apartment. The Byrnes said that if Johnny Claffey got a cottage and an acre of ground he would become too independent, too big a man for them. When old Byrne heard that an acre of his own ground would be commandeered for the person who slept in his loft he grew purple in the face with rage and swore he would defend his property with his life. He appealed to Johnny Claffey, but Johnny Claffey only scratched the crown of his head and said he was at the mercy

of the district council. He insinuated that if the district council insisted on building him a cottage there was nothing for it but to desert the loft. Old Byrne had to submit. His family explained that the law was against him and in favour of Johnny Claffey—a very wrong and rotten thing of the law, of course, but there you are!

The foundations of Johnny Claffey's cottage were laid in due course and while the work went on it was the object of both admiration and envy to the parish. Maria Cooney, however, held aloof as long as she could. One night, however, the longing to behold Johnny Claffey's cottage became too much for her. She threw a shawl over her head and sneaked out of the house.

It was a moonlight night. Maria Cooney kept a watchful eye about her and reached the cottage in a round-about way. She wished to keep her mission a secret. She had worked herself up to a high pitch of excitement by the time she put her arms over the wall facing the cottage and had a good square look at it. The cottage at first blush had a peculiar effect upon her. The rafters were shining like ribs on the roof, the doorway gaped, the windows were vacant, and the light of the moon was playing through them. It gave the structure a queer effect—it looked as if it were grinning down at her. She had an unaccountable feeling that it grinned like Johnny Claffey. She thought she had often seen that sort of a settled, half-spectral gape on his face. She felt inclined to say some words of cutting disparagement up at it. Her hand went out in an impatient little gesture.

"Tell me, Maria Cooney, how do you like the looks of it?"

Maria Cooney gave a startled bound, then pulled herself together. She saw the bulk of Johnny Claffey's figure seated against the wall under her. He had his eyes upon the cottage, drinking in its proportions in the romance of the moonlight.

"I was not thinking of it at all," Maria Cooney said.

Johnny Claffey made no comment, and his silence was eloquent.

"And what brought you down here this hour of the night?" Maria demanded, some of her old domineering tone returning.

"Same thing as yourself—the cottage there. I do like to come down in the quietness of the night to look upon it."

"You're well employed then."

"I do be pondering over many a thing in me mind. I was saying to meself a while back when I saw you waltzing about the hill that you'll have a grand view of the cottage from Pat Glennon's door above."

"I'll have some other occupation for me eyes, with the help of God."

"I was saying for one thing that it's a comfort to see the smoke coming up a chimney. That'll be one addition to the scenery for you. Then for that again I was saying that the light of the two back windows will be shining in front of you the length of the winter's night."

"I'm giving you great concern from all accounts."

"And when I'm rightly settled down, there you'll have a view of the garden and the sight of me crops coming up out of the ground, or maybe the scent of me lock of flowers blown up the hill upon the wind and going in about the kitchen to tickle your fancy."

Johnny Claffey rose up and leaned against the wall close to Maria Cooney, his face still to the cottage. Maria Cooney rubbed the tip of her nose against his shoulder. Johnny Claffey was no more conscious of it than if a fly had lit upon him. Maria Cooney knew she was a show, but in the subdued light, and while Johnny went on with his talk, she seized favourable moments to rub her nose against his shoulder, drawing great satisfaction from the exercise.

"I'll have a little rose bush growing there in front of the porch. When

you come down an odd evening maybe I'll be plucking a choice one for you. There over by the wall to the west I'll have me little clump of turf. It'll be well in your view at the pond above. At the fall o' the leaf you'll see me pit of potatoes rising up at the head of the acre. When Pat Glennon's cock crows on his roost you'll hear the voice of my cock answering him back from the tidy fowl-house there in the corner beyond. Me hens will be scratching about the field up to your door. If you have the mind to listen you'll hear the wind when it whistles through the few perch of corn and it growing ripe before your eyes. The place won't be so lonesome for you. Herself will be moving about the house, in and out, if it was only she came out for a can of water or stepped out on the road to meet myself the time I'll be drawing a creel of turf from the bog."

At these words the nose of Maria Cooney withdrew from the neighbourhood of Johnny Claffey's shoulder. If it gave a little snort at mention of "herself" he did not notice it. Neither did he concern himself that it perked up, right and unlovely, in the pale light as he went on:

"You can be coming down to herself, or she can be going up to you, bringing hither and thither the news of the parish or the alarms that come out of the newspapers. Later on you'll see the childer climbing up over the fence, they to go chasing about the hill, screeching in front of you, everyone of them carrying about a big head on him like the head of Johnny Claffey. And I wouldn't put it beyond the woman that'll be in the house to give them the elegance of fine manners so as they'd be trained to call you Aunt Maria."

There was a convulsive movement under Maria Cooney's shawl, but no blow was struck.

"As to these sights and wonders you're going to provide for me, Johnny Claffey," she said, "you needn't go to any great rounds. It

wouldn't do me good to see a miserable, spare, delicate woman, worn with hardship, striving to bring up in the face of poverty a houseful of big-headed children bawling like a pack of beagles about her with the dint of hunger. Don't be cocking yourself up at all, Johnny Claffey. There's more than one house on the rise of a hill, and I'm not going to spend me life in this place watching your capers."

"The house over near your grandmother's you're hinting at, is it?" Johnny Claffey asked, his eyes steadily on his unroofed cottage.

"The same."

"And the match your grandmother is making up with that nice boy you're alluding to?"

"The same."

"There's no such house. There's only a bare hill swept by the edge of the four winds of the world."

Maria Cooney gasped. The voice of Johnny Claffey was impartial but terrible.

"And there's no such boy. There's only a grandmother, an old creature hobbling on her stick about a little rookery of a place in the bog."

"There is!" Maria Cooney cried, hitting the wall with her fist. "There is, Johnny Claffey! I tell you there is! There is such a house and there is such a boy. I was looking at the house, I was speaking with the boy! How dare you, Johnny Claffey!" Like Hamlet's whipster of a mother, Maria Cooney protested too much. Johnny Claffey waited until she had done.

"There's only that grandmother," he said serenely. "I made it my business to see her the day I was going past, bringing a load of seaweed from the sea. 'Mrs. Cooney,' says I, 'I come in to ask you for the hand of Maria.' 'Did you indeed?' says she, 'well, you come in to ask a great lot. You can have her.' 'Isn't there another fellow after her?' says I. 'Is there?' says she. 'There is ma'am,' says I. 'If there is,' she says, 'it's the first I heard of it. But if there



is, that would make two fellows after Maria. Well, ye can both have her and me blessing!' That's what your grandmother said, Maria Cooney."

Maria Cooney's shawled head went down on the wall beside Johnny Claffey. It was all so shockingly like what her grandmother would say! She felt she had been criminally slack in not having warned her grandmother, but who would ever have dreamt of the lumbering Johnny Claffey turning out such a terror? Maria Cooney felt she was disgraced for ever. All the fight was knocked out of her by this blow. Johnny Claffey thought he heard some sniffing on the top of the unsympathetic wall, but he made no inquiry.

"I'd like to see the wooden paling there painted," he went on. "I was between two minds as to whether I'd like a dark green or a bright red. A lively red coat should look elegant on it when viewed from your kitchen door above."

"Ask the one over at Killelooney," Maria Cooney said raising her head and speaking in a voice that wavered between resignation and resentment. "It's she that will have the trouble of the concerns."

"That one at Killelooney?" Johnny Claffey asked without turning round.

"The one with the white blouse."

"What white blouse?"

"The white blouse and the black skirt. She that used to be mooning over the gate with you like a cow."

"Who told you this?"

"Young Byrne, young Paddy Byrne."

"'Twas I told him to tell you that," Johnny Claffey announced calmly. "I gave him an oul' penknife for telling you. I knew you'd be making inquiries. Playing cards I used to be in Killelooney."

Marie Cooney's lips parted as she heard the announcement, a sort of ecstatic thrill lighting her face. She looked as if she had seen a vision in a white blouse winging to the skies, leaving her with a clear field with

Johnny Claffey in front of his cottage. Then a doubt overcast her features, swift as a cloud that runs over a clear sky.

"And where is she coming from so? Where is the bird that will hop on to the perch when you chirp?" she asked, unable to suppress a note of tragedy in her voice.

"It's hard to say," Johnny Claffey said carelessly. "There's no hurry on me. I have the whole country in front of me. When the daisies deck the fields I'll take down an ash plant, spit on me fist, and go out to seek me fortune like the King's son in the stories."

Maria Cooney felt that if Johnny Claffey turned around and proposed marriage there and then she should burst out crying. But Johnny Claffey only took a step forward towards the cottage with the air of a man who had dismissed a frivolous subject. A little halo was beginning to grow about his big stupid head in the eyes of Maria Cooney. She could scarcely believe that he was the despised one who had slept in a loft and proposed marriage on various occasions under the auspices of her dishcloth. He led the way towards his cottage, striding like the hero in a melodrama.

"Come on until I show you the inside of the premises, Maria Cooney. I can't say how it will be inside. I'll have to leave that to the woman that will be coming back with me the time of the daisies. I'm not much of an ornament in the inside of a house. Me legs don't feel as if they were intended for it. They kick things and they always kick the things that can't stand nothing only admiration. I'll get my good woman to leave me as much space as I can steer through without going on the rocks. She can float about herself where she likes—"

He had stepped into the doorway when he felt something happening behind. He paused. Two hands were groping about his back. A face seemed to be smothering itself in the folds

of his coat at the small of his back.

"Johnny!"

A smile broke over Johnny Claffey's face at the sound of his name. He had measured the thing to an inch! At the porch of his cottage on the rise of the hill Maria Cooney had surrendered. He had brought the aggressive girl who had called him a big ugly-looking pike of a man, who had tendered her poll to his devouring lips, to her knees. Johnny Claffey turned around to behold his triumph. The shawl had slipped from Maria Cooney's shoulders. Her face was white, her arms were reaching out to him. She looked magnificent and dramatic in the moonlight.

"Johnny!"

There was an appeal in the voice, as seductive as the first note of the cuckoo in the woods of Kileooney in the springtime. It struck Johnny Claffey hard and all over. He saw, in a dim way, the whole landscape on the hillside transformed into a place of wondrous magic. Then he had lifted Maria Cooney off the ground. And he was not out in his geography this time.

