

MARCH, 1913

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

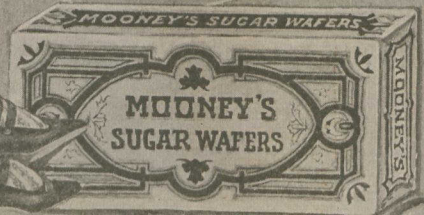


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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XL.

Contents March, 1913

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# Hotel Cecil

## LONDON

### Interesting Facts about the World's Greatest Hotel

**T**HIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on 2½ acres of ground.

Its tastefully furnished and quietly situated bedrooms can accommodate 850 guests. The bathrooms number 400, and altogether there are over 1,200 apartments of various kinds.

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This wonderful hotel makes its own ice, its refrigerating machinery yielding an output of some 6 tons daily. At times of ice-famine, by no means rare in London, it is therefore always independent of outside sources for the supply of this very necessary luxury.

The CECIL has its own electric light plant—the largest private installation in Europe. The hotel is therefore independent of the public supply.

The CECIL maintains, on the premises, its own laundry, employing a laundry staff of some 80 persons. Guests can give out their linen over-night, and have it got up ready for donning in the morning. This laundry is responsible

for some 80,000 pieces per week.

The great kitchens which cater for the large population of this small town require a staff of 120,—in the persons of bakers, pastrycooks, butchers, cooks, etc.

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 600. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

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Ask at the Travel Bureau of this Magazine for copy of the Hotel Cecil Booklet. This shows, by text and illustration, some of the luxuries of the Hotel's interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information that will be found very useful to the intending visitor to London.

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# THE APRIL CANADIAN

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## PROVINCE OR NATION?

By JOHN LEWIS

Under this caption the Editor-in-Chief of *The Toronto Star* and President of the Canada Forward Club discusses a question that is to-day of vital interest to all Canadians. He gives warning to those who would diminish our present powers of self-government.

---

## THE GRAPE FESTIVALS AT SPENCER GRANGE.

By BERNARD MUDDIMAN

All who are interested in the growth of literature and culture in Canada will read with great interest this entertaining account of the festivals that Sir James Lemoine used to hold at his beautiful home near Quebec city.

---

## THE MARTIAL POETESSES OF CANADA.

By J. D. LOGAN

Dr. Logan's essay "A Decade of Canadian Poetry" in the February number caused keen discussion all over the Dominion. In this next essay he considers the significant fact that the glories of war have appealed to our women poets more than to our men poets.

---

## NOTTINGHAM THROUGH THE AGES.

By H. LINTON ECCLES

The quaint features and interesting history of this ancient English town are in this sketch picturesquely described and related. There are excellent reproductions of old engravings.

---

## UPPER CANADA IN EARLY TIMES.

By WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

The Honourable Mr. Riddell reviews an old volume of travel sketches in which some interesting comment is made on the people and places encountered in Upper Canada about 100 years ago.

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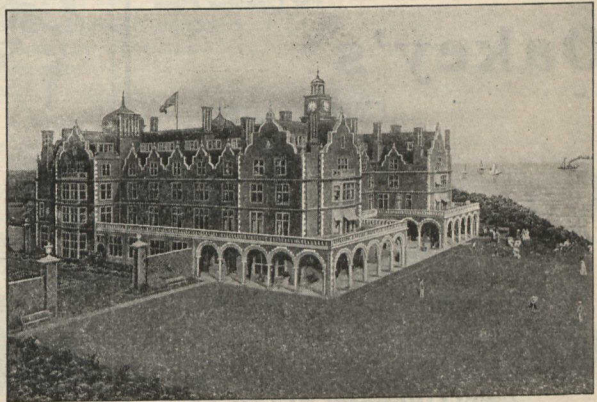
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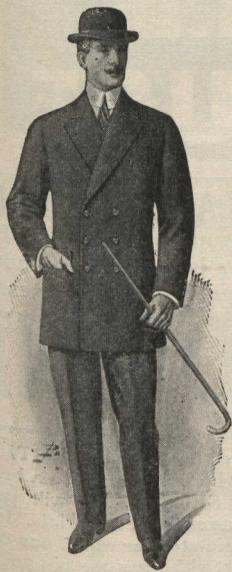
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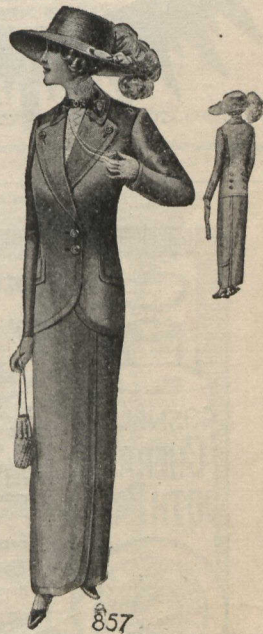


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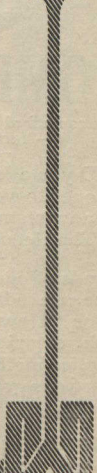
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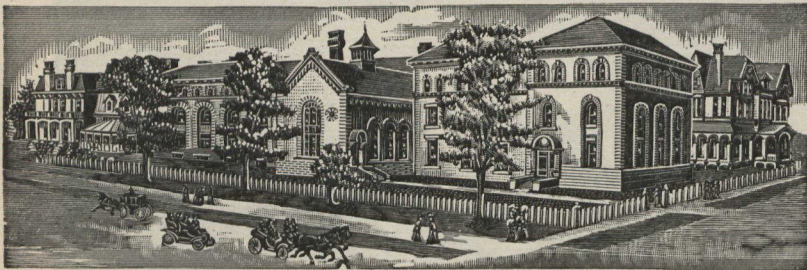
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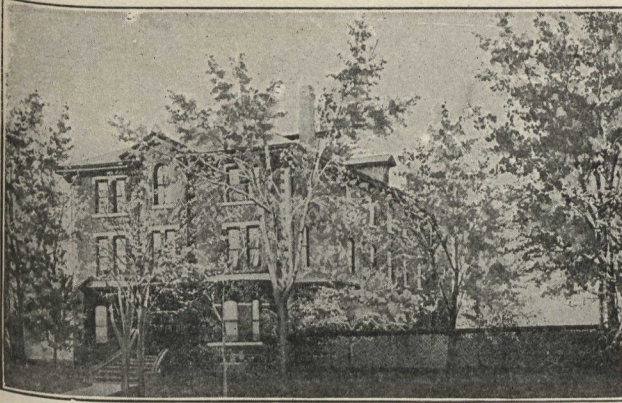
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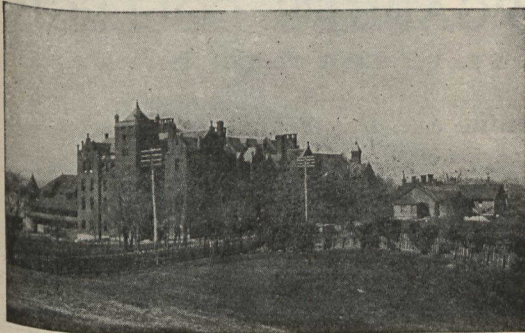
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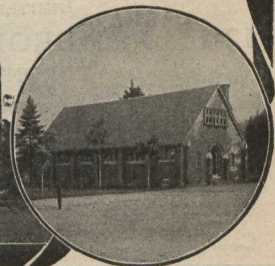
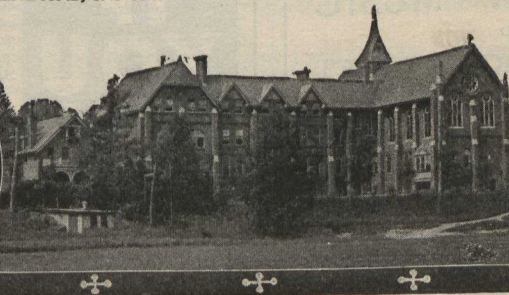
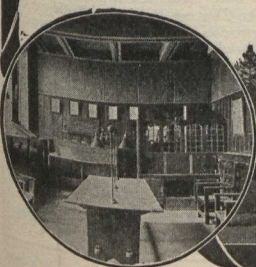
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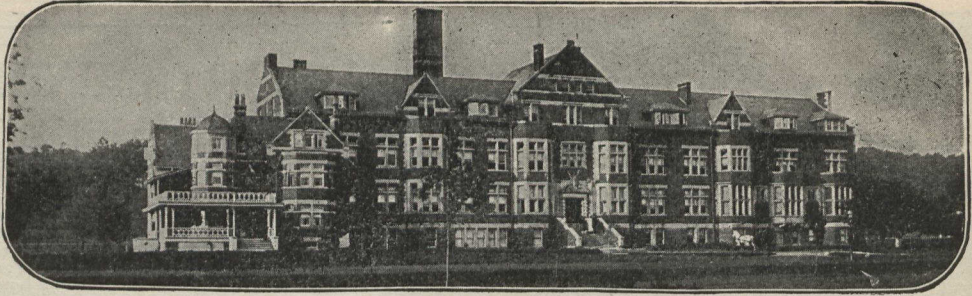
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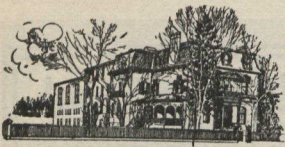
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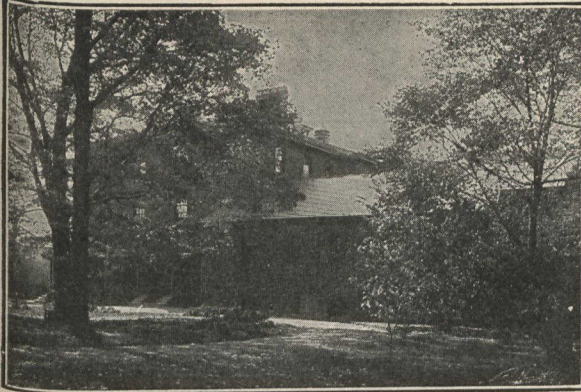
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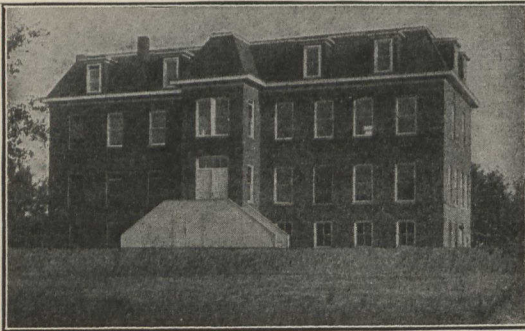
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The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

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Assets - - - - -	13,224,159	12,313,108	911,051
Net Surplus - - - -	1,576,046	1,300,784	275,262
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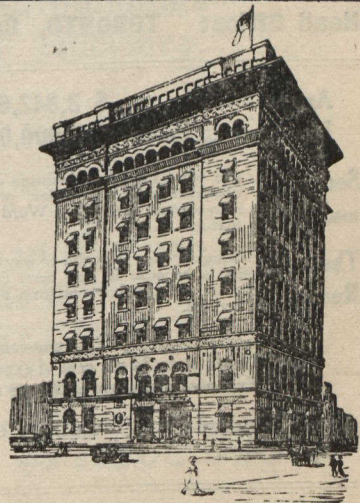
CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

RESERVE AND UNDI-

VIDED PROFITS ... 3,500,000

\$6,500,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$45,000,000



SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES

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Incorporated 1869

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Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,000,000  
Total Assets - 180,000,000

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### **The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada**

should build its splendid new home  
office in a small town like Waterloo,  
Ont.

## ANSWER

Because the business can there, be  
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## RESULT

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The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

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A Mortality the lowest yet recorded.

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"GOOD AS GOLD"

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250 Styles

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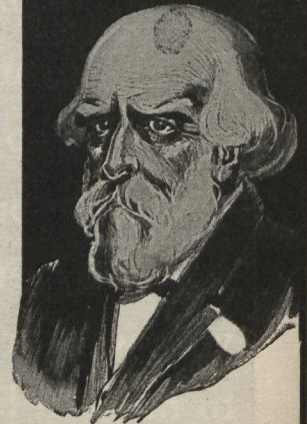
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CAPITAL and RESERVED FUNDS, \$11,176,578

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*Head Office :*

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When next you insure tell the agent the Company you want.



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 And charges you to use your eyes.  
 The names upon the labels show  
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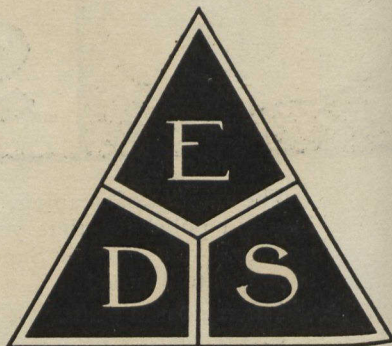
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meet these strongest requirements to the last degree. They are 100% pure and have the luscious, fresh ripe, fruit flavor, which is often lost in other brands, not so well cared for, and by the addition of coloring and harmful preservative preparations. E. D. S. Brand Preserves, Jams and Jellies do not contain a vestige of any sort of preservative.

SEE THAT YOUR GROCER GIVES YOU  
E. D. S. BRAND

Made by

**E. D. Smith** at his own fruit farms **Winona, Ont.**



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## London's Celebrated Glove Store



**The "Bon Ami"**  
A smart Real Kid Glove, made from stout skins, pique sewn; in Black, White and Colours, 2 large Pearl Buttons, 69c. per pair.

Ladies' White Washable Real Kid Gloves; an excellent make that will wash with ordinary soap and water, 3 Buttons, 65c. per pair.

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**The "Royal"** Ladies Fine Suede, a highly finished Glove in Black, White and all Colours 4 Buttons. 73c. per pair.

Ladies' Stainless Black Suede absolutely fast colour, the finest Black Suede Glove ever produced, 3 Buttons, 91c. per pair.

**The "Hestia"** A Stout Suede



Glove spec. ially suitable for the fall in Black,

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**The "Brava"** Ladies' Fine Real Mocha Doeskin Gloves, in Tan, Grey, Beaver, or Black, pique sewn, Imperial points, 3 Buttons. 73c. per pair.

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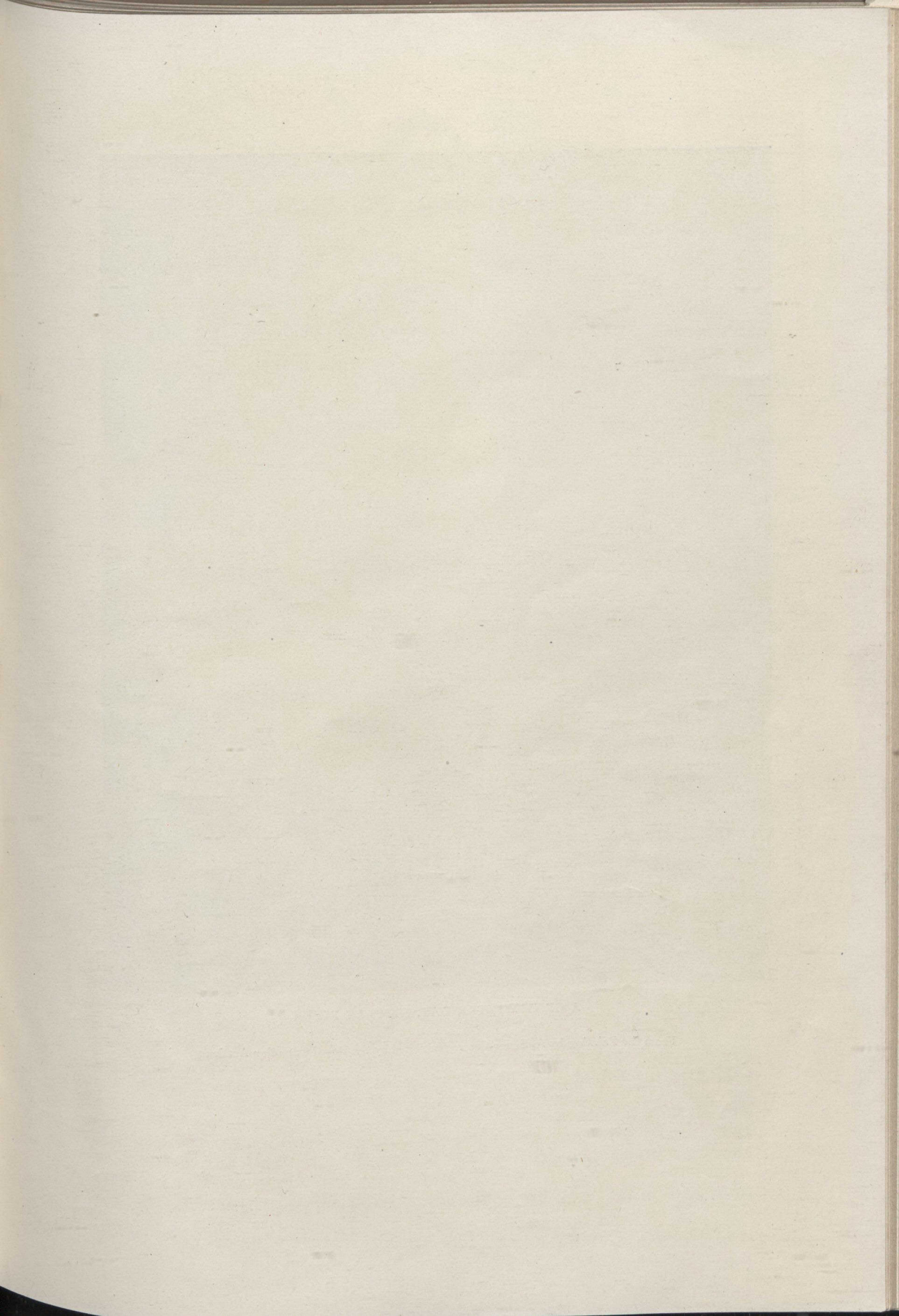
12B length Mousquetaire,	95 cents per pair.
16B " ditto	\$1.20 "
20B " ditto	\$1.69 "

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12 B. Mousquetaire	..	\$1.03 per pair.
16 B. "	..	\$1.28 "
20 B. "	..	\$1.52 "

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A GRAY WINTER DAY, NICOLET RIVER

From the Painting by A. Suzor-Cote. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XL

TORONTO, MARCH, 1913

No. 5

COMMUNING WITH RUTHENIANS

BY JANEY CANUCK

AUTHOR OF "THE OPEN TRAIL," ETC.

THIS is my first visit to Mundare, on the Canadian Northern Railway, and to the Ruthenian Church—the church with glittering domes, the foundation stone of which was laid by the great Laurier himself.

"Who is this Sir Wilfrid Laurier?" I ask.

"Ach! I cannot you tell. He a great man is," says Micheal Veranki. "His hair is like to the wild cotton in August, and his face is beautiful, even like the face of the great Archbishop Syptikiyi, who is a a soldier and a prince and the like of whom there never was. Believe me, Meesus, he has seven feet high and has seven tongues wherein to speak."

"About this Laurier? Ya! Ya! almost I forgot. He the stone of the church placed in the corner, and we drew him in a waggon with six bullocks. He the King's man is, and a smile in his eyes there comes, quick, quick, like the wind comes on the wheat. Ya! Ya! we much like this King's man."

Nearly all the people have gone into the church, and I follow. There are no seats, so all stand, the sexes separated like sheep from the goats.

One's eyes become riveted on the huge globe of cut crystals that hangs from the ceiling near the centre of the church, and the hard white lights from it strike sharply on my eyeballs like dagger points. All the people are making reverences and placing something on their foreheads; it may be oil, may be holy water.

Know all men by these presents that I, even I, am the poor ignorant wife of a Protestant parson, and understand not the meaning of these obeisances, nor of this beautiful fête to which all the Austrian folk of the countryside have come with not so much as one mouthful of bread to break their fast. Neither shall one drop of liquid moisten their parched lips for these three hours unless—Holy Mother and all the Blessed Saints, pray for our presumption—unless, indeed, it might fall to the lot of a woman to take into her lips the sacred blood from the golden spoon which the priest dips into the chalice, the holy chalice that is surmounted with something dazzling like a star, so that no woman may even look thereon.

Feeling all the while like wild



“THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP SYPTIKYI, WHO IS A SOLDIER AND A PRINCE”

oats amid the wheat, I take my stand by a pillar close to the door and pretend not to stare. Ere long, a young girl touches me and tells me she is in “inquested” to bring me to the sisters. I follow her through the church and into the vestry, where a little nun presses my hands and calls me by name. Once she was my escort through the Monastery at St. Albert over by the Sturgeon River. Of course, I remember her. She is the china shepherdess in black who says “please?” instead of “what?” and who comes from Mon’real. Also she lisps, but what odds? Plutarch tells us that Alcibiades lisped and that it gave an unusual grace and

persuasiveness to his discourse.

The service, she explains, is the Finding of the Holy Cross. I must not think it idolatry when they do veneration, indeed I must not. “Eet it what you call—Ah, Madame! I cannot find the word—eet is what you call . . . . .” “A symbol?” I ask. “Oui, oui, a symbol!”

With many gestulations and no small difficulty she tells me how the Empress Helena, mother of the great Constantine, once had a heavenly dream which enabled her to discover the very place of ground wherein the holy cross was hidden away. It lay under two temples where heathens played to Jupiter



JANEY CANUCK, IN A RUTHENIAN HEADRESS

and Venus instead of to Jehovah. She caused these temples to be torn down so that not one stone was left, and underneath were found three crosses. Being doubtful as to which was the cross of the Lord Christ, the Empress had all three applied to the body of a dying woman. The first two crosses had no effect, (it was the good Bishop Macarius, you must know, who helped her) but, at the touch of the third, the dying woman rose up perfectly whole.

The celebrant priest has come into the vestry and talks with us before he goes to the basement to change his vestments. Kryzanowski is the wretched name of him. He is a large fair man, with an unmistakable air of

distinction. On a snap judgment, I should place to his credit the ability to deal with a supreme situation. He is a priest of the Uniat Church, which church, so far as I may understand, is a compromise between the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic, the compromise consisting of a prayer for the Pope instead of for the Czar. In our White Alberta much antipathy exists between the Orthodox Greek Church and the Uniats, and several years ago they had a lawsuit which they took to the Privy Council in England, and which drove to insanity one of our cleverest barristers. They are bonny fighters, these Ruthenians from Galicia, and if they cannot "have the law" on one another



A SHRINE IN A RUTHENIAN CHURCHYARD ON THE PRAIRIE

they may always have the consolation of fisticuffs. And what pray, are muscles hard for and skulls thick, except to fight? Riddle me that!

Presently, when we shall have tied down and diverted their tremendous fighting energy into what is usually described as "civilisation," we shall of a surety find a human voltage here which will send these Slavic peasants high up the scale where well-conceived and successful endeavour is weighed and appraised. At present, ah well! they are young and

positive, and he is the best man who survives.

The little sister brings me back into the church where she places a chair for me close beside the altar facing the congregation, an act and fact which causes me not a little amazement and considerable trepidation. Will the priest permit an unhallowed woman—and she a Protestant—to sit so close to the holy of holies? Will he?

He does not even appear to see me and swings the censer close, close



RUTHENIAN CHURCH, NEAR EDMONTON, ALBERTA

to my head, over and over again, with the same free-handed gesture of Millet's sower. He swings it out and about, hither and yon, till my "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia", until like Solomon's spouse, "my hands dropped myrrh."

Sometimes, it is a rude Slavic peasant who swings the censer or lays the spice on the live coals—a rough-necked man with red-brown hands and face. He wears a craftan, or long cloak of skin, upon which red leather is cunningly applied in pleasing designs. I doubt not he is from Bukowina, or the "beech-woods," for the women of that province are skilled craftswomen. He swings the censer with such deftness, that were I not benumbed by the langorous odour of the smoke-thick air, I would be wondering how this queer shock-headed acolyte with his bovine stolidity came to acquire "the revolver wrist" in such a high state of development. Surely it is well I am stupefied, for it might be irreverent so to wonder. But for that matter, all this service belongs to the people and not to any stilted crucifiers or superior choristers smacking of pro-

fessional piety. As occasion may demand an older woman comes forward and snuffs a candle with her fingers and replaces it with a fresh one. The women even carry the candles through the church when the ritual so requires it. They do not appear to have any self-consciousness but perform their part gladly and naturally. This may arise from the fact that they have been accustomed in Austria to taking part in religious dramas such as "The Nativity," which drama they once staged at Edmonton. I did not see it, but Sister Josephat at the Ruthenian Monastery gave me a picture of the *dramatis personae* taken during a rehearsal.

"See! See! Madame Lady. See! See! said Sister Josephat, "Eet ees ver' fonny, *De tree wise men are womens*, womens, I tell you. Yes! the black one too! She is *Alma Knapf* "

This drama was vastly appreciated, especially by the younger fry of the community, who enjoyed seeing the devil carry a Jew off the scene with a pitchfork and cast him into hell with certitude and great vigour. The older folk considered this treatment

very drastic and an unwarranted loss of useful material. Here in the North, we do not believe in killing Jews—no, nor even bank-managers—where we are not infrequently pined to the quick to provide money for real estate payments or to “margin up” against the bad news the ticker-tape has spelled out. Yes! it would be highly unreasonable to allow the Ruthenian folk to kill off the Jews and bankers, and it would make us uncommonly sorry.

I like to watch those farmer-women carry the tall white candles under the dome. It seems like a vision picture or some sense memory that has filtered down to me through the ages, but what the memory is I cannot say. Indeed, once I read of a strange country where men used to run races with him whose flame was lighted candles, and the victor was found burning at the goal.

I think the memory which troubles me most must be of Jacob's rods which he made into “white strakes.” He performed his rite under the *libneh*, or white poplar tree, even as we perform them under the white poplars of Alberta.

And while the women march, they chant in weird harmony, the men's voices coming in at intervals like pedal points. There is no organ, or any tryannous baton, but only “They sang one to another,” as the Jews did at the building of their temple.

I am strangely, inexpressibly mov-

ed by this tone-sweetness. Sometimes it is massive, triumphal, and inspiring as though the singers carried naked swords in their upraised hands; or again, it seems to be the sullen angry diapason of distant thunder in the hills.

But mostly they sing a pæan or lamentation of the cross, heavy with unspeakable weariness and the ache of unshed tears.

Surely this is the strangest story ever told. It is as though they sing to a dead god in a dead world.

And sometimes, sight and sound become blended into one and the sound is the sobbing urge of the pines—the people as they rise and fall to the floor are the trees swayed by the wind. The cross they are lifting is wondrous heavy so that it takes four strong fellows. It is built of oak beams and the figure of the lights fall from the windows on the outstretched body with its pierced hands and thorn-strung brow, it seems as though the tragedy of Golgotha is being re-

enacted before my very eyes, here on this far-away edge of the world. The thing is ghastly in its awful realism so that I am crushed and confounded. It falls like flakes of fire on my brain, till by mind's ear catches again and again, that most horrifying cry of the ages, “My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?”

But I cannot tell you more of this story of the Lord Christ who was cru-



“FLAXEN TOWELS WHICH ARE SPUN AND WOVEN WITH OUR OWN HANDS”

cified, except that in some way it has become a personal thing to these worshippers and, maybe, a joyful one. It must be joyful, for, at last, they hang a garland of flowers over the upright beams of the cross and from it draw long, long ribbons of scarlet and white and blue which the women carry to the ends of the church like floating streams of light, and between which the men and children stand to sing "Alleluia" and "Alleluia."

I know not why the priest stoops to the ground and touches it with fingers or his lips. Sometime the little sister from Mon'real will tell.

Henry Ryecroft, in his "Secret Papers," recounts how he used to do this same thing. "Amid things eternal," he says, "I touch the familiar and kindly earth." It was in the silent solitude of the night when he walked through the heart of the land he loved.

I have always desired to see the mysterious sacrifice known as the "elevation of the host," but, now that I am an arm's stretch from the altar, I do not look, but cover my face with my hands. Only I see that dull red flame behind the man's ear when he takes the white wafer, and the veins of his neck swell as if they hurt.

But I look into the faces of the women and the men in the front line who receive the sacred essence from the golden cup and golden spoon, and almost I can hear what their

eyes are saying. What odds about low foreheads, thick lips, and necks brown like the brown earth when each has "the God within?" The Ruthenians—or Galicians if you like the name better—may be a sullen folk of unstable and misanthropical temper; they may be uncouth of manner, and unclean of morals, but I shall always think of them, as on this day, when I saw the strange glamour on

their faces that cannot be described, except that it came from a marvellous song hidden in their hearts.

There are no seats in the church, and while the sermon is being preached the people stand—all except the mothers with babies, who sit on the floor. These babies have pressed their mouths to the sacred icon the same as the older folk, and doubtless some gracious, kindly angel will guard them ever hereafter. Indeed, I hope so and also that she will give unto them those things I most crave for myself.

Father Kryzanowki delivers the sermon in the Ruthenian language. I am glad, for I am tired of hearing I should be a different person. I don't want to be, except to have hands of healing and a heart that is always young. Yes! these are the things I most crave for myself. . . . "Good gentlefolk! will you be pleased to stay and eat brown bread with us at the waggons, and cheese and hard-cooked eggs? We shall not give you



RUTHENIANS IN ALBERTA

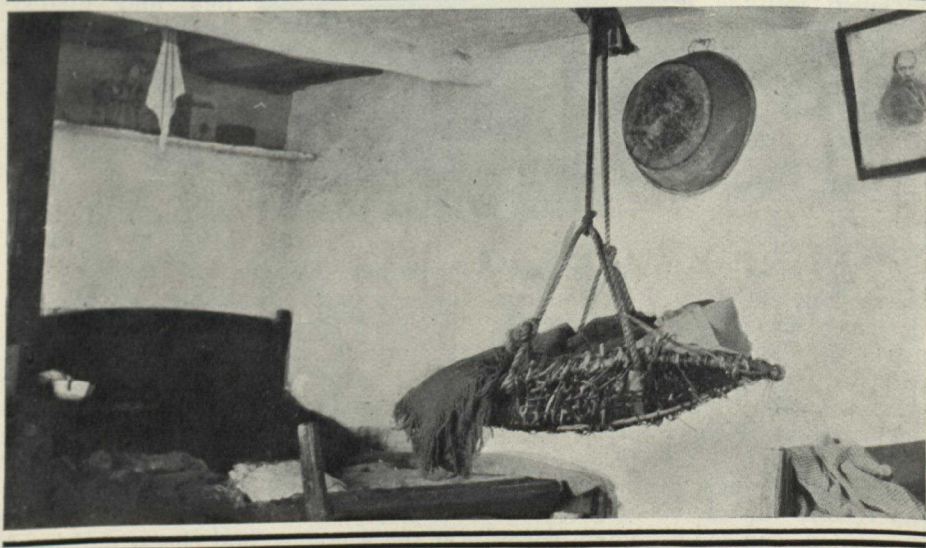


RUTHENIAN DRAMA STAGED AT EDMONTON

meat, for we would discourage the beef-trust and, besides, this is fast day. But you shall eat your food off flaxen towels which we spun and wove with our own hands. Yes! and we have wrought northern flowers and prairie roses into them.

“And further, believe us, sirs and mesdames, we sent five towels like unto these to Mary, the English Queen, that she might know that we are now Canadians and not Ruthenians.

“And Michael Laskowicz shall take your picture, lady, with his picture box, and you may have Anna’s necklace like as if you belonged to us, and Hanka’s head kerchief, which is always in this year’s style—and we shall clap our hands and laugh and say, ‘There! There! she belongs to us, this Mees Janey Canuck, now and without end’” . . . They are engaging, these beech-wood folk from Austria, and their loving-kindness is like honey to my mouth.