It took a good while to furnish the cottage in imagination that night on

the rise of the hill. It was a process over which there was a delightful procrastination. The discreet moon moved down the sky and threw long shadows under the walls. When Maria Cooney and Johnny Claffey came forth again things had adjusted themselves. The note of surrender had died out of Maria Cooney's voice, Johnny Claffey was not so full of himself. He had had his little innings. Maria Cooney stood before the stumps and Johnny Claffey had gone out to field for ever.

"Up you come now until we be telling Pat Glennon the day is fixed," Maria Cooney was saying as they came out.

"I'd sooner leave it to yourself, Maria. I'm kind of—"

Johnny Claffey did not like to say—so soon—that he was kind of ashamed but that's what he meant.

"You just put your legs under you," Maria Cooney commanded briefly, and they went up the rise of the hill together. Their marching order was symbolical of the way they were to travel through life.

Maria Cooney, brisk of step, active of gait, direct of bearing, was leading. Johnny Claffey ploughed faithfully behind her.



## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE event of the month is the sinking of the Cunard liner, *Lusitania*, off Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, with the loss of 1502 lives. A German submarine lay in the track of the ocean greyhound as she was nearing Queenstown, and fifteen minutes after the torpedo struck and exploded her engine-room the giant ship plunged down bow foremost, her helpless passengers—men, women, and children—abandoned to their fate by the German pirates. The cup of Germany's iniquity is overflowing. It did not require this wholesale murder of non-combatants to stir the British people to a more supreme effort in their fight with Germany, but neutral countries now have little excuse for tight-rope performances in diplomacy. The United States has followed literally the Biblical injunction: "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also." American citizens went down with the *Lusitania*, and Dr. Bernard Dernburg is brutally frank in letting the people of the United States know that the German submarines in torpedoing passenger vessels, regardless of the loss of life, are defiant of public opinion in the great Republic. From whatever point of view the question is approached, the attitude of the Washington Government cannot be regarded as in keeping with the traditions bequeathed by George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. For the United States the issues involved cannot be solved by the continued acceptance of "assurances" from Berlin as com-

ensation for loss of life and property. Any timidity in dealing with Germany at this stage will convince the world that not President Wilson, but Dr. Dernburg, controls the policy of the United States. The difficulties of the Wilson Administration are known to themselves. Chief among these is the unassimilated population of the United States, millions of Germans, for instance, who, it has been discovered, are still German in thought and sentiment. How far German secret service organization has succeeded in honeycombing the public services of the Republic, including the army and navy, rendering it dangerous for the Government to resort to extreme measures against Germany one can only conjecture. It is safe, however, to hazard the opinion that the United States is less prepared for war than France was at the beginning of the campaign. The newspapers of the United States are practically unanimous in condemning German methods of warfare as unqualified murder, and President Wilson is being hard pressed to vindicate the honour of his country. If internal conditions are responsible for the pacificatory tone of the Washington Government it is high time for Americans to set their house in order. If the nation which Washington created and Lincoln saved is to maintain her diplomatic position in Europe the control of the United States by hyphenated Yankees of German extraction must be destroyed. Although primarily a domestic problem, it is

one in which Canadians have a real interest.

The following advertisement appeared in American newspapers before and after the sinking of the *Lusitania*:

Travellers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY.

Washington, D.C., April 22, 1915.

Another event of supreme interest to Canadians was the heroic stand of the Canadian brigades near Ypres. Over six thousand casualties testify to the fierce fighting that took place during those three fateful days when the Canadian troops held the enemy at bay. It was here the use of poisonous gas by the enemy was first tried, with disastrous results to our troops. Choked by the drifting fumes which a favouring wind carried in greenish clouds to the Allied trenches, the French were forced to fall back, exposing the Canadian flank to a terrific assault. The conduct of the Canadians exceeded all the demands of military rules, but in the words of Sir John French, "they saved the situation," and prevented the enemy getting through to Calais. "Lange-marek" will long be remembered with pride by the Canadian army and nation.

Hill 60, near Ypres, has also been the scene of terrific fighting, the British capturing this important position and holding it against repeated counter-attacks. There is no sign yet of the big spring drive. So far the advantages in numbers seem to be on the side of Germany, which is putting forth a tremendous effort on both the western and eastern fronts. In the eastern theatre some measure of suc-

cess has attended the operations of the enemy. Aided by the railways Germany and Austria launched from the Cracow region a formidable drive across the Dunajec and Wisloka Rivers, piercing the Russian lines of communication in Galicia and forcing the Grand Duke's troops to fall back from the Carpathians, thus relieving Hungary for the present from the danger of invasion. This delay to the Russian advance across the passes into Hungary is of great political moment to the Kaiser, who long since must have ceased to hope for victory. In turn this check to the Russian main advance must seriously modify the plans of the western Allies. It must not be forgotten that Russia, in attracting such a huge German force to western Galicia is relieving the pressure on the Allied lines in France and Belgium. The hour has come, despite this temporary check, when the German advantage in numbers is on the ebb. The Allied forces in the western zone now outnumber the enemy, and the tide in the eastern theatre is beginning to turn in favour of Russia.

In the Carpathians, where the Russian lines of communication are threatened by the enemy's drive from western Galicia, the Uzsook Pass, so necessary to a concentric advance into the Hungarian plain, is still in Austrian hands. East of the Uzsook are the Tukholka and the Beskid Passes close together. The Beskid Pass carries over the mountains the railway which runs from Murkaes, in the Hungarian plain, through Stry in Galicia to Lemberg. From the heights of Kosziowa, between the Uzsook and the Beskid Passes, the Russian front breaks away from the northern foothills into eastern Galicia. This is a most vulnerable point and has been subjected to repeated attacks of the enemy. But it is against the right Russian wing operating down the southern slopes farther to the west that a heavy blow has been struck, German reinforcements enabling the

Austrians to attack in considerable force on the Dunajec without weakening their pressure on the Russian left wing in the neighbourhood of Stry.

The combined land and sea attacks on the Dardanelles forts is progressing favourably, all forts up to Nagara being silenced at time of writing. The steady advance in the Gallipoli Peninsula foredooms the Moslem capital, which Russians already call after its ancient name of Tzargrad. Its capture will exert a powerful moral influence throughout the Near and Far East. German influence will vanish among Mohammedans with the fall of Constantinople and the capture of the Baghdad railway.

Italy is still shivering on the brink. Should she decide to take the plunge before this sees the light it will be because of the constraining influence of interests that admit of no delay. She has haggled over terms thus long for two reasons. She was unprepared for war and required time in which to complete her military organization and regulate her finances. On the other hand, neither side could afford to despise the obvious advantages of a military alliance with Italy, and the latter showed no disposition to come to terms as long as suitors were prepared to court her favour. The bombardment of the Dardanelles is a plain intimation to Italy that she must no longer postpone a decision if she hopes to profit territorially by this war.

One of the most significant features of the war is the buoyancy of finance in Great Britain. The British banking system has proved to be the most steadying influence in British affairs at this critical stage, and not in Britain only. *The Chronicle* (London), surveying the work accomplished by British bankers, says:

“Truly a marvellous condition of things after the crisis at the start of the war, and when the history of the war comes to be written in full there will be much said about the great bankers of the country who, working with the Government, were able steadily to allay public anxiety and

bring about a feeling of absolute trust and confidence throughout the kingdom. Only those who know can speak of the anxiety of that time and the manner in which the whole of the leading bankers combined, working night and day, to straighten out the position and to inspire that confidence, which has been fully justified by events, in the minds of the public. It may be said that all people heartily co-operated, and hence, instead of a banking crisis upon which Germany had put its faith, the strain was steadily released and things won to normal conditions. It was a marvellous achievement on the part of our great bankers that after months of war and the spending of millions sterling the great banks of the Kingdom stand proudly in as strong, or in a stronger, position than they have ever held before.”

The use of poisonous gases by the enemy is a diabolical contravention of Hague regulations. British papers which have been investigating the effects of the poisonous gases used by the Germans have come out strongly in favour of retaliation. The following description of the effect of the gas is told by a responsible British officer who visited some of the men who were disabled by gas on Hill 60:

“There were about twenty of the worst cases in the ward, on mattresses, all more or less in a sitting position, strapped up against the walls. Their faces, arms and hands were of a shiny, gray-black colour. With their mouths open and leaden-glazed eyes, all were swaying slightly backward and forward trying to get breath. It was a most appalling sight. All these poor black faces struggling for life, the groaning and the noise of the efforts for breath is awful.

“There was practically nothing to be done for them except to give them salt and water and try to make them sick. The effect the gas has is to fill the lungs with a watery frothy matter, which gradually increases and rises until it fills up the whole lungs and comes to the mouth—they then die. It is suffocation, slow drowning, taking in cases one or two days. Eight died last night out of twenty I saw, and the most of the others I saw will

die, while those who get over the gas invariably develop acute pneumonia.

"It is without doubt the most awful form of scientific torture. Not one of the men I saw in the hospital had a scratch or wound. The Germans have given out that it is a rapid, painless death—the liars. No torture could be worse than to give them a dose of their own gas."

One of the most tragic features of the war is the sacrifice of so many lives full of rich promise. The death at the front of the grandson and heir of Mr. Gladstone removes from the British House of Commons a member marked out for future honours in Parliamentary life. A couple of years ago he visited Toronto in company with Viscount Bryce. Another volunteer who died at the front was the young poet of the Georgian school, Rupert Brooke, who also visited Toronto and other parts of the Dominion about two years ago. He took part in the defence of Antwerp, but

was struck down in the operations at the Dardanelles. Mr. Rupert Brooke had already established a high place among the younger English poets. An anonymous admirer pays the following tribute to the sailor poet's memory in *The Westminster Gazette*;

(*RUGBY, 1887. LEMNOS, 1915.*)

More dies with him than with his comrades died,

His was the youngest voice in English song;

And war to waiting mother, desolate bride,

Has done this greater wrong—

That none shall make them hear as he had made,

The unuttered beauty of their hearts who went

Like him, from joy, aware and not afraid  
To meet the obscure event.

We and our sons, through each ascending age,

Enriched by Peace a thousandfold—we must

Still be the poorer for that empty page,  
That splendour fallen to dust.



# The Library Table

## THE TURMOIL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Harper Brothers.

THIS the latest novel by the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," is characteristically and almost shockingly American. It is steeped in an atmosphere of commercialism and the vulgar display of wealth. The reader takes it for granted that Chicago has been selected as the scene of the novel, with two families as the principal actors—the Sheridans, whose Sheridan Apartments and Sheridan Pump Works make theirs a familiar name in the city; and the Vertrees, one of the old families of the city, who, though poor, move in the most exclusive circles. The Sheridans are immensely wealthy. They consist of father, mother, daughter, daughter-in-law, and three sons, all grown up. They have just moved into a palatial residence, next door to the Vertrees home, and one of the sons has built just across the street. Bibbs, the "queer" member of the family, has just returned from a prolonged treatment at a sanitarium, and because he is averse to a business career he is regarded by everybody, particularly his father, as a nuisance, with one exception—Mary Vertrees. Mary is an only child, and because she feels it her duty to retrieve the family fortune she openly flirts with Jim Sheridan, who is a thorough-going business man, and might have married him had she not become interested in Bibbs and, a surer reason, had Jim not been killed

by the falling-in of a roof at one of the factories. Bibbs is a kind of dreamer. He says he wants to write, and he as well as the doctor attribute his illness to an enforced attendance on a tin-cutting machine. His father, who is a self-made man, says it's all bosh nonsense, and he insists on his son returning to the machine and proving his Sheridan mettle. Meantime an intimacy has sprung up between Mary and Bibbs and they spend many happy afternoons and evenings together. But Bibbs does not relish the thought of returning to the machine, and both he and the doctor try to persuade the father to let him go ahead with his writing. But the father is obdurate. With him the important thing is to see the Sheridan business grow bigger and bigger. Then suddenly the second son, the one who is married and lives across the street, is driven to drink by the follies of his wife, and the daughter, a beautiful but headstrong girl, runs away and marries a worthless rake. So that at length the old man has no one but Bibbs to look to for the continuance of the Sheridan ambition to keep on amassing wealth. And at this juncture Bibbs, inspired by his love for Mary and his wish to see her and her family in better pecuniary circumstances, proves his mettle at the machine, is taken into the business, and soon becomes the directing force of the whole institution. The reader is in doubt whether a great writer has been sacrificed on the altar of business. The samples of his writing, as quoted in the book, do not con-

vince one that by his turning to commerce the world has lost a great philosopher, but that may have been the intention of the author. The story is more than ordinarily well written, but its picture of a city like Chicago, or, for that matter, any big western city, is very incomplete. There are a number of artificialities and situations worked up cheaply for obvious effect; for instance, the occasion when Bibbs is heroically saved by his father from the wheels of a passing vehicle. It is intended to prove that the father, though outwardly cold and hard, actually thinks much more of his son's welfare than of his own. It is the kind of melodramatic device that is employed usually by writers of less artistic ability than Booth Tarkington.

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## SONGS FROM THE CLAY

BY JAMES STEPHENS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING our admiration for what this author hitherto has given us, both in poetry and prose, we cannot regard the contents of this his latest volume as anything but light and secondary verse. The efforts of the author to be simple and unaffected have led him, we fear, into ways that do not arouse our emotions. One is not stirred, for instance, by a verse like this:

The heavens were silent and bare,  
Not a star lit the heights overhead,  
There was not a stir in the air,  
And the people were all gone to bed.

However, we find something more to our fancy in "The Lark":

There is a small bird cowering in the dark;  
His wing is broken, he will never sing;  
He will not sing again, the little lark  
That has a broken wing.

The lark that cowers with a broken wing  
Is all alone; his mate has gone away;  
To-morrow in the fields his mate will sing  
Her merry lay.

His mate will sing again her merry lay  
In the green fields, forgetting he is gone;  
But he will never rouse a sunny day  
Again for any one.

He will not sing again for any one;  
The wing is broken of that little lark;  
His song is broken, and his heart is gone  
There in the dark.

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THE POET AND NATURE AND  
THE MORNING ROAD.

BY MADISON CAWEIN. Louisville, Kentucky; John P. Morton and Company.

**T**HIS posthumous volume of verse by one who is regarded as the rightful successor of Bryant will be read by thousands who have already regretted the untimely death of this gifted poet. He was a native of Kentucky, a State whose natural splendours he celebrated in lofty measures. His range was wide, but we select two stanzas from "The Tavern of the Bees" to give an idea of his whimsical fancy:

Here's the tavern of the bees,  
Here the butterflies, the swing  
Velvet cloaks, and to the breeze  
Whisper soft conspiracies,  
Pledge their Lord, the Fairy King:  
Here the hotspur hornets bring  
Fiery word, and drink away  
Heat and hurry of the day.

Here the merchant bee, his gold  
On his thigh, falls fast asleep,  
And the armoured beetle bold,  
Like an errant-knight of old,  
Feasts and tipples pottles-deep:  
While the friar crickets keep  
Creaking low a drinking-song,  
Like an Ave, all day long.

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## THE SWORD OF YOUTH

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN. Tronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

**T**HERE was a time when this author gave us charming Kentucky love-stories such as "The Choir Invisible." Then for a time he made a departure into tales of mysticism and introspection and sex entanglements, and the results were not happy. Now, however, he returns to his old love, for he gives us love, free and undefiled, and we welcome it. The situation is not ordinary and yet not



unusual; Mrs. Humner had given a husband and four sons to her country. Joseph was too young, and so had been left to "take care of mother and the place." Reaching the age of seventeen, Joseph determined to join the army. The avowal of his intentions to his mother angers her beyond reason. Their quarrel drives him to his neighbour-sweetheart, Lucy Morehead. The finest thing in the book is Joseph's struggle with himself—"the war we all wage between what is right within us and what is right without; between one duty and another duty; between what is good and what is elsewhere good." He finally carries out his intention, leaving Lucy to guard the mother who refuses to forgive him. After two years' service he receives a summons from the repentant mother asking him to come to her at any cost. At the risk of his life, and knowing he will be thought a deserter, he goes, but returns immediately to "be shot or pardoned." It is a thrilling scene handled with power.

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### BRUNEL'S TOWER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. London: William Heinemann.

IT is always a pleasure to read one of Mr. Phillpotts's novels, if for nothing more than the fine spirit of romance and adventure that he imparts to characters and circumstances which in other hands might easily weary us. "There is a road to the West-country that leads from Newton Abbot to Tor Bay, and along it there once walked a young man." With these words Mr. Phillpotts commences this novel. Then he gives us a wealth of description and takes a group of bucolic folk and fairly submerges them in passionate adventures of the soul. And they are all passionate. The slowly-moving peasant brain runs the gamut of every introspective emotion. It is as though a muttering of deep thunder broods threateningly on every page. The

young man whose acquaintance we made walking along a country road was a born leader. His name was George Easterbrook, and, marking as he walked a deserted ruin upon his left, he had proceeded to acquire it, and on it set up a pottery whose merits were known throughout the United Kingdom, in Canada, in Australia, and at the Cape. He was loved and revered by his workpeople, and his will in that little community was law. Suddenly in the midst of that peaceful place appeared a youth of another calibre. His name was Herve, and he was so clever as to give the impression of being artful. According to his own showing he had run away from a workhouse, though later investigations showed that it was really a reformatory. Being taken into the pottery by Easterbrook, a passionate gratitude and hero-worship sprang up in his mind for that straight-dealing gentleman. But the warp in his own nature soon came out. Finding that a rival pottery was making big vases that Brunel's Tower tried in vain to emulate, the boy from the reformatory set to work to find out the secret, not scrupling to draw it out of the proprietor's daughter by love-making. That Easterbrook refused to accept the mitigating circumstance that the secret was to be presented to him as a mark of gratitude, and turned him out of the factory, was naturally both hurtful and surprising to his worshipper. That he died saving the loved one's life is a melodramatic touch that we deprecate. Descriptions of the ways of the potters make pleasant interludes in a story which cannot at any stage be described as light-hearted.

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### KASBA

BY GEORGE R. RAY. Author's edition. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS is the story of the love and sacrifice of Kasba, a young Chipe-wyan maiden, and of a young white

man's isolated existence in the region of Chesterfield Inlet. Roy Thursby, a young officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, several times had befriended and protected Kasba, and in return she served him and loved him in silence. He lost his sight, and still she loved and served him; he was betrothed to the daughter of the Chief Factor, but they had lost all knowledge of his whereabouts and mourned him as dead. But Kasba, setting aside her own hopes and desires, leads them to him, and in the end gives herself to one of her own race, in accordance with her father's wish.

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### SONGS OF KABIR

Translated by Rabindranath Tagore.  
Introduction by Evelyn Underhill.  
Toronto: The Macmillan Company  
of Canada.

THESE one hundred songs, difficult as it is for the Occidental reader to grasp their full significance, are nevertheless marked in many instances by great beauty of thought and diction. The translator has already won a wide circle of readers through his own presentation in English of his own works done originally in Bengalese, particularly of "The Gardener." Kabir, whose songs are here put into English, was an Indian mystic who lived about 1440. Something of the character of the songs may be taken from the following, which is No. 27:

It is the mercy of my true Guru that has made me to know the unknown;

I have learned from Him how to walk without feet, to see without eyes, to hear without ears, to drink without mouth, to fly without wings;

I have brought my love and my meditation into the land where there is no sun and moon, nor day and night.

Without eating, I have tasted of the sweetness of nectar; and without water, I have quenched my thirst.

Where there is the response of delight, there is the fullness of joy. Before whom can that joy be uttered?

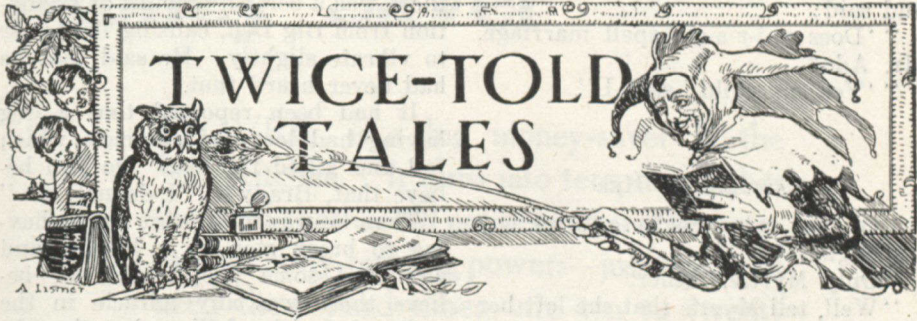
Kabir says: "The Guru is great beyond words, and great is the good fortune of the disciple."