A RUTHENIAN INTERIOR IN WESTERN CANADA, SHOWING SWINGING CRADLE



# CHARITY: A STUDY IN ORIGINS

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

THAT the individual makes his own happiness or unhappiness, success or failure from any given environment is not a distinctly new idea in human thought. But it is new to have it applied as the solution for all the "problems" and "questions" that disturb the world to-day. At once an objection is raised: "But take poverty; that is not due to the action of the individual alone. Class interests and the land question with other influences bear on that." The thinker persists: "The existence of poor people is what we call poverty. Whether a man is to be rich or poor depends on himself. It is the thinking of individuals that produces a class. If all the poor in the world determined to be poor no longer, that would be enough to get sufficient action started to do away with poverty."

Pity and compassion have distorted the world for us long enough. The existence of poverty in the city where this study was made is a farce that could have been prevented by common-sense, or, once begun, could have been ended by a thorough-going application of common-sense ideas. If people would once stop giving what is not earned, and, as someone will say, stop taking what they do not earn, the poor will be no longer with us. This may seem the theorising of a Utopia-building dreamer, but it is the only method that would be effective.

It is not too much to say that the mainstay of poverty is the sapping influence of the statement: The poor ye have always with you. The meaning of this statement is popularly ex-

tended to include the future, and on it as an assumption enough conscience money is given to keep the statement always true. Otherwise poverty would long ago have killed the poor—or driven them to work.

My purpose in making this study was to get a personal, practical insight into the conditions underlying the institution of charity. It seemed to me that in a city like Hamilton, Ontario, could be found in a simple form situations that in large cities are stupendous and seemingly ineradicable; and I found it so. I owe thanks to Mr. J. H. McMenemy, the progressive Relief Officer at Hamilton, for giving me the opportunity of observing these cases and for putting at my disposal the results of his long experience. But Mr. McMenemy must not be held responsible for all the conclusions I have made from these facts, particularly those which are disputable. I may say that the names of the people are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

It may be difficult—it may seem impossible—to accept the idea of reform stated here, while considering London or New York; but if the beginnings are studied in a smaller city such as Hamilton the fundamental falseness of the assumption that there must always be poor is at once exposed. In a city of from 50,000 to 90,000 may be found in embryological condition the problems of the great cities of the continent—city administration, city planning, health work, housing, the enforcement of the law.

When I look over the handful of typical cases which I got from study in this Relief Office, it seems very meagre for any use, yet they are the common, typical cases that come in for consideration every day, every hour, during the cold weather. And let me repeat: It is in such cases that you see the origin of the poverty question. If this city continues to show the present slothful attitude towards this as toward other questions, in fifty years—probably in a fifth of that time, if the Publicity Commissioners do their work well—there will be a flourishing poverty question with a staff of well-trained clerks and a stack of blue-book reports. Handled perhaps somewhat more expeditiously, the poor will still be there.

I use the words "relief" and "charity" distinctively and separately. The Relief Office with its exact investigation is a step toward the elimination of poverty. Charity—too often not needed as relief at all—produces a parasitic habit that is the root of poverty. The Christmas season is especially charitable. It is often difficult to find enough families to satisfy those who want to give the poor dinners and their children shoes. But here is the greater, extended evil: after a free distribution of shoes a woman who was not in need went to the Relief Office for shoes, saying that she understood that any one could get them. It is not too much to say that charity organisations, especially when there are several in a city, make one-half the poverty they relieve. Better results are obtained by discouraging an applicant for help, by inducing him to make another effort to get on without it, or by giving him indirect assistance without the appearance of charity. It is often wise to make the help a loan rather than a gift. Men have later thanked Mr. McMenemy for encouraging them to do without assistance instead of giving it.

The greatest difficulty for an investigator is that you never wholly

"get" the people. You investigate and ask questions, independent information comes in. But the real people you never know. You are "the Officer," or "the lady," or even "the kind lady," but they are strangers to you. The psychology you have after all to construct from the appearance of things, and it may not at all make the psychological impression on you that the persons investigated intend. It is perhaps because they are not personalities that they are poor. But this is going beyond economics.

The last time I went into the Relief Office was a hot summer morning. Candidly there was not much "doing."

"This isn't like last January," I said. "Where are they all?"

The Relief Officer waved toward a circus procession passing the window.

"I could show you the bunch at the circus this afternoon," he said.

And this indeed comes to be one's attitude.

But one of the first cases I worked through sincerely merited pity, even more than pity.

We turned into a side street lined with boarding-houses and stopped at the worst looking place in a three-story room. For some time no one answered our knock, then a boy, going out to sell papers, let us in.

The narrow hall-way was dark and carpetless, rising like a shaft, with tortuous, steep stairways, to the attic rooms on the third floor. The close, fetid air was nauseating. The woman of the house, whose pallid face and red-rimmed eyes showed the troubles of her own life, came and directed us to the attic.

There were two rooms, box-like places under the pitch of the roof. One door was open, and in the dark, dirty place, were inconceivable odds and ends—barrels that smelled vilely, pieces of rope and wood, some clothes, and coal in a pail.

When we entered the other room we were met with the stolid indifference which the poor who really suffer

show to those who come to look curiously at their agony. But as the two old women who sat there realised that these visitors were different, a remembrance of former politeness brightened their faces and revived courtesies of the past.

They were mother and daughter, but a stranger could not have told which was the older, so equally old and crippled and helpless were they. In fact, the mother looked stronger and better than her daughter since a certain feebleness of mind saved her from a complete understanding of their situation. Deaf and unable to move, she was dying of old age. But the starvation and suffering, the overwork and terror which did not show on the mother's face, had drawn and lined the younger woman's until it was a mask of pain. Bent with rheumatism, she walked with difficulty with the aid of a heavy, filthy stick. Her chest was so contracted by the bowed shoulders that it was pitiful to see, and over the thin, hooked nose gray eyes looked up, mutely asking.

She did not want to go to the Refuge—no, no. The mill people were very kind; they even sent the five dollars a week pension when she was too bad to go for it. Constantly reiterated, this was the burden of a long conversation.

I turned to the room. It was grimy; a fine, impalpable soot lay upon everything, and no colour showed anywhere. The ceiling slanted to accommodate the roof, and in this part, in addition to the small, open window, was a narrow skylight, through which the sunlight fell upon the bed, neatly made but dirty. An old framed photograph hung upon the wall; two battered boxes stood at the foot of the bed, and there was a small table near the stove in the corner.

But when, finally, the mill officials would no longer be responsible for the filthy condition of the place, it was determined that the old woman should be put in the Refuge.

The daughter had worked at the mill for more than twenty years, and when she had become so feeble that she could no longer work, she had been allowed the pension, which was equal, so she said, to her average weekly wage during her working years. During this time her son had grown up to be a man, but at twenty years of age he had died. She did not speak readily of this, neither did she show any emotion. There are lives so full of sorrow that pain changes to a callous endurance and tears become stone in the fixed, glazed eyes, and deeply cut lines. Her husband she never mentioned. Considering the number of years she had worked, he must have died when the child was an infant. Her mother had kept house for her until she had been overpowered by age, then the daughter had done the housework and earned the living beside.

For two years she had not been at the Mill, and when the Relief Officer went back in December she had become so crippled that she had not been out of the house since September. She was willing to go to the Refuge, but as she said so an expression of terror and agony made her face more pitiable than before. The old mother did not understand what was going on, but became weakly excited. She did not like the "black man" who had come to appraise their goods for the second-hand shop and wanted her daughter to send him away. Her daughter shouted in her ear that it was all right, and she sank back with a shrill, quavering, "All right, dear." That seemed to be all their conversation—that everything was "all right."

The old mother died shortly in the Refuge.

The last time I saw the daughter she was sitting in bright afternoon sunshine, "reading a little," as she put it.

Could I do anything for her? Oh, yes. "Dearie, if ye had the time. There's good rheumatism medicine

up town in the drug store, although maybe the doctor wouldn't like it. It would only cost ye fifteen cents."

The second case was introduced by a telephone message from the far east end of the city saying that a family was starving. Mr. McMenemy investigated at once.

We heard the story and came out.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lett."

Mrs. Lett, with the youngest child in her arms, held the door open.

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye."

The door was shut and we were out in the wet falling snow, under a leaden sky. It was in a settlement where were neither sewers, water, nor sidewalks—only squares of land on which were small, temporary houses, huts, hovels, or cottages.

They were English emigrants. Lett was a labourer.

Their house was two-roomed—one room above the other, with a lean-to at the rear. I turned and looked at it again.

"They're starving and have only that brush-wood to burn."

"It's a bad case."

Lett had been laid up for three months in the summer with a sore eye that had been burned with plaster. After that, he had not been able to get work. There were seven small children.

Why the children? That was the problem. Why so many weak, ill-born, not-needed children?

"What is done compared with what there is to do?" I asked. "You write reports, and there are meetings. Ladies come in rustling gowns, or gowns that don't rustle, as the fashion may be. The gentlemen are very philanthropic. You discuss ways and means. Committees report. Next year it will be all repeated. Meetings are held in different cities all over America. And in the meantime . . . what is done compared with what there is to do?"

As to the Letts, they were given help, Lett was given work, but it was not long before he was caught

in an attempt at maligning; certainly he lied about being at work when he wasn't, but he looked very unfit for work.

Of apparently stancher temperament was Mrs. Smith who, ten days after her baby was born, got up, walked a mile on a bitterly cold, wind-swept road to the car, did a day's washing and came home to her own house-work. And our pity for this enveloped Mrs. Smith until her husband died.

Mrs. Smith was dirty, fat, unclean. There was a boy sixteen years old, who went to work in the mills five miles away and whom we never saw. I had a great respect as well as pity for this boy whose devotion to his mother was admirable. Every time we went out to see them, as I walked that long, cold road, I had a vivid picture of the lad returning tired and exhausted to a home from which the mother had been absent all day.

There were two other little boys, the little girl, and the baby, and the father had been a lamp-lighter on the railroad until gout and rheumatism had made it impossible for him to move. He sat all day by the small cook-stove in that untidy kitchen, tending the children, peeling the potatoes and doing such work as this as far as he was able . . . a broken man, dying, whom they tried to keep alive.

People were kind as kindness goes. Clothes, food, fuel, came plentifully.

My worst impression of Mrs. Smith was at a Christmas supper of coffee and cakes given at a Christmas-tree entertainment by a well-to-do woman of the city. Mrs. Smith was greasy and dirty, and the children ugly. They were pitifully eager over the opportunity of getting something for a present.

Finally, the husband and father died. On the night that he was buried, Mrs. Smith took the children to a neighbour's house, rented a room, put the children in it, and went driving with a man.

Then came the question of the children. If the mother put them in the Home, she could take them out when they were old enough to be of use to her. If the Children's Aid put them in, the mother could not take them out after neglecting them.

In the society approaching the under-world, Mrs. Smith became intimate with a Mrs. Head. Pity for these wreckages takes the place of criticism. Mrs. Head was a young woman with two children. She had been married when she was fourteen. Her mother was not favourably regarded, and now there was talk of other men, her husband's acquaintances, coming to the house.

The house was in the centre of the city, retired. In front was one room, of which the only furnishing was a stove and lounge. Back of this were two small rooms. In one of these, which was indescribably filthy, was a bedstead with a horrible-looking mattress, but no bed-clothes. The other had a small heap of coal, and, on the floor, a heap of dirty bread and cake.

Work was got for Head, clothing and bedding for Mrs. Head. The children were sent to school. But the straightening out of their affairs did not last. What has happened since then can be imagined from a knowledge of what had happened before. Such a case may keep coming up for years.

Sometimes there are individual cases which pass across the work of the office and then disappear under the exact and logical machinery of the law. Such was Isobel's. Some charitable young ladies were interested in her, and their conversation tells the story.

"And we all felt sorry for her," continued the young lady pouring the tea, "and then see how she behaved."

"Yes, everyone did so much for her," added another young woman; "and then she didn't like it at the Sanitarium and ran away, down to

the wife of the President of the society that had been helping her, and stayed there for two weeks."

"Where is she?"

"In England, probably. She was deported."

"Why? What did she do?"

"Nothing."

"Deported for nothing?"

"No, for doing nothing."

"Well?"

I explained.

"She was a failure, a beautiful little thing, with dark hair and violet eyes, well-bred. She was twenty-five or twenty-six years old and looked eighteen. Her father was sixty years old when she was born. She had no constitution. She would not struggle to live. You can't put a hot-house plant out on the roadside and expect it to bloom. Many of the girls here at this tea, if they had to earn their living, would have gone under much sooner, but Isobel, so far as I know, did not go under. She just gave up.

"The Salvation Army brought her out here. In England, she had been lady's-maid, nurse-maid, even house-maid, in good and wealthy houses. Her brother had tried to get her to study stenography. She wouldn't.

"She got as far as Toronto; then came to Hamilton to the Y.W.C.A. building. She got work as a waitress, but the work was too heavy for her. The matron of the Y.W.C.A., knowing part of her story, sent for the Relief Officer.

"The threat of deportation was the only effective way to control her. The doctor who examined her found no organic weakness but a great need of building up. Isobel consented to go to the Sanitarium.

"There, nothing would do but she must get up and come down into the city and work. Denied this, she came finally on her own responsibility.

"Everything was done for her. She had every opportunity of recovery, getting work, of receiving help.

She did not care. She had no definite ambition. She gave in."

Mrs. Henry was a lower class type of the same kind of weakness, but Mrs. Henry at least could work, and did. She was harder. When she first came under the attention of the Office, she was not legally married.

She had come from England to marry a man in Toronto. Arrived there, she lived with the man and his sister, the man postponing the marriage. She had one or two adventures after she left this man, and came to Hamilton to get work, with Henry. He was going to marry her, but proposed that in the meantime they should reduce their expenses by taking one room. When Mrs. Henry came under our notice she was in the hospital recovering from a serious operation. It is not necessary to account here for her condition.

Henry wanted her and refused to let her go and live with respectable people that her good intentions and protestations might be tested. He was willing to marry her to get her. It would have been better for the

poor woman if we could have insisted that she should not see him again. Her life, so far as I was able to follow it afterward, was miserable past description. The last time I saw her, Henry had cut all her clothes, worth, I should say, at least \$100, completely destroying them.

Mrs. Henry later took a position as maid.

This is not all the material in my note-book. There are many interesting stories of other people, of the fake beggar and the drunken blind man. I have preferred to take the ordinary cases rather than these.

From the standpoint of the individuals of the class called the poor, the conclusion is inevitable that they never should have been born, should never have children, and, while alive, should work. As a class the existence of the poor may be justified on biological and sociological grounds. Probably poverty is one of nature's by-products in the never-ceasing process of perfecting the species. We are apparently fond of breaking in on the process, probably helping, probably hindering—who can say?



# IN NEW ATMOSPHERE

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

## I.

**M**EN more cautious, more serious-minded and less red-blooded than Nevill have lost their heads and hearts in the islands. Men of Nevill's type frequently die young, fighting against odds; sometimes become heroes; sometimes live to a ripe and respectable old age in some sheltered walk of life, honoured by fellow-citizens, pillars of churches, yet always with a fragrance clinging about the garments of their spirit suggestive of Tom Moore's melodies. The kind of man I mean is always honest in his intentions toward others. He is generous to a fault, and easily touched to compassion. He frequently attains to the truth of things through his very lack of caution. If he does not get himself killed too early in life, sooner or later he is made or marred by a woman.

Nevill was born and bred in the north, in a small city, the third of five children. He could never remember his father as anything but a dignified, kindly and substantial person, honoured by his equals and the poor and envied by others, regular at church, clothed always in black or dark gray, always a trifle lame on one foot in damp weather; and yet, by the time Nevill was fifteen years of age, elderly persons who had known his father for many years began to speak of him, with whimsical smiles and waggings of the head, as a chip off the old block.

Nevill went to college; but he did not remain long enough in the halls

of learning to entitle him to a degree. He had a fine time, and so had his class-mates! And strong men wept at his going. He left no enemies behind him. Nobody could deny the facts that he meant well and was as honest as the day. So his father obtained a position for him in a local bank. His father should have known better; but honesty and good intentions go a long way in banking. However, honesty and good intentions are not the entire equipment of a successful banker. Imagine General Washington as a banker, if you can—or Sir Walter Raleigh, or Drake, or Robert Louis Stevenson, or poor Captain Plarr. You don't know Plarr, I suppose; but you can take my word for it that he was as honest and well-intentioned as the others I have named. You see that none of them would have made a satisfactory banker.

With nothing else to do, Nevill now gave all his energies and mind to being a man-about-town. He should have been sent to Africa to hunt ivory. His native city was not large enough for him at that stage of his career. Had London been his field, he would not have attracted much attention. Had New York been his stamping-ground he would soon have become celebrated among a few editors and story-writers as the most charming of innocents. But his native city could neither ignore or appreciate his diverting adventures. For one thing, and because he had nothing else to do, he flirted with a married woman. But why go into particulars? Fate took a hand in the game

and, with one turn of her inexorable wrist, bereft the gossips of that small city of much of their inspiration for scandals and set the feet of Nevill on the right track.

Fate came, in this case, in the disguise of death. Nevill's father died suddenly, when Nevill was in his twenty-fifth year; but not before the old gentleman had talked privately to his wayward son for twenty minutes or more kindly and wisely, with a few smiling references to his own past, holding the boy's hand in his all the while. Then he passed away, leaving his memory bright and all his affairs in order; and Nevill found himself the possessor of some very sound advice, some tender memories and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Nevill bade his family farewell and went away from the scenes of his youthful frivolities. He did not pause in New York, but there took ship for the islands—for the islands simply because the boat that was nearest of any to its sailing hour was bound for those green peaks and azure seas. During the voyage he kept to himself (which was clear against his nature), read several books of a kind which did not greatly appeal to him, and thought much upon his departed father and his mother and sisters with tenderness and affection. He even thought kindly of his very respectable and cautious older brothers, who were not chips off the old block. He tried not to think of Mrs. Smith (I call her that for short, and she has nothing to do with this story), and succeeded in keeping her out of his mind with astonishing ease. He refrained from playing poker in the deck smoke-room.

Once among the islands, the old spirit of careless and uncalculating joy to which Nevill had been born began to reassert itself. A fine, vast sense of freedom awoke in him. When the ship let go her anchor in the blue harbour of St. Pierre, off that magic city of white, green, yellow and red

climbing against the green hills by step and terrace and square, he stood at gaze for a full minute. Then he dashed below to his cabin and packed his box. His voyage was ended here—for the time being, at least. This looked to him like a place in which a man might get shoulder to shoulder with a joyous and kindly life, a gay and uncritical population. The great mountain to the north, soaring against the blue to a height of five thousand feet, cast no more shadow upon his spirits than it did upon the magic, climbing city.

## II.

The purser went ashore with Nevill and identified him at a bank situated not far from the water front. Here Nevill deposited his letter of credit, wrote and cashed a cheque and made inquiries of the polite cashier as to the hotel accommodations of the city.

"The hotels are numerous and excellent," replied the cashier. "But more suitable than any of the large hotels, to a young gentleman intending a considerable stay in the island, is the villa of Madame Jumeau, in the Rue Victor Hugo. The guests of Madame are of the first distinction and in themselves form a worthy subject of study for a young gentleman in quest of polite entertainment and enlargement of the mind."

Nevill's first thought was that the villa of Madame Jumeau was no place for him. Polite entertainment sounded well enough, but he could not quite see himself taking advantage of the offer of free enlargement of the mind with board and lodging.

"Madame Jumeau is my sister," said the polite cashier. And then he laughed. "I see the doubt in monsieur's eye," he continued, "and hasten to dispell it in a twinkling. Though intellectuality reigns in the villa of my sister, joy is her hand-maiden, and the feast of reason is not superior to the cuisine. I recommend the house to your best atten-



tion, sir, with a firm belief that it will suit you to a hair."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said Nevill. "I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon Madame Jumeau within the hour."

He lifted his hat and left the bank.

"I don't know what the devil he is talking about," he reflected. "He reminds me of the biblical chap whose tongue was the pen of a ready writer."

It took him a long time to get to the villa of Madame Jumeau, in the Rue Victor Hugo, not because the distance was great, but because the way was diverting to distraction. The street itself lured him onward between yellow houses and yellow garden walls topped with burning green, in the shade of overhanging green balconies, past open gates disclosing glimpses of gardens full of shadowy interiors and gentlemen in white linen imbibing cooling drinks. Nevill refreshed himself twice or thrice, you may be sure; but it was the street itself, not the *cabarets*, which clogged his feet. He halted frequently to gaze upward across the red roofs to the green of the hills behind and the flaming blue of the sky back of all, or down some side street up which blue flashes of the bay came to set his heart dancing. He found a square with a fountain and a circle of royal palms; and on a stone bench he smoked a cigarette in the shade of a tree which he could not have loved more dearly even if he had known its name.

At last Nevill reached the habitation of Madame Jumeau and her intellectual guests. It was a large square house, three storeys high, yellow and white of wall, red of roof, green of balcony and wooden blind. It stood flush with the narrow pavement and was flanked on one hand by the wall of its own garden and on the other by an arched gateway opening upon a paved court. A brown manservant opened the door to him and led him to a shaded salon and madame herself. Madame Jumeau was stout

and past her first bloom, but she had captivating manners. Nevill explained his mission in his own halting and ridiculous French. Madame was charmed with his command of the language. Yes, she had a room. But for the fact that Monsieur de St. Paul and his family had ordered their usual suite of apartments and were expected to arrive from the country at any moment, she could offer him several rooms. This M. de St. Paul was a great proprietor, with plantations fifteen miles away. Also, he was a poet of distinction. His immediate family consisted of Madame his wife, of Monsieur Aline and Mademoiselle Jeanne.

Francois the butler led Nevill away to inspect the room that was at his service. On the stairs they encountered a lady whose eyes were remarkable for their darkness, their brightness, their fire, their shadow, their gleaming surfaces and melting depths. Nevill had never seen such eyes. And she had a face and form to match her eyes; and youth was on her side. Her manners promised well, too. Nevill passed her on the wide stairs with bowed head and a sidelong, devotional glance. The lady inclined her head also and flashed an oblique ray upon him.

The room to which the servant took Nevill was large, clean and cool. It occupied a corner of the second floor, with windows overlooking the garden on one hand and a paved court graded with a solitary palm on the other. Nevill gave an order for his boxes to be brought up from the dock.

Diner-time came. The St. Pauls had not arrived from the country. Nevill was presented to the assembled guests. The lady he had passed on the stairs proved to be a Madame de Moulin, the youthful widow of a wealthy planter. The elderly gentleman with drooping white mustaches was Colonel Tessier, a soldier of France, retired. The Colonel prided himself on his anecdotes. Dr. Richard, also old and gray, had written three

books about the human brain and one of poetry. The cost of the publication of these important contributions to literature had necessitated his residing in a less expensive place than his beloved Paris. He admitted it frankly. The old lady in the wig was reputed a countess. The young lady in blue silk was the sister of a local journalist. The stout M. Henri was a banker, a patron of the arts and a diligent performer on the flute. Madame Pellett taught elocution in a girls' school nearby, and Madame Le Rue seemed to enjoy a very considerable private income.

Nevill was given a seat at the table beside Madame de Moulin. He had never met such a woman as this. She was the soul of gaiety; and yet he sometimes seemed to catch a shadow of pain behind the merriment of her eyes, a note of sorrow behind her laughter. He looked deep into her eyes, in quest of that shadow. His quick heart was touched.

Immediately after dinner, Nevill escaped to the street to clear his brain. Colonel Tessier followed him, laid a hand on his arm, wagged his head and talked very fast. Nevill could gather nothing from his talk except the names of Madame de Moulin and M. Aline de St. Paul. He escaped from the Colonel and took his bewildered way along the street. Lights gleamed everywhere; stars were white and big overhead; music and laughter pulsed from all the houses and breaths of perfume wafted across the garden walls. But Nevill did not stay out late. He returned early to the house of Madame Jumeau and retired to his bed.

Nevill explored the city next day. During dinner he sat again beside Madame de Moulin. She was not quite so merry as on the previous evening. The shadow of pain was a little nearer to the bright surface of those wonderful eyes. Nevill studied that shadow a little more intently than he had before. Once, as he held a match for her cigarette, his hand

touched hers. The touch sent a thrill through him. He stared at her for a second; and she stared back at him, with the shadow gone from her eyes for a fraction of a second.

Again Nevill fled to the street. The need of cooling his brain was now serious. He wandered about the enchanted streets. At last he sat down at a little iron table in front of a lively cabaret and ordered a glass of sirup and water. So he sat for a long time, sipping and smoking and trying to think. Suddenly a very small young man appeared before him out of the gay crowd, halted, stared, raised his hat slightly and leaned across the table.

"Mistair Nevill, I zink," said the young man unpleasantly.

"Yes," replied Nevill. "You have the advantage of me."

"I am Aline de St. Paul," said the other. "I speak English. I know the English way. I was there."

"Please sit down," replied Nevill. "What will you drink?"

"I know the English way," repeated the other darkly. "I live one period of six months in that very country and know her like a book. So let us have none of this bow and scrape. It is waste on the English or the American. I meet you on your own manner. I come quick, upon arrival, to ask you, man to man, what the devil you must mean to pay your remarkable attention to the lady zat had promised to me her hand."

Nevill stared at him. He did not like his appearance.

"I suppose you are drunk," he said.

"I have not drank," replied M. Aline, with a flourish of the hand.

"Then what the deuce are you talking about?"

"You know of her I mean."

"I know nothing of the kind."

Aline de St. Paul sat down and leaned far across the table.

"Madame de Moulin," he whispered. His little face worked violently.

"What about her?" asked Nevill, beginning to lose his temper.

"Adventurer!" hissed the other. "You know her fortune. You came to ensnare her. Adventurer! Pauper! I zank you to explain."

Nevill's keen sense of humour failed him for the first time in his life. He saw nothing funny in this. He swallowed his sirup at a gulp.

"Go to the devil!—and mind your own business," he exclaimed.

M. Aline de St. Paul gaped. He seemed to wilt in his chair. His small, black eyes became fixed in his colourless face as if with horror. It was quite evident that he did not know as much about the ways of the Anglo-Saxons as he pretended. The gay crowd jostled his elbows, but he paid no more heed than a dead man. Nevill regarded him steadily for several seconds, then got quietly to his feet and turned away. M. Aline came out of his trance and out of his chair with a jump. Nevill turned sharply at the sound.

"Don't be a fool," he said.

He turned again and walked slowly away. The other followed him and presently drew abreast of him.

"You insult me deadly," said St. Paul. "You will pay me for zat."

Nevill halted and glared.

"Clear out," he said, with a dangerous ring in his voice, "unless you want to be chucked over one of these walls. I mean it."

Nevill's anger lasted him all the way home. He heard music and laughter in the salon; but he went straight up to bed. He awoke early in the cool, golden morning. Shafts of greenish gold slanted through the half-open shutters and lay athwart the polished wood and clean grass mats of the floor. The rustle of the wind among innumerable leaves came into him from the garden and the courtyard. Love of like tingled in his veins. His anger was forgotten. Young de St. Paul was waved aside from his mind with a smile. He thought of Madame de Moulin. He

wondered about the shadow in her eyes. He remembered the touch of her hand. Why had the shadow withdrawn from her eyes at the moment her hand had touched his?

Francois brought him his "little breakfast," which he ate in bed. After that he bathed and dressed, lit a cigarette and found his way to the garden. It was a wonderful garden, shaded by great trees—mangoes, bread-fruit trees and mahoganies—and full of flowering shrubs, winding paths and stone seats set in the shade of almonds and limes. A fountain sprayed in the centre of a little lawn. Gold fish, red as oranges, swam and glowed in the deep basin of the fountain. Nevill watched the fish weaving lines of fire deep down among the stems of the water-lilies. He turned suddenly at the sound of a light foot-step behind him and beheld a young girl, slender, glowing, poised within a few yards of him. He lifted his hat.

"Is it Monsieur Nevill?" she asked, lowering her gaze.

"At your service, mademoiselle," said Nevill.

She raised her eyes swiftly to his face, then glanced nervously around the leafy walls of the little lawn.

"I am Jeanne de St. Paul," she said, in a trembling voice. "I have a favour to ask of monsieur. It is of my brother. I beg monsieur to refuse to fight with him—and pay no heed to his mad talk."

"I promise," replied Nevill, smiling.

"You will not let him frighten you away from Madame de Moulin."

Nevill laughed.

"I am afraid mademoiselle suffers the same mistake as monsieur her brother," he said. "Madame de Moulin and I have only known one another for two days. I am madame's ardent admirer, of course—but I think no one would be more astonished than madame herself if I made any claim to be more than that."

"Two days!" exclaimed the girl,

gazing at him reproachfully. "But the letters, monsieur? And the meeting in Nevis, two months ago?"

"What letters?" demanded Nevill.

"Your letters, written to Madame de Moulin, from Nevis. Francois found them—and has given them to my brother."

"Upon my soul, I don't know what you are talking about," said Nevill. "I have never enjoyed the privilege of corresponding with Madame de Moulin. I have never been in Nevis."

At that moment someone called from the house. Jeanne de St. Paul turned and fled.

Nevill was puzzled—and deeply interested. He lit another cigarette and wandered restlessly about the garden. What next? he wondered. An hour passed; and then Jeanne de St. Paul came to him again. Her small face was glowing.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," she whispered. "He has come—the writer of the letters! He is even now in the house—and in a furious rage with Madame de Moulin. She has given him the *congé*. He is a planter of Nevis. His name is Nevill, like yours. If Aline should appear now, blood would be spilt. Come, monsieur! Come!"

"What can I do?" said Nevill, dismally. "I fear that madame's affairs are no concern of mine."

"Only you can save my brother," cried the girl. "He loves that beautiful woman. It will be his ruin if he marries her. My father has said it—for all her property will go to the de Moulins if she marries again. It was written so in the will. Monsieur, you must save him from ruin, and from the rage of that terrible Englishman from Nevis."

"I am sorry, but I see no way of saving your brother from a fate which—which he is unworthy of; that is, if madame cares for him," replied Nevill stiffly. "As for the planter. Well, that is none of my business. M. de St. Paul must fight his own battles."

"But it is you that she loves now!" exclaimed Jeanne.

Nevill gaped at her.

"It is you she loves," repeated the girl. "Come. Claim her. Take her away from my brother. My father sent me to beg you to do this."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Nevill. "She cares nothing for me."

"She adores you," replied Jeanne. "She said it—almost in words. Come, monsieur."

Nevill followed her to the house, his brain in a whirl. From the salon came voices raised loud in anger. Colonel Tesson, other guests and half a dozen servants were clustered in the wide hall near the open door of the salon. Nevill forced his way blindly through the crowd and entered the big room. A silence fell upon the chief actors at his entrance. He saw a large, stout man in crumpled white linen, with a very red face—the planter from Nevis, beyond a doubt; a slender, white-haired dandy who was surely M. de St. Paul; Madame de Moulin, looking entrancing in a loose gown of blue silk, with tears and anger and despair in her beautiful eyes; a pale lady whom he took for Madame de St. Paul; Madame Jumeau in hysterics and crimping-irons, and M. Aline de St. Paul. All except Aline stood motionless and silent for a few seconds and stared at Nevill; but Aline continued to strut in front of the man from Nevis and snap his fingers beneath the stranger's purpling nose. So for a few seconds—and then Madame de Moulin stepped close to Nevill and looked up at him with that in her eyes which he had never before had the privilege of seeing in any woman's eyes. He did not know what it was; but it went through him like fire and ice, and he answered it with his own eyes as best he could. Then Madame de Moulin slipped her round, white arms around his neck and sank her flushed and tear-stained face against the breast of his white jacket.

It is one thing to write of an embrace by Madeline de Moulin, but it is quite another thing to experience it.

Nevill did not flinch. The blood rushed from his heart to his head and went thumping back to his heart. He drew a deep breath and regarded the company across madame's bowed and fragrant head with defiant and exultant eyes. He knew no more of what he would do next than you or I.