\*

—"The House-Fly" is the title of a volume of 382 pages dealing with the structure, habits, and development of our common pest, its relation to disease, and its control. The author is C. Gordon Hewitt, D.Sc., F.R.S.C., Dominion Entomologist of Canada, and formerly lecturer in economic zoology in the University of Manchester. It is shown that it is possible, and not only possible but imperative, to wage unrelenting warfare on the egg, larva, and adult fly, the last being attacked by traps, fly-papers, and poison, and further investigation of that active parasitic fungus, *Empusa muscæ*, may even suggest a method of artificially encouraging it as an ally. Over and above these active operations against the culprits much may also be done by the effectual protection of our food, and also of sick, and therefore abnormally susceptible, patients from the visitations of these disgusting insects. Everywhere, in fact, the municipal and other authorities are realizing their responsibilities and framing regulations for the proper control of this prolific and poisonous enemy within the gates. Dr. Hewitt's book, though it deals scientifically with every aspect of the subject, can be read with profit by the layman, and the illustrations, several of which are in colour, are all that are needed to elucidate the text. It should do much towards stirring up public feeling against this common nuisance. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

\*

—"Resorts in the Canadian Rockies" is the title of a beautifully illustrated booklet, with large coloured map, issued by the Publicity Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.



A TRIFLE OBSCURE

An amusing story comes from a remote station in South Africa, where news is not received from the outside world every hour. A young British officer in charge of the station received a message last August from his superior officer, saying: "War has been declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district." There was nothing in the message to tell who were "enemy aliens," but the young officer followed instructions and sent this answer: "Have arrested seven Germans, four Russians, two Frenchmen, five Italians, two Roumanians, and an American. Please say who we're at war with."

\*

NOT "F.O.B."

The motor-bus stopped, and the conductor looked earnestly up the steps, but no one descended, and at last he stalked up impatiently.

"'Ere, you," he said to a man on top, "don't you want Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for it. I can't bring it on the 'bus for you."—*Tit-Bits.*

BETRAYED

"How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

"Just look at the spelling."—*Columbia Jester.*

\*

SELF-HELP

Voice: "Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower to-night?"

Prophet: "Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."—*Chaparral.*

\*

WHY BE NEUTRAL?

If you favour war, dig a trench in your back yard, fill it half full of water, crawl into it, and stay there for a day or two without anything to eat, get a lunatic to shoot at you with a brace of revolvers and a machine gun, and you will have something just as good, and you will save your country a great deal of expense.—*Appeal to Reason.*

\*

FIRST AID

L'Enfant: "Father, what is a 'sepulchral tone of voice?'"

Le Pere: "That means, to speak gravely."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

## TOO OFTEN

George Ade, in his quality of cynical bachelor, said at the Chicago Athletic Club:

"I was sitting with a little girl of eight the other afternoon. She looked up from her "Hans Andersen" and said:

"Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?"

"Yes, my child," said I."

\*

## CARELESS OF HER

"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."—*University of Nebraska Awywan.*

\*

## WOMAN'S PLACE AT HOME

At a meeting of a woman suffrage organization in a western city, it was suggested that the members talk to their servants and other women workers with a view to forming an estimate as to the strength of suffrage sentiment in that particular locality. One member, who has employed the same washerwoman for the last six years, reported that she put the question to this worthy lady:

"Are you in favour of votes for women?"

"I don't pay any attention to politics," the washerwoman replied. "I leave all that to my husband."

"Well, how does your husband stand on woman suffrage?"

"He doesn't stand at all. He believes in women staying home and minding their own business."

"How many families do you wash for?"

"Six."

"And what does your husband do, Mary?"

"He ain't doin' anything right now, unless he found something this morning."—*National Monthly.*

## THE SKEPTIC

A well-known Toronto gentleman has an Irish coachman who is a little doubtful of some occurrences that come under the head of natural phenomena. One evening while driving past the City Hall he was told that there was a certain amount of oscillation from Big Ben, causing the tower to vibrate slightly. He said that he had never heard that.

It had been reported that a dog baying had loosened an icicle which fell and killed the dog. Do you believe that, Brady? "I do not, sir."

Then he was told about troops having to break step on a bridge, and also that some people did not believe there was any miracle in the walls of Jericho falling, but thought that thousands of men in step would bring down the walls. "Did you ever hear of that, Brady?" "I did not, sir, and where did you hear about them things?" "In the Bible. You believe all that is in the Bible, Brady, do you not?" "No, sir, I think that things like that is just put in to sell the book."

\*

## SUNDAY ETIQUETTE

Observing the success of the Billy Sunday methods in the matter of conversion, *Puck* rises to suggest that the attempt be made to apply the same methods to other church ceremonies and activities, proposing the following formulas:

Pastor (christening infant) — "What do you want to call this hunk of excess baggage, Bo?"

Presiding Parson—"What miserable mutt giveth this skirt to be married to this gink?" The Bride's Father—"I'm the guy."

Industrious Usher—"Slide, you ice-carts! Slide!"

Passing the Plate—"Come across with the iron-men, you low-lived tight-wads!"

Sunday School Superintendent — "All of you little flivvers that want to swat Satan, stand on one leg."

# Bovril, the Money Saver

**B**OVRIIL is a big money-saver in the Kitchen. It turns into tempting dishes the food that would not get eaten otherwise. And its body-building powers—just what you need these hard times—are ten to twenty times the amount taken. It must be Bovril.



## THE Ingersoll TRIO

MADE IN CANADA

*Delicious and Appetizing*

### Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Consists of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. In packages 10c. and 15c.

*Ask Your Grocer*

### Ingersoll Cream Cheese

—is superior to any ordinary cheese—in flavor—in rich creaminess—in nutritive properties. It spreads like butter, never loses its freshness and is highly economical. In packages 15c. and 25c.

### Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Ingersoll Cream Cheese blended with California Chile. Piquant and delicious.

In packages 15c.

07

*"Spreads like Butter"* The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd. Ingersoll, Ont.





A Waltham  
Watch  
is the  
perfect  
Graduation  
Gift

Now is the time to select a suitable watch for that son or daughter, brother or sister, as a graduation gift. A handsome watch expresses the sentiment of such an occasion, and a good one continues as a pleasant reminder for many years.

Waltham Watches are not only handsome to look at but also perform handsomely. They last for a generation and sometimes longer.

There are beautiful and convenient wrist watches for women, elegant slender watches for men, and good sturdy timepieces for everyone. At all leading jewelers.

**Waltham Watch Company**

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal

# Youth's Springtime

—can be maintained well beyond the forties if one preserves the elasticity and bounce of health by proper living.

The secret is simple — food plays a big part.

Without question the condition of early "old age"—indicated by lack of physical and mental vigor—is often caused by a deficiency of some of the vital elements in the daily food —usually the mineral elements.

These elements—potassium, iron, calcium, phosphorus, etc.,—abound plentifully in nature's food grains, but modern cookery denies them both as to quantity and right proportions for building and maintaining well-balanced bodies and brains.

Recognizing the need for "complete" nourishment, an expert, some eighteen years ago, perfected a food containing all the rich nutriment of wheat and barley, including full-quantity, well-balanced mineral values, in true organic form.

That food is

## Grape-Nuts

—sold by grocers everywhere.

This famous ready-to-eat food has won remarkable favor, and its success is based wholly upon long-continued use by thousands of thinking people.

One can ward off premature old age and retain youthfulness by right living.



### "There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

MADE IN CANADA —By Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



**NON RUSTABLE**

# D & A

## CORSETS

*No 842*

The "D & A" and the "La Diva" Corsets are sold and recommended throughout Canada by dealers who know it is to their own interest to serve their customers well.

The D & A and the La Diva Corsets are made in Canada. Buy them and give employment to Canadian Workpeople securing at the same time the best fitting and most stylish corset at lowest possible prices.

There is no increase in the retail prices of the D & A and the La Diva Corsets. We pay the war tax ourselves.

4-15

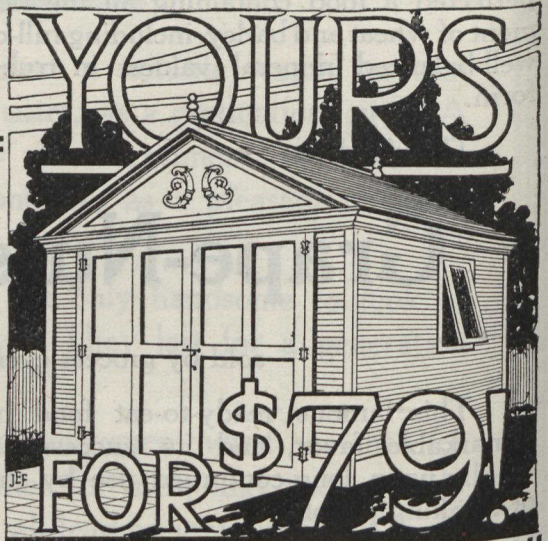
## Save Garage Rent!

KEEP your car in your own garage and save half the expense of upkeep.

### PEDLAR'S "Perfect" Metal-Clad GARAGES

are the neatest and most attractive that money can buy.

Made in a wide range of sizes, and shipped knocked-down to save freight. Easily erected and cheaper than a brick or wood garage of equal size. Prices as low as \$79.



Write our nearest Branch for Garage Booklet "C. M."

## THE PEDLAR PEOPLE, LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1861

Executive Office and Factories: OSHAWA, ONT.

Branches: — Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg.



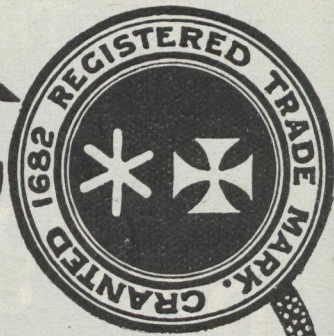
For Thorough Sanitation

# Refrigerators Need



MADE IN CANADA

# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark  
which identifies the best of cutlery

*Look for it on every blade.*

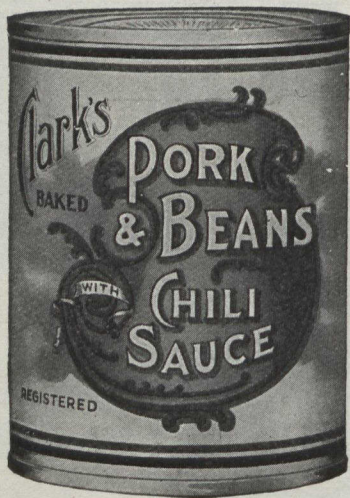
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

## Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce    Chili Sauce    Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal



# We Invite the World to Breakfast

We Will Pay For Ten Meals Per Home

24 Million Invitations

This is a 15c Coupon

We are sending out, 24 millions of these invitations to enjoy Puffed Grains with us. Some 200,000 grocers stand ready to fulfill our invitations.