The little Aline left the stout planter and turned upon Nevill with a white-lipped snarl.

"So it is you, after all!" he screamed. "You—adventurer!"

Nevill laughed, gloriously conscious that there was a joke somewhere. The man from Nevis advanced, breathing heavily.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked. "Curse you, take your arm away from that lady's waist!"

"Thank you for the suggestion," said Neville, and immediately placed his right arm securely around the supple form that clung so close to him.

"No, confound you, what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

M. de St. Paul gripped Aline by a thin shoulder.

"Come away, you young fool!" he hissed. "Look at her! Is it not enough? Without shame!"

He turned to Nevill.

"As for you, I congratulate you," he said, with a sneer. "You play your part well. You shall hear from me soon, to your advantage."

At that, Madame de Moulin started sharply in Nevill's embrace and withdrew her arms from his neck; but he held her tight.

"My part?" queried Nevill. "Do you think, you old fool, that I am here to comply with the request of your admirable daughter? I assure you that it is not so. I am here to protect this lady from the unwelcome attentions of your son and this lump from Nevis." He glanced down at Madeline's bowed head. "Madame,"

he continued, "if you will excuse me for a moment I will rid you of the offensive presence of this boulder from Nevis. He is the only one of them big enough to hit."

Instead of excusing him, madame replaced her arms about his neck. The planter from Nevis retreated a pace. Old de St. Paul arched his gray eyebrows at Nevill and regarded him with a piercing and interrogative glance. Nevill returned the scrutiny with a glare.

"I mean it," he said. "Any man, or excuse for a man, who remains in this room when madame recovers from this fainting-spell, will get the thrashing of his life. Clear out!"

The room cleared then, as if by magic. The planter from Nevis hastened away from the house. One glance from Nevill sent Colonel Tessier and the other guests and servants scattering from the door. Then Madame de Moulin dropped her arms and slipped from Nevill's embrace.

"I—I am not what they say," she whispered, in a broken voice. "I never loved that great fool from Nevis—that little Aline. It was the old man who would make that match—but when he learns that the plantations will go from me if I marry again, then he changes his tune. And the fat man from Nevis—he thinks they lie to him about the plantations; but now I think he knows the truth. Monsieur, I want you to say that you do not believe that I am what they say. I—I am only young—and the late M. de Moulin was an old man—and now I want to be happy. And tell me, monsieur—did I shock you? Was I so bold? It was because you are not like those others that I did it. Never before in all my life did I embrace any gentleman like that."

Nevill stooped, drew one of her hands from her face and pressed it to his lips. It was wet with tears. He would not speak.

"Wish me a farewell," she whispered. "I shall go away and bury myself in the country. I thank you

for your kindness, monsieur. You are my best friend."

Nevill kissed the little, tear-wet hand again, then hurried from the room. In his own room he lit a cigarette and sat for a long time by an open window, staring blindly out at the green of the garden. The butler came to him with word that *déjeuner* was served; but Nevill waved him out. Ten minutes later, M. de St. Paul rapped on his door and entered.

"After all, you have cured my son of that infatuation," said the elderly dandy. "You have done what I asked of you—and in spite of your insults in the salon, I am ready to keep my part of the bargain."

"Of what bargain?" asked Nevill quietly, swallowing hard.

"I asked you to save my son from that woman and promised to pay you for doing it," replied the planter, uneasily. "Did not my daughter make herself clear?"

Nevill sprang from his chair with a roar, rushed upon the slim M. de St. Paul, fastened upon his collar with both hands, twirled him around, raced him out of the room and parted from him at the threshold with a kick.

### III.

Nevill sat alone and questioned his heart; and his heart was shy about answering some of the questions. So he thought of other things. The insult that had been offered him at the hands of M. de St. Uaul wrangled deep in the very pit of his sensibilities; and yet he could not keep his mind on it. Madeline de Moulin had put her white arms around his neck—for a purpose. She had used him as a pawn in her game—and yet there was torment in his soul and music in his silly heart at the memory of that embrace. He told himself that a thorough man of the world should accept a trifle like that for what it was worth and no more, with a steady pulse. He was ashamed of himself and felt that a fight would do

him good; so he searched the bright streets of the city for the planter.

Nevill failed to encounter the man from Nevis. He sat long in cool places, with cool drinks, with the image of Madeline de Moulin, with the ghost of the touch of her arms and body haunting him. He returned to the villa of Madame Jumeau early in the evening. Madame met him in the hall, as placid as ever, and told him that the de St. Pauls had departed for their home in the country an hour before and that Madame de Moulin had gone shortly after *déjeuner*.

"I fear that I have emptied your house for you," said Nevill.

"The house does not suffer," replied the lady graciously. "The empty rooms are already engaged. The house has a distinction of its own."

### IV.

The bright days wore on, but Nevill was not happy. The image of Madeline faded a little in his mind; but a longing, a sense of want, grew sharper every day. The crowded house seemed empty. The gay and crowded town held no solace for him. It offered him pleasures that crumbled to ashes in his mouth. But how could he go to Madeline? She had used him to rid herself of unwelcome suitors; but did that give him a right to go to her and try to win her love? He thought not. Men like Nevill are usually gentlemen, and, therefore, slow to take advantage of anyone who happens to be under obligations to them. And even if he should win her love, what right had he to offer his foolish heart and little fortune and expect her, in return, to give her beautiful self and go beggared of her wide plantations? None, said Nevill.

Nevill could not go to Madame de Moulin; but he could not find the courage in his heart to leave the island. She might need him again, he argued. So he remained; and, day and night, the longing for her grew in his heart and the image of her faded in his memory. He would lie

for hours in his wide and quiet room, when all the city slept in the silent time just before dawn, striving to recall to the eyes of his mind the face which he had seen no more than four times in all his foolish life, the touch of the hand that he had kissed twice, the sweet lines of that supple body that he had held in his arms.

One night he was aroused from this vain and torturing endeavour by sounds of a muffled but stupendous cannonading. He went to a window and looked out upon the garden. He could see nothing, but a breath of hot and tainted air blew upon his face. In the morning he saw a black cloud on the crown of the great mountain to the north.

A letter came to Nevill from his oldest brother. John, this oldest brother, was grieved to hear (from a distant relative who lived in Nevis), that Victor was making a fool of himself again, this time with a widow notorious throughout those islands. He advised his dear and misguided brother Victor to come home immediately and buy a farm.

This was too much for Nevill. He said some hard things about that oldest brother, and, leaving his baggage with Madame Jemeau, he set out for Nevis on the little schooner that carried mails and passengers from island to island. He was determined to wipe up a section of the surface of Nevis with that fat planter, even if he went to jail for it. The schooner went out of the painted harbour slowly, wafted by sultry and fitful airs.

It was a long way to Nevis, and many islands had to be touched at on the way. The schooner got no farther than Guadeloupe, two days out from St. Pierre, before Nevill decided to go back. Something monstrous threatened the island where Madeline de Moulin was. He felt it in the muscles of his heart like a palsy, in his blood like the chill of a fever. All through the evening and night of the first day the cannonading of the

mountain had followed him across the water. He left the mail-packet, hired a native fishing-boat and two men and started back. The dawn of the third day of the return journey broke late and gray and stifling. The sky was black above the mountain. A thin, fine dust fell upon the boat. There was no wind. Nevill ordered his men to the oars. Later, a light wind sprang up and held for an hour. The little boat passed the harbour of the magic city climbing against the green hills. But now a shadow lay upon the bright streets, and the green hills shook to the thunder of the mountain to the north.

"The city is doomed," said Nevill.

The boatmen laughed.

"The city has been there for ages," said one. "What do the people care if the mountain has a belly-ache? Old Pelé will soon be himself again. After we have landed you, master, we will come back. Rum is good, and cheap, in St. Pierre."

The sky grew blacker, the dust of ashes fell thicker, and daylight began to wane in mid-afternoon.

#### V.

Nevill headed the boat for the coast and went ashore in a little cove sixteen miles to the southward of the city. Here he paid the two boatmen of Guadeloupe and inquired of some black fishermen the way to the house of Madame de Moulin. It was not far away. One of the blacks accompanied him as guide. They reached the low, wide mansion set in its grove of mahoganies only to learn that madame had set out for the town half an hour before. At that, Nevill rushed to the stables, saddled a horse with his own hands, drove the frightened and expostulating negroes from his path and galloped away.

The road was plain to follow. Nevill rode hell-for-leather, as the saying is, until the horse was all lathered with frothy sweat and he himself was dripping; and the steadily falling dust begrimed them both. At last he caught sight of the car-

riage lumbering along a few hundred yards ahead. At the same moment, the carriage came to a lurching standstill. Nevill spurred forward, shouting, with dust in his mouth.

Madeline de Moulin did not know him in that unearthly twilight, begrimed with clinging ashes.

"Force him to drive onward, monsieur!" she cried. "Force the coward to his duty—if you are a man—if you have any pity in your heart. I must get to the city—and out again. The city is doomed—and the man I love is there. I must save him. Oh, why did I not go to him before? Strike the fellow! Force him onward!"

Nevill flung himself from the blowing horse and sprang to the step of the carriage.

"Madeline!" he cried. "Madeline! Have you forgotten me, Nevill?"

For the time of five heart-beats she stared at him. Then she leaned forward from the carriage with a glad cry, wiped the ash-grime from his face with a soft, warm palm, and slipped her arms around his neck.

"Victor," she whispered. "You came for me. It is much sweeter so." And she set her lips to his.

The carriage was turned in the narrow road.

The priest who married them, two hours later, paused again and again in his reading to brush the ever-falling dust from the page.

When the mountain disgorged its hellish cauldron on that terrible morning which followed their bridal night, only the tumult of it and the falling ashes reached that wide house that was no longer Madeline's.

Heart to heart and cheek to cheek they looked out upon that smoking desolation in the ghastly and belated dawn.

"Your were going there—for me," he said, awe and horror and tenderness in his voice.

She pointed to the terrible mountain with its crown of night and pulsing crest of flame.

"For you—I would go down into the pit of the mountain," she whispered.





# BESIDE THE PEAT FIRE

BY ADA MACLEOD

ON a broad hearthstone in a far Skye cottage it blazed, this ruddy fire of peat, and its light was a beacon that many a would-be salon might have envied. For within the circle of its flickering glow there gathered night after night the kindred spirits of a community, drawn by that inexplicable atmosphere of good-fellowship that dwells within some walls though of the humblest, and which neither blazing lights nor loaded tables nor even whole-hearted hospitality itself can supply at all. This was the house of *ceilidh* (kailey). Our forefathers brought the word and, in a modified form, the idea across the Atlantic, and in our childhood days we were wont to see those who went "kaileyng"—comfortable-looking matrons who set out in pairs in the morning with their black lustre aprons and their knitting, to spend the day at the house of a neighbour. And the tongues kept time to the click of the needles, as the affairs of a community passed under comprehensive review. But this was only a degenerate form of the idea, because the true *ceilidh* was no mere assembly for gossip.

The root idea of the word is "seeking companionship," and it is sometimes applied to the man who goes in search of a wife. So also is it applied to the seeking for news, and in the olden days when the power of the press was not so omnipresent as it is in modern times, the *ceilidh* served as newspaper, as club, and as parliament to the people of these far-away elimes. But even this is a secondary meaning.

The true purpose of the *ceilidh* was for the telling and hearing of the ancient *sgeulachdaran* or tales, begun, if the gathering were fortunate enough to include one, by an ancient *scannichie* or professional story-teller, and then carried on by the other members of the circle in rotation. And a whole volume of folk-lore could be compiled on a single night at one of these firesides, because these were no ordinary stories, but many of them the genuine Ossianic tales which had never been committed to writing, but had been handed down from time immemorial from one generation to another by word of mouth with but very slight changes in wording. Dr. Johnson scoffed at the idea of this being possible, but nothing can be better attested than the fact that there were many persons unable to read or write, but of unusual powers of memory, who could recite this poetry for two or three nights continuously. The poet Duncan MacIntyre, who is often called the Burns of the Highlands, and whose poem *Mairi Bhan Og* is one of the sweetest love songs in any language, carried in his memory six thousand lines of his own composition as well as a large amount of Ossianic poetry until nearly the close of his long life, when it was written down by a young minister.

Deep from the heart of the Gael sprang these early poems, supreme in their expression of its pathos and passion, its loyalty to friend, its vindictiveness to foe, its undying courage; and there have ever been in the race men of like qualities who loved the poems enough to pass them on.



CASTING PEATS, ISLE OF SKYE

And never to the mind of the Greeks did any of the Homeric heroes seem more real, than to the imagination of the Celt did the characters in these poems, standing out with cameo-like distinctness on the dim background of that age when Christianity was gaining its first struggling foothold in Erin and Alba. Greatest of all was Fionn or Fingal, who holds in the legends of the North the same place that King Arthur does in Cymric literature, marshalling his primitive hosts against the invading hordes of Scandinavians. There is the great bard himself, Ossian, son of Fionn, who, after his warrior days are ended and of his kindred none survive, sits in his empty hall, blind and alone, listening to the dirge of the sea and the wind wailing about the cairns of dead heroes. But he remembers that over the shoulder of the mountain the mists are creeping, and he believes that in their wraith-like forms the spirits of his fathers and his lost comrades come back to visit him, and with them in fancy he holds converse.

There is the "great Cuchullin with his war chariot, the brown-haired and beautiful Diarmid, slayer of the boar by which he himself was slain, the strong and valiant Gaul, son of Movni, the rash Conan, the swift and gallant Cailta." And then he remembers that one true heart is yet left to him, the young Malvina, the betrothed of his slain son Oscar; and he calls her, and she sings to him, and as the rays of the setting sun fall on the sightless eyes of the old man he too lifts his voice in those songs which ever since have re-echoed around Celtic hearths.

But these are the classics of the language, and there were not always present at the *ceilidh* those who had the power of reciting this stately blank verse. Then other and more modern tales went round, all with an eerie vein of the occult and supernatural—stories of ghosts and fairies, of the Kelpie and the Brolachan, of mermaids and witches, of "second sight" and the power of the evil eye.

Let us lift the leather thong that



BRINGING IN THE PEATS

works the door-latch and take our places in the circle around the fire. The days of fire worship may be over, but the hearth is ever the centre of family life, and all eyes are turned to the glowing disks of up-piled peats. Laborious had been the summer days when these coal-black, brick-shaped sods had been cut on the hillside with the sharp *tairisgail*, piled in stacks until they were dry, and then carried home in creels on the shoulders of the women. But thrice merrily now do they burn on the long fall evenings, after the last sheaf has been gathered in and the last hardy fisherman has returned from distant coasts, when the gray mists settle and the sea has a note like a sob.

There is a certain art in the con-

struction of a peat fire. First comes a backing of turf-mould corresponding somewhat to the back-log of our early Canadian fire-places, then around the central *griosach* or live embers, light tindery sods are set on end, and around these again a circle of solid black peats which burn as readily and last almost as long as an equal amount of coal. When the central mass lights up the tongues of flame following the various fibres of the sod become a mass of glowing lines in which the Highland children are wont to trace their "castles in the air" and to behold in fancy the very characters of the tales to which they have been listening with bated breath—giants and pigmies, kings and princesses, heroes and henwives.

Against the partition that divides the cottage in two stands a row of bags of oatmeal (earnest of many a dish of brose and bowl of creamy *fuarag*) and from the smoke-darkened rafters overhead hangs some of the harvest of the sea, strings of smoked saithe and herring, and sections of eels which in their entirety were so huge as to warrant, in these waters at least, the proverbial tales of the sea serpent. The earthen floor is

son of his advanced age, is supposed to come first in the cycle of story-telling, is at the same time deftly weaving herring nets. The goodman is plaiting creels for peeled withes of hazel, and his daughter beside him is busily twisting yarn with the *fear-said*, a tapering stick twirled at arm's length, on the large end of which the yarn as it is twisted forms into a ball. And surely of all domestic arts carried on by the daughters



PLANTING POTATOES, ISLE OF SKYE

newly swept and every available stool, long and short, three-legged and four-legged, is drawn up in the favoured semi-circle around the fire. Even the closed settle-bed has its row of occupants, and as for the rest of the available space it is sure to be packed with the youths of the neighbourhood, who have been caught also in the current of the *ceilidh*, and, bare-footed and fleet-footed, have clandestinely slipped away from their homes and tasks to share in the dreadful delights of the ghost-stories. And meanwhile the household tasks go on. The bright-eyed, active grandfather in the chimney corner, who, by rea-

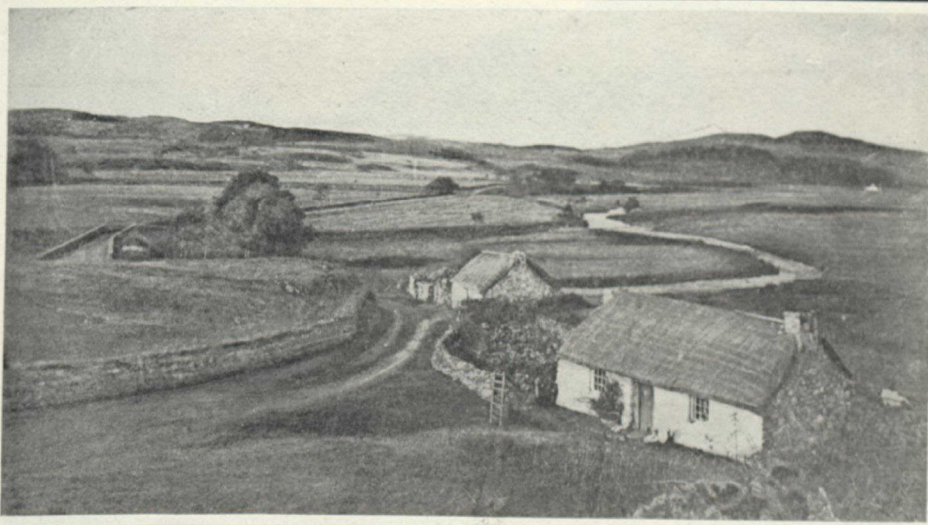
of Eve, none shows to more advantage the charms of a pretty hand and dimpled arm than the manipulation of the *fear-said*, and a young man has been even known to miss the climax of the tale of "The Three Chests" while watching that whirling sphere and the dainty fingers that guided it.

Fitting accompaniment to the weird tales and the sad undertones of the wind and sea that drift through the open casement is the monotonous whirr of the "little wheel" at the other end of the apartment where the goodwife is spinning the rolls—one cannot apply to them the usual term "snowy," as they are a decided yel-

low from the coating of tar applied to the sheep to protect them from the weather — in preparation for the weaving of those wonderful blankets which serve as heirlooms for generations. No paltry warp of cotton goes into the making of these, nothing but the heaviest and fleeciest of wool. And there is to-day many a young man "baching" in a draughty shack in the Great West, who, as he shelters beneath their generous folds, remembers with gratitude his Highland

on the dark space of doorway nearest to the boy, as if there he beheld something uncanny, and when the laddie fled for safety to the other side of his mother, his tormenter turned eyes of horror to the other doorway, which was now nearest the unhappy boy, until he was again forced to flee—and so back and forth until the exasperated mother exclaimed: "*Aim-lisg ort!* Can you not stay in one place?"

But if the wee lad could have



A SHORE ROAD, ISLE OF SKYE

grandmother and the work of her hands.

The woman as she spins sits between two opposite doors which on this mild autumn night stand hospitably open. She is somewhat puzzled by the strange restlessness of her small son, who keeps constantly moving from one side of her to the other; but if she had raised her eyes from the spindle long enough to look at the face of Seumas Dhu, the juvenile plague of the township, she would have understood. It was after the close of a tale in which there figured a wailing, wandering spectre that Seumas fixed his eyes intently

known the mental state of Seumas Dhu himself, as, late that night, he sped homeward on his solitary way, he might have felt amply revenged. For this bold youth, who, on the return journey from school, was ever the intrepid leader of the Braes boys in the daily combats that raged at the crossroads between them and the rival gang from Camastianavig, was now in the grip of a terror that froze the very marrow of his bones. And the certain and immediate prospect of dealing with an outraged father was as nothing compared with the thought of the ghostly things that arose out of the vasty night and

clutched at his flying kilts as he passed. It was not so bad while the road lay in front of the houses where every familiar door and window seemed like a kindly eye bent upon him; but when it passed behind the crofts where the ancient rowan trees, bent and twisted by the winds off Glamaig, bowed and moaned like spirits in torture; or, worse still, past

extending from the spout. This hangs by a hook from the wall and under it sits the one whose occupation demands the best light, perhaps the young scholar of the family, bending over his Latin book with both hands pressed over his ears to shut out temptation, or perchance a travelling shoemaker or tailor on his rounds.

On one occasion in the house to



A SKYE LANDSCAPE

the corner of Calum's stable, where in the dark hole left open for the winnowing of the grain was surely the glimmer of baleful eyes, then it was that Seumas in the anguish of his heart vowed that never again on a Sabbath, with Caman stick on shoulder, would he join his peers on the hidden sward beneath the high bank and engage in a clandestine game of shinty.

But to return to the *ceilidh*. In addition to the glow from the fire the room is dimly lighted by the cruse, a primitive sort of lamp shaped somewhat like a gravy-dish, with the wick

which we have been referring there sat under the cruse with his lapboard on his knee the tailor MacDermott, from Ross-shire, a fiery little man with an inflated idea of his own prowess. He had been paying little attention to the tales because at the time, with much muttering and headshaking, he was engaged in the problem of converting a large man's waistcoat into a small boy's coat, and as everyone knows who has ever attempted to do this thing, it is a matter requiring concentrated attention, because of the annoying way in which the pocket-slits and button-

holes persist in coming in the most inconvenient places. But in a purposeful lull in the conversation there was borne in on his mind the fact that someone was making derogatory remarks about the courage of the men of Ross-shire and the race of Mac-Dermott in particular. Down fell lap-board and patterns as he sprang to his feet in protest, but at that moment his bald head struck the cruse,

student with a taste for the antique, midway between a class flag and a captured sign board.

Many and diverse were the "characters" that claimed a place at this hospitable fireside. There was the fiery tempered Lachlan na Ciste (Lachlan of the Chest) so-called because in his rounds he always carried on his back a huge chest with seven locks which he would never allow any-



A CROFTER TOWNSHIP, ISLE OF SKYE

and his remarks were cut short in a torrent of codfish oil. Quick as thought from the corner arose the shrill, mocking voice of Seumas Dhu while he chanted "As precious ointment down the beard of Aaron's sons doth flow," and just as quickly did the furious tailor retaliate by hurling the empty lamp in his direction. But what angry man ever yet succeeded in striking the boy that deserved it! It crossed the Atlantic, that old cruise, and now, free from soot and peat smoke and shining in all its original brilliance of burnished copper it hangs in the room of a McGill

one to peep into, and on which he sat by day and slept by night. He had a bushy black beard of which he was so inordinately vain that once, when Seumas and his accomplices cut off one side of it while he slept, he travelled about in that condition rather than sacrifice the glories of the other side. But he had a sorer trial than that, and all because of a bright-eyed mischievous Skye lassie. He had fallen madly in love with her and she, knowing what a woful miser he was, promised to marry him if he would put more in the collection plate than a certain man who was noted for his

generous support of "the Cause." The next Sunday the congregation marvelled greatly to see Lachlan leave his precious kist long enough to go to Church, and still more when they saw him ostentatiously drop a glittering coin on the plate. But when he discovered that he had been duped, and that his sacrifice was all in vain,

the girl to save her life had to flee to the Island of Rona.

One of the most welcome visitors at the Ceilidh was Gillespie Atrom, or Daft Archie, one of those professional fools who roam about the Highlands, yet whose shrewd answers and ready wit often suggest that the part of the fool is only a pretense. When Archie appeared the ancient tales came to an abrupt end. All crowded around him demanding the recital of his latest escapades and especially of the pranks played by him on the unfortunate Mr. Soutar. This was a quasi-clergyman, a Lowlander and a Moderate, with doctrine as muddled as his Gaelic, who had been placed by the Chief of Macleod in charge of Dunvegan Church. He became the special butt of Archie, who lampooned him in clever verse, mimicked him at the tables of the gentry, and in general made sport of him, until one night Soutar was aroused from sleep

by an imperative knocking at the manse door. Thinking it was a call from some dying parishioner he hastily dressed and opened the door, only to find Archie, who demanded a place to sleep.

"You will find comfortable quarters yonder," replied the minister, pointing to the loft of the stable.

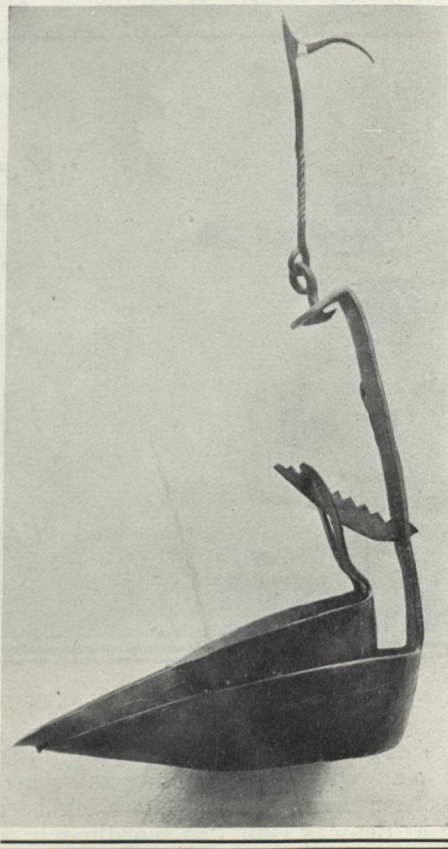
But Archie insisted that since he had come as a guest it was clearly the duty of his host to show him the way personally. When they reached the foot of the ladder leading to the loft Archie drew back with a low bow, saying:

"It is not meet for a humble man like me to take precedence over the clergy. Will you be pleased to mount first."

As soon as the ministerial foot vanished in the loft, Archie deftly withdrew the ladder, wished his shivering host pleasant dreams in his "comfortable quarters," and spent the rest of the night himself in the minister's warm bed.

Many of the fireside tales related

feats of physical prowess, such, for instance, as that of Malcolm the third chief of Macleod, who, returning from a stolen interview with the young and beautiful wife of Lord Lovat, chief of the Frasers, met in the forest of Glenelg the wild bull who had long terrorised the people, and, catching



A Cruse, an antique contrivance for giving light. This is the one thrown by the tailor, as described in the article.

by the Chief of Macleod in charge of Dunvegan Church. He became the special butt of Archie, who lampooned him in clever verse, mimicked him at the tables of the gentry, and in general made sport of him, until one night Soutar was aroused from sleep



him by the horns, threw him by main strength and despatched him with his dirk. According to tradition the great silver mounted horn in Dunvegan Castle, which each chief on coming of age is expected to drain, is the identical one taken from the head of this animal and which with the motto, "Hold Fast," has been adopted as the crest of the Macleods. There can be little doubt that the constant repetition of these stories of valour in the ears of the youth has done much to develop in Skye that military spirit which has always been characteristic of her people. For instance, in the Peninsular War, from this Island alone there were engaged 10,000 foot soldiers, seventy-one generals, colonels and lieutenants, 600 other officers, and 170 pipers.

At the Battle of Aboukir Bay, when a Highland detachment was endeavouring to land under a galling fire from the French on shore, and when the commanding officer after forming his lines gave the order to "prime and load," it was an impetuous Skye sergeant that interrupted. "No prime and load," he shouted. "Sharge bayonets, and do it immediately." And they did. And the French melted before them like snow in the path of their own mountain torrents.

Then, of course, there were always the tales of witches. But one did not need to go to the past for these, because it was a matter of common knowledge that in every locality there was at least one woman with uncanny power to work mischief. So that the housekeeper might labour in vain to bring the butter in the churn, just because the spey-wife by her arts had "taken the profit" out of the milk. And not every victim knew, as did old Donald the Tinker, how to circumvent her. Donald was one day mending a pan and singing gaily as he sat by the fire in the house of a woman who had always befriended him. In the absence of the mistress, a neighbour woman entered and asked

for a live peat with which to start her fire. Now, as every one knows, for a stranger to carry fire out of a house on the first Monday of any of the four seasons means the removal for that season of all the luck from this house to that of the borrower. Nevertheless, Donald, with all cordiality, bade her take a live peat, but as soon as her skirts disappeared through the doorway he dropped a peat of equal size into the tub which still held some of the Sabbath supply of water. The instant the sod touched the water the woman's peat was also extinguished and back she came for another. Donald stopped his singing long enough to urge her to take more and the same performance was repeated. But after the third peat had been dropped into the water the designing neighbour came back no more. And what was the amazement of the good-wife on her return to find in the tub three peat-shaped blocks of yellow butter. "Ask no questions," said the old man, "there is nothing there that is not your own, but well it is for you that Donald the Tinker was here this day." This thing happened in recent years, and if anyone doubts the story let him ask Allister MacMhurcuidh Ronaich.

And then there is the tale, equally well attested, of that which befell the handsome young Callum, son of Red Allister, not so many years ago in the lonely Place of the Big Burn. He was keeper of a ducal lodge in Skye and had come to Portree intending to cross the Straits to Raasay on a flying visit to his sweetheart, but the wind proved to be dead ahead. As he stood disconsolate on the shore a certain servant-maid in Portree, a reputed witch, and who as gossips averred "had an eye" on him herself, suddenly appeared and told him that if he wished to cross all he had to do was to enter the boat and follow her directions. She gave him a knotted handkerchief with instructions to untie the knots carefully from one corner, and to his delight he found

that a favourable breeze was bearing him straight to Raasay. But as his boat touched the bank he discovered that in some unaccountable way there had been placed in his pocket all the keys of the lodge. As this would mean the locking out of his master the Duke there was nothing for it but to return at once, and it was necessary to untie the knots from the opposite corner of the kerchief before the wind again veered in a favourable direction. The girl still stood on the shore when he landed, but he gave her no greeting as with scowling brow he hurried past. Night had fallen when he reached the Place of the Big Burn not far from his home, and he was picking his way carefully between the black pools where the peats had been dug, when he felt a terrific blow and in an instant was floundering in the inky waters. He climbed out only to be flung in again in spite of his great strength, by a creature whom he now saw to be in the form of a white goat. But at the third ducking he bethought himself of whistling for his hounds, and no sooner had they appeared and flung themselves upon the neck of his assailant than it fled with a strange cry as of a woman in pain. And it was remarked that the servant lass kept her bed for many days and afterwards bore on

her throat the marks of mysterious wounds.

The peat-fire still glows on the Skye hearthstone, but the days of the *ceilidh* are ended. The ancient *sgeulachd* has given place to the modern newspaper, just as the old-time brose and oaten bannock has been replaced by English tea and bakers' bread. And in both cases the gains are doubtful. For though the people may be growing more worldly-wise, and though each may now sit in his own ingle-nook and read for himself the news of the day, yet with the passing of this time-honoured custom there has vanished much that was fine in community life—the spirit of camaraderie fostered by these gatherings; and the familiarity with the magic verse of the great bard of old, gained, not from the coldly printed page, but from the living voices of those whose memories were stored with the treasures of his words. Small wonder is it that under such influences there should have developed that which Matthew Arnold terms “the Celtic reverence and enthusiasm for genius, learning and the things of the mind,” or that there should have been adopted as the ideal of the race the very qualities of the Ossianic heroes themselves—fidelity, courage and undying loyalty.



# FRENCH-CANADIANS IN 1775 AND 1812

BY G. L. B. MACKENZIE

LAST autumn Mr. Henri Bourassa was the guest of the evening on the occasion of the annual dinner of University College, Toronto. On that evening his passionate yet scholarly eloquence delighted and enthralled his audience. His address was an appeal for fairer handling of the bilingual problem in Ontario, and for more generous treatment of our French-speaking compatriots throughout the whole Dominion. We are not going to discuss whether or not the French-Canadians are the oppressed people Mr. Bourassa would have us believe they are, when he compares their position unfavourably to that of conquered peoples in the Roman Empire. The object of this paper is rather to consider Mr. Bourassa's view of the attitude of the French-Canadians towards the English Crown at the most critical period for British dominion in North America.