Buy from your grocer a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Then present this coupon and he will give you a package of Puffed Rice.

We will pay him the 15 cents.

Our object is to let every home know both Puffed Wheat and Rice. So we offer this week to buy one for you if you will buy the other. You buy the 12-cent package—the Puffed Wheat. We'll buy the 15-cent kind—the Puffed Rice.

Then let the grains tell their own story. If you find them delightful—the finest cereals you know—keep them on hand this summer. Let hungry children

know where they can get them.

Accept this offer—cut out the coupon now.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**  
*Except in Extreme West*

Thus for 12 cents you get both kinds—ten delightful meals of each.

## Let the Children Choose

Here are two very different grains, both of them puffed into bubbles, steam-exploded to eight times normal size.

Both are airy, flaky, toasted—flimsy, thin and crisp. Millions regard them as the most enticing cereal foods created.

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning, or mixed with any fruit. Serve at night like crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

# The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. (907) Saskatoon, Sask.

### SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER <sup>83Rw</sup>

Good in Canada or United States only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Wheat, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Rice.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

#### TO THE GROCER

We will remit you 15 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

The Quaker Oats Company  
East of Manitoba—Peterborough,  
Ont.

West of Ontario—Saskatoon, Sask.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Dated \_\_\_\_\_ 1915

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

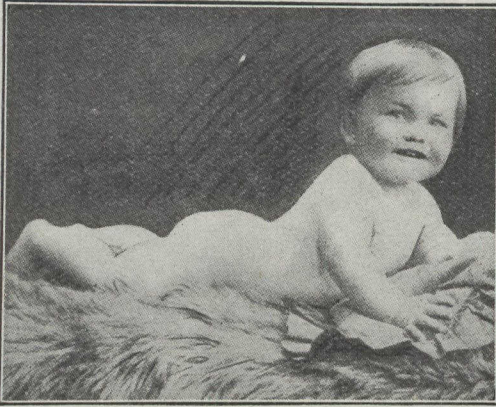
NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

15-cent Coupon

Good Only When Puffed Wheat is Purchased

*If your Child is Ill, Peevish or Delicate give it—*

# Robinson's "Patent" Barley



Peevishness and irritability in a very young child frequently result from inability to digest its food. Robinson's "Patent" Barley has proven wonderfully beneficial in cases of this kind and is readily assimilated by the most delicate child.

**"He has done remarkably well on it."**

Yew Tree Farm, Peasenhall,  
Suffolk, Jan. 18, 1914

Messrs. Keen, Robinson and Co., Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

Would you care to see a photograph of our little son, who was brought up entirely on cow's milk and Robinson's "Patent" Barley until he was fourteen months old. He has done remarkably well on it, and we send you a splendid photograph of him taken naked, when 16 months old.

Yours truly,

(Signed) B. M. MOORE

*Write to-day for our booklet "Advice to Mothers" an indispensable book for every mother.*

**MAGOR, SON & COMPANY, LIMITED, Sole Agents for the Dominion.**

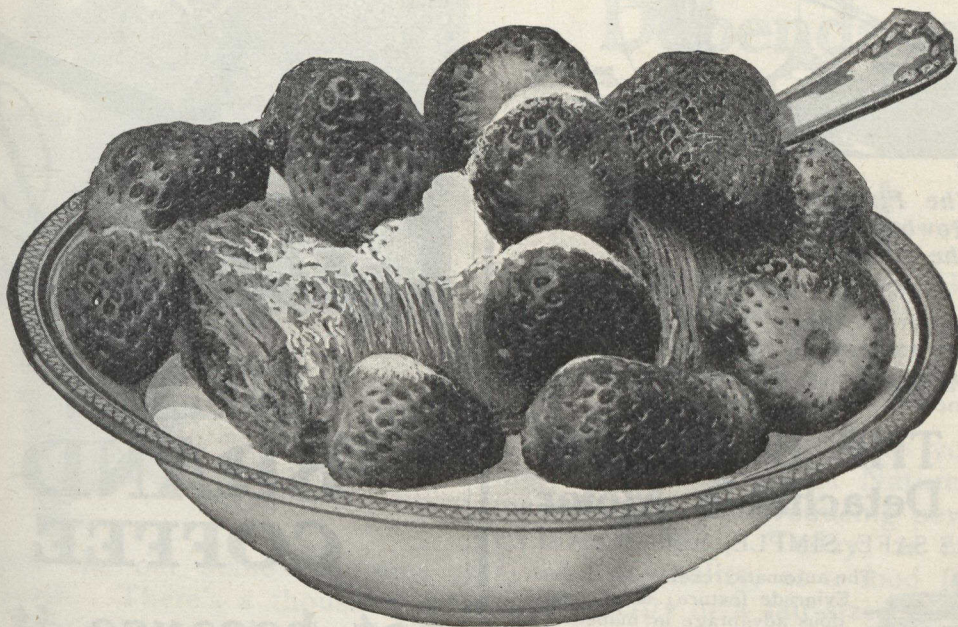
**403 St. Paul St., Montreal**

**30 Church St., Toronto**



**The best surprise is always Ganong's**

# Summer Strength and Satisfaction



come from the gradual release of the body from the heavy Winter foods that fog the brain and clog the liver. This happy release comes through fresh fruits, green vegetables and well cooked cereals. Nothing in the whole wide range of Nature's bounty is so deliciously wholesome and strengthening as

## SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT with Strawberries

In this dish you have all the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked, combined with the most luscious product of the American garden—a combination that gives a mental buoyancy and muscular vim that make you fit for the day's work. A toothsome treat beyond compare.

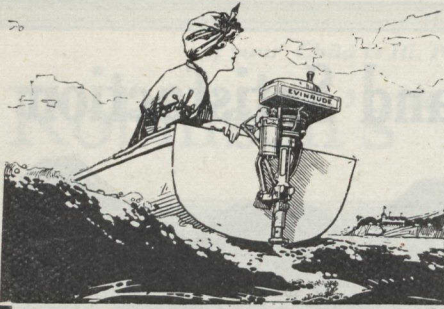
**It is the shredding process that put the "eat" in whole wheat.**

For breakfast heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream. Deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal in combination with berries or fresh fruits of all kinds. Prepare the berries as for ordinary serving and pour them over the Biscuit, adding milk or cream and sugar.

Made only by

**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**

Toronto Office: 49 WELLINGTON STREET EAST

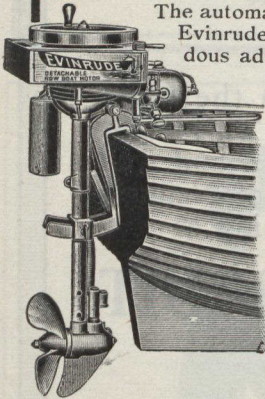


**The First Successful Detachable Rowboat and Canoe Motor was the Evinrude.**

Before you buy a detachable Motor it will pay you to investigate the exclusive features, unique advantages and superior quality of the 1915 model.

## THE EVINRUDE Detachable Motor

IS SAFE, SIMPLE, SERVICEABLE



The automatic reverse (an exclusive Evinrude feature) is of tremendous advantage in maneuvering for a landing, or passing other craft.

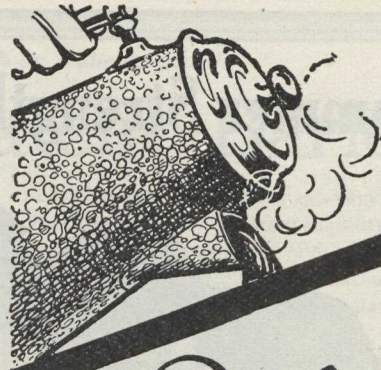
This wonderful little motor can be attached to any rowboat or canoe in a minute. It develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour. Is perfect in design, dependable, and so simple a child can operate it. Some of its many advantages are—

**Automatic Reverse  
Maxim Silencer  
Built-in Magneto  
Weedless Propeller  
It's Light, but Powerful.**

*Shall we mail our handsome catalogue and send you the name of our*

*Nearest Canadian Agent?*

**Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau  
116 S BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY**



# Drink

## SEAL BRAND COFFEE

not because it is  
**Made in Canada,**  
but because it is  
the equal of coffee  
made in any  
country.

**Quality  
First!**

156





## Their Day Depends on the Breakfast

Remember that — you who decide the breakfast.

Those are human machines you are feeding. Their efficiency depends on the food.

There's an energy food, as you know, which is one of Nature's marvels. Its vim-producing power is proverbial. Today, as for

ages, the oat stands supreme as a source of vitality, as a food for growth. There's a thousand calories of energy in a fair-sized dish.

That's the matchless breakfast. No one ever outgrows the need for it, and nothing can take its place. Our plea is to make that dish inviting. Win folks to plentiful use of it. The way to do that is by serving Quaker Oats—and this is why:

# Quaker Oats

*The Energizing Dainty at Its Best*

Two-thirds of the oats as they come to us are discarded in Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains.

The result is large and luscious flakes, delicious in taste and aroma. Children and grown-ups delight in it. They never grow tired of it. They eat an abundance of it. That's the only way to fully realize

**Large Package**

**30c**

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

**Regular Package**

**12c**

what vitality lies in oats.

Quaker Oats is always of this super-quality. It has been so for 25 years. Lovers of oats from all the world over send here to get it on that account.

Yet it costs you no extra price. It is worth while saying "Quaker Oats" to get a food like this.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.

# Grow Corns If You Will But don't keep them

One can't well avoid corns in these days of dainty shoes. But it's folly to keep them, pare them and doctor them.

A chemist has invented a way to end corns quickly. It is known as **Blue-jay**. Attach it and the corn pain stops at once. Then a bit of wax—called B & B wax—loosens the corn very gently. In two days the whole corn disappears without any pain or soreness.

It seems magical. After a **Blue-jay** plaster is applied, the shoe can't hurt the corn. After 48 hours there is no corn to hurt.

Folks have proved this on some 70 million corns. They are removing in this way a million corns a month.

That's why corns are not so common as they used to be. **Blue-jay** plasters came—folks found them out—and half the corns that grow today are quickly ended by them.

## Blue=jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists  
*Samples Mailed Free*

**Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York**  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies



There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as  
**Fearman's Star Brand  
Bacon.**

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

*Ask your Grocer for*

**Fearman's Star Brand**

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,  
Hamilton.**

## KERMATH Marine Engines

"America's Standard 4 Cycle Marine Motor"  
4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 12 to 20 H.P. Highest quality. Silent operation. No vibration. Controls like the finest Motor Car engine. Extremely economical on fuel. Used as standard equipment by over 60 per cent. of the world's leading boat builders. Catalog on request. \$180 to \$360 depending on equipment.  
KERMATH MFG. CO. Dept. 42 Detroit, Mich.



# Summer Wear

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For a business or professional man, no suit is more dressy or more serviceable for wear during the warm, dusty months of summer than one made from a

# VICKERMAN

## GREY PICK AND PICK

### Fine Worsted

13 TO 14 ozs. IN WEIGHT

---

There is a crisp, clear finish, and even weave in  
**VICKERMAN'S GREYS**  
that distinguishes them from other makes.



**B. VICKERMAN & SONS LTD.**



MAKERS OF THE FINEST SERGES, CHEVIOTS AND  
WORSTEDS PRODUCED ON BRITISH LOOMS.

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**NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO**

Wholesale Selling Agents for Canada.



*Take a*  
**KODAK**  
*with you*

CANADIAN KODAK Co., LIMITED

TORONTO

*Ask your dealer, or write us for  
Autographic Booklet.*

**T**HE present business of  
The Great - West Life  
shows that there is certain-  
ly no decline in the demand  
for good Life Insurance.

The times urge Life Insur-  
ance—safest of investments.

THE

**Great-West Life Assurance Co.**

HEAD OFFICE:—WINNIPEG



## Roofing that must last

You can't tell by  
looking at a roll of roofing how  
long it will last on the roof,  
but when you get the guaran-  
tee of a responsible company,  
you know that your roofing  
must give satisfactory service.

Buy materials that last

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## Roofing

—Our leading product—is guaranteed 5 years for  
1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply and 15 years for 3-ply. We  
also make lower priced roofing, slate surfaced shing-  
les, building papers, wall boards, out-door paints,  
plastic cement, etc.

Ask your dealer for products made by us. They are  
reasonable in price and we stand behind them.

## General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

*World's largest manufacturers of Roofing  
and Building Papers*

New York City    Bos on    Chicago    Pittsburgh  
Philadelphia    Atlanta    Cleveland    Detroit  
St. Louis    Cincinatti    Kans s City    Houston    Minneapolis  
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“Made in Canada”

## MAKES A GOOD DINNER BETTER

Your enjoyment of the most delicious dishes  
will be greatly increased if they are accom-  
panied by a glass of rich, creamy

# Cosgraves <sup>MILD</sup> (Chill-Proof) Pale Ale

In pint and quart bottles everywhere.

PHONE YOUR DEALER

As light as  
lager, but better  
for you.

For over half a Century the Cosgraves label has  
meant the best in malt and hop beverages.



PHONE MAIN 6148

## The War Tax

On Vacuum Cleaners has not increased the price of the

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because they are

## MADE IN CANADA

We manufacture the most complete line of Electric and Hand Power Vacuum Cleaners in either the United States or Canada; seven different sizes ranging in price from \$9.50 to \$45.00.

### AND EVERYONE IS GUARANTEED

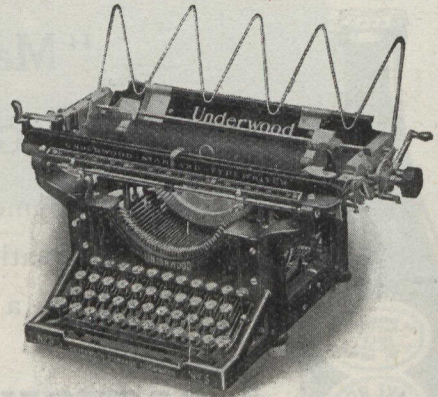
We give you ten days free trial!

*Write us for particulars and descriptive booklet!*

**Clements Mfg. Co., Limited**  
68 Duchess Street - - Toronto.

**T**HERE are thirty models of the UNDERWOOD for every purpose of recording, accounting, or statistical work.

**C**oncerning one of these special purpose UNDERWOODS a manufacturer says:



"The condensed Billing Typewriter which you installed for us has saved its cost every three months. We consider it the best investment we ever made."

**United Typewriter Company, Limited**  
Underwood Building  
135 Victoria Street, Toronto

**MOTHERS!**

Don't fail to procure

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

FOR YOUR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING

If Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays the Pain, Dispels Wind Colic, and is the Best Remedy for Infantile Diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE



**WOMEN OF REFINEMENT**

thousands of them throughout the world make daily use of the genuine

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

(The Original, Century-old)

**Florida Water**

Widely regarded as an indispensable aid to beauty and comfort. Its sprightly fragrance is acceptable to the most discriminating taste, and its delightful, refreshing effect best attained when it is added to the bath. : : : :

Sold by Leading Druggists and Perfumers

LANMAN & KEMP  
New York and Montreal



**Keep the Men in Good Humor**

When Hubby "lights up" for his after-dinner smoke, be sure he has a match which will give him a steady light, first stroke.

Ask your grocer for EDDY'S "GOLDEN TIP" or "SILENT 5s," two of our many brands.

THE E. B. EDDY CO.

HULL, CANADA



# KELSEY

ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES  
HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

**SAVE 30% OF YOUR  
COAL BILL**

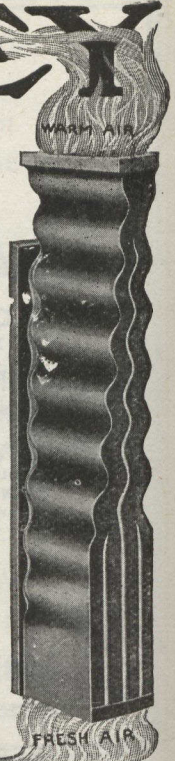
By using the Kelsey warm air heating system. Write us for proof of this statement. The peculiar construction of the Kelsey with the Zig Zag heat tubes or long corrugated sections effects this saving in the coal.

**Less Coal But More Heat**

The Kelsey pays for itself in the first few years by this saving, besides ensuring a well ventilated house.

For further information write

**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited**  
Brockville, Ont.



# O'Keefe's

## Pilsener Lager

**Watch the Label  
You want the Best**

**The Light Beer in  
the Light Bottle**

400

# DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!

After Thirty Years' Experience I  
Have produced An Appliance  
for Men, Women or Chil-  
dren That Cures  
Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send



The above is C.E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving your prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

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1810 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# PALMOLIVE SOAP

Appeals to Dainty Women

Dainty women revel in the fragrant, creamy, abundant PALMOLIVE lather and its wonderful cleansing qualities. Made from palm and olive oils, PALMOLIVE SOAP is delightfully mild. Sold everywhere.

PALMOLIVE CREAM keeps the skin smooth by supplementing the natural oils. Use a little before applying powder.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is liquid PALMOLIVE. Makes the proper cleansing of the hair easy.

Threefold Sample Offer—Liberal Cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in sample package, all mailed on receipt of 5 two-cent stamps.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY, Limited  
e 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

American Address:  
B. J. JOHNSON  
SOAP COMPANY,  
Inc.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.



# REGAL

"Made in Canada"  
Table Salt



Free Running

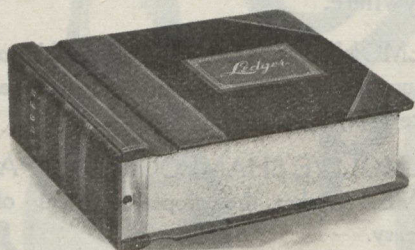
"REGAL" Salt is made in Canada by Canadians, and it is an ideal Salt for the table because it stays dry and free running the year round.



Be practically patriotic. See everything you buy — whether it costs 10c. or \$1,000 — is "Made in Canada"

151

## The "BROWN" LOOSE LEAF LEDGER, Binder-Sheets, Specialties



THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

Lays solid and flat on the desk,  
Perfect flat opening,  
Holds sheets securely.

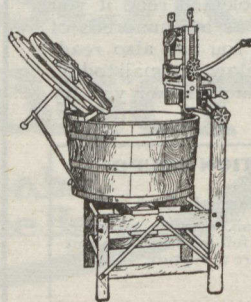
Manufactured by

# BROWN BROS. LIMITED

SIMCOE AND PEARL STS., TORONTO.

The damage done to the clothes while being washed in the old-fashioned way is entirely removed when you wash with a

## Connor BALL BEARING Washer



This machine will not injure the most delicate fabrics — will wash to snowy whiteness in a surprising short space of time, and with the minimum amount of labor.

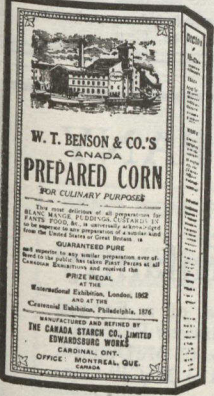
Let us mail you descriptive booklet

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.

Established 1881



More than half a Century of Quality is behind every package of



## Corn Starch

Always order by the name **BENSON'S** in order to get what you want.

Practically every grocer in Canada has **BENSON'S**

54

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**VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 835F Washington, D.C.**

# Make Bran Welcome

Serve it as a morning dainty. It is too important to be made distasteful. It is Nature's laxative.

In Pettijohn's we hide the bran in luscious soft wheat flakes, loved by everyone. The dish is one-fourth bran, yet few people know it.

Serve it thrice a week. Note how folks like it. Note what a difference it makes in the days. You will never give it up. A million smiles a day are due to Pettijohn's.

## Pettijohn's

*Rolled Wheat With the Bran*

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

**THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY**  
 East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.  
 West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

# 2 IN 1

## SHOE POLISHES



The Shine that Lasts

BLACK  
 WHITE  
 T A N

The F. F. Dalley Co.,  
 Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Hamilton, Can.

## Can You Write Short Stories?

You never know until you try. It is interesting work and can be made quite profitable. Send 5 cents in stamps for our "Help Booklet", which gives several useful pointers and explains how we are prepared to assist new writers to get a start. Our service has the best recommendations.

Canadian Authors' Service Bureau  
 Box 34 General P. O., Toronto.