Mr. Bourassa claims that we owe the existence of the Dominion to-day to the remarkable attachment of the French to England, when Arnold and Montgomery invaded Canada in the winter of 1775-6 and shut up Carleton in Quebec. This view, however, does not differ as much as we might expect from statements we find in English and Canadian histories.

The English historian Lecky, speaking of the invasion of Canada by the revolutionists in 1775, says:

"The Canadians remained loyal to England; . . . the people were especially indignant at the invasion." This seems to be the orthodox view of the attitude of the people of Quebec during the crisis of the years 1775-6. We are generally taught to believe that this loyalty was the result of the wise policy of the Quebec Act in conceding to the Canadians their own laws and religion, and a form of government to which they were accustomed. Some French-Canadian historians and French-Canadian politicians of to-day, notably Mr. Bourassa, have been even anxious to point out how much more loyal were their fellow-countrymen to the British Crown than the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the Province. Mr. Bourassa in a pamphlet entitled "The French-Canadians and the British Empire," speaks of "This remarkable attachment to England, following so closely upon the sanguinary wars which the French-Canadians had waged against their new mother-country." He goes on to explain the causes of this loyalty: the Canadian hatred of the Bostonnais, the sense of their own nationality, England's lenient treatment of their Church in contrast to the intolerance of the Americans, and, perhaps most important of all, the Quebec Act, which, as he says, evidence bearing on the attitude of the French-Canadians have always considered their Great Charter.

But when we come to examine the evidence bearing on the attitude of the Canadians at this crisis we find that it points overwhelmingly to the conclusion that the great majority of the Canadians were disloyal to the English Crown and that Canada remained in the Empire not, as Mr. Bourassa would have us believe, through the loyalty of the Canadians but on account of the military vigour and ability of the defenders of Quebec and the mismanagement of their cause by the Americans.

I will restrict myself to the testimony of a few of the principal persons concerned, but this does not by any means exhaust the evidence.

In August, 1775, Chief Justice Hey writes from Quebec to the Lord Chancellor that his Lordship would be astonished to learn "that an Act passed for the express purpose of gratifying the Canadians and which was supposed to comprehend all that they either wished or wanted, is become the **first object of their discontent and dislike.**" Thomas Gamble of the provincial commissariat department writes from Quebec to the deputy quartermaster in the same strain; his language is more laconic: "In short, the Quebec Bill is of no use; on the contrary the Canadians talk of that damned word liberty."

In June, 1775, when Canada was already threatened by the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by the Vermonters, Carleton writes from Montreal to the Colonial Secretary Dartmouth, telling him of the utter failure of all attempts to raise the Canadian militia. He says: "The minds of the people are poisoned with lies and the clergy and noblesse have lost much of their old influence." Cramahé, commanding at Quebec, has the same story to tell of disloyalty and disaffection on the part of the masses of the people.

In September Carleton has to make the bitter confession that "the rebels have been more successful with the French and have assembled them in

great numbers." Later he writes: "Numbers of them have taken up arms against the Crown," and Cramahé makes the sweeping statement that the "rebels have on their side the Canadian peasantry." But the testimony does not come only from British sources but is equally emphatic from the leading American officers and from a French-Canadian loyalist, M. Badeau, a notary of Three Rivers, who, from this favourable point of observation, kept a journal of the operations of the American army.

The American general Montgomery wrote from Montreal in November, 1775: "I can have as many Canadians as I know how to maintain." When Arnold appeared opposite Quebec at the head of his half-starved and travel-worn little army after their terrible journey of a month up the Kennebec and down the Chaudiere, the Canadians received them with kindness, gave them provisions, and, what was more vital, assistance in conveying food through the woods to the starving men who had fallen behind from exhaustion. The Canadians, on this occasion at least, showed no signs of the indignation at the invasion of their country with which Mr. Lecky credits them. Nor was this favourable disposition towards the invaders merely temporary; the Canadians did not, as some historians would have us believe, after a short period of disaffection, soon come to recognise the error of their ways and return to dutiful allegiance to the Government. Nor can we believe, after careful investigation, that the Canadians were only faithful to a winning cause. Even after final disaster had overtaken the American army in Canada in the spring of 1776 the American commander, Sullivan, reports that "the Canadians were in general very kind to them upon their retreat, and gave them every assistance in their power." That Canadians remained enrolled in considerable numbers in the American army

till the end is shown by the mention of the Regiment of Canadians in the General Orders of July 21, 1776.

It is notable, in view of the great influence which the clergy and noblesse are supposed to have had over the submissive habitant, that both these upper classes were fixed in their loyalty to the Crown and did all in their power to influence their dependants to the same attitude. We are told that every priest in the country except one had refused absolution to any one who had joined the invaders. The seigniors themselves fought for the Crown almost to a man and exerted all their power to enlist their tenants. Garneau tells us that, "in certain districts some ardent youthful seigniors, trying the effect of menaces to constrain tenants to follow their lead, were obliged themselves to flee precipitately."

The fifteen years of British rule before 1775 had, on the whole, been a time of prosperity and welcome repose to the 70,000 or 80,000 French peasantry. Fifteen years, however, no matter how beneficent might be the rule of the government or how prosperous the condition of the farmer, was too short a period to win the attachment of a people who had been fighting for years against the nation now governing them. That the habitant did not love the British Government is no cause for wonder, but that he hated the Bostonnais less requires some explanation, for the Bostonnais had been for generations his bitterest and most persistent foe with whom he had waged more numerous and more sanguinary wars than with the British Government.

The reason why the invasion found the clergy and noblesse loyal, and the peasantry disloyal and ready to take up arms with people with whom they had very little in common, seems to lie in the fact that the British governors did not sufficiently realise the power of class distinctions in Canada.

Murray, and more especially Carle-

ton, were biassed to a great extent in favour of the upper classes, those classes who possessed an authority much like military authority, and they took the opinions of these classes as representing the opinions of the whole people. Carleton in framing the Quebec Act was honestly attempting to conciliate the French subjects, but by this Act he gratified the clergy and noblesse, who needed no conciliation and failed to conciliate the peasantry, but on the contrary, alienated them at the very time when they were becoming more and more settled in unaccustomed prosperity under English rule.

General Murray wrote concerning the seigniors, to whom as a class he was inclined to be on the best of terms: "They are great tyrants to their vassals, who seldom meet with redress, let their grievances be ever so just." And in another letter to the home Government he asserts that the people "under sanction of the capitulation every day take an opportunity to dispute the tithes with their curés." Thus, we see that the habitant did not readily submit to the authority of seignior and curé and he was pleased to find this authority weakened in the years between the Conquest and the Quebec Act. Carleton says plainly that the habitants had since the introduction of civil government into Canada, and in consequence of the little authority which had been exercised, in a manner emancipated themselves. Time and good management would be necessary to recall them to their ancient habits of obedience and discipline. By the Quebec Act Carleton hoped to bring the peasantry back again under the authority of the seigniors and the Church, and having won the attachment of the upper classes to himself, to have all classes cemented together in one solid whole under the authority of the English Crown, as of old the colony had been united under the authority of the Crown of France. His plan failed because he did not

calculate upon the growing independence of the peasantry. The clause of the Quebec Act making tithes compulsory was to the peasant the re-establishment of a dreaded and objectionable feature of French rule, and the return to the old seigniorial method of land grant made him apprehensive with regard to the reappearance of other old oppressive relations connected with the land. This was the view which the Attorney-General Masères so forcibly expressed in *The Canadian Freeholder*. In this dialogue Masères puts the following words into the mouth of a prosperous and independent French freeholder: "In short, as the former clause, which revives the French laws, seems calculated to bring us again under servitude to our noblesse; so this other clause, which revives the legal obligation of paying tithes, seems calculated to bring us under subjection to our priests." At any rate, whether or not we look upon these two clauses of the Bill as giving the Canadians just cause for complaint, we must recognise the fact that the mass of the Canadian people were disloyal and that great numbers of them actively fought against the Crown.

That there was widespread dissatisfaction among the peasants with these two clauses of the Quebec Bill is also certain, and it was this dissatisfaction that enabled the American emissaries to produce such a great effect upon the minds of the people. The people were exceedingly credulous and stories of the cruelty and harshness of British despotism, of which in fifteen years the Canadians had had no experience, and equally good stories of American enlightenment and toleration, proof of the non-existence of which was near at hand, were eagerly received by the innocent habitant. It was the success of these missionaries of the "Rights of Man" that gave Arnold the confidence to write to Washington undertaking to subdue Canada with 2,000 men.

The policy of Congress in attempt-

ing to hoodwink the Canadian clergy by their inflated Address to the People of Canada, so soon after their protest to the people of Great Britain "that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that colony a religion that often drenched your island in blood, and has disseminated impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world," such a policy was as senseless as it was pharisaic. In the Address to the Canadians, Congress said: "We are too well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your nation to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you against a hearty amity with us." The result of these conflicting declarations was the entire and permanent alienation of the Canadian clergy but not, as Garneau states, the arming of the Canadian people against Congress.

The American commanders were justified by events in counting upon the zealous support of the peasantry. This support was a factor not to be despised from a military point of view. The Canadians were by training a warlike people. Carleton described them as comprising 10,000 men who had served in the late war, "with as much valour, with more zeal and with more military knowledge for America than the regular troops of France that were joined with them." The revolutionists not only failed to make any effective use of the Canadian alliance, but the swindling and brutal treatment by American officers and men of Canadian non-combatants went far towards turning their cause and themselves into objects of hatred to many of the Canadian peasants. Payment was often refused for services and provisions. Plundering of farms and brutal treatment of the occupants if they dared to protest were common. American officers gave as promises to pay, "certificates not legible, with only half a signature, and in consequence rejected by the quartermaster-general." Washington

went to the root of the matter when he wrote: "Many of our misfortunes in Canada are to be attributed to a want of discipline and a proper regard to the conduct of the soldiery." This same lack of military discipline was again most evident in the disgraceful scenes that marked the flight of the American army from before Quebec in the spring of '76.

The military conduct of Carleton during a time when events were such as to fill an Englishman's heart with gloom and despair was simply beyond all praise. He had been in Quebec through the winter siege of '59 and '60, and had profited by his experience of Murray's well-nigh fatal mistake in fighting the battle of Ste. Foy. Carleton's task was now to hold Quebec through another winter until relief should sail up the river in the spring. He neglected no details in seeing to the defence of the ramparts and the maintenance of the people and army; he took no chances, in the hope of winning glory for himself by some dashing exploit, but resolutely played the waiting game and won it. The verdict of posterity has paid no attention to the peevish and senseless criticism of Garneau when he says: "We know not which of the two things to marvel at the more, the temerity of Montgomery and Arnold in attacking, or the timidity of Carleton in his manner of defending the city."

Mr. Bourassa in his speech at the University College dinner very unfairly made out that Carleton defended Quebec with a loyal French-Canadian garrison, when the Anglo-Saxons had nearly all become rebels. The Garrison numbered 1,800, of whom 550 were Canadians, out of a population of at least 70,000, and of these 550 many were gentry, the majority townspeople, and very few indeed were peasantry; there were 250 English militia out of a total English population of 6,000 in the Province, and the rest were English regulars. Carleton testified that the conduct of

the 250 English militia was such as would hardly have been expected from men unused to arms. The small Anglo-Saxon population of the Province, almost all of whom were opposed to the Quebec Act, were for the most part strenuously loyal, but here, as in all the colonies, it was divided into Loyalists and Revolutionists, the latter, a small minority, following the American army when it retreated from the Province.

The clergy and noblesse preferring English rule to American absorption; the peasantry dissatisfied with the Quebec Act, fearing oppression by the Church and noblesse, and, in general friendly with the American invaders, supplying them with provisions in return for promises of doubtful worth, and enlisting in large numbers with the Americans whenever called upon to do so—this is the position of the French-Canadians in 1775-6.

Much as we are delighted by Mr. Bourassa's eloquence we cannot agree with him about 1775. His compatriots did not play a heroic part on that occasion, but they played a most natural one. The Dominion does not exist to-day, through the "remarkable attachment" to England of her new French subjects in 1775, but because there were about 1,000 hard-fighting, hard-dying English regulars behind the guns of Quebec, led by a leader after their own heart.

When we pass on to the war of 1812 we find a marked contrast between the attitude of the people of Lower Canada then and their attitude in 1775.

By the end of the 18th century the French-Canadians had experienced forty years of British rule cleaner and juster than any they had known before. Their natural antipathy to the people of the United States, which had been forgotten in the troubled years after the Quebec Act, had by this time become again firmly rooted, strengthened as it was by the bitter remembrance of American depreda-

tions and swindling. Even during Craig's administration, which Garneau paints in the darkest colours as a relentless tyranny, during a time of endless bickering between Executive and Assembly, the peasant was in the main contented; the population had increased to 25,000; stimulated by Napoleon's attempts to cut off Great Britain from the Baltic trade and by the Non-Intercourse Acts of the United States, lumber had become an important industry; roads had been built; the first steamer had been put on the St. Lawrence; the power of the seigniors over their tenants was steadily decreasing, disproving the statement of American emissaries, who had made use of the fact of the re-establishment of French civil law by the Quebec Act to conjure up a vision of the revival of the feudal tyranny of the seigniors. In fact the peasant, as long as he did not listen to the demagogues of the Assembly, found nothing to grumble at. The priests were more than anxious to keep the country untouched by the taint of republicanism; the leading French politicians realised that absorption with the United States would put an end to all their dreams of a national individuality under Britain's protection.

There is also a noticeable change in 1812 in the attitude of Lower Canada to the Quebec Act. By that date the French-Canadians were in fact beginning to look upon the Quebec Act as their "Great Charter." The influx of United Empire Loyalists is the significant fact, to which this changed attitude is largely due. Until the immigration of English-speaking people from the south the French-Canadians had no fear of being swamped and gradually becoming anglicised. Had it not been for the Quebec Act, there is every reason to suppose that this would have happened. So the Quebec Act had an exactly opposite influence upon the loyalty of the people of Lower Canada in 1812, to that which it had exercised in 1775. It

thus happened that on this occasion, "when the United States offered French Canada liberation from the British yoke, welcoming her at the same time to their own arms, she answered with bullets." These are the words of Goldwin Smith, but we cannot agree with him in applying them to the invasion of '75 as well as that of 1812.

French-Canadians joined heart and soul of the United Empire Loyalists in their second and final, and this time successful, struggle against their old oppressors.

We must, however, remember that the best portion of the United States, where the English tradition still lingered, did not join in the war. It was the Kentuckians, who, as Goldwin Smith tells us, drank whisky from morning to night, and whose amusements were horse-racing, cock-fighting, betting and gambling, and who, when they fought, kicked, tore, bit and gouged, it was this vigorous class with Henry Clay at their head who so aroused the dormant hatred of the United States towards England that Madison, to secure re-election, had to declare war.

James Stark, the prominent Bostonian, whose book "The Loyalists of Massachusetts" has lately created such a sensation, thus sums up his chapter on the war of 1812: "And so the war of 1812 ended amid a general joy, not for what it had accomplished, for the American forces were defeated in their invasion of Canada, and the United States did not acquire one foot of additional territory, or the settlement of any of the questions which were the pretext for the war. Much that occurred during the war of 1812 has been conveniently forgotten by American historians, and much that had not occurred, remembered. The new generations were taught that in that war their fathers had won a great victory over the whole power of Great Britain, single and alone. This amusing belief is still cherished among the people of the United States to the



astonishment of all well-informed visitors who meet with evidence of the fact."

If there was nothing in the war of the Revolution to warrant the oft-repeated boast of French-Canadian loyalty to the Empire, the same is not true of the war of 1812.

The importance of a battle in its final results cannot be judged by the size of the armies and the world-renown of the commanders. The memory of Colonel de Salaberry and Chateauguay is one of the bonds which hold together the Empire in North America, and thus to this obscure bush skirmish may be attributed a greater influence than to the last great victory of Napoleon at Dresden in this same year, a century ago.

The question is often asked, "Are the French-Canadians loyal to the Empire to-day?" We answer, "Yes, but their loyalty is of a different kind from ours." Their loyalty is of the intellect; they believe in British institutions because they have prospered under them. We believe that the English form of Government is the best that has yet been devised, but

that is not the foundation of our loyalty. We are of English descent; our loyalty to the Empire is of the heart more than of the head; our blood tingles with a passionate rather than a reasoning attachment to the birthplace of our race, from which it has spread so widely.

Many generations must pass before Quebec is so strongly welded to the Empire that she will feel the same spontaneous loyalty as Scotland now feels to England and the Empire. The case of Scotland shows that for this end to be accomplished there is no need for the national individuality to disappear. The Scotsman's pride in Bannockburn does not interfere with his pride in Waterloo. And let us not turn upon our French-speaking fellow-countryman with angry words because he is not yet as British as we are; let us respect his patriotic passions even although they seem provincial to us. If his heart was not loyal, to his own Province, and to the honourable French tradition which still clings to it, then we might well despair of its ever becoming loyal to the Empire.



# YOU

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

ONLY a long, low-lying lane  
That follows to the misty sea,  
Across a bare and russet plain  
Where wild winds whistle vagrantly.  
I know that many a fairer path  
With lure of song and bloom may woo,  
But, oh, I love this lonely strath  
Because it is so full of *you!*

Here we have walked in elder years,  
And here your truest memories wait,  
*This* spot is sacred to your tears,  
*That* to your laughter dedicate.  
Here by this turn you gave to me  
A gem of thought that glitters yet,  
*This* tawny slope is graciously  
By a remembered smile beset.

Here once you lingered on an hour  
When stars were shining in the west  
To gather one pale scented flower  
And place it smiling on your breast;  
And since that eve its fragrance blows  
For me across the grasses sere,  
Far sweeter than the latest rose,  
That faded bloom of yesteryear.

For me the sky, the sea, the wold,  
Have beckoning visions wild and fair,  
The mystery of a tale untold,  
The grace of an unuttered prayer.  
Let others choose the fairer path  
That winds the dimpling valley through,  
I gladly seek this lonely strath  
Companioned by my dreams of you.



# THE COMEDY OF A DUCK POND

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW

SIR RICHARD WYNNE GARTH WYNNE was very popular as a Cabinet Minister, and he deserved his fame. To hear him speak was a long lesson in the greatness of our democracy. A nation that is never at all wearied by spates of words cannot fail to enjoy the blessings of eloquence. Sir Richard was always at ease in effervescent talk. Weak joists under his platform gave vigour to his policy of fluent paragraphs; and when great ideas happened to be thrown at him by a rival, he toyed with them jestingly, as if they were outworn jokes in a new comic opera. Even barmaids quoted from his wit and mirth in exchange for another glass, please, and not too much 'ead on it. Imagine, then, the consternation that unnerved his followers when Sir Richard, on the eve of a great political battle, became dangerously ill. Headlines moaned, and paper-boys got heavy with pence and ha'pence, as bulletin after bulletin announced the latest bad news from three doctors, not one of whom ever issued a minority report. Yes. The Liberals had lost their best man, and defeat at the polls seemed probable.

Even the Unionists were sympathetic; for although their beliefs and Sir Richard's were always at war, yet his beliefs like their own had served the people nobly, and this the Unionists admitted. But to be a national benefactor because you are ill is a perilous distinction, after all, and also less amusing than to be a national danger because your health is in excellent fighting trim.

Sir Richard himself was of this opinion, anyway, and he was glad to know that one political faction declined to treat him as a spent force. Illness neither cancelled nor condoned the ridicule which Sir Richard had noised abroad against those women who wanted to drop ballot papers into ballot boxes; as if they could not vote by proxy, after showing with more or less of tact that they could get whatever they desired to have from a gigantic hat to a free breakfast table. Suffragettes replied that Sir Richard spoke as a bachelor and therefore without training or experience. Loneliness at home was a very bad school for his type of mind. But they would help him by their opposition to learn a useful thing or two.

And they tried very hard. Indeed, Sir Richard owed his illness to a political stratagem by a bevy of suffragettes, who, forming line across a country road both fore and aft of his motor-car, near a pool called a duck-pond, gave him three abominable questions to answer without much reflection. Should he allow himself to be caught? Could he drive over his sweet enemies? Or might he not find safety in the duckpond? Sir Richard chose the duckpond, and it was deep enough to be chilling. The petrol went out with a horrid bang, and poor Sir Richard, when he waded to the roadside, wished that all political motor-cars could be guarded by wireless telegraphy. As to the result of this experience, it was pneumonia.

One persistent rumour said that the suffragettes got their idea from Lady

Emma Bocaster, but a great many persons declined to believe it, as Lady Emma was a pattern of charitableness. Did she not give her wealth to hospitals, and had she not turned from idle luxury to bear with courage the hardships of professional nursing? Not a party in the State could find fault with that; and when it became known that Lady Emma was day-nurse to Sir Richard, her name was welcomed ardently at election meetings. There were thunderclaps of applause.

So the Unionists became careworn; they feared Lady Emma whose popularity would influence voters; but as Sir Richard himself was mum, they did not dare complain, because his illness and his nurse were eloquent on his behalf. Instead, they told each other that Lady Emma's nursing was part of a suffragette plot, having for its aim the conversion of Sir Richard. Unionists, too, got some comfort from their knowledge that they had in stock many big cartoons of the motor-car adventure, ready to be published if better news came from the sickness. Ridicule would not be cruel then, and effective it could not fail to be. What greatness could look well in a duck-pond?

If that question kept the Unionists in hope, its effect on the Liberals was depressing. The duckpond in party strife was a new weapon of attack, and the only certain defense was Sir Richard's critical illness, which prevented his being advertised as the duck of free trade taking a bath.

"There'd be no end to the laughter," said Lady Emma to the doctors. "Thousands of lantern slides are prepared as well as the posters. What are we to do? Sir Richard is very much better, as you know, and——"

But the doctors shook their heads. A relapse might come at any time; and would they be justified in forgetting that danger? Lady Emma was somehow willing to run the risk, but no favourable bulletin ever had a chance of raising hopes or fears in any quarter. At the very moment when

Sir Richard was well enough to be exceedingly peevish, newspapers wrote about his condition with a feeling as of black-edged notepaper around their paragraphs. And Lady Emma was amused, above all when frequent reference was made to her "radiant presence by the stricken bedside." What fun! The patient's temper was then full of vigour; and it was not soothed when the Liberals won a good majority.

"Entirely without my help," he grumbled, in anger.

"Oh!" said Lady Emma. "Never before in the history of elections have doctors been so different or a patient and his nurse so influential."

Sir Richard knew what she hinted at, and he fumed over his recollections of the duckpond. Besides, though the doctors had been loyal to him, how could he think of their later bulletins without humiliation?

"Politics," said he to Lady Emma, "are seasoned with childish humbug, but there are limits. And I feel——"

"I understand," said Lady Emma. "But what else could the doctors have done? Would you have been pleased had they given you up to the Unionists? Imagine your pictorial tribulations as the ducks of free trade. Would it not have been cruel to lie here in bed, humbled by the inextinguishable laughter of crowds?"

Yet Lady Emma spoke in vain. Sir Richard grew more and more irritable. Even Lady Emma annoyed him, though she never lost patience, and her movements were as quiet as busy shadows are. The night-nurse won his respect, for she could rap out a rebuke, while the good day-nurse was the very genius of her profession under self-control, though Sir Richard endeavoured to make her angry. He wanted to prove that he was not obedient to her smiling presence and unchanging serenity. But when the convalescence had lasted three weeks without curing his ill-humour, Lady Emma changed her tactics.

"Sir Richard," said she, "report-

ers worry one for news, and don't you think the public would be entertained by your cheerful pluck and patience? There is a dignity in your kindness to me which ought to be known, because it will have the same effect on foes and friends."

The invalid winced, that threat startled his pride. Worried and annoyed, he shut his eyes and lay ill at ease in bed; his lips twitched, and his fingers played with the bed-quilt. Lady Emma glanced at him with pity, noting that his face against the pillow looked gray and shrunken. Poor man! To be a hero out of doors and in all parts of the country; to govern a million of voters by his spoken words, and yet be a foolish boy at heart all the while! There he lay, a popular hero, afraid lest his tantrums should become known outside his own home. The look of compassion in the bright face of Lady Emma grew sweeter and more adorable. Men could not help these contrasts between genius and folly, greatness and littleness. Sir Richard on a public platform, enfeebled as he was by suffering, would yet rise at once into his better self. While in bed, watched by his nurse, he plucked fretfully at the bed-quilt, kept his eyes closed, and did not know what an absurd figure he cut. Yet Lady Emma said:

"Nerves are the music of life, Sir Richard, the bad music and the good. I don't quarrel with either, since both are natural."

Then she took some embroidery from a small, round table and sat down near the left side of his bed. The embroidery was a silk banner; and for two or three minutes, while Lady Emma worked, the bed-quilt rustled. But when Sir Richard glanced through his eyeglasses at his companion, his face softened fleetingly.

After a while Lady Emma looked up, and fixing her eyes on the moving bed-quilt, murmured:

"If I were your wife——"

There was no need to say more than that, for an inflexion implied quite

clearly that "mother" would be a better word than "wife," because mothers have privileges in punishments. No wonder Sir Richard was greatly astonished; he repeated the word "wife," but the awe in his voice soon died in self-pity.

"Your discipline is horrible enough already," he grumbled, his eyes unopened. And nothing more was said or done till Lady Emma leaned forward and put her right hand with kind authority over his.

"I want you to be quiet," she said in mild tones. "I'm rather fond of bad boys, but not of sick politicians. Can't you let me be proud of you?"

But Sir Richard was not in a mood to give way; he moved peevishly, raising his knees in order to free himself from the pressure of Lady Emma's hand.

"If you know how provoking quietness becomes," he declared hotly, you'd make some noise now and then. There's no rustle in your dress even. Why don't you wear silk? Then I could listen to the music of it when you walk from table to table gathering medicines."

He paused, and Lady Emma got up from her chair and put the banner on the bed. This done, she pressed down his knees.

"Doctor's orders," she explained, must lie flat, Sir Richard. Frequent attacks of cramp are bad for you, so remember your circulation."

"No I won't!" cried Sir Richard. "Why should I bother about my circulation? Am I a magazine or a newspaper? Doctors are bullies, and so are nurses! Patients either die or pay huge bills, and when they rebel against—against—against—"

"Hush! Don't be fretful, Sir Richard, please."

"Hush indeed! I'm sick of hush. If you had my feeling for hush, you'd stop that infernal clock on the mantelpiece. Why don't you?"

It is odd, but Lady Emma smiled over this petulant rebuke, and rippled into soft laughter as she obeyed.

"The tick is somewhat too loud," said she; "it might prevent me from hearing all your words."

At this moment someone knocked at the door.

"The door now—the confounded door," Sir Richard muttered. "Am I ever to be quiet? A railway station would be better as a sick-room, less tantalising! And you never seem to remember that, noise or no noise, there are moments when I want something to eat."

Lady Emma had gone to the door and taken from a servant a little round silver tray.

"Not quite true, Sir Richard," she answered gently, "for your beef tea is here."

"My what?" he cried in anger, as he started up into a sitting posture. "I want beef steak, not beef tea. I want something with strength in it."

But Lady Emma, smiling, put the tray before him. Sir Richard pushed it aside with shaking hands.

"Take care," whispered nurse. "That cup is very valuable. It is old Dresden."

Instantly the manner of Sir Richard changed, becoming less irritable.

"Old Dresden?" he repeated. "Are you quite sure? Was this beautiful cup made in Germany?"

"Of course. Look at the design."

"And I didn't know it," Sir Richard went on in wonder. Ah! there's a liberal education in foreign imports free. This I have said all my life, and here—here's proof. What a charming cup!"

"Very charming," Lady Emma agreed; and she caressed the cup with her fingers. "The feel of it is delightful, Sir Richard; and what a debt of gratitude we owe to the German hands that gave us this great pleasure. Could any British hands do work like this?"

Smilingly she handed him the tray, and Sir Richard took it with gracious thanks.

"Well," said he, "I've nothing to say against British hands, of course, since their great privilege is to tri-

umph as masters of cheapness. To be cheap to-day is to win votes and buyers. Fools clap on tariffs in order that they may think in dollars, while wisdom adores free trade in order that it may meditate in pence and shillings. England garners the fruits of the world—and sells them cheap in her own incomparable sanity."

"So you'll take your beef tea at once, won't you," said Lady Emma. "American meat, you know, prairie fed."

"I'll take it at a gulp," Sir Richard answered, but with mild enthusiasm, which disappeared with the beef tea.

Lady Emma noticed this, and said:

"Is it possible that we always take free imports at a gulp?" Then, laughing, she took the tray. "Are we gourmands in this matter, not gourments?" she said.

Sir Richard blinked over that, quite amazed. Was Lady Emma secretly in favour of tariff reform, here is his bedroom. He asked her with tremendous irritation, but she answered that her opinion would not count either way since she had no vote.

"Will women ever be useful enough to deserve a vote," she pleaded, while unwrapping a new bottle of medicines. Sir Richard lay down, and turned over on his left shoulder.

"I've nothing to say against women," he admitted, "but——"

"To be really useful to the State is a glorious thing," continued Lady Emma. "I should like to save your life, for instance."

"You were worth the three doctors put together," Sir Richard answered, and he looked at her over the sheet, and nodded his thanks. "Yes, you saved my life."

"Yet I don't deserve to vote for you, of course?" Lady Emma hinted. "My intelligence is still immatured, politically." So she sighed and appeared to invite sympathy from her patient, who, somehow, looked at her with suspicion.

"Keep to the point," he said at

last. "Women are out of place in the hurly, burly of elections."

"As canvassers? Is canvassing less intelligent than voting?"

Sir Richard moaned. Then he ruffled his hair with his hands. He felt powerless. How could he hope that a woman would ever learn to argue fairly? At last he sat up in bed and gazed with pity at Lady Emma.

"It's unkind to tease you with politics," he observed. "We'll talk about something else. There's a horrid draught in this room, a cutting east wind; could you get rid of it by any means?"

"Yes," she answered. "Lie down, and cover yourself up, while I—I'll put the Japanese screen between you and the window." And Lady Emma rose, fixed the screen, and returned to her place.

"Is that thing really Japanese?" Sir Richard asked, eyeing the screen with eager attention. "I never thought of its nationality before."

"Oh, yes, it's Japanese," said Lady Emma.

"Then it stands in the right place," Sir Richard answered, "for the Japanese will keep from us many a wind from the east, I hope." Over this joke he laughed, till Lady Emma observed:

"Will wages in Japan rise to our British level? I'm curious, Sir Richard, because the Japanese intend to send us something more industrial than screens, they wish to rival us in our own domains of cheapness. What then?"

Sir Richard did not answer. For some reason or other he stared at the embroidery in Lady Emma's hands, and looked startled.

"What's that?" he asked. "It seems to be a banner, and I seem to know those colours. Yes, I *do* know them. Those are suffragette colours—every one of them!"

"But surely they are sweet," said Lady Emma quietly.

"Sweet? They set my teeth on

edge"; and Sir Richard became so alarmed that his companion grew uneasy, and said she hoped he would never again talk politics in his sick-room.

"It isn't kind to me, Sir Richard. You tempt me to forget my duty as your nurse; then you give way to excitement."

"What?" cried the invalid. "I tempt you to talk politics? Women are all alike! They have the worst word first, and the last word lasts a fiendish time, yet they put all the blame on men, so as to get excuse for a new battle. You torment me, Lady Emma; you put me in a fever. And I won't have a suffragette in my bedroom!"