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# TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

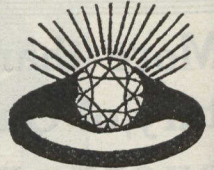
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Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers.



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Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We allow a Special Discount of 10 per cent for cash.  
**JACOB BROS.** - Diamond Importers,  
 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Can.

## SECOND UNIVERSITY COMPANY CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

### Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry

The Canadian Militia Department has authorized the organization of a Second University Company for Overseas Service, to go as a reinforcement to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. The Company will be commanded by Captain Geo. C. McDonald, of the McGill Contingent, C.O.T.C., with Captain Percival Molson, also of the McGill Contingent, C.O.T.C., as Second in Command.

Owing to the success which has attended the recruiting for the First University Company, which is at present up to full strength, and attached as "D" Company to the 38th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force, it was thought advisable to form another Company, and an application was made to the Department for the necessary authority, which has been granted.

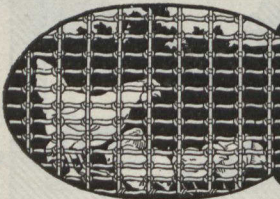
Recruiting for the Company has already been started, and many names have been received.

The Company will be composed of Graduates or Undergraduates of Universities or their friends.

Conditions of Service and Rate of Pay will be the same as in the other Units of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

The Headquarters of the Company will be at 382 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, and any enquiries or applications should be addressed there to Lieutenant Geo. S. Currie, Recruiting Officer.

APRIL 28TH, 1915.



### PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

#### A Real Fence—Not Netting

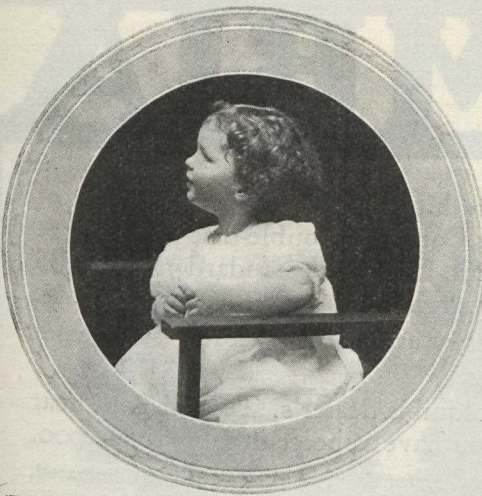
Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.  
**The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,**  
 Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.



"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

*There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"*

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# This fine little girl Won the First Prize in the Toronto Exhibition last year.

Her Mother writes us (in part):

"My little Mary weighed only 7½ lbs at birth and only gained 1 lb. in the first three months of her life. Just about the time I despaired of ever raising her at all, a lady friend told me of Glaxo, a pure milk and cream food that did not cause indigestion like starchy foods do. As soon as I started Baby on Glaxo she commenced to gain at the rate of one pound per week. She easily won the first prize in the Toronto Exhibition last year and was declared by the 11 doctors who acted as judges to be absolutely perfect in development and health I always recommend Glaxo to other mothers who are experiencing difficulty in finding a suitable food for their Babies."



"BUILDS BONNIE BABIES"

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Please send me your FREE 72 page Baby Book

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610

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**EUREKA  
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YOU WIND UP YOUR CLOTHES LINE AND KEEP IT FREE FROM RUST, DIRT, SOOT, ETC., IN A SNUG METAL BOX. PRESERVES YOUR CLOTHES. AUTOMATIC RATCHET-HANDLE TIGHTENS LINE AS DESIRED. NO SAGGING, NO MUDDY CLOTHES. NO CLOTHES PROPS. FINE FOR YARD, PORCH, OR KITCHEN—70 FT. BEST 16-PLY CORD. THE NEATEST, MOST DURABLE WASH-DAY AID YOU EVER SAW. SENT POST FREE, \$1. MONEY BACK IF DISSATISFIED.

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ROOM 509, BELL TELEPHONE BLDG., TORONTO.

**AGENTS CAN COIN MONEY  
SOME TERRITORY LEFT**

WRITE FOR NEWS-SPRING PROPOSITION ON THIS PROVEN SELLER. NOW IS THE TIME.

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her summer Dresses—her "frilly things"—her fine linens—to look their whitest and daintiest—she is very particular to use

## SILVER GLOSS LAUNDRY STARCH

It gives that delightfully satin finish. : : : :

**YOUR GROCER HAS IT**

The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal.

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The latest dance hits while they are hits—the latest in every class of vocal and instrumental music—are on Columbia double-disc records. A new list on sale the 25th of every month. And at a standard price of 85 cents—the price of more than a thousand Columbia double-disc records.

Buy Columbia records because they are better records—universal in selections and faultless in recording.

Hear the newest records at your Columbia dealer's. Today! And hear any other particular records you like, you have a choice of more than 4000.

And while you are about it—hear the Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" at \$65 as illustrated, the model that for more than four years has been sold to more people than any other instrument—regardless of price or make. It has every Columbia tone feature, including the exclusively Columbia tone control leaves. Other Columbia Grafonolas from \$20 to \$650, and on easy terms if you wish.

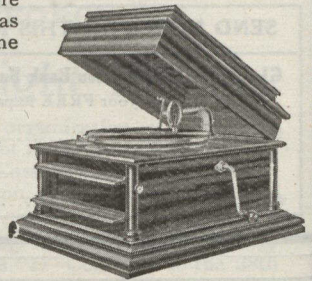


**Columbia Graphophone Co.**

TORONTO, CANADA

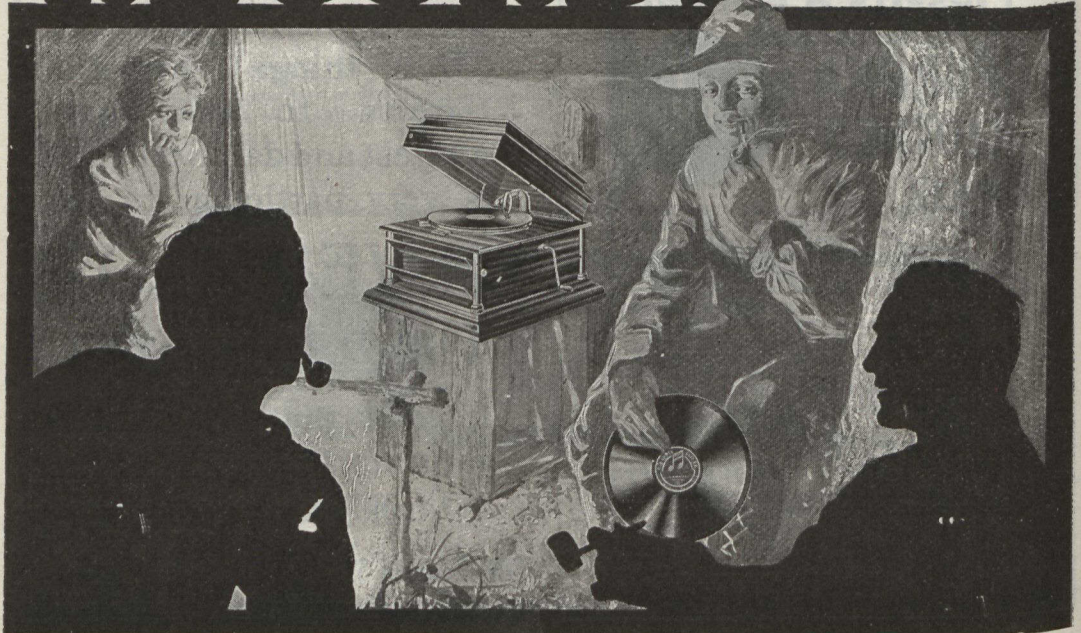
COLUMBIA RECORDS MADE IN CANADA

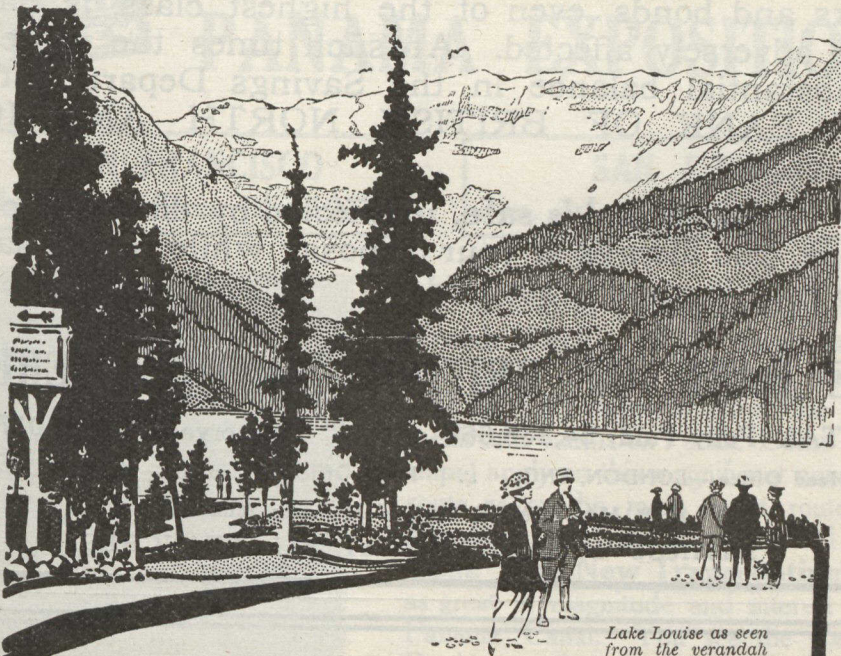
Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Dealers and Prospective Dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book, "Music Money."



# RECORDS - 85c

Double-Disc





*Lake Louise as seen  
from the verandah  
of the C. P. R.  
Chateau Hotel*

## LAKE LOUISE

Sky-high in the Canadian Rockies like melted amethyst  
in a Chalice of snow-clad mountains.

### Loveliest Lake on Earth

With a luxurious hotel at hand of Canadian Pacific  
Standard---none better.

### Travel by **Canadian Pacific Railway**

**Nature's Exposition Route**

Through the Canadian Rockies

### To The **California Expositions**

No Extra Fares for Stop-over Privileges

Full Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write

W. FULTON,  
Assistant District Passenger Agent,  
TORONTO.

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District Passenger Agent,  
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the income of the person whose capital is invested in stocks and bonds, even of the highest class, is liable to be adversely affected. At such times the value of a substantial balance in the Savings Department of THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA is apparent.