"Then I'd telephone at once for a new nurse," she answered, and ringing, she went to the door. An instant later she was gone.

A look of blank dismay came into Sir Richard's face. Bewildered, he wondered what in the world had happened. Such a sudden quarrel left no time for reflection, and he scarcely knew how to act. After gazing at the door for a full minute, he called to his nurse; listened eagerly for an answer, but none came. Then it occurred to him that Lady Emma was not in earnest, that she wanted to punish him just a little, and that perhaps she stood outside the door, waiting and smiling. Happy thought! Sir Richard laughed over it and rubbed his hands. And now at last, obedient to another idea, he got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, which lay on a chair near by, and then he walked unsteadily to the door.

There Sir Richard paused, his mind teased by three things. Was Lady Emma just outside? Was it possible to feel weaker than he felt in his legs? And why did his heart beat so rapidly?

It was not possible to answer these questions, because Sir Richard, on a sudden, became dizzy and quite faint. With difficulty he reached the foot of his bed and sat down, feeble and dis-

consolate. His eyes never moved from the door, and he sighed again and again. For the wide world seemed to have its bane in a single suffragette.

Sir Richard never knew how long he sat there in tribulation, but presently the door opened and Lady Emma entered, ready for the sadness of farewell. In her outdoor things she looked fascinating, inimitably bright and fair and adorable.

For a moment they gazed at each other. Then, sighing heavily, Sir Richard said:

"How beautiful you are—now that you're going away."

His voice was very feeble, and in his weakness he held out his hand, like a sick boy, pleading. Lady Emma took it gently, and, after putting her right arm around his shoulders, said:

"What dreadful disobedience! Did I tell you that you might get up? What will the new nurse say to me?"

Sir Richard knew not what to answer; but to be in bed again was to feel stronger, and with pluck he acknowledged his defeat.

"Oh, there's no need to apologise," said Lady Emma. "To be nursed by a suffragette was painful to you, of course, but we are friends again. In half-an-hour I shall be gone, so there's no time for another quarrel. But, after all, you've not been very miser-

able here, perhaps, in this room, which is a veritable museum of free trade. Scarcely a thing is British. Why, you are snug again in your Dutch bed, which was made in the seventeenth century; the Swiss clock is silent; if I stamped on this Turkey carpet you would hear no noise; and——"

"I'm—I'm miserable," Sir Richard interrupted. "Everything has changed. Politics now seem to me a harlequinade of humbug, a farce of ignoble vote-catching; even that duck-pond no longer annoys me, because—because—it was a just punishment.

When did I ever tell a straight, whole truth in any speech? Was I not always afraid of becoming unpopular?"

"But this will never do!" cried Lady Emma. "It is horrible. What you need is a little sleep."

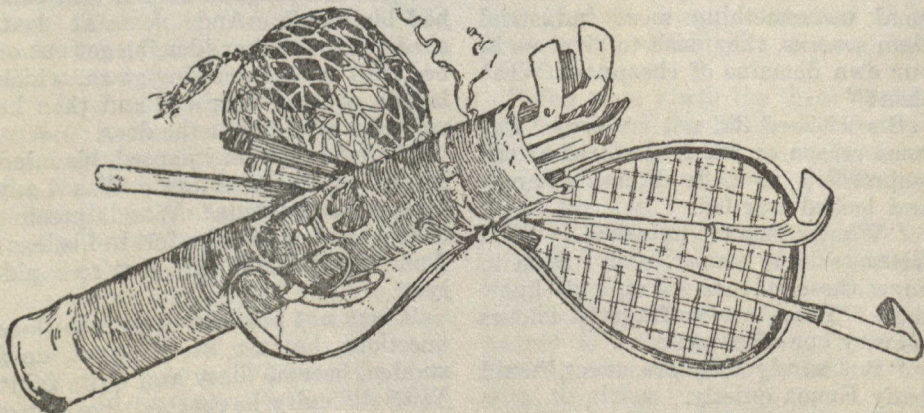
And she bent towards him and smoothed his pillow.

It was then that their eyes met fairly, and when Lady Emma turned away her cheeks were flushed and her eyes very tender.

"It is better that I should go," she murmured, moving softly to the door.

"But I shall soon be well now," he answered, laughing. "Oh! What fools men are until they fall in love!"

The door closed on that conviction, but Sir Richard went on smiling.





# A VIGNETTE IN CANADIAN LITERATURE

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

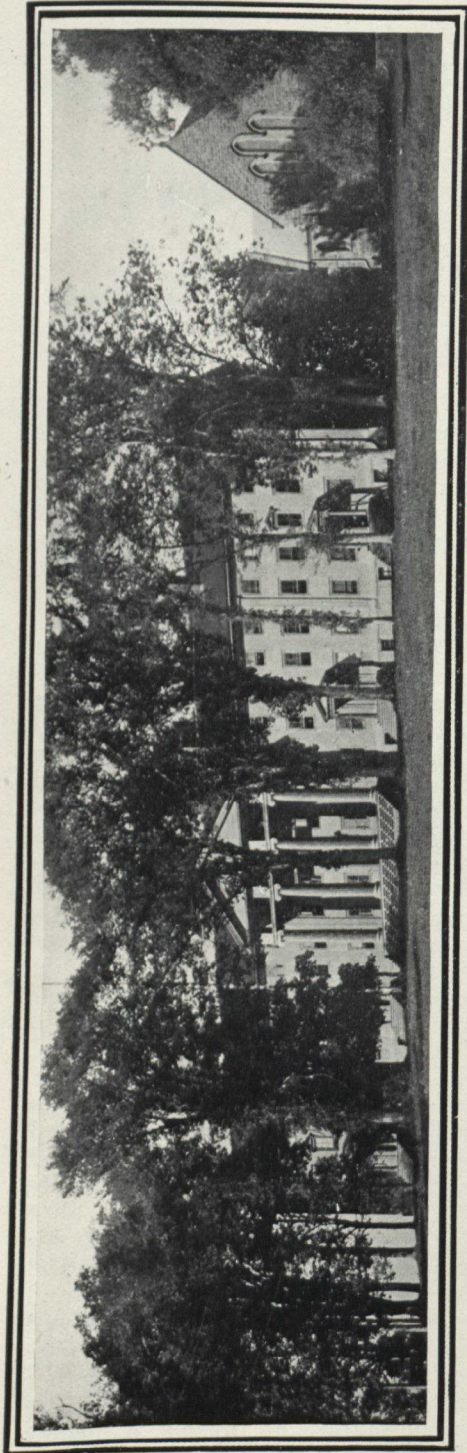
THE old college crowns a gentle incline of green meadows. Its quaint demi-semi-Greek facade of wood peeps out behind a stately row of ancient trees. Behind it lies a rough campus edged by the road which several professorial houses severely eye. Then the campus comes to an abrupt Euclid-like end and the road vanishes in thick boskage. We have come to a wood, and on the campus side within the verge of the sweet spruce you may catch sight of a solitary house-top.

You open a wicket-gate in the centre of the wire fence, and a wooden path lies before you to the whilom home of the one-time Professor of English Literature at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

In the early nineties of the last century he was a medium-sized man of about five feet, nine inches; his blonde beard and brown goggled eyes gave him the appearance of a Northern Frenchman, a Breton, which the rapt myoptic vision of one who sees visions accentuated. Yet he was evidently muscular, an athlete who could wield paddle or turn lightly on the horizontal bar. The easy swagger with which he carried himself was of one accustomed to the difficult ways of the woods and wilds. His clothing was home-spun or Norfolk knickers with a velvet coat. It was here he lived for more than ten years, and it was here his friends came to see him. These last became

numerous as his fame traversed the land. Douglas Sladen, the Australian writer, coming from the Antipodes, stayed hard by in the little town all one summer holding converse with him. Others came; but, for two, above all, the welcome was never too warm.

The first was a cousin, a tall fellow running over six feet, well proportioned, yet with such great long legs that one only remembered them and a diminutive cap and coat. He had a great mop of blonde hair that flopped backward and forward above his regular-featured face. His lips guarded a perpetual pipe and seldom opened to do aught but blow a cloud of fragrant blue smoke or chant in a deep monotone a verse. A chair was his throne wherein he could lay fully outstretched in the lazy content of one who never exerted himself at all. The second visitor on the other hand was all vivacity, eager restlessness, staccato passion that never knew a rest. He had the long olive tinted swarthy features of the Southerner with the dancing dark liquid eyes. He was Bohemian in every rag that clad him from his limp bow to his smudgy white trousers. He swore and raged as sudden as a lake squall and calmed as quickly. When life flowed placidly he played poker. Both were poets who had come to visit another poet. And when they came there was a fanfare of dreams, a medley of delights, a world of art that Nova



THE UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

Scotian backwoods have never seen again.

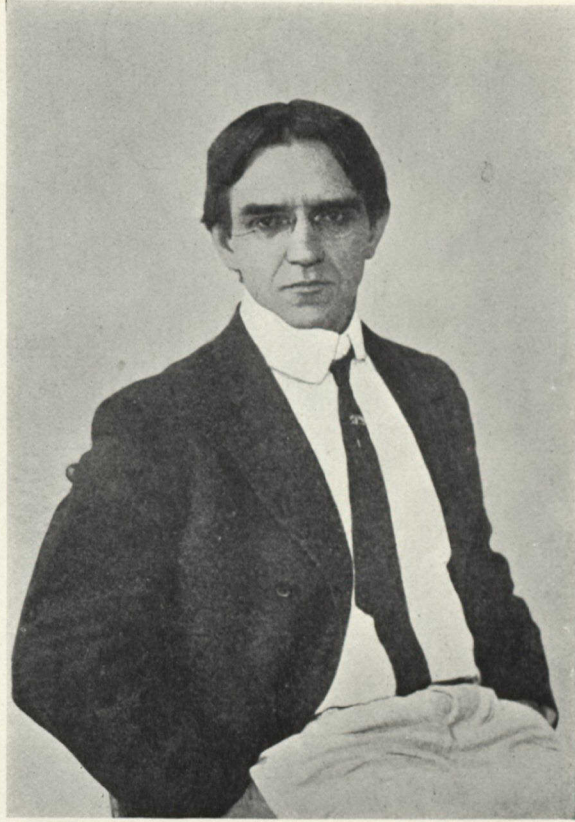
The professor was the man we know as Charles G. D. Roberts, novelist and poet, the man whose influence made literature possible in Canada; while his friends were in order of introduction Bliss Carman the poet and Richard Hovey the actor and poet.

When the history of Canadian literature comes to be written, it will be round this old college in those as yet not very distant days that the historian will place the best work of Roberts and Carman. Here in the land of Evangeline Roberts wrote his best poems and tales and raised our native literature by his influence on his contemporaries to a technical pitch that earned it recognition. Previously home grown poets and novelists, to say the kindest words, were uncouth and impossible. Haliburton, who years before had also lived at Windsor, Nova Scotia, gained, it is true, a world-wide fame with his immortal "Sam Slick." But he is the exception that proves the rule.

It was in the same sleepy, old-fashioned world that Roberts wandered, seeing the past ever before him, finding a new inspiration from an old fount of song. And his love for this land permeates all his best work. One has only to see that by reading what he once wrote in a little guide book of the "Fairy valley of the Gaspereau":

"The picture is an exquisite pastoral. Among such deep fields, such billowy groves, and such embosomed farmsteads might Theocritus have wrought his idylls to the hum of heavy bees. Along the bottom of the sun-brimmed vale sparkles the river between its banks of wild rose and convolvulus, and here and there a clump of gray-green willows, here and there a red and white bridge. As it nears its mouth the Gaspereau changes its aspects. Its complexion of clear amber grows yellow and opaque as it mixes with the uprushing tides of Minas, and its widened channel winds through a riband of diked marshes.

"It lies among park-like meadows and rounded hills; and on the southern slopes of one of these hills stands the gray col-



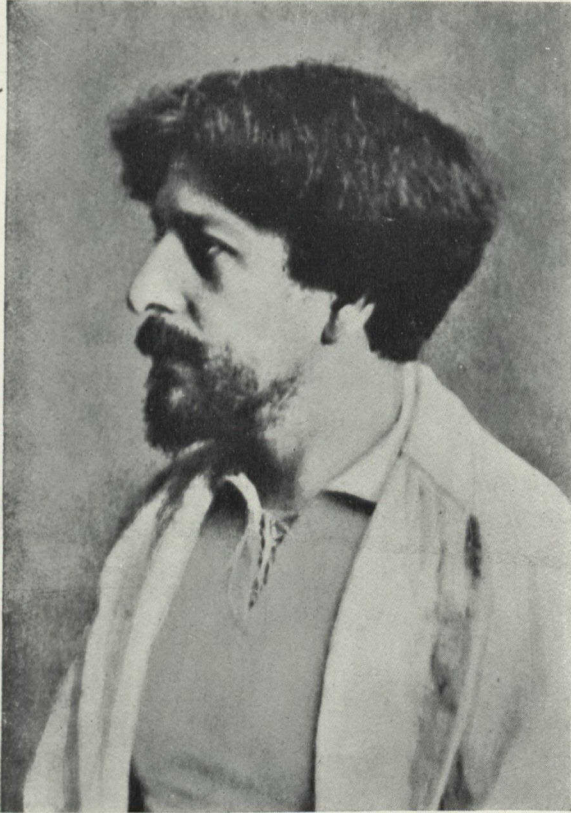
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

lege building, behind an avenue of noble elms. . . . The grounds of the college, College Woods, are a labyrinth of groves, deep ponds, and curious glens."

Surely here is a man following the advice of the immortal Sir Philip Sydney to poets, that is looking in his heart and writing of what he found dear there. Memories, indeed, of Roberts himself and his friends are so intimately associated with these woods that to their own beauty is added the lustre of having shadowed our only truly national poet. Haliburton as a student wandered through them and Roberts's own home lies within their shadow. Indeed it is possible that Roberts's story weaving imagination lent them yet another charm in the two romances

of the "Three Elms" and "The Devil's Punch Bowl." The latter should at least be chronicled.

The neighbourhood is full of those round bowl-like hollows in the earth's surface, due, it is said, to the presence of quantities of gypsum being washed out by the rain. The one called the Devil's Punch Bowl is directly opposite the poet's old home. In the days of the French régime, when a French garrison was stationed at Windsor to awe the turbulent Micmacs, a certain young French officer was renowned for his punch brewing. He also loved in vain a fair Micmac maid. Fate, however, summoned him to Quebec. His failure in love's cause excited great merriment, and his comrades on



RICHARD HOVEY

the day prior to his departure so pricked his pride that he vowed he would win the maid there and then or brew punch that night in the world of his Satanic Majesty. Forthwith he adjourned to the neighbouring Indian camp and abducted his charmer. Her brave, however, pursued them and when his comrades came seeking him on the morrow, they found two scalped bodies in the pool. Thus when they recognised their friend they named it the Devil's Punch Bowl.

Roberts came to Nova Scotia as Professor of English Literature at King's College in 1885. He had previously edited the late Goldwin Smith's newspaper *The Week* in Toronto, where he published Lampman's first poems. He had also al-

ready issued his first volume of rather boyish verse. It was, however, from Windsor that he published his second and what I believe will be ultimately considered his best poetic volume—"In Divers Tones." Among his other output from here is his Shelley centenary ode "Ave," his historical novel "The Forge in the Forest," also two guide books, and a history of Canada, while "A Sister to Evangeline" was also written here.

He had leisure at Windsor such as he never has had since. It was not a question of keeping the pot boiling. He wrote well, for he had time and ease. His best work, when all is said and done, will be found to be that which he wrote at Windsor. And the same statement holds good of Carman, who, since he has left Canada,

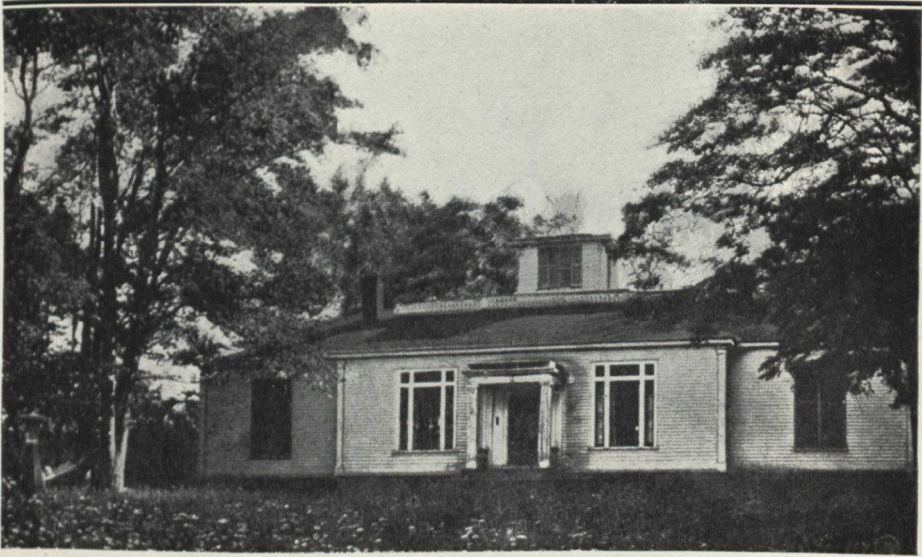


BLISS CARMAN

has written perhaps too much. Particularly in those days of youth at Windsor when visiting his cousin did he possess himself of the muses. He has never surpassed "Low Tide at Grand Pré." The land of Evangeline kindled him to his purest melody. The College Woods at Windsor gave him the bravery of true poetry with which he wrote his contributions to "Songs from Vagabondia" planned and written with Richard Hovey. In the College Woods he no doubt pruned and lopped those fascinatingly musical stanzas of "The Wraith of the Red Swan."

It was in the College Woods the fiery genius of the late Richard

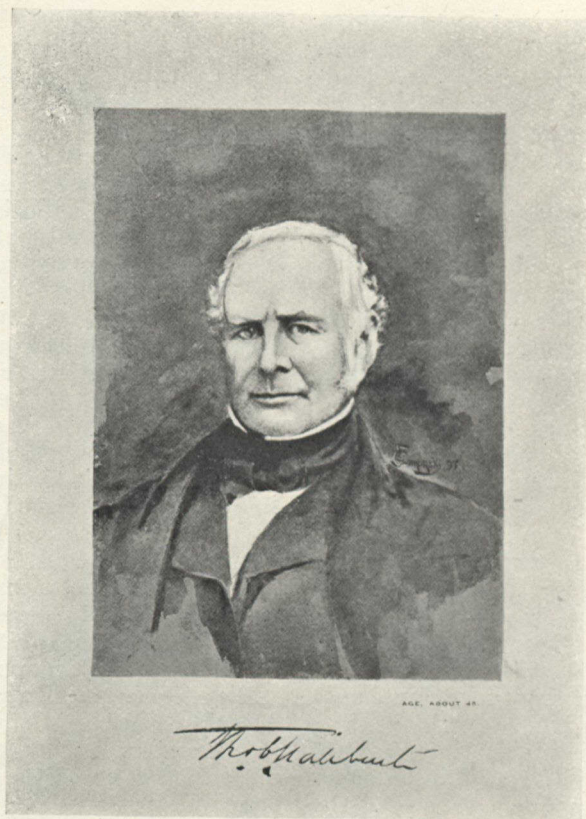
Hovey camped all one summer in a cavan with his strange wife. It was from here in winter the Windsor "Arctic Club" founded by Roberts as a snow-shoeing fraternity debouched on to the white crystalline land. It was here in Indian summer the cousin poets planned and sketched poems and tales to be, discussed the intricate questions of art, of its form colour and message being one. It was here of an evening they watched the dance of a myriad fireflies while the blue smoke of the pipe of peace puffed its fragrance, and choirs of green frogs made the dying day's hour tremulous with their incantation. When the night breeze stirred



THE "SAM SLICK" RESIDENCE, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA



THE ROBERTS RESIDENCE, FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK



HALIBURTON (SAM SLICK)

the college firs it called to Roberts's mind "the wash of endless waves." Or on some winter day, as he stood on the wood's edge, he may have noted that,

Out of the frost-white wood comes win-  
nowing through  
No wing, no homely call or cry is  
heard,  
Even the hope of life seems far de-  
ferred,  
The hard hills ache beneath their spec-  
tral hue.

There had been no such works as these of Roberts and Carman before in Canadian literature. We had only had poetry of the mistaken grunt and spasm order which when it did not succeed in being involuntarily humorous kept a dull level of flatulent futility. But Roberts at Windsor

changed all that. He taught Canada literary technique; he saved us in so doing from provincialism. It is true he sang nothing that has Canada for its sole home, that has a cachet indigenous; but, at any rate, he had "art" and none had had that before him. So he made the more poetic nature of Carman so long as it was purely under his influence express itself in the purest notes of song. So he made every student at King's College a would-be poet scribbling ballades and sonnets. His true attitude to Canadian literature is patent when we remember that it was at Windsor he instructed Sophie Almon the poetess in verse technique.

Indeed Canada owes a debt to the whole Roberts family which it can never repay. They gave us the gift

of artistic song. And Roberts himself, their literary chieftain, seems to have had the true quality of leadership that is the faculty of inspiring others. In Windsor at this time, for instance, there was a village school-master. His name was Hall, and he too blossomed out into a volume of curious verses that I came across in a little deckle edged volume some three or four years ago. As far as I remember it had a strange fondness for Wagner's heroines and the flower known as a "nightshade." Roberts, in fact, acted as a kind of Pied Piper of Canada to the horrified decorousness of amazed Windsor. Even in big European cities poets and artists occasion hand-raisings and prayers. In Windsor they occasioned a consternation almost volcanic. A professor who is a poet is not likely to follow academic plumb and line, and Roberts we may no doubt feel sure was only too glad when the hour was over for expatiating on Chaucer or Milton to a crowd of uncomprehending dunderheads and he could retire to the house in the wood.

Of course he and those with him had a hard struggle. Life demands of every artist a hard fight for existence; it is civilisation's primitive way of testing art. Paris let Millet and Corot and a thousand others want; London has to answer for numberless sins. It is, in fact, the way of the world, and the artist, as Shelley said, learns in sorrow the secrets of life, unravels the skeins of romance's looms. Roberts himself, for instance, wrote in "The Poet Bidden to Manhattan Island," long before he actually left Canada:

You've piped at home, where none could  
 pay,  
 Till now, I trust, your wits are riper—  
 Make no delay, but come this way,  
 And pipe for them that pay the piper.

Again like a thousand others he suffered at editorial hands; perhaps, however, our sufferings in this quarter are not without justification. We writers are too prone to think we have climbed Parnassus and drunk of the Pierian spring. Roberts once related a humorous incident of this vanity. He wrote a ballade on the small band of Frenchmen who under Daulac drove off an overwhelming force of Iroquois descending the Ottawa to attack the infant town of Montreal and perished to a man in the conflict. The verses have a refrain in the ballade style running: "For we shall not return." An unenlightened and possibly unpoetic editor declined them with the remark: "But these must return."

But Roberts, Carman and the American Richard Hovey were sure of themselves. They knew they had the gift that no editor could make or mar. They were out, to put it vulgarly, for literature, pure and simple. Unlike their contemporaries the Ontario group of Duncan Scott, Campbell, and Lampman, who migrated into the Civil Service at Ottawa, they remained true to their calling. In fact the poets of the Maritime Provinces were artists of a higher order in that they could and would live by nothing else but their art. So they followed their stars, and like Sir Gilbert Parker, Grant Allan, and Arthur Stringer they left Canada wrapt in its childish commercialism to go where the crowd paid the piper.





# A SEND-OFF FOR GEORGIE

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

MR. GOSSELIN was cowed. Toronto was not the Toronto he knew when he was a grocer's clerk there in his youth. And the *King Edward Hotel* seemed actually to frown down upon him as he put his foot upon its threshold. He felt like a mouse walking between the fore-paws of a lion. Also he found himself counting up the exact number of dollars he had in his slender wad, and the small change that jingled in his left-hand trousers pocket.

He realised with inward misgiving that there was no turning back for him. One of the great moments of his life had arrived. He had to show a trusting wife and an innocent son that when he talked back there in his little country store about what a devil of a city man he used to be he knew what he was talking about.

As he held open one of the great doors of the hotel he ushered his wife and son in with a sidelong toss of his head that was infinitely expressive of austere dignity and admirable non-chalence.

"Stay there while I make arrangements," he said, pointing out a spot on the floor just inside the entrance.

Wife and son, like a couple of frightened chickens, huddled up together on the said spot, and a pompous little figure that struck a new awe into the hearts of his kindred marched with seeming boldness into the thronged rotunda.

The next few moments have ever since been an almost total blank in Mr. Gosselin's mind. All the recollection he has of them is a confused

remembrance of thousands of people looking at him; hundreds of black-coated gentlemen who said "sir" when they spoke to him; an attempt to talk on his part that only ended in stuttering; and an uncomfortable feeling that he had become as red as a turkey-cock.

He feels certain that he must have given his orders in no uncertain way, however, for presently he found himself exactly where he wanted to be, and that was sitting in the dining-room, with his son on one side of him, and his wife on the other.

His self-confidence returned before his kindred could have even guessed how flurried he had been. He gazed benevolently at his son and felt that he was giving him a fitting introduction to the great world. In a couple of hours the boy was to take the train for Winnipeg to enter upon railroading on the Grand Trunk Pacific. This little dinner at the fine hotel was a surprise his father had long been planning for his send-off.

"And above all, sonny," he said, taking up again the thread of his interminable advice, "Above all, don't forget....."

A waiter placed on the dazzling silver beside his plate a card bearing many strange inscriptions.

"What can I get for you, sir?" he said.

Mr. Gosselin scratched his head and stared at the menu.

"Now let me see," he began. "Ah—get a—get a—"

"Hors d'oeuvre, sir?" suggested

the waiter, writing upon his order sheet.

"Yes, some hard—some hard, yes, that's it," said Mr. Gosselin, with a sigh of relief.

But the waiter had only just begun.

"Oysters?" he continued, and again a look of confusion and perplexity came over the features of Mr. Gosselin.

"Say oysters," murmured the businesslike waiter, writing on his pad. "Soup? Consommé? . . . Good. . . . Fish? . . . Just got some sword-fish in from Cape Breton. Great delicacy. . . . Say sword-fish. . . . Meat? . . . Roast sirloin au juice? Saddle of mutton? . . . Mutton, exactly. . . . And afterwards? . . . Duck and green peas? . . . Say duck and green peas. . . . And a salad, sir? . . . Salad. . . . Coffee and ice cream? . . . Exactly, exactly!"

And to Mr. Gosselin's relief the waiter left him, without requiring a single answer from him. Wife and son were looking at Mr. Gosselin with some misgiving, but he waved a deprecating hand.

"Now, that's all right—no fuss at all, you see!"

"But gracious goodness, that man will go and bring us all the lot! You didn't tell him which we'd have," said Mr. Gosselin's spouse.

Mr. Gosselin looked pained and grieved.

"I gave him to understand," he said severely. "You must understand, madam, that you are now in a city! This is where behaviour counts, madam! Now George there sees that I managed the whole thing without fuss. It's all a matter of knowing how to handle these fellows, sonny—all a matter of knowing how. And now, my lad, don't forget that the first duty of a good citizen—"

"Is to be a good workman," interrupted George with a view to diverting the fiftieth repetition of the pat-

ernal advice, advice given freely.

"—And that the first duty of a good workman—"

"Is to be a good citizen," pursued the hope of the family.

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Gosselin.

"That is to say, it is in a way. But first of all it is necessary to have the right principles. If you are right yourself your work will be right—you understand. Then, sonny, be methodical. Be careful how you spend your time. Plan what you are going to do. Never go to bed without knowing exactly what you are going to do the next day—"

"That won't be difficult," interposed George. "Get up. Have breakfast. Go to work. Have lunch. Go to work. Have supper. Go to bed."

"Now, Georgie, dear," pleaded Mrs. Gosselin. "Don't make fun. You know, your father always told you—"

"The next day," broke in Mr. Gosselin. "The next day. . . . I've lost the thread of my argument.

. . . No, I've got it. And above all, sonny, keep your eye on your pocket. When I say your pocket, I mean the money in your pocket. Be careful and economical. Money's the bed rock of every darn thing there is on earth or in heaven—no, not in heaven, but on earth. Be careful in everything where money is concerned. I've heard it said that the great Sir William Van Horne himself—"

But George's attention was wandering. His glance was fixed on something behind his mother's back.

"Georgie, dear!" broke in Mrs. Gosselin. "Listen to your father. What is it you keep looking at so much?"

"I'm looking at the hat that young woman at the table behind you is wearing, mother. If you look in the glass there, you can see it without turning round."

Mrs. Goselin was on the defensive at once. "What young woman?" she

said, looking about for the glass. "Oh, yes, I see—Land's sake! What next, I wonder, in a respectable hotel! George, turn your eyes away! There's more serious things for you to be thinking of now than young women wearing hats like that—especially when your father is explaining to you, perhaps for the last time he will ever see you, the duties of a good citizen. You were saying, daddy, that above all things——"

"Above all things," continued Mr. Gosselin, his own attention covertly wandering to the lady's hat, "be careful of your money. The great Sir William Van Horne kept the most exact accounts of everything. Remember that he was once simply a chore-boy on a farm, and it is said that when he started out, just as you are doing, to take up railway work in the West——"

Mrs. Gosselin leaned over towards him. "Here is the waiter with the duck and green peas!" she whispered.

"Gol darn it!" exclaimed Mr. Gosselin.

"I beg pardon, sir?" queried the waiter.

"It's all right," replied Mr. Gosselin. Then he looked with severity at this last dish that the waiter had laid before him.

"Is this what you Toronto people call a duck?" he asked, pointing the finger of scorn at it. "I should call that—oh, well, never mind. As I was saying, when Sir William——"

"Father, its already nine o'clock!" said George.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mr. Gosselin, with a leg of the duck halted in mid-air on his fork. "Then there's no time to lose. Let me see. I was talking about money. Now take my advice——"

But Mrs. Gosselin broke in.

"Don't forget, Georgie," she said, "to put on your flannel undershirt, and your heavy pants, and worsted stockings the first day in November."

"Pass me the bananas, father," said George, with a view to preventing Mrs. Gosselin's intimate advice from reaching as far as the big hat behind his mother.

"Write your expenses in a little duck—I mean a little book," pursued his father, as he passed the fruit.

"Put on a clean shirt," proceeded Mrs. Gosselin, "every Sunday morning, mind George, and don't forget to have your bath first."

"Waiter, bring the bill," called Mr. Gosselin, in his best city manner.

"And don't forget to clean your teeth——"

"All right, mother dear, all right," said George indulgently.

"Receipts on the left-hand page, you know," said Mr. Gosselin, pursuing his own line of advice, "and expenses on the right."

"All right, father. Just a little more wine, mother, please."

"And write home every Sunday, mind, George," said Mrs. Gosselin, as with some misgiving she poured another half glass of wine.

"One day," continued Mr. Gosselin, "when the great Sir William Van Horne——"

But Mrs. Gosselin was not to be put off, the motherly soul. "And don't forget," she said, "to have your hair cut the first of every month. You know how you let it go if I don't keep on."

"——Found in his expense account," continued Mr. Gosselin, "an item for a hundred dollars that he could not explain——"

Mr. Gosselin had not noticed the approach of the waiter, and he started when that personage remarked—"Your bill, sir!"

Mr. Gosselin looked at it, but did not attempt to take it off the silver tray.

"Sacred Jehosophat!" he exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Sacred Jehosophat, I said!"

roared Mr. Gosselin. "Take me for a millionaire, or what?" Suddenly his voice dropped. "You needn't wait," he remarked, semi-confidentially.

"What's the matter, daddy?" asked Mrs. Gosselin, as soon as the waiter was out of earshot.

"Look at the bill!"

One glance scared Mrs. Gosselin. "Oh, my gracious!" she exclaimed.

"Let's see," said George, taking it. "Phew!"

"It's shameful! It's infamous!" declared Mr. Gosselin. "And I haven't enough money on me to pay for it. Do you happen to have any on you, mother?"

"How do you think I can have any money?" asked Mrs. Gosselin, indignantly. "'Tis barely enough to keep house with that you ever give me."

"Jehosophat! Jehosophat!" exclaimed Mr. Gosselin, "Wonder what I'd betted do? Leave 'em my watch? No, they wouldn't take it in a hotel like this. I'll be gol darned if I know. . . ."

"It's all right, father," said George. "Take this ten-dollar bill that Uncle John gave me."

"No, no, George! No, no!"

"Yes, yes, father, I insist!"

"George, George!" expostulated Mrs. Gosselin. "When your father says no—"

But Mr. Gosselin had changed his mind. "It's all right, mother," he said. "Thank you, sonny. I'll send the ten dollars on to you by mail. Now wait here a minute. I'll go and pay this."

"Listen, George," said Mrs. Gosselin, as soon as her husband had left the table. "Take this ten-dollar bill—"

"Ten-dollar bill, mother! But you said—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Mrs. Gosselin, "But take it. I've got more than that saved up. Just being careful, you know, and looking after the discounts, and selling the eggs from the poultry. But I don't

want your father to know. There'd be no end of the explanations he'd want. He's such a man, you know, for making so much fuss about nothing, and putting everything down in books and checking it up. There, take it! And do be careful, my boy. Don't take any notice of those—of the—the big hats the young women wear."

"Don't worry about me, little mother," said George, taking up her hand and furtively kissing it.

Mr. Gosselin returned with all his good humour revived. "I've straightened it out, all right," he said. "And now let's be going. You go on in front there, mother. George, where did I put my umbrella? Ah, there it is!"

As he bent to pick it up he whispered in George's ear, "Not so fast, George! Listen! Take this ten-dollar bill."

"But, father, you said—" whispered George.

"I know, I know! Take it! I make a little extra, you know, for pocket money. I save, don't you see, on—on different things. And when I win a little at cards—though, mind you, I've always lost more than ever I've gained. Let me see, what was I saying? Oh, yes. Take your ten-dollar bill, George. And don't let your mother know, or else she'd want no end of explanations. You know she makes a fuss about nothing."

"Don't worry about me, father!" replied George, squeezing his hand.

They caught up with Mrs. Gosselin at the door.

Mr. Gosselin was speaking in a loud tone, which his wife couldn't possibly help hearing, as the little party left the hotel. And this is what he was saying:

"I'll mail that ten dollars on to you first thing, sonny. And don't forget to enter it up in your little book in the column headed 'receipts.' You can't be too careful. It is said that the great Sir William Van Horne—"

# WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

BY K. L. CAMPBELL

THE man on the beach got up and looked round. The view was not inspiring, especially to hopeless eyes that had scanned it many a time. Australia of the bush, of the stock-run, of the gold field, has elements of the picturesque at least, but here in this desolate and God-forsaken north-west of Westralia there is little to admire. The curving beach ran miles on either side, lapped by the oily ripples of the luke warm Indian ocean. A few hundred yards off lay the so-called "port of Kerribri," consisting of a few galvanised iron buildings huddled together and shimmering white in the afternoon sun. Behind the town rolling wastes of sand and spinifex; silhouetted on the sky line a string of camels taking stores out to the Coolta gold fields ninety miles inland, or perhaps farther to the huge cattle runs, where a couple of white managers hold despotic sway over a crew of black and half-caste stockmen.

Kerribri is not a lively place. Like other roadsteads in the N.W., it is what is known as a "distributing centre." That is to say for months on end, its inhabitants, mostly Chinese, doze peacefully. Then the Pearling Fleet comes in from the Arafura, or the Cattlemen bring down a mob for shipment, or a consignment of gold arrives. Then the town is painted a vivid scarlet, and the two or three mounted constables complain of overwork. But when the strangers depart, Kerribri relapses into somnolence, only to awaken at the infrequent and irregular calls of the little tramp

steamers from Fremantle, chief port of W. Australia, representing the outside world. As it happened the steamer was there now, lying close off the shore and sleeping like the town. The man could see two white-clad figures stretched in capacious deck chairs. That was the nearest approach to life the ship contained.

He turned away with a curse. He knew the view by heart, and it sickened him. For three weeks he had hung about there waiting for the luck that never came. Barefooted, unshaven, wild-eyed, clad only in a dirty shirt and frayed dungaree trousers, he did not look what he was, or had been—a gentleman. When he opened his mouth, his speech was that of an Englishman, and an educated Englishman. And yet now here he was, a "dead beat," a "beach comber," destitute and starving, scavenging and begging for the scraps on which he lived.

He moved off towards the cluster of tin buildings. Outside one rather more pretentious than its neighbours, marked "The N.W. Steamship Co. Office," he hesitated, then taking his courage in both hands, walked in. A Japanese clerk slumbering over the counter, yawned and blinked, eyeing the newcomer with extreme disfavour.

"Where's the boss?" asked the man laconically.

The Japanese jerked his thumb towards an inner door, and went to sleep again.

Carisford (that was his name) knocked timidly.

"Come in," replied a guttural voice.

He went in. Two men were sitting in lounge chairs, each with a long glass that looked cool and comforting. The manager, locally known as "The Boss," was a large German Jew, fat and glistening from the heat, his white drill suit hanging in wet folds from his flabby body: the other, a tall immaculate Englishman, evidently the new Police Magistrate brought by the steamer.

"Well," said the manager with a hostile glance at Carisford's appearance. "What is it that you want?"

"I want to get down to Fremantle; but I've no money."

The manager gasped, and then broke out into a volley of German-English abuse. Did this vagabond think that the company ran their boats to give beach combers free passages? *Gott in Himmel*, what next! And much more of the same.

"I'd work my way, of course," said Carisford, when the tirade had stopped for lack of breath.

"Work your way, would you? Work your way! Do you think that we haf not enough mens on our boat? Are there not more than in plenty? Do we pay much monies to far too many so that our company is one half ruined. Perhaps you would like to work your way as captain, or chief mate. Donnerwetter what fools you must be. Work your way—Psah."

"Look here," said Carisford. "I mayn't look presentable, and I know I haven't a red cent, but up here in this God-forsaken hole I haven't a chance of making one. If I could get down south I might get work, and hen I'd pay your company with interest—and you too."

"Grrh," said the manager. "You get work! No one so fool as to give you work. You can't do nothings. Ah Ling he offer you work, he tell me, you won't take it."

Ah Ling was the plutocrat of Kerribri, the sole storekeeper, who had the monopoly of opium, and also

smuggled whisky. One day Carisford had asked him for employment, and Ah Ling seeing a good opportunity to vent his spite against any white man, had smilingly offered him the position of hewer of wood and drawer and water to his own Celestial household, promising food of fish and rice, and cast-off clothing, but no wages. Anyone who understands the bitter race feeling where east and west come into contact, will realise that such an offer was the very dregs of humiliation. It was refused with contumely.

"Yes. You go to Ah Ling, your Chinese overmaster," resumed the manager. "Out with you. I do not wish to have my offices dirty made by beach combers. Out with you."

"Do you know I'm almost starving?"

"Ah Ling he will give you plenty fish, the same as to his other servants. Go quick."

Carisford went. He had been once before on the same errand, and hence his harsh reception. His spirit was broken long since. He scarcely heard the brutal insults. Out in the broiling street, his head swam. Now there was nothing left but Ah Ling, or else—the sea. There even if a shark got him before a more merciful death by drowning came it would be soon over. He hastened his steps towards the water.

Suddenly he remembered the other man. He was an Englishman, and, perhaps—. Carisford turned back, and waited near the door, until, soon after, the other came out. He recognised the beach comber with a lift of the eyebrows.

"Excuse me," said Carisford, going straight to the point. "You've heard how it is with me. Can you help me?"

The Englishman frowned, then—

"How did you come to get here? Drink?"

"No."

"Gambling?"

"No."

"Scandal?"

"No, none of them, just rank inefficiency. I used to be what's called a gentleman, only I hadn't money, or perseverance, and I didn't like work. So they shipped me off with five hundred pounds to Melbourne. I had a gay time there till I found I'd only thirty-eight left. They were getting gold out in West Australia by the bucketful, and I thought I'd make a fortune in a week, so I went. Of course I failed. I knew nothing about mining, and I'd never used my two hands before, and in less than no time I was cleaned out. Then I got taken on as a pick and shovel wages man, but my hands blistered and got poisoned. God knows I wasn't afraid of work, but I couldn't stand it. Then I got a job as cook's mate to a party of prospectors that came up here, and I got typhoid which nearly did for me. They had to go on. I got here three weeks ago, and ever since I've looked for work, and found none, living on the fish the Chinese throw away because they won't eat them—that'll show you how low I've sunk. I'm just the old story, you see, of the black sheep shipped off to the Colonies and going to the wall. That's my tale, and now you know the worst of me."

"Really," said the other coldly, "I don't see how I can help you. You're admittedly a failure in everything you've taken up. I don't want to appear rude, but it seems likely that you'd continue to be so. You say that you've lost your self-respect, and when that happens a man mostly is done for. However, if I see anything to suit you, I'll let you know. Good day."

Carisford looked him full in the face. "I know what that means. I'm left here to starve. Well, I may have no self respect, and I may be a failure and a wreck and all that, but—anyhow I won't trouble you further."

He turned away sick at heart. This was the last straw. The complacent insolence of Ah Ling, the bullying brutality of the manager had not

wounded him half so much. They were different, and it seemed not to matter from their mouths. But here a man of his own kind, an Englishman, the sort he used to live among, that one of them should consider him past redemption was the bitterest drop.

He shuffled back to the shade of his rock, and threw himself down in a semi-stupor. Self-destruction no longer suggested itself. Suicide, after all, he reflected miserably, requires a certain amount of self-respect, and that he hadn't got apparently. "Curse it," he thought, "they've left me to sink, and by God I will sink. I'll go to Ah Ling as soon as it gets a bit cooler, and the magistrate can see his fellow-countryman a servant to the Chinaman. Serve him right."

He sat up at last, and looked round. The shadows were lengthening, but the heat was still like a furnace, and the town still slept. On the steamer Carisford idly noticed that one of the figures in the deck chairs had turned over on its face to avoid the flies, but otherwise all was quiet. Even the man on watch on the bridge was invisible, he had evidently gone to the shade of the deckhouse out of sight.

Suddenly even as Carisford looked there were signs of movement. A Chinaman clad in blue jeans crept stealthily out of the forecastle. With infinite caution he wormed his way along the main deck, now stealing on a few steps, now pausing. At last he got by the sleepers, and reached the gangway ladder. He ran down, jumped into one of two dinghies fastened there, and began to scull furiously for the shore.

Scarce had he made half the distance, when there was loud commotion on board. A whistle went, a sharp voice issued oath-garnished orders. The decks filled with men. Three hurled themselves into the remaining boat and went in chase. One came out of the hatchway with something

that caught the sun and glistened. He took aim and fired. The fugitive who had now reached the beach not fifty yards from Carisford, ducked his head and sprang out and started running like a hare inland. When he was halfway up, there was another report. He spun round, fell and lay for perhaps thirty seconds, then up and away again, soon out of sight among the sandhills and boulders behind the beach. The other boat reached the shore, and the three men jumped out and pursued, their booted feet lumbering painfully through the loose sand. The chase looked hopeless, but they too disappeared inland.

It was all over in a few minutes. Carisford, unseen himself, could scarcely believe that it had ever happened. The steamer was quiet again, and the town still slept.

"I wonder what was up," he said to himself. "By Jove, he dropped like a shot. I expect he was hurt a bit." He strolled down to where the man had fallen. Yes; sure enough there was a patch of dull brown soaked into the sand. "The poor devil won't run far," he thought, and turned to go, when something lying near caught his eye.

He picked it up. It was a little cloth bag hanging from a string, with a wet, red stain in one corner. Evidently it had been round the Chinaman's neck and broken off when he fell.

"An amulet, I suppose," said Carisford. "All of them wear that sort of rubbish. I may as well look." He ripped open the flimsy stuff, and found inside not the roughly carved jade he expected, but a pear-shaped iridescent pearl, a pearl of great price clearly. Little as he knew of the value of such things, he could see it was worth enough at any rate to set him on his feet. The Chinaman must have stolen it and run off; that would be the explanation of the scene he had just witnessed. For five minutes he gazed at it. Then with a sigh he said, "Well, I suppose I'd better take

it back." He might be given a reward, perhaps even a passage down south.

So immersed was he in these reflections that he did not observe another figure coming from the township behind him, until a well-known voice broke in with:

"Welly, pletty pearl that, Mr. Carisford, eh, what?" He turned to see the yellow oily face of Ah Ling. His fat sensual mouth was smiling, but his slant eyes, half-closed, gleamed with excitement.

"Hullo, Ah Ling, how the devil did you get here?"

Ah Ling explained that he had been down near the jetty, and had seen the whole transaction.

"What you going to do, eh?" he went on.

"Take it back, of course."

"You too much of damn fool. You sell him me. Me give you two hundred pound. No one know; no one see."

Carisford thought. This opened out another prospect. He might go shares with Ah Ling, and as that worthy pointed out no one would be the wiser. No one on the boat had seen apparently. He couldn't have disposed of a valuable pearl by himself, up there at any rate, and he couldn't get away. But Ah Ling would solve this problem. Of course it would be rank theft, but he felt he had a grievance against his fellows, and when a man has his back against a wall, he loses most scruples. He could squeeze more out of Ah Ling doubtless with judicious bargaining, and with this he could go off somewhere and start again on a new life. But still—it would be a new life for him. In his old life, low as he had fallen, he had never been dishonest. He had told the Englishman that he knew the worst of him, and that was truth. An inefficient failure he had been, but never worse. And again that he should share as a partner in such an enterprise a Chinaman of all people, one of an inferior race, hated



and despised by all. That would be unbearable. He felt quite righteously indignant with Ah Ling for having tempted him. He'd tell him to get back to his own dirty kennel. But wait a moment. He had several scores to settle with the wily Celestial, and this was his chance. He would lead him on, and, at any rate, get a good dinner and some clothes. Ah Ling would do anything if he thought he was going to get the pearl. Then, too, it might not be strictly honest, perhaps, but it was justice, not revenge. The memory of the slights still rankled.

While he appeared to be considering, Ah Ling was on tenter hooks. He was clearly excited. "You sell him?" he said.

"Look here," replied Carisford. "You're an awful old robber, even for a yellow-faced Chow. You know it's worth ten times that. I won't take less than half." Since he had taken his resolution he felt a better man, which showed itself in his mode of address to Ah Ling. The latter appeared to be on the verge of tears.

"What you say. Two thousand? No, no. Me give four hundred, me get five hundred."

"Well, I can't bargain here. I'm starving. You give me something to eat, and we'll talk it over."

Ah Ling's eyes lit up. This fool Englishman was playing into his hands. He chuckled inwardly. He'd give him something to eat, and something to drink, too. There wouldn't be any need to bargain at all. Ah Ling knew all about that sort of thing, he'd done it before. And even if next day the victim complained that he'd been drugged and robbed no one would believe a miserable beach comber. Besides in this case Carisford could hardly complain without giving himself away.

They went down to an extensive low building of galvanised iron, half house, half store. Carisford entered the latter as if he owned it, in striking contrast to his previous appear-

ances there. His new-born confidence had made a different man of him, coupled with the prospect of "doing Ah Ling in the eye." He gave his orders in a supercilious voice that paralysed the Chinese attendants, and when Ah Ling grew restive, he addressed him in belligerent tones. Slop store clothes are never much good, but he got the best there were: also a box of cigars which cost money in the N.W., also a neat little Derringer. Ah Ling demurred at this, till Carisford remarked that he'd better be getting round to the steamer. Then Ah Ling dropped his objections. Then he proceeded to raid the shelves for tinned delicacies to grace the dinner table, directed the astonished book-keeper to enter the purchases as bad debts (Ah Ling had to consent with a half-hearted nod) and went off into the house.

Thirty minutes later, bathed and dressed (which still increased his assurance) he eyed the table appreciatively. "They say it's bad for a starving man to eat largely," he remarked, "but I'm afraid I'll have to risk it." Then he frowned.

"Look here"—pointing to a half empty bottle of whisky—"I'm not going to drink that snake juice. Where's the fizz you got from the purser of the *Oodnadatta*? I know you've got it still, you mean old beast."

Champagne is about as common as snowdrops in the N.W., and almost worth its weight in gold. Ah Ling writhed but gave his orders. Soon the boy brought in the bottle, uncorked.

"It's easily seen, Ah Ling, that you've never figured in refined circles. The idea of uncorking champagne away from the table! It's not considered the—. By Jove. I wonder—" Carisford stopped, and poured out two glasses. He pushed one over to Ah Ling.

"Now, my boy, drink a toast. 'Success to Crime.'"

Ah Ling's yellow face turned a

trifle green and he gasped audibly.

"Me never dlink," he stammered.

"Me wear blue libbon."

"Liar. I've seen you often. Why you were reared on it."

"Me can't. You dlink: all for you. Me no want any."

"Come now; just to show it isn't drugged."

Ah Ling went greener, but he wouldn't drink.

"That settles it. Hi, boy, bring another bottle, and see here, I'll uncork it. Ah Ling, I'm afraid you aren't all you ought to be. Candidly, now, are you?"

Ah Ling said nothing. There was nothing to be said. Nor was there anything to be said when Carisford ostentatiously shifted the Derringer from his hip to his coat pocket.

The meal was a silent one. Carisford, though conversationally inclined, was busy. Ah Ling was subdued. He couldn't quite see how the thing was going to turn out. The only hope now was to make his guest drunk. He sent for a third bottle.

Carisford shook his forefinger at his host, with an amused smile.

"You're a wily old customer. Hope springs eternal, eh? I'll take this bottle with me, if you don't mind."

Ah Ling turned lemon colour.

"Where you go?"

"To the ship, of course, with the pearl. Coming?"

Tucking the bottle under his left arm, he got up. But Ah Ling sprang towards the door, spitting and jabbering Chinese. Three yellow faces appeared in the passage behind him.

"Come, come," said Carisford, producing the Derringer. This is no way to speed a parting guest. Civilization is only skin deep with you, I'm afraid. I don't expect I'll see you again, so don't let me carry away a bad impression."

At the sight of the revolver the three yellow faces had disappeared, and Ah Ling had quieted down. He saw the game was up, shrugged his shoulders, and his face resumed once

more the impassive mask of his kind.

"You pay for what you buy," was all he said.

"If you suggest such a thing again, I'll take the first bottle down to the police station, and we'll try it on the dog. If the dog dies we'll try it on you. If you die we'll go into mourning. Is it a bargain?"

Ah Ling said not a word. Carisford passed out, whistling, and went down to the jetty. There was no one about, so he helped himself to a dinghy, and rowed to the steamer.

In the deckhouse he found the captain and the chief officer: both looked disconsolate. He went in.

"Excuse me," he said. "This afternoon I saw a Chinaman running away. Had he——?"

Both frowned; the chief groaned, and the captain interrupted.

"You saw him? Confound it, I was hoping that no one noticed." Then to the other—"We're done for now, Mr. Rowe."

"That's so," said Mr. Rowe laconically.

"Say," resumed the captain, "what's your game? Are you going to split, or are you open to—persuasion?"

"Solid golden persuasion," echoed Mr. Rowe.

"I don't quite follow," said Carisford. "Didn't he steal something?"

"Probably," said the captain.

"All the rotten swine do," said Mr. Rowe.

"But that's not the point," continued the captain. "What are you going to do about it? Are you going to give us away? Of course I needn't tell you it wasn't my fault. I didn't want him to go."

"He was happy here if he'd only known," remarked Mr. Rowe, lugubriously, "but he didn't seem to know."

The captain took up the tale. "Still he's gone, and we couldn't catch him. I didn't know he'd been seen, but you say you saw him. What's your price?"

"Let us down lightly," from Mr. Rowe.

"My price!" said the mystified Carisford. "Really I don't understand."

"D'you mean to say you haven't come to get hush money?"

"Certainly not. What for, anyhow?"

"Shake hands," said the captain.

"Put it there," said Mr. Rowe, extending a weather-beaten hand.

The captain produced a bottle and three glasses.

"Really now, don't you know what it's all about?" he said.

"No."

"Why it's this way. A few years back the Australian Government passed a law forbidding any coloured man to come in without certain tests. Those already in can stay: new arrivals strictly forbidden. Chaps like us with coloured crews are responsible for them. If they go ashore and desert, we're liable to a heavy fine, whether we countenanced it or not. Old Jarvis got touched a hundred and forty-five quid for two Chows and a Lascar. Well, our man slung his hook, and we'd reckoned to take a chance and keep it dark instead of reporting. We didn't think anyone

had seen till you came round, talking of escaped Chinkies and what not. Then we naturally thought you'd come to threaten to inform unless we paid. Still all's well that ends well. By the way, what were you after?"

Carisford told his story and produced the pearl. The captain's eyes nearly dropped out of his head, and even the phlegmatic chief admitted that "it was hot stuff."

"No, he didn't get that here. Probably he came by it up at the Fisheries and was off to sell it and live ashore."

"Then who gets it now?"

"If you didn't know what you do about me, I'd claim it, perhaps; but you know too much, you see. Strictly, I suppose the Government might claim it—if they knew."

"Rot the Government," said Mr. Rowe.

"Amen," said the captain. "Take my advice and stick to it, without advertising the fact too much. When we get down to Fremantle, you can give Rowe and me a real fine slap up dinner on the proceeds."

"I'll be there," said Mr. Rowe.

"You'll stay aboard, of course: we sail at daybreak to-morrow. Meanwhile pass the bottle, Rowe."

"After me," said Mr. Rowe.

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## INVOCATION

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

COME not in splendour, as a queen arrayed,  
 Nor bear me burden of a shining dower,  
 But, as a timid child from sunset shade,  
 Come in the silence of the twilight hour.

# BEHIND THE WALL

BY VIOLET JACOB

FRIDAY evenings used to set Arthur Wickham free from the government office in which his weeks were spent. By nature he was made for an active life, but circumstances had headed him off his natural path and tethered him to London. His friends—and he had a good many—said that golf had spoiled him; that they never saw him now; that it was a great pity to be utterly engrossed, body and soul, in one pursuit, and all sorts of things that friends say when other people's doings do not exactly match their own. But two days of golf compensated him both for their opinions and for the loss of their company on Saturdays and Sundays.

The golf course at Shorne was a good one, lying on the high ground which sloped up behind the town. The golfers could look down over the roofs of the huddled streets—for Shorne was an ancient little place—to the curving beach beside which modern hotels and lodgings were disfiguring the sea wall. The town seemed to be drawing back in old-fashioned distinction from these second-rate attractions to the security of the hill from which the square tower of Shorne Church looked out towards the Romney Marshes.

The golf course tramped weekly by Wickham had flung its chain of smooth putting greens out among the humble farmhouses and woods which lie so close to the Kentish shore, and the players could see from their elevation the chalk-scarred downs on one hand and the sea glittering towards Dungeness on the other. Wickham

liked the place better every time he came to it. He had the happy temperament which is attracted by casual sights, and the gift of loitering; so he often strolled among the walled lanes and under the elm avenue flanking the massiveness of the church when the business of golf was over. Shorne was full of Georgian houses, and Wickham, who had a smattering of architectural knowledge in his head, liked Georgian houses.

One evening, when he had sent back his clubs to the inn in the High Street, he whistled to his Aberdeen terrier, Skittles, and man and dog went strolling up towards the church. They took their way between the high garden walls which enclose the older houses, and, having no special goal, they turned at random into any by-way which happened to appeal to Wickham's fancy. The little dog ran before his master in that perpetual search for imaginary adventure common to his kind.

The sun of the late June afternoon fell upon just and unjust: upon roof and foliage; upon brickwork and stem; and a late season had saved the greens of nature from losing their translucent quality as they sprang towards the blue above them. On either side of Wickham the high walls had a foreign air which translated him, mentally, into the suburbs of some French town. The one on his left was surmounted by a trellis which dripped with a fringe of wistaria; and above this, he could see the tall head of a large acacia tree, which grew near the centre of the garden.

To many minds there is no more suggestive sight than that of a door in a dead wall, and the young man stopped before the wooden one which broke the mellow expanse of masonry at his side. It was small and weather-stained and sunk a brick's depth in the surface; and it was old enough to have gained expression, as inanimate things not in constant use will gain it with the lapse of time. The secrecy of its look was enhanced by the absence of both handle and key.

Wickham paused before it; he knew that he would like to look through the empty key-hole and he also knew that he would not do so. He smiled at himself as he moved away.

Some paces farther on the wistaria plant fell over the coping to the level of his shoulder and he paused again to sniff at the lumps of mauve blossom with which it was loaded. As his face came into contact with the leaves he saw that they covered a square cavity like an unglazed window. Prejudices are strange things; though the particular assortment owned by him had forbidden him the key-hole they were silent as he peeped between the stems. He pushed them aside with his fingers.

But, if he erred in his act, his punishment was swift. A few inches from his own a pair of eyes on the inner side of the wall were set on him with the expression which made him start back. There was no movement in them; they looked fixedly out of a pale face as absolutely still as themselves. The presence of the unknown person made no rustle behind the wistaria and if he or she—for Wickham had no impression of sex—were annoyed by his curiosity there was neither sound nor sign to indicate the fact. He was not sure whether the eyes were blind, and the thought made him shudder, though there could be nothing to warrant his doing so, were his suspicions correct. We walked on hurriedly. Skittles was at the next corner waiting to see

which way his master would take.

He turned up towards the church, losing the disagreeable feeling produced in him by the little incident as he went along the terrace of ilex and up the steps into the churchyard. The blue sea lay beyond the town, and the crosses and monuments in their ordered rows were beginning to throw long shadows on the grass. The place was empty, but for an old man who was clipping a ragged yew bush within the chain railing which encompassed an ordinary round-topped tombstone. Wickham's glance fell on the inscription as he passed it: "Anne Swaysland, born 1808, died 1865." He had never seen the name before.

He entered the great porch of the Norman church, bidding Skittles wait outside, and went to the door leading to the tower, for it had occurred to him that if he climbed it he would be able to see into the garden with the acacia tree. Soon he was at the top of the stair, and coming out upon the tower he looked over the parapet. Skittles was mounting guard by his stick, and the chopping of shears came up to him from Anne Swaysland's grave. He was above the level of the ilex trees, and there was nothing to obstruct his view of the walled-in houses between himself and the High Street.

He found the one he wanted at once; a narrow-windowed brick house with a steep roof and stone facings. To his surprise it had the dead look of an uninhabited building and the lawn was under high grass. The acacia stood there where he had expected to find it and round its trunk were the remains of a circular seat. A weed-grown path ran the whole length of the lower wall by which he had lately passed, and he could see the hole which looked out on the lane. It seemed to have been trained down purposely in that spot; but the person whose eyes had met his own between its leaves had gone.

While he watched, a strange woman

came out of the house and went quickly with an odd, shuffling gait into the alley of bushes running down one side of the garden. It was not only her walk that was strange, and Wickham's lips parted in an astonishment which he could not have explained. He did not know whether it was her dress or her movements which seemed to him remarkable, but he leaned out over the parapet to watch her emerge from the alley and go straight to the hole in the wall. He remained where he was, fascinated, as she stood, a black spot, in the same place, until the striking of the hour from the church reminded him of the futile nature of his occupation. The man below had put away his shears, and Skittles, who had at last discovered his whereabouts, was shivering and whining as he gazed at the silhouette made by his master's head and shoulders against the sky. Wickham came down the tower stair. Perhaps it was his knowledge of what the woman's eyes were like that made him endow her figure with some sinister quality. He went home to his inn, not sorry to be welcomed back to the commonplace by the company of his dog and the harmless gossip of a waiter to whom he was an established acquaintance.

Next day was Sunday, and again Wickham left the golf-course in the evening to return to the *Crown*; the early train on the morrow would take him to London in good time for his office hour. He parted with various men he knew at the golf-house, for most of these stayed at the new hotel on the esplanade, in preference to the old-fashioned inn which had become a familiar haunt to him. He made, as usual, for the church, and thence down to the High Street, and where the lane between the garden walls crossed his way he turned into it, impelled to pass once more by the half hidden aperture at which he had seen the strange eyes. But this time he did not wish to look through. He was not anxious to meet those eyes

at such very close quarters again.

He had almost reached the little wooden door farther on when it opened, and the woman in black stepped out into the road a few paces in front of him. There had been no sound of footsteps in the garden to give warning of her approach. She drew the door to behind her, turning for the moment to face the young man, and her look struck his soul again with the shock of a blow.

She was a middle-aged woman—almost old—the pallor of whose face was accentuated by the uncouth lines of a close bonnet. But all detail was lost on Wickham by reason of her eyes. He was only conscious of them and of the straight eyelids which cut the iris, lying on the upper half as a band of cloud lies on the disc of the sinking sun. The still, dead malignity emanating from beneath that level line made him stop involuntarily and step back a pace from her. Her lips were drawn back, perhaps in a smile, but Wickham could not have told whether she smiled or not. He realised nothing, neither then nor afterwards, but that stream of expression concentrated on him from the unfocused pupils. He felt there was nothing in it personal to himself and that he merely stood, by hazard, in its way, as he might have stood in the way of a bull's-eye lantern; but his horror was not lessened because of that. She turned away and his wits were brought back by the fury of his dog, who had evidently been unprepared to see the figure emerge from the door; Skittles tail was between his legs and his growls and barking filled the lane. Wickham was so much afraid that he would pursue the retreating woman that he laid hold of his collar, and did not let it go till she had disappeared round the first corner which led down to the town. He had reached the *Crown* before the little terrier had ceased to whine and protest. Skittles stopped and looked behind him at intervals the whole way to the inn.

Chance brought Wickham back to Shorne the next week sooner than he expected; for some repairs in his particular department of the office liberated the clerks on the following Thursday night. Friday morning found him once more in the train with his golf clubs and by luncheon-time he was sitting at his own table in the window of the *Crown* dining-room looking into the medley of old houses and new shops which formed the narrow High Street.

There was more movement going on than he ever remembered seeing in the little place; but those who caused it added nothing to the liveliness of the outlook. Some event had produced an outbreak of black-coated, and tall-hatted men, as warmth after a spell of summer cold will produce flies from the hidden corners. All moved in one direction and all had the air of rising conscientiously to an occasion. The explanation could only be a funeral.

"Who's being buried?" inquired Wickham of his friend, the waiter.

"Mr. Swaysland, sir; solicitor, sir," replied the man, whipping his napkin under his arm and going to the window as though he expected to see the deceased in the street.

Wickham stared.

"Swaysland — Swaysland," he repeated, looking through the waiter's head. Then he remembered Anne Swaysland's tombstone and the man with the shears clipping the yew bush over her grave.

"Acquainted with the family, sir?" hazarded his companion.

"No—no," said Wickham. "I only noticed the name in the churchyard. I suppose they're well-known people here?"

"Lor, yes, sir, they've been here for nearly a hundred years. Two houses here Mr Swaysland had. One at the bottom of this street, and one between this and the church. But he lived in the small one down here, sir. He couldn't abide to be in the other. He hadn't gone inside the

walls since Miss Anne's death—his half-sister, sir. Fine garden it has, too."

Wickham pricked up his ears.

"You can't see the 'ouse from the road, the walls is that high. Old Mr. Swaysland—"

"Is it the one with the acacia tree in the middle?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, sir," replied the waiter, looking puzzled. Like most indoor servants he did not know one tree from another.

"But there's a door at the bottom of the garden—a little wooden door," continued Wickham. "When you turn the corner of the wall, coming this way, you go straight up to the church."