**Your capital is safe**, unaffected by disturbed conditions, and always at your disposal; while at the same time your income is assured.

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Nova Scotia	Muskoka Lakes
Lake Edward	Georgian Bay District
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THROUGH TICKETS AND LOW RATES

Apply to nearest C. N. R. Agent or General Passenger  
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**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

**CALIFORNIA - 1915**

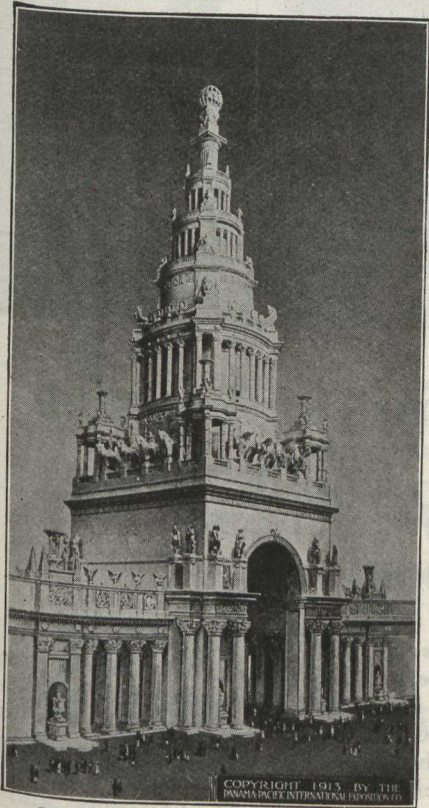
**PANAMA EXPOSITIONS**

**SAN FRANCISCO**

Feb. 20th to Dec. 4th, 1915

**SAN DIEGO**

Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1915



Main Tower or Tower of Jewels

Travel to California via the **Grand Trunk Pacific**. The same fares in most cases (and an additional charge on low excursion fares to cover the cost of meals and berths on Pacific Coast Steamships) apply on this magnificent new scenic route as on the more direct routes from Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and all eastern points. **The New Transcontinental** is as great in magnitude and interest as the Panama Canal. You see the Canadian Rockies at their best and the wonderful Fraser and Skeena Rivers of British Columbia besides enjoying a two days trip through the "Norway of America" on the G.T.P. Coast Steamships—the surest, finest and fastest in that service. A short side trip can be made from Prince Rupert to Alaska, which time and expense might not permit from a southern port. No other transportation company can offer the choice of routes or the attractions that the Grand Trunk System has arranged for 1915 to California and the Pacific Coast.

**Lowest Fares**

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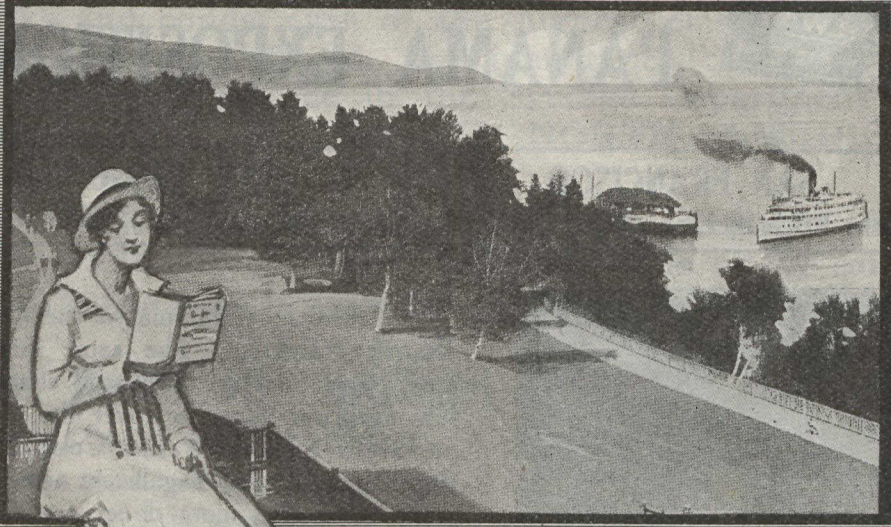
**Unexcelled Dining Car Service**

For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company or to W. E. Duperow, Union Station, Winnipeg; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

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Passenger Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL

**W. P. HINTON,**  
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Here's a Vacation  
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Nowhere else in the world will you find a holiday-trip so diverting or so full of variety. Eight hundred miles of lakes, rivers and rapids, included in our trip from Niagara-to-the-Sea. From Niagara Falls to Toronto; thence over Lake Ontario, through the picturesque Thousand Islands; followed by the exciting descent of the marvellous Rapids to Montreal and quaint old Quebec; then on down the Lower St. Lawrence and up the famous Saguenay Canyon with its capes "Trinity" and "Eternity"; and finally along the Gaspé Coast to the Summer resorts of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Sounds attractive, doesn't it? Then write for our beautifully illustrated book that describes it fully. Enclose 6c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

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To Montreal and return . . .	\$18.55
To Quebec and return . . . . .	25.90
To Saguenay River and re- turn . . . . .	34.55

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THE NAME BEHIND THE GOODS IS YOUR  
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Could any article that one might present make a more sensible—more useful—better appreciated and a more lasting remembrance of the "happiest of days" than one of these perfectly appointed wardrobe trunks.

A most appropriate gift for Bride or Groom.

### Rite-hite Wardrobe Trunks

the most completely appointed and fitted trunk on the market to-day—great capacity—very compact and made for service. The prices are

**\$30, \$38.50, \$45, \$60, \$75, \$80.**

### Berth-high Steamer Wardrobe Trunks

with a garment capacity nearly double that of any other trunk of the same size. Equally suitable for land or sea travel. The prices are

**\$30, \$37.50, \$40, \$50.**

*Write for Special Booklet*

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited**  
105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO



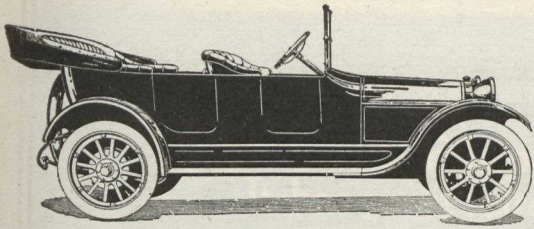
This is what might be styled a proxy picture—it stands for thousands of other pictures. Same desire to get away from skidding and punctures. Same desire to get Maximum Mileage. The only way you can go to the front without any danger is to step into a car equipped with *Dunlop Traction Treads*.

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**Light--  
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Economical**

The Russell Six "30" is High in Quality, but Low in Price.

Real worth is built into this Canadian car. The latest and best practice of the oldest plants of Europe is combined with high-grade materials and expert workmanship—new type European streamline body—long stroke, high efficiency Continental engine and Bijur two unit starting and lighting system.

The Russell Six "30" is light and economical and powerful beyond your dreams. It will crawl in traffic or bound over the hills on high gear.

It is built in Canada—the product of Canadian labor and raw materials.

Investigate this value-giving car. For every dollar you invest, you get value far in excess of that given by any other car.

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All Prices F.O.B. Works.

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*The  
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The Continental is an example of the beauty that lies in simplicity. Charming for its historical suggestion and most fitting to the line of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate—the trade mark which is an American institution.

Sold by dealers with an unequalled guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

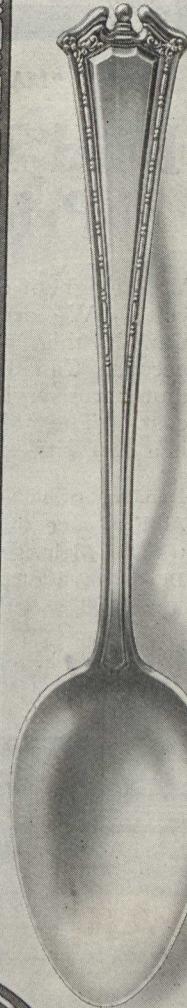
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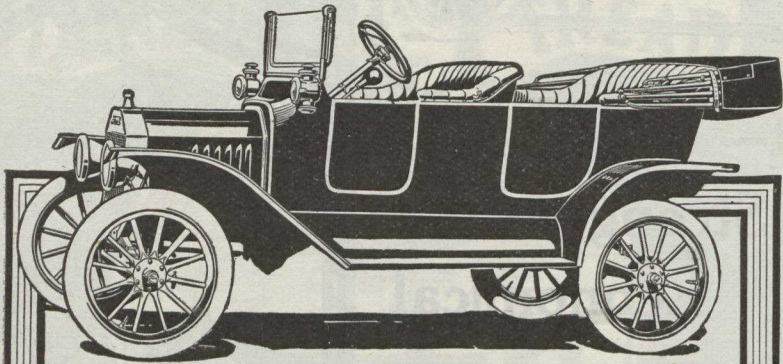
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BRITANNIA CO.  
Limited**

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New York San Francisco

*The World's Largest Makers of  
Sterling Silver and Plate*





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## Ford Touring Car Price \$590

Your neighbor drives a Ford—why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before—because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

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 It has most refreshing cleansing qualities  
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Fairy Soap is individually  
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The white oval  
 floating cake fits  
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The discerning housewife will appreciate the convenience and economy of buying meats ready cooked—the whole family will testify to the distinctive excellence of each Libby product.



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—when coffee ills are dismissed by a change to

**POSTUM**

—the pure food-drink that rebuilds the nerve centres broken down by coffee.

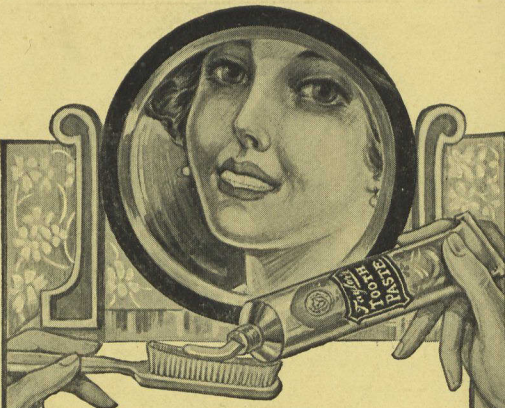
Postum comes in two forms:

**Postum Cereal**—the original form—must be well-boiled.

**Instant Postum**—soluble—no boiling—made in the cup with hot water—instantly.

Both kinds are delicious—cost per cup about the same—sold by Grocers everywhere.

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**Delightful — Refreshing  
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ROSE  
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