"That's it, sir."

The interest on Wickham's face appeared to please his companion. He came close to the table and laid his hand on the empty chair opposite the young man.

"I expect you've heard something about it," said he. Well, I was born in this town, and I've seen Miss Anne myself when I was a little brat of a boy. I'm a good bit older than you, sir, if I may take the liberty of saying so.

"Miss Anne," said Wickham. "I know nothing about Miss Anne! I've never even heard the name Swaysland."

The waiter dropped his voice confidentially.

"Twenty years, sir, she lived there. She was thirty-seven when they put her in that house, and she was fifty-seven when they took her out of it to lay her in the churchyard."

"How do you mean 'put her in?'" asked Wickham quickly; "was she mad?"

"Ah, that's what nobody knows. But old Swaysland said so, and that was good enough for the doctors and lawyers. Her being mad meant a fine bit o' money to her half brother, you see—Mr Swaysland, that is."

"And do you mean to say that he shut her up there?"

"They did—between them," said the waiter. "She never came out of them walls again. There used to be a little square hole, a little place where she could see into the road, and she used to sit there looking out, day after day. That's when I saw her, sir, when I was a boy."

Wickham had laid down his knife and fork; he leaned across the table, drinking in every word.

"He never went into the house again after Miss Anne's death, Mr. Swaysland didn't," continued the man. "I was too young to understand anything about it when it 'appened, but I heard enough about it when I grew older. My father's sister was a kind of nurse hereabout, before them ladies in the white caps was invented (she's gone now, poor soul, too) and she was sent for to Miss Anne. Many's the time I've heard her telling mother about it. Mr. Swaysland came into the room the night the lady died, but he kept out o' sight of the bed till the doctor thought she was going, and beckoned to him. When he came close Miss Anne opened her eyes, and aunt used to say they were like the eyes of a serpent. 'Richard,' says she, looking at him, (Mr. Swaysland's name was Richard) you can't keep me here any longer, for I'm going. Some day,' says she, 'your turn'll come, as

mine's coming now, and when it does, I'll fetch you. You've kept me here for twenty years,' she says, 'but you won't be able to keep me back—not then. I'll come for you.' And she died with her face turned to Mr. Swaysland. Here they are now, sir," he added, looking down the street, "they're obliged to go the longest way. The 'orses can't get up the asphalted lanes that lead to the church."

But Wickham did not look out. He saw in his mind a stranger sight than that which occupied his companion; for he was standing again, in recollection, by the door in the wall.

"Can you tell me exactly when Mr. Swaysland died?" he said, at last.

"It was very sudden," replied the waiter, who was now absorbed in the passing procession; "it was last Sunday evening about this time—a little earlier perhaps."

When the last carriage had gone by he turned again to the young man.

"People think queer things sometimes," he observed apologetically. "D'you know, sir, I've wondered two or three times since last Sunday whether the poor lady kept her word."

Wickham looked at him a moment in silence.

"I think she did," said he, with a curious smile; "and I fancy my dog thinks so too."







MOUNT ROBSON, SHOWING GLACIERS

## IMPRESSIONS OF MOUNT ROBSON

BY W. LACEY AMY

Mount Robson, said to be the highest peak yet discovered in the Canadian Rockies, is perhaps the most talked of mountain in America at the present time, and withal one of the least known. Until the new transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, came within sight of it during last summer this spectacular peak was almost a myth to the general public. Even yet only about a score have been in at its base, and but one expedition of two men has managed to reach its cloud-capped peak. From a distance of ten miles it overlooks the new railway through the Yellowhead Pass, and those few who have explored around its base declare that it is the centre of a new world of wonders. Regarding it as a mountain of impressions, Mr. Amy has endeavoured to present its effect upon him.—Editor.

**M**OUNT Robson is essentially a mountain of impressions. From the craggy massiveness of its impos-

ing base to the filmy clouds that conceal its peak, it is built for effect, a forcible suggestion of stability and omnipotence. To see it in its usual dress of veiled retirement is to camp humbly at its feet, praying for a change of mood. To look on its peak and sides bathed in the splendours of a British Columbia sunset is to return quietly to civilisation, still humble, but proud that in its might the mountain saw fit to uncover its head to you.

The towering mass of rock and snow and ice is a living personality. It is a king, an emperor, a god. Its natural state is dignified privacy. Its moments of unveiling are as the thrice-loved smiles of kindly regal grace.

Our special train of government and railway officials was creeping slowly down the steep grade of the Fraser canyon on the way to a huge engineering difficulty in the Tete Jaune Valley. The warning had been given out by the superintendent that just ahead of us, around a mountain spur that pushed to the edge of the river, Mount Robson would come into view, and every face was turned towards the monster of the Yellowhead Pass. No faster than a man's walk, we gingerly crawled down the mountain rails of recent construction, the rushing Fraser hundreds of feet below, and mountains crowding the car windows on the other side.

It was too slow a pace for approach to the storied mountain, and the minutes passed wearily. The superintendent came from his private compartment and we complained of the delay in Mount Robson's appearance. The official glanced through the window for a landmark. Then he leaned in close to the glass and looked up, far up, and pointed. "There," he said. And the tension of the moment threw into the voice of this workaday man the thrill of a dramatic climax.

Up higher we looked, higher and higher. There, far above where any eye in the car had been searching gleamed dimly a whiteness of serrated shades, a patch of dreamy solidity in a garment of fleecy clouds. Over the very car top it seemed to hang, so high was it; and yet to that peak was ten miles of air line.

In its frame of clouds it was like the pictured Yuletide dream of a hungry child. It was an intangible, implacable, ununderstandable spot in the heavens—something created for the eye of faith alone, a filmy revelation of promise and conviction, a lowering from Heaven of a touch of unknown glories.

Its effect on the group of watchers was but a sigh—the sincerest homage in man's vocabulary. Even Mount Robson smiled. The clouds began to

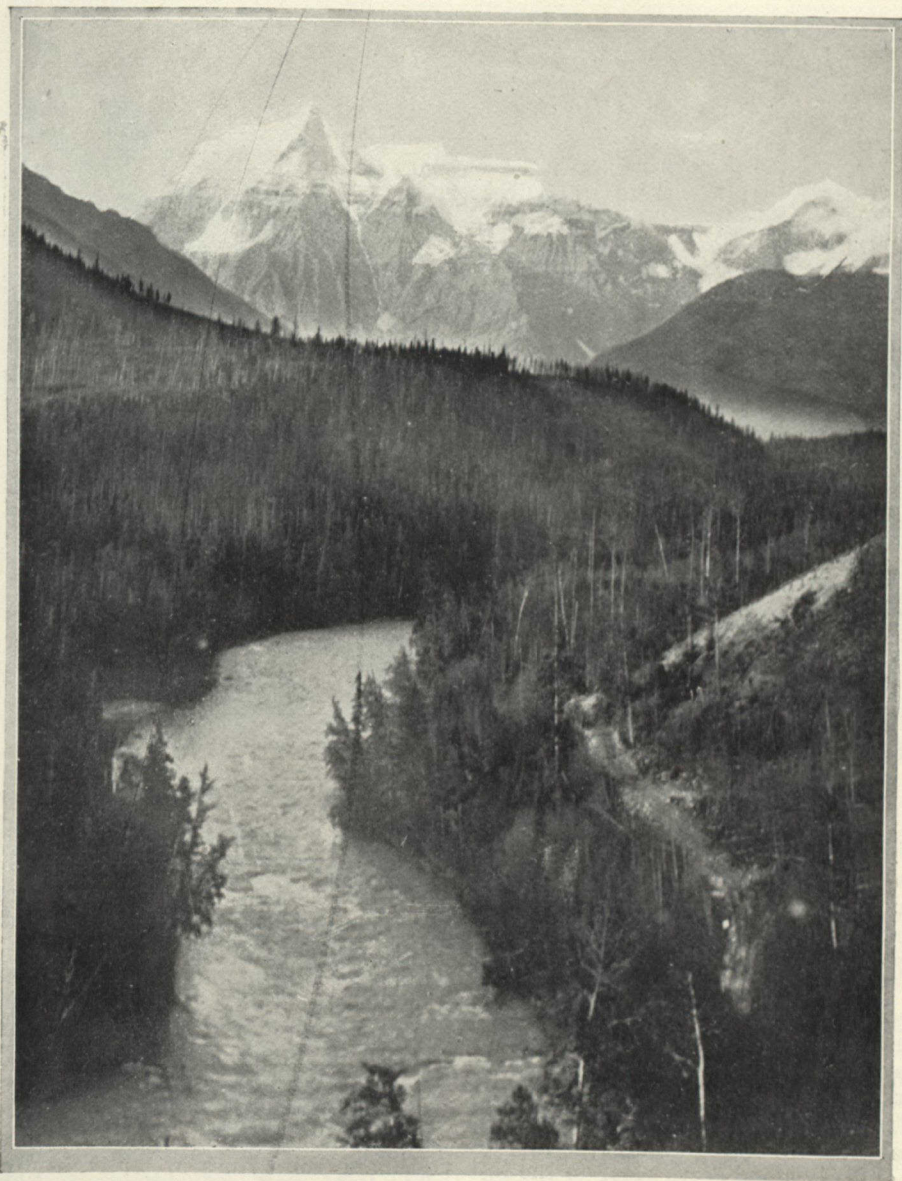
roll slowly aside, or rather to melt, as if the mountain had withdrawn them within itself as too intimate for dispersion.

The spot of whiteness enlarged into less of vapour and more of gleam. The bright sunlight in which we bathed swung up and softly for a moment touched the peak. Then the mountain recovered its head but in acknowledgment of reverence pushed the lower clouds down until a black ridge came through the snow; then another and another, until in hard lines and spots of gray rock and black shadow the lower reaches came to view.

But always around the peak floated that vapour. Mount Robson was not prepared to come wholly forth. Its face was too much glory for a first view. Men have waited weeks for a glimpse of its peak and been forced to leave unsatisfied. Humble admirers have travelled for months for Mount Robson alone, and the peak has rebuked their worship by holding itself secluded. But one Power can melt those clouds—and man never forgets it in sight of the king of the Pass.

Gradually the train swung into line with the Grand Forks valley that leads to the very base of Mount Robson, and for miles we gazed back the rift over the tree tops to the rugged sides and shoulders that opened up in succession. The train stopped where a mountain stream had foiled the best efforts of the engineers; but only three men left the car to consider the problem.

One thought had come into mind at the moment the snow-lad peak had peeped through the clouds. Awe was there—scorn for the puny things of men. And with it came almost a blush for the two men who dared to breast that height. Kinney shows to the world an intrepid mountain climber, a man of iron nerve and muscle and daring. But that first thrill of awe drove away even respect for the man who would break through those clouds, drive his hob nails into



THE SNOWY PEAK OF MOUNT ROBSON

that virgin snow, glory in violating the mountain holy of holies. It was temerity, not bravery.

Mount Robson was not created to be climbed. Its purpose is fulfilled in the silent thoughts it brings, in the reverence it compels for that which is above man and his handiwork.

Mount Robson is the St. Sophia of mountaindom, earth's contact point with Heaven.

At Tete Jaune we dropped the engineers; and in the evening the car, with but five aboard, climbed the grade for the little switch in the mountains where it would lie all



HELENA LAKE, WITH SHOULDER OF MOUNT ROBSON ON THE RIGHT

night. It was a clear bright evening, as clear as only mountain air can be, and on the platform of the car backing shakily upward we anxiously awaited Mount Robson's mood.

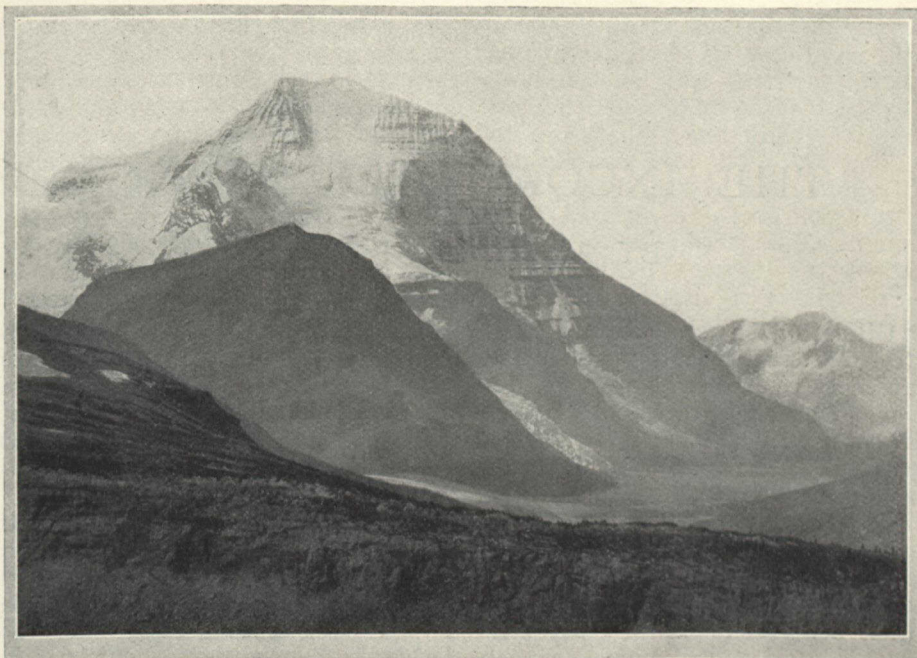
Under any condition Mount Robson is grand. But there is nothing in man's experience to prepare him for what broke forth around the curve as the car swung into line with the Grand Forks valley. For once, the only time in an extended visit, the mountain stood forth clear to the last inch of its peak. And then was visible the reason for its position among mountains.

Veiled, it is the symbol of dignity and distinction. Awe and reverence and silent applause are its by right divine. Unclouded and clear there is almost the same grandeur; but in the watcher there is little awe, little humility. Instead of a sigh, there breaks forth an exclamation of

praise and wonder. The giant is still dignified, cold, superior; but it is the borrowed dignity of a May Queen, not of a god; the superiority of a cabinet minister, not of a king.

In the picture Mount Robson was a piece by itself. The other mountains shrank aside to leave it the centre of the stage. The highest peaks around were bare of snow, but Mount Robson was white to the waist. Down its gleaming sides splashed three glaciers, solid lines of white, ending in glistening bulbs that tried to reach out to the valley at its feet. The sun threw into relief every hollow and line in its craggy side. As reverence lessened the mountain glowed and obtruded like a crude splotch in a tremendous painting.

Mount Robson open to its top overdoes the thing. It is bizarre, unusual, spectacular, a queen of the tenderloin. But always it is immutable,



MOUNT ROBSON, WITH BERG LAKE AT THE BASE

immovable, heavy, imposing. Its mood of dazzling brilliance is not its best. Its reluctance to unveil is knowledge. One would not miss that blaze of radiance for all the wonders of the Pass; but it is happiness complete to look on it but once.

Man may push his way over the pathless wilds to the mountain's foot, and there stand beneath a clifflike side that climbs thousands of feet straight above one's head. He may listen in there to the roar of a thousand avalanches where not even a tremble is seen. In cloud and sunlight, in snow and rain, in daylight and moonlight he may wait and watch for Mount Robson's varying moods. But never will leave him

the memory of that feeling of respect and humility that surged over him as his eyes went up and up from the car window to where there was thought of nothing but sky and Heaven.

Mount Robson's feet are there to sit at. And sufficient for man is the world of wonders she unfolds for his delight and admiration. But Mount Robson's peak is for man to guard as he would his religion. Man's petty ambitions should not be sated up there where the clouds from above settle into fields of ice that bring down to earth the splendours of glacier and torrent and fall. Mount Robson's feet, like rain, may be enjoyed without intruding on the workroom whence they spring.

# THE INCOMPLETE CRITIC

BY ANNE H. SPICER

DURING the twelve years of dignified spinsterhood which had elapsed since Esther Sandy's graduation from college, she had made it her point of departure from the ordinary never to read the "novel of the day." When less enlightened friends plunged into rabid discussions over this hero or that heroine, this situation or that psychological motive, she could be counted on to adjust her glasses to their supercilious angle, if called upon for her opinion and then to announce in accents of tired politeness something to the effect that she "never read books of that character." When she desired to read fiction she turned to the classics. There was the pure well of English undefiled, the inexhaustible spring of refreshment, and a good deal more of the same sort of talk. "Why," she said, "waste time on the evanescent sparkle and froth of the modern literary soda-fountains?"

By such sentiments she built for herself rather a neat little reputation as a woman of intellect in the small town in which she lived. Her eyeglasses were distinctly becoming, and she did not permit her reputation for being a bit of a blue-stocking to prevent her patronising an excellent tailor and keeping up-to-date in her head-dress. The classics might do very well in art and literature, but in clothes and appearance one must be modern.

Consequently the summer when that astonishing novel by Jules Corvin, "Ropes of Sand," was published and ran from edition to edition in

almost miraculous fashion, saw also the thirty-fifth birthday of Esther Sandys and the admission by even her most loyal and devout friends that Esther was really "getting on" and would undoubtedly remain a spinster.

Nor had Esther any other ambitions. Why should she? She had a comfortable income of her own, and the pleasant old house on the side street, with its fine elms and lilac hedge was hers without incumbrance. She had her little charities and old family pensioners to keep her heart from hardening, and her books, her friends, and an occasional trip filled her life to the brim and left no danger of stagnation. The picture of her life seemed complete without any masculine figure in the foreground. She was brevet-aunt to a number of her friends' children, whom she lectured judiciously and then gave presents to injudiciously, so that with true childish perspicacity they saw through the shallow pretence of the lecture into the soft warm womanly heart, when older judgment might have pronounced her cold.

Jules Corvin was a writer who up to this time had produced several quite mediocre novels, read only by the indiscriminating. He had achieved some success as an editorial writer, the means by which he earned his daily bread. The mediocre novels had heretofore added a few luxuries, so he said, a pipe, and a bag of tobacco of fearful potency and unknown mixture, and tickets for all the really good music that came his way.

A French mother had given him his first name, as well as a certain picturesque disregard for the conventional in clothes and conversation, along with his dark colouring. A conscientious New England father had contributed a wiry physique, capacity for hard work, and certain sturdy mental qualities which kept him from the excesses of his Bohemian associates, and gave him the conscientious attitude towards work which made his success at forty seem a deserved achievement and not a fluke.

Everyone talked of the book. It became a sort of catchword, the first thing people asked each other when they met was, "Have you read 'Ropes of Sand?'" You caught its title as you passed people chatting in the street. Clubs were formed by enthusiastic women with little to do, for the especial purpose of discussing the book, and innumerable girl babies were named Annet, after the sweet and unusual heroine who figured in its pages. Families were almost disrupted over the question whether Alvin Kane had acted rightly or wrongly in the crucial situation. The public in general acted as foolish as the dear public does act when its enthusiasm is once thoroughly aroused.

During all this turmoil of discussion the peaceful Esther strolled down the bye-paths of the classics unmolested and undismayed, except when during her occasional glances in the daily papers she was disturbed by references to this pervasive book. They crept into every sheet from editorial column to advertising page. Nor could she avoid hearing mention of it everywhere, although most of her friends knew her too well to ask her for an opinion.

Still now and then some casual acquaintance at an afternoon tea would gush over the book and its author, till finally there crept into Esther's mind an insidious desire to find out what all this turmoil was about. She battled with the wish valiantly, for she had always tried to be consistent,

a virtue which she objected to having considered a masculine one. Nevertheless, the feminine failing curiosity more than offset the acquired consistency and finally triumphed, and she fell.

It happened this way. Molly, the cook, had given her a long list of kitchen utensils which she said might be bought very cheaply in the basement of a certain department store. Department stores were a trifle out of Esther's line. She felt that they savoured too much of modernity, still there is no feminine heart that can resist a bargain. It was while questing for the necessary pots and pans that she saw the sign on a table of books, "'Ropes of Sand.' Special bargain to-day. Reduced from \$1.25 to 79 cents. The novel of the century. Everyone is reading it."

She walked by the sign haughtily, looking as if she considered it in the nature of a personal insult, but after having made her purchases she again passed the obnoxious counter, wavered, gave a furtive glance about and then bought the book.

That night she sat up until she had finished it. Probably the fact that she was new to the novel of the day made the impression produced on her mind all the keener. The characters seemed to be living, breathing people she had known. Her sympathies were deeply aroused. She longed to help them in their difficulties. "What would I have done," she asked herself, "had Alvin Kane come into my life?" She rather wished that he had. All the men that she had known seemed commonplace beside him.

The book, to her judgment, seemed flawless up to a certain point. After that it seemed as if the climax were a trifle hurried. There was a certain lack of coherence, as if the author had not taken time to work the situation out thoroughly. This troubled her. It did not seem possible that the wealth of imagination and the careful attention to detail that he had given to the earlier pages and to the

concluding ones could fail here.

For several days she brooded over this point, and the upshot of it was that she wrote a criticism of the book and sent it to a magazine which used articles of that character.

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If "Ropes of Sand" had already made a sensation, so in a lesser way did Esther Sandy's criticism of it. Replies to her article were printed in journals and weeklies all over the country. Reproachful letters from people she had never heard of before flooded her morning mail. Most of these letters and articles stated that their authors quite failed to see the defect she mentioned, and that they considered her criticism carping and poorly conceived. One or two critics wrote that they, too, had perceived something of the flaw she had detected, but in the light of the general greatness of the book had not considered it worth mention.

Take it all in all, poor Esther often wished heartily that she had never read the book, or, that having read it she had only had the prudence to keep her opinions to herself.

It was when the annoyance was still at its height that a letter from a distant cousin announced that he was coming to make a visit in her town and was going to bring Jules Corvin with him. Corvin's chief motive for coming, he said, was a desire to meet his critic and hear her opinions at first hand, at the same time defending, if possible, the situation she had attacked.

For the first time in her well-ordered life Esther understood the expression "to be all of a flutter." Her first impulse was to fly, to feign ill-health, or to receive a mythical telegram calling her away. Anything except to meet the great man whose book she had so impulsively and audaciously criticised.

In the end, however, her courage returned sufficiently for her to decide to stand her ground and abide by

her convictions. A few evenings later, at a musicale, she saw her cousin searching anxiously through the rooms for her, and at his side stood a man whom she recognised at once from his many pictures.

By the time they reached her side her cheeks were crimson, her gray eyes almost black with excitement, and the whole appearance of this unusually well-poised lady resembled far more that of a school-girl who expects to be reprimanded, than that of a literary critic prepared to stand her ground. This was the best thing that could have happened, for she looked so little like the blue-stocking he was prepared to contend against that Corvin's eyes twinkled into a laugh, and in a few moments, the ice fairly broken, they had plunged into their subject so thoroughly that the cousin, after hovering helplessly about for a few moments, betook himself to more congenial quarters and was never missed.

"I have read that part of my book over and over very carefully," said Corvin. "It is the part which gave me the most trouble in the writing, and the reason that I feel your criticism so keenly is that of all parts of the book that is the section over which I spent the most conscientious effort. I was so anxious that there should be no unexplained motives, no situations that were not clear."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I ever made the criticism," said Esther, "yet I cannot back down now that I have said it. That was the impression made on me—a certain slurring over, something omitted. It was because I loved the rest of the book so much; it was so perfect that I could not bear to have a bit of it unsatisfactory."

"Your praise certainly softens your criticism," he answered, "And I am going to ask you a great favour. May I come to see you, and bring the book, so that we may go over that part of it together? I feel that to get the exact points where you noticed



my failure, may be helpful to me in future work."

Esther agreed to an interview the next day. No argument that he could have used would have been so persuasive as the thought of helping him in his work. That he considered her worthy of such honour flattered her most deeply.

The next afternoon her library was as carefully arranged as a modern stage-setting. Bowls of flowers, a cosy tea-table, a crackling fire, and the book-lined walls made a fitting background to a slender womanly figure, clad in a graceful gown. What wonder if there leaped into Corvin's mind a feeling of gratitude that his book and her criticism had made this acquaintance possible.

"I am beginning to think that you are right," he said. "Probably the very fact that I worked so carefully over those pages was because unconsciously I felt their weakness and was trying to overcome it. One loses one's sense of perspective after working too long."

They sat side by side in the flickering firelight, turning over the pages of the book and discussing it in friendly fashion. As Jules turned to the pages to which she had complained, he began to read them aloud, and as he did so it all began to seem so plain and reasonable that she could not understand how it was that she had found fault. As he had claimed, it all was most lucid, and certainly drawn with masterly lines.

She told him something of what she felt, but he replied, laughing, that it was a poor author who couldn't bring out his own meaning, and he forbade her to shift her viewpoint so suddenly. She was quite confused at his insisting upon her pointing out the passage which had most troubled her. She declared that he had made it so clear that now there was no longer any such passage. They almost quarrelled over the matter. At last she said that she would read that part over quietly, by herself, "that

is, if you will come again," she said.

He needed no urging. A strong desire to come again, or, better still, never to leave, had taken possession of him when he first entered the room. The pleasant sense of home and permanency which enveloped her had lapped him in its comfortable folds, too. It was a new experience in his nomad life, and it called up latent domesticities he had never known that he possessed and dormant memories of his childhood long forgotten. That night he realised that after forty years of going unscathed he had fallen in love as suddenly and completely as any young collegian.

While he was musing over his astonishing state of mind—or heart—Esther was poring over her copy of "Ropes of Sand," cosily propped up with pillows, prepared for unbiased criticism. She admitted to herself that the pleasant voice and manner of the author had influenced her judgment. Now she could be her natural self. As she read she noticed again the discrepancy, and made a little pencil mark so that she might call his attention to the spot quite easily. Then she snapped out the light and fell asleep.

The next morning when she went to breakfast she discovered that Corvin had left his copy of the book on the hall table, and as she drank her coffee she turned once more to the troubling situation. Was it witchcraft? As she read the pages, all again seemed reasonable and clear. She began blushing furiously as the thought crossed her mind that even the book he had read from seemed to hold the sound of his voice and the glow of his eyes. She shrank from the thought that even the resemblance of his personality could thus warp her wiser judgment. She called herself many disrespectful names, and finally she left her coffee unfinished, to run up to her room for her own copy of the book. It opened automatically at the place she had marked. She looked again at his, which

she was still holding. Had she gone mad? There was something lacking in her own. She looked, and counted. Sixteen pages were gone, and by some diabolical mischance, the lowest word on the page before the hiatus had hitched itself to the first word after the gap so as to make good sense and the error had not been apparent. Guiltily she remembered where and when she had bought the book. Undoubtedly an imperfect edition had been foisted on the public at "a reduced price." And she, the cool-minded, had been guilty of snap judgment in dealing with what she did not hesitate to acknowledge now as a masterpiece.

Being, after all, a very feminine person, she threw herself on the bed and cried until there were no tears left. That feat accomplished, she began to rally her scattered ideas, to formulate a plan of conduct. The absurdity of the premises on which she had built her critical structure smote her afresh, and she laughed almost as hard as she had cried, but almost in the same breath told herself that Jules Corvin would hardly find the affair laughable. To have his book thus dealt with would make him very angry, and justly so. He was coming again to talk it over. She could not see him. Yet she must confess her mistake to him, perhaps to the whole world! He would have a perfect right to demand such redress. Had she not made assertions on a basis that was not true, and made herself thoroughly ridiculous?

She was quite shocked to hear herself remarking aloud that she wished she were dead, a violence of expression which her peaceful existence had never before made necessary. Why, oh, why, had she succumbed to temptation? Why had she not continued her peaceful life, unmolested by modern reading?

She was seized with an impulse toward flight. She would sell the house and travel incessantly. Or, again, she might become a recluse in some

foreign land where none of her old friends could ever find her. These impulses soon seemed unworthy. Her sturdy New England inheritance asserted itself, and she decided that this was a time for absolute frankness, come what might. Humble pie was to be eaten. Let her assume the best grace she could.

When Corvin came that afternoon she was ready to receive him. Her cheeks were pale and her lips set. The two books were side by side on the table, open at the offending pages. She plunged into the subject before her courage should ebb.

"I've a dreadful confession to make," she said. "I don't know what you'll say, but whatever it is I must bear it."

Corvin looked at her aghast. There was a real note of tragedy in her voice, which mystified him completely. He answered in a kindly voice, some obvious response about the impossibility of her doing anything very awful, but she interrupted in a manner abruptly unlike her usual self. Then she explained the situation as bravely as she could, pointing out the difference in the two books and dwelling on her ignominious lack of basis for her attack on his writing.

Despite the serious note in her voice and the really pathetic expression of her face, the absurdity of the case was too much for Corvin's sense of the ludicrous, and he laughed himself almost speechless, she gazing at him ruefully.

Finally she asked in anxious tones, "What shall I do about it?"

"Do? Why, nothing," he answered. "It was awfully straightforward of you to tell me, but no one else need ever know."

"Do you really mean that I needn't tell people?" she faltered, and to her horrible embarrassment she felt two tears squeezing their undignified way out of her eyes, while her lips quivered uncontrollably. She made a feeble pretense of looking

out of the window. It was maddening to a person of her controlled temperament to make an exhibition of herself.

Corvin was completely at a loss. He was quite aware that he must pretend not to notice her emotion. At the same time he remembered a situation in one of his books where the hero under somewhat similar conditions had seized the heroine's hands and kissed her. It seemed an easy and natural solution of the difficulty, but he could fancy her horror if he should attempt such consolation. The matter of fact attitude seemed the wisest.

"Of course, we won't tell anyone," he reassured her. "I don't believe that in your place I should have had sand enough to confess at all, really I don't."

She beamed at him like a rainbow. "How good you are," she said. "And yet I might have known that you would be."

Half-unconsciously she held out her hand to him, as a repentant child might have done, and he held it tightly as he said, "I shall demand one penalty. When my new book is ready you must let me read it to you before it goes to the publisher. You shall criticize it all. There shall not even

be a punctuation mark lacking."

"Will you really do that? After I was such a fool, will you have any confidence in me? There is nothing I can think of that would interest me more."

He told her at some length that he had great confidence in her judgment. Then they discovered simultaneously that he was still holding her hand, and both of them blushed like children caught stealing jam in the pantry.

It takes a good deal of time to read and discuss a book, chapter by chapter, especially when the two people thus reading and discussing the book are constantly straying into side-paths of discussion and telling each other their thoughts and beliefs on every subject that comes up, no matter how remote from the subject matter of the book.

When their engagement was announced no one was very much surprised. Most persons said it was a very suitable match, that an author of such eminence and a critic of such keenness should be an ideal combination of talents, and that between them they should produce work of quite extraordinary literary value. It is still, however, a trifle too soon to tell whether their opinion is right.



# THE TRAINING OF CHILIQUI

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

GREAT SLAVE LAKE swings an enormous arm a hundred miles into the Northwest, and Fort Rae lies on its northerly side just about half way up.

Fifty miles from Fort Rae lived Kee-cow-ray, the Frozen-foot, Warchoola, the Sunbeam, his wife, and Chiliqui, the Little Man; Dogribs all. There had also been Kee-ochó, the Big Dog. The manner of his going will be told anon.

Chiliqui had rolled happily through a naked childhood, till, in his twelfth year, little lumps of muscle began to swell on his arms and shoulders. Then he put away childish things and in the evenings sat silent, listening to his parents and watching them with wise black eyes.

Musk oxen made the first great impression. Kee-cow-ray, with a band of hunters, had crossed the big lake and tramped up the Yellow Knife river and struck east into the musk ox country that lies north of Lake Mackay. This is the Land of Little Sticks that fringes the borders of the barrens. Here the spruce and birch and jack pine dwindle to a ragged edge and thrust straggling out-posts of small timber into the naked country that marches unbroken to the Arctic.

Things had gone well with Kee-cow-ray that trip, and Chiliqui's eyes glittered as he heard. They were very intimate things that Kee-cow-ray spoke of—one would have thought that he himself was a musk ox endowed with speech as he told of

their food—the white moss of the barren lands, of their migration to winter shelter and the patrol of the bulls around the cows and calves.

Chiliqui's heart was thumping with a new-born lust to kill. "More, my father, tell me more!"

"They are very wise," went on Kee-cow-ray. "They go to the woods in winter because the snow is soft, and they can reach their food. Also when snow comes the calf is very young."

"And then?"

"The cow takes it to a deep valley, and as the snow deepens it lies still, till bye-and-bye it is covered in a little teepee of its own."

"And dies of hunger?"

"Kahween," not so, said Kee-cow-ray, smiling. "There is a hole in the teepee and the calf puts its head out to draw milk from its mother."

Chiliqui stared hard at him, but knew truth when he heard it, and his father went on to tell him more. How sickness takes the oxen from flies snuffed into their throats when feeding, and from wasps that burrow beneath their hair to lay eggs: how their tracks are all in line because their legs are too short to trot and the breast hair is so long that they step on it when grazing. At the last, being outcast from the herd by reason of bad temper or old age, they follow till the big gray coast wolves pull them down. "It was a good hunt," concluded Kee-cow-ray, and then pulled hard at his pipe and looked thoughtfully at his son.

Warchoola cut into the glance and

caught her husband's eyes. "Is it not time?" she said slowly.

Kee-cow-ray nodded. "Yes. It is time. Wabun—to-morrow."

Chiliqui rigged out of his blanket next morning and found the fire a-light. This was strange, for the lighting of that fire had been his special duty ever since he could remember. Beside it sat War-choola with misty eyes, and beside War-choola lay things that he had regarded for months with breathless anticipation.

His mother put her arms around him. "My son will soon be a man, the little son I carried so long on my back." Then she kissed him many times and dressed him in a new caribou suit, young skins with the hide cured to a soft leather. On his feet she wound great blanket socks and folded his sleeping robe around his shoulders. Then there was a beautiful new hand axe and a light skinning knife and a tea kettle and a tump line of shagganappi, which is rawhide. Last of all a fire-bag with flint and steel and punkwood, and, most wonderful of all, a miniature pipe, the bowl made of the dew claw of a bear, the stem being the long wing bone of a crane. Then over his head she put the capote or hunting cap, and as the light at the door darkened, Chiliqui, garbed as a hunter, looked up to see Kee-cow-ray smiling at him. Something moved in the boy that he could not understand, but the gates of a new world opened.

Three hours later he was swinging along through the deep snow ten feet behind his father. The big man left but a poor trail to follow. It fell in on his shoes till insteps and calves were cords of pain from lifting them. Then came big timber, where the wind had not penetrated, and every tree, branch and twig, every stump and log was crowned with fantastic mounds and minarets of snow. It lay deep and undulating, a thick crystalline fleece imprint-

ed everywhere by the life of the forest.

To Chiliqui the silence was portentous. It closed in and followed him all day, throbbing with all the mysteries to be solved before he became a hunter. At night he gathered dry wood because it was smokeless and without smell of burning and watched Kee-cow-ray build the fire from the twinkle of flame his son had kindled.

An Arctic owl winnowed noiselessly through the gloom, and the lad lay on his side while his father told him more than he had ever dreamed about owls. How the three round eggs are laid in early spring and the young birds are thrust out on to the snow to do for themselves, and why the mother owl does the hunting. He had never understood that before, but it was very natural after all, because she plucked her own breast to line the nest and her cold skin would never hatch eggs—of course not. So the royal disdainful father sat warmly on the eggs while his bare-fleshed wife killed rabbits and ptarmigan and husky mice and lemming and fed her lord till the day appointed for his release. And just as Kee-cow-ray was explaining why the owls stole each other's eggs and the reason for the under feathers of birds being darker than those on top, while the under fur of all animals is the lighter, his voice died out of Chiliqui's ears and the boy's eyes closed.

All next day he stayed close in camp while his father followed fresh moose tracks. In the evening, in that half light that slips in between day time and night, when animals wake up and white and brown men get drowsy, a rifle spoke over the hills, once, and again once. At this Chiliqui became very busy packing up, because it is easier to move camp to a moose than to drag the great beast for miles through the underbrush to a camp that you can put on your shoulders in ten minutes and carry for eight hours of daylight. Then he

waited in the silence till someone laughed behind him and he turned to see Kee-cow-ray knocking the icicles off his short beard before he lighted his pipe.

When it was all over, the new camp made—the moose skinned and his huge head and horns hoisted into a birch tree to propitiate the spirits of all the moose—when Chiliqui rested, blood-stained as to his fingers and new caribou tunic, Kee-cow-ray thrust a hard finger into the red bowl of his pipe and spoke. A new companionship had arisen between them, one that would last to the end. It was the bond of trail and camp, of fire and danger and blood, the old primal bond that first held men and tribes together. Kee-cow-ray knew it and his quiet mind sped back to one just such another night, when another son had smiled happily at him across just such another fire. Now his eyes rested on Chiliqui, caught the strength in the lad's lithe form, the play of young blood beneath his smooth skin, and met the steady gaze that searched his own. "It is of Kee-ocho I would speak," he said slowly.

Again a great white owl began to winnow beneath the trees and a fantastic crown of snow tumbled soundless from a branch beside them. Chiliqui's glance never wavered. "Tell me of my brother," he said.

Kee-cow-ray's face, seamed with the rigour of northern winters, fixed itself into a leathern mask. "It is ten summers ago that I took your brother to hunt, even as I take you, little son."

There was that in his voice that mingled with the sputtering of the fire and the almost imperceptible whisper of wind loitering through the tree tops, for nature fashions to herself the words of those who follow and understand. "Behind the camp we found two lakes that touched, and where they touched was a dam built by many beavers."

An unspoken question jumped at

him across the fire. "The dam was high," he replied, "and the beaver roads were deep and there were many different tooth marks. I told Kee-ocho to wait there while I went to the end of the lake where the beavers were working."

Chiliqui shivered a little in spite of himself. This brother of whom he had thought so much and heard so little was coming very close now.

"At the end of the lake I killed, and on the way back I stopped to smoke, perhaps one hour, perhaps two. It was cloudy but sometimes I could see Tibikuk Gheezis, the moon. Then as I smoked I heard a sound in the grass. It came very slowly and carefully, and because it was near the ground I said "it is Muqua, the bear who walks by night," for I could hear the weight of him pressing down on his feet. Tibikuk Gheezis looked from behind a cloud, and I saw Muqua's head above the grass. Then I fired very quickly."

Chiliqui leaned forward, tense with the horror that seared his father's eyes, but the voice held indomitably on. "I could hear him rolling and breaking small brush and then when it was quiet I went to see—and saw—your brother Kee-ocho."

There was a quivering lift in Kee-cow-ray's tone, so insistent was it that Chiliqui sat and trembled. "He was quite dead. I shot him in the throat. He had heard me coming, and because I stopped he thought I was a bear. I spoke to the Great Spirit, but He did not answer, so I knew what I must do having killed my son. I loaded my rifle and took off my moccasin and lay down beside him. I told him that I was very sad and asked him to forgive me and said that he should not go alone. Then I kissed Kee-ocho and placed my arm round his neck with the gun at my own throat and pressed the trigger with my toe.

His voice failed. The eternal mystery of the forest closed in on them, father and son. The fire tum-

bled into red destruction, the white owl winged nearer and nearer, a myriad tiny sounds of the myriad small lives that people the winter fastnesses became suddenly audible, but the two fur-clad figures moved not. Then Kee-cow-ray found speech. "The hammer fell, but the rifle did not speak. I tried again and once more it failed. So I got up and put my finger across the muzzle, and the third time it spoke. So I knew what the Spirit meant by not answering. I was not to kill myself."

Chiliqui's eyes wandered to where the stump of the little finger marred his father's left hand. He had regarded that stump with curiosity for years. Now he knew why his mother always put the question by, and reading the boy's thoughts, Kee-cow-ray continued doggedly:

"I took Kee-ocho in my arms and carried him home, and that I might not kill your mother also while you were at her breast, I called loudly 'I am Kee-cow-ray the hunter, who has killed his son,' and when War-choola heard me she thought I was mad—and that was better than nothing."

Again his voice sank, and Chiliqui, gazing at him speechless, knew that this was something not for him, but he did the one and only thing he could do and kissed his father on both cheeks and slipped into his blanket, leaving the still figure staring with unseeing eyes into the ashes of the fire.

Now the tale of that winter can be told you by any lad be he Dogrib or Cree or Yellow Knife or Saulteau, for all through the north country from Hudson's Bay to the foothills, from Lake Winnipeg up through the barren lands, the tale is the same. It is the old story of the training of men. Beside the camp fire the history of the hunt is unfolded to young eyes and brains, the intimate history of the matching of the red-men against his ancient prey.

Chiliqui learned to walk silently and to mark everything. He learned

the signs and tracks, to obey implicitly, and then for the first time he killed. Next winter he hunted again with his father, but this time he walked ahead, a noiseless copper coloured slip of youth, animated by all the inherited skill of his ancestors. And because the lad's soul was brave and his eye quick and his finger steady, he became a hunter before the beard sprouted on his chin.

When single-handed he killed, first it was a timber wolf that fell, a gaunt gray apparition maddened with hunger that died in mid-air while he was launched at the lad's face. He dropped, and kicked and stiffened, the black gums lifting slowly from his long fangs, his jaws locking in the last defiant grin of death. The boy looked at his, soberly—he knew what he must do—and what was to follow that. So he stripped off the long matted hide and wrapped the red heart in it and the skull he placed as every hunter places it.

That evening War-choola looked at him standing in the tent door, very tall, very slight, the brown face smiling triumphantly, and a pang went through her for no more should she call him "little son."

And while he told his story, modestly as a hunter should, his mother laid aside the skin of the wolf's head with its smooth nose hair and long cleft jaws and triangular ears, to make a capote for her son.

Then the girls of the camp came in laughing and Chiliqui bared his right arm. When the arm had been rubbed with grease the prettiest of them all scored it with a fish bone and needle. All the time Chiliqui moved not nor spoke, keeping his eyes on his father, but when the arm was tied with rags he rose—a man at last—and a member of his tribe.

But of all who laughed and feasted who could have guessed that Chiliqui was fated to wander over half a continent and die a famous chief, where Ponce-coupé's plains look across at the hills of the Peace River?

## TRYST

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

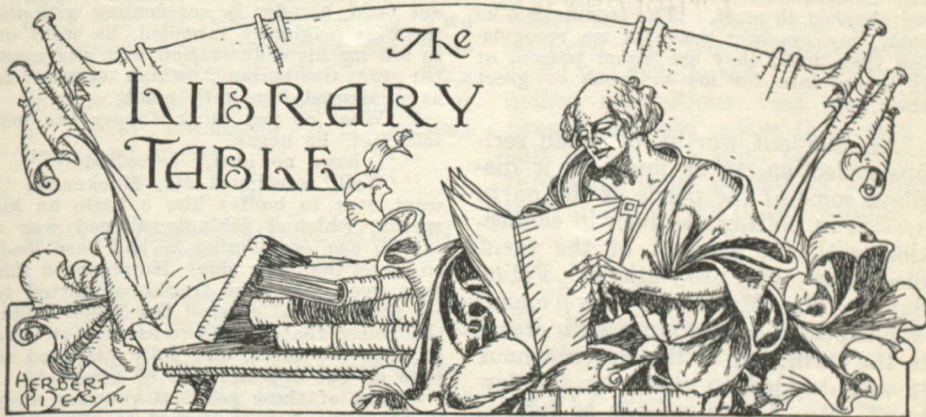
I THOUGHT to have made her my bride,  
And now she is dead;  
Death holds her close by his side  
In his earth-dark bed.

Not a murmur, a motion, a breath:—  
In vain does he woe:  
Being dead, yet she yields not to Death;—  
Endlessly true!

She knows that I need her now  
All else above:  
She will come to me; when and how  
We leave to Love.







## PUBLIC MEN AND PUBLIC LIFE IN CANADA

BY THE HONOURABLE JAMES YOUNG.  
Toronto: William Briggs.

THE other day there passed away at Galt, Ontario, a gentleman who for more than half a century had been in intimate touch with many Canadian public men and who during a portion of that time took an active part in public affairs, at one time as a member of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and at another time as Treasurer of the Province of Ontario. The Honourable James Young, notwithstanding the part that he took in the early affairs of the Dominion, was, because of his quiet, retired life, not a familiar figure to the present generation, but by these two volumes in particular will his name be perpetuated. He lived to see the second volume published a few days before his death. He was a sympathetic observer of the trend of events and the impressions he gives in his book of prominent men are frank but kindly. About the time of the achievement of Confederation he saw a good deal of such men as

George Brown, Sir John A. Macdonald, D'Arcy McGee, Joseph Howe, and later on he had personal contact with Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper, and, indeed, with many others of the public men of our time. His memoirs are important, not because they throw new light on history, but because they give personal impressions of men as results of personal contact. One of these, for instance, is of Edward Blake, who "might have been taken for some young stalwart Canadian farmer," but who, by his force of character and conversation, gave hints of the greatness which he soon attained at the bar and later in politics. He throws some interesting light on Mr. Blake's personality. As is well known, Mr. Blake was oftentimes charged by his opponents with being cold and unresponsive. Here is what Mr. Young says:

"He belonged to the highest type of native Canadians—physically, educationally, intellectually and morally. Opponents have occasionally spoken of him as cold and distant. But he possessed the warm Irish heart and what some have thought coldness arose solely from defec-

tive vision. I recall an incident which verifies this. One day when walking down Sparks Street, as we were leaving Ottawa at the close of a session, he burst out with an exclamation of deep regret that he was unable to bow, shake hands or utter a passing word of leave-taking—as I was almost continually doing—to the numerous Ottawa and other friends we chanced to meet. 'The trouble is,' he said, 'my eyesight prevents me recognising them until they are either passed, or it is too late for me to speak or greet them.'"

An incident worthy of much serious reflection, in as much as it displays some of the perils of the party system in politics, is given in connection with the account of the tariff discussion of pre-National Policy days. The Mackenzie Government was expected to announce an increase in the tariff, but at the eleventh hour it was decided to stand by the low tariff. Mr. Young records as follows what he saw and heard in the House:

"The secret of the change was confined to the Cabinet and a small circle of friends, and when Mr. Cartwright, Finance Minister, announced that the Government had decided neither to increase the tariff in a time of depression nor adopt a policy which would be a 'servile plagiarism of the worst blunders which the United States have committed,' the surprise was as manifest among the Conservatives as on the most of the Liberal benches.

"Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. Charles Tupper did not disguise their surprise at the Government's action. The latter had to reply to the Finance Minister, but Sir John at a later stage admitted his own surprise. According to current report the Hon. Charles Tupper came into the House loaded up to denounce an increase in the tariff, and to dilate—as he had done before—on the danger of permitting an entrance to the thin end of the wedge of protection.

"Such an unexpected change in the situation would have appalled many another man. But in debate nothing could appall Sir Charles. As usual, he rose to the occasion. With surprising coolness he turned his guns, took up the opposite line of attack, and probably made a more forcible and effective criticism of the Government's course than if he had been able to use the mental ammunition which he had specially prepared for the occasion.

"When Sir Charles finished, Mr. Mackenzie crossed the floor and indulged in

what seemed to the House a very friendly and amusing conversation with Mr. Tupper.

"I watched the whole proceedings across the gangway, and was somewhat surprised when the Premier on returning came straight across the front of my own desk. Knowing that my opinion was that the Government had made a serious, if not fatal, blunder in not dealing with the tariff as originally intended, he went on to tell me his conversation with the member for Cumberland, which seemed to have amused him very much.

"'What do you think Tupper has just told me?' he began.

"'I have no idea,' I replied.

"'Well,' continued Mr. Mackenzie, 'I went over to banter him a little on his speech, which I jokingly alleged was a capital one, considering he had been loaded up on the other side. He regarded this as a good joke, and frankly admitted to me that he had entered the House under the belief that the Government intended to raise the tariff, and fully prepared to take up the opposite line of attack.'

"Both of these political veterans were in the same box in regard to their attitude on this question, and the suddenness of their change of position on the eve of the battle seemed to afford both of them not a little amusement. What the Liberal and Conservative parties did that night, however, was pregnant with importance. They were making history. Had Mr. Mackenzie increased the tariff, the Conservatives would probably have become free traders instead of the protectionists of Canada, and our political history would have been quite different during the ensuing twenty years."

The volumes contain many interesting and entertaining passages, and they are invaluable in particular for the parts that deal with events of which the writer was a witness.

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### THE LYRIC YEAR

A volume containing 100 poems of the year 1912, including the three awarded \$1,000 in cash prizes. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley).

THIS is a publication of unusual interest to all who read poetry. The purpose of the editor was to make a judicious selection from one year's work of a hundred American poets. It is interesting to note that while of Professor Palgrave's "The

Golden Treasury" of 339 poems only five pieces are credited to women, forty per cent. of the present collection is the work of the gentler sex. The editor is Ferdinand Earle, and the winners of the prizes are Mr. Orrick Johns, Mr. Thomas Augustine Daly, and Mr. George Sterling. Two Canadians are represented, Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Alan Sullivan. This volume in itself gives opportunity for a liberal education in American poetry of to-day.

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#### DOWN THE MACKENZIE AND UP THE YUKON.

BY ELIHU STEWART. London: John Lane. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

IN this account of a journey of several thousand miles through the great Northland, Mr. Stewart, who was for some years Dominion superintendent of Forestry, presents a narrative of uncommon interest and value. Going mostly for the purpose of making to the Government a report on the timber to be found in that vast territory down the Mackenzie River as far north as Fort Yukon and back along the west slope of the Rockies, he met with many incidents and made many observations that did not come within the scope of his official report. These he now gives to the public in a volume of 270 pages, with a large departmental map, which indicates the territory traversed, and thirty full-page illustrations from photographs most of which were taken by Mr. Stewart himself. One reads this narrative with an ever-present sense of the vast territory that we have yet to subdue. Episodes of the journey cause us to reflect on the terrible isolation of some, even white people, who carry on their daily tasks against frightful odds at the far-away outposts of the Dominion. Mr. Stewart has not drawn on his imagination. He has written from personal experience and about what he actually has seen. It comes home

to us, therefore, when he points out the necessity of the Government providing for timely and adequate surveys by competent men of the great stretches of land as yet almost unknown and of the urgent need in the Northland of at least one hospital where surgical assistance could be obtained and from which medicines could be distributed. Mr. Stewart makes suggestions that are highly practicable, and makes them as a result of not one trip, but two trips, through a large portion of the territory under survey in this volume.

\*

#### IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA.

BY BARON VON TAUBE. London: Stephen Swift and Company.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that this book is in places flip-pant, a good case is established for the national virtues and attributes of the people of the United States. The author starts out with the comprehensive conclusion that most of the charges made against Americans are misleading, such, for instance, as that they worship only money, that their reputed business capacity is a myth, that their education is superficial and vulgar, that their politics are more corrupt than any others the world has known, that they have no manners, that their morals are puritanical in profession but licentious in fact, and so on until about thirty indictments have been considered and refuted. This is the kind of book that tends to dispel national narrowness and international ignorance and ill-will.

\*

#### THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS.

BY ETHEL M. DELL. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THERE is an attraction about the Doltaires of fiction, the Charley Steeles, the Raffles, that gives them the leading rôle in many of the most

readable books. Whether it is the fight of instinct against inclination or vice versa, the effect is much the same so long as the good in the man comes uppermost in the end or his suffering draws our pity. In *Nap Errol* Miss Dell has not created a new character, but she has adhered to the best precedents and added enough touches of her own to maintain an interest that never wanes until the last word—that bugbear of so many women—is about to be uttered. Errol downs the instincts of a savage, the instincts of heredity, after a fight in which the reader readily allows him liberties denied most of us; even in his worst moments it is sympathy, not horror that looks on and continues to hope. And Miss Dell knows better than to disappoint. There are two or three other characters in the book that would be sufficiently consistent and entertaining without Errol. In fact, the most impressive feature of the story is the consistency and interest of its leading characters. Each one is a satisfying study.

\*

#### A MAN'S WORLD.

BY ALBERT EDWARD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

NOBODY could ever mistake the picture in this book for that of a woman's world, nor could anybody believe it to represent the world of many men even. Autobiographical in character and colourless in style, the book first portrays the author's tragic revolt from the sterilising religious orthodoxy—of which "The Father" (as he calls his own father all through) was the chief exponent, and his almost accidental entrance into the field of criminal investigation in

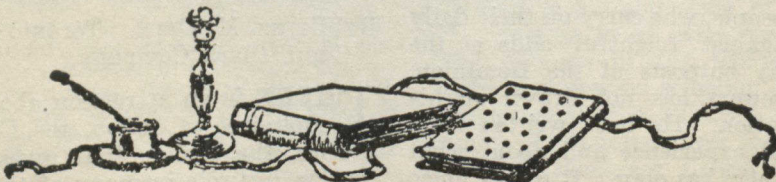
the Tombs. And despite the boldness of the story it is strangely gripping to the young man whose heterodox nerve twitches now and then. The utter abandonment of justice to the whims and eccentricities of the judiciary is shown in some detail. For the unsophisticated, however, a shock is soon forthcoming in the unvarnished manner in which the escapades of his millionaire friend Benson are recorded. Benson married an ignorant but pretty street-walker and set about and accomplished her reformation. The story of this alliance is the most dramatic element in the book. Equilibrium is somewhat restored at the end where, for the sake of the children, an established family life is tacitly admitted to be essential. The story is well worth reading.

\*

WHEN one considers the fact that the late Professor Goldwin Smith was a working journalist for more than half a century, one can form some idea of what it means to collect his writings for uniform publication. Such, nevertheless, is what his late secretary, Mr. Arnold Haultain, has attempted in an edition of ten volumes, which are now under way. Mr. Haultain purposes to publish as well a volume entitled "Goldwin Smith as I Knew Him," together with a collection of the Professor's letters.

\*

"MEMORIES" is the title of a volume of charming autobiographical sketches by William MacGillivray. To accompany the text there are fifty-one excellent pen-and-ink drawings by H. C. Preston Macgoun. (Edinburgh: Foulis and Company.)





#### NOT EXACTING

"I explained to George when he proposed that, of course, he could not expect me to cook."

"What did he say?"

"That he only expected me to try."  
—*Buffalo Express*.

\*

#### HOSPITABLE

"Well, did New York appeal to you?"

"Yes. It was 'welcome' when I came, and 'well done,' when I went."  
—*Cornell Widow*.

\*

#### SAFE

Two old friends met in the sanctum of *The Congressional Record* and cordially shook hands.

"Well, said one, "I guess the change in Administration isn't going to affect us any."

"No danger," said the other. "*The Record* can't do without you and me."

They both laughed, shook hands again, and strolled into the copy room.

One was "Laughter."

The other "Applause."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

#### A SWAT INDIRECT

Mandy—"What foh yo been goin' to de post-office so reg'lar? Are yo correspondin' wif some other female?"

Rastus—"Nope; but since ah been a-reading in de papers 'bout dese 'conscience funds' ah kind of thought ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us."  
—*Life*.

\*

#### TOUGH INDEED

Employee—"I would like more salary. I am going to get married."

Employer—"Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I am going to get married myself."—*Sydney Post*.

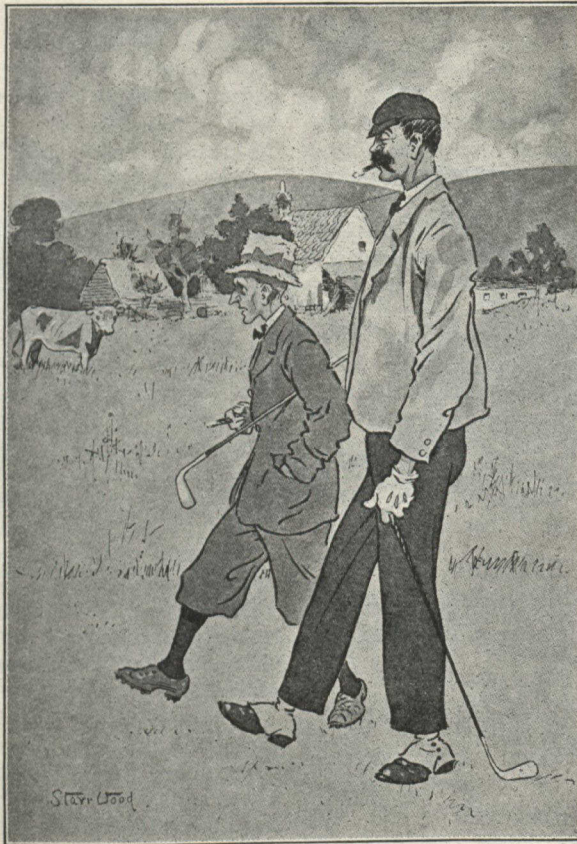
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#### TOO HOSPITABLE

One day an inspector of a New York tenement-house found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family.

"How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector.

"Very well," was the reply. "Only, the man in the farthest corner keeps boarders."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



"I think I shall make a tour of the continental golf courses."  
 "But you can't afford it, old man."  
 "Why? It doesn't cost anything to think."

—Taller

#### A MINORITY

First Clerk—"How many people work in your office?"

Second Clerk—"Oh, I should say roughly about a third of them."—*London Sketch.*

\*

#### DISCONCERTING

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific, if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

"Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat.—*Exchange.*

#### KANSAS DIAGNOSIS

An Emporia girl was complaining to her chum the other day of the way her steady was treating her.

"Why don't you give him the mitten?" the friend asked.

"It isn't a mitten he needs, it's a pair of socks; he's got cold feet," was the answer.—*Emporia Gazette.*

\*

#### SEA-FOOD

"What's daughter doing?"

"Making shrimp salad."

"I didn't know we had any shrimp in the house."

"We haven't, but there is one going to call on her this evening."—*Houston Post.*



"Drat them things! They seem to want the whole road, except just where you ain't"

—Punch

#### NO ALTERNATIVE

Wife—"Why did you tell the Batsons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know I can't even boil a potato?"

Hubby—"I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say!"—*London Opinion*.

\*

#### NOW WE KNOW

Son—"Why do people say 'Dame Gossip'?"

Father—"Because they are too polite to leave off the 'e.'"—*Le Crabbé*.

\*

#### LIMITATIONS

Belle—"I thought you could keep a secret!"

Grace—"Well, I kept it for a week. Do you think I am a cold-storage warehouse?"—*Town Topics*.

\*

#### GOOD REASON

Bertie—"What makes you think I've got a sense of humour?"

Gertie—"Your self-appreciation."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

#### A CONSTITUTIONAL

A little four-year-old girl was walking with her mother, when a caterpillar, the first she had ever seen, crawled in front of them.

"Muvver, muvver!" she cried excitedly. "Look! Your muff's little girl is out taking a walk!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

\*

#### WEAKENING

"Yes," said the old man, "I find my strength is failing somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I get half way around I have to turn and come back."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\*

#### DIFFICULT ADVICE

Lady (to tourists agency official)—"I have nothing to declare. What shall I say?"

Official—"Say, Madam, that you have nothing to declare."

Lady—"Yes, but suppose they find something?"—Punch.



PHILIP'S MOTHER (relating to visitor the adventures of Philip's first play.) "And Granville Beerbonn kept it quite a number of weeks. That was a compliment, wasn't it?" —Punch

#### FORTUNATE

Uncle—"I understand that young Brown is utterly ruined by speculation."

Niece—"How lucky that we agreed to keep our engagement secret."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

\*

#### WISH REALISED

Le Fanu, in his "Seventy Years of Irish Life," tells of a peasant who said to a gentleman:

"My poor father died last night, your honour."

"I'm sorry for that now," answers the other, "and what doctor attended him?"

"Ah! my poor father wouldn't have a doctor; he always said he'd like to die a natural death"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

\*

#### OTHER MEANS

It isn't necessary to have an automobile to run down one's neighbours.—*Salt Lake Desert News.*

#### INCONSIDERATE

"If you don't stop nagging me, Emily, I shall shoot myself this very minute."

"Yes, that's just like you, when you know how nervous I am when I hear a shot."—*Tit-Bits.*

\*

#### BETTER YET

"If the high cost of living keeps on, the rich themselves will feel the pinch of it."

The speaker was Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo. He continued:

"I know a Toledo banker who has already begun to retrench. His daughter said to him the other day:

"Father, dear, I need a new Fall riding habit."

"Can't afford it," the banker growled.

"But, father, what am I to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."—*New York Tribune.*





## —and remember the BOVRIL

BOVRIL forms a nourishing food for children.

It strengthens and sustains the invalid.

It helps the cook to prepare tasty soups, stews and gravies.

It makes a quick luncheon. A cup of BOVRIL and a few crackers, or a roll and butter—and you have a light and nourishing meal.

Yes! of course you'll remember to order

# BOVRIL



BEST OF BEVERAGES

LABATT'S  
ALE, STOUT  
LAGER

14  
Gold, Silver, Bronze Medals

JOHN LABATT  
LONDON  
CAN.

EVERY box of *Huyler's* contains a Guarantee Certificate which requests the return of any box not absolutely fresh.

*Huyler's*  
Bonbons Chocolates

Our splendid organization, consisting of 14 widely separated candy-making establishments, 56 Huyler's stores and 4000 sales agents, enables us to make this nation-wide guarantee of freshness. This assurance alone makes it worth while to always ask for Huyler's. Sales Agents Everywhere.

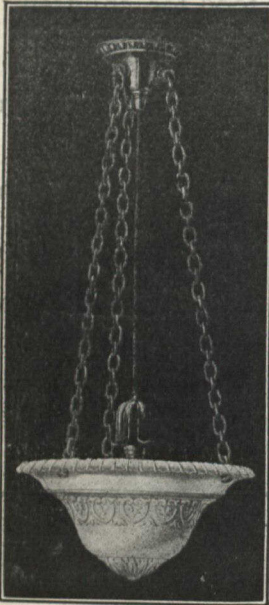
Write for *Interesting cookies*—it tells how punty and freshness are assured in all Huyler products.

*Huyler's* 64 Irving Place New York

56 Huyler stores in U. S. and Canada

130 Yonge St. Toronto Can.

## Decorative Light in your home



Why shouldn't you make use of light that will harmonize with and enhance the decorations of your home, the toilettes and complexions of yourself, your daughters and your guests?

Why shouldn't your light be soft and restful and make the evening the best part of the day?

## Shades and globes make the difference

The right ones will give you light as evenly distributed and as beautiful as daylight, but softer and more gentle.

This beautiful illumination costs no more—it may even cost less—than haphazard and unsatisfactory light that is so common.

Book No 49-M gives several examples of Semi-indirect Illumination as shown above. Book No 42 M is our General Catalogue of Shades and Globes.

Which of these books shall we send you?

**Macbeth-Evans Glass Company Pittsburgh USA**

Canadian Sales and Show-rooms  
70 King Street West Toronto



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Off.



## Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy — is his building material being considered?

Mind and body must be properly trained to make the Master Man.

A true Brain and Body food is

# Grape=Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

*"There's a Reason"*

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

# "Votes For Women"



Two million women will have a right to vote in the next Presidential election. Twenty million women have voted for the emancipation of American womanhood by serving

## Shredded Wheat

in their homes. Every biscuit is a vote for health, happiness and domestic freedom—a vote for pure food, for clean living and clean thinking.

The housewife who knows the nutritive value of Shredded Wheat and the many delicious fruit combinations that can be made with it may banish kitchen worry and household care.

Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. It is a natural, elemental food. It is not flavored or seasoned with anything and hence does not deteriorate in the market. The consumer flavors or seasons it to suit his own taste. It is delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal with fruits.

*The Only Breakfast Cereal Made in Biscuit Form*

*Made only by*

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON STREET, EAST.

R-17

The hardest  
things clean  
easiest with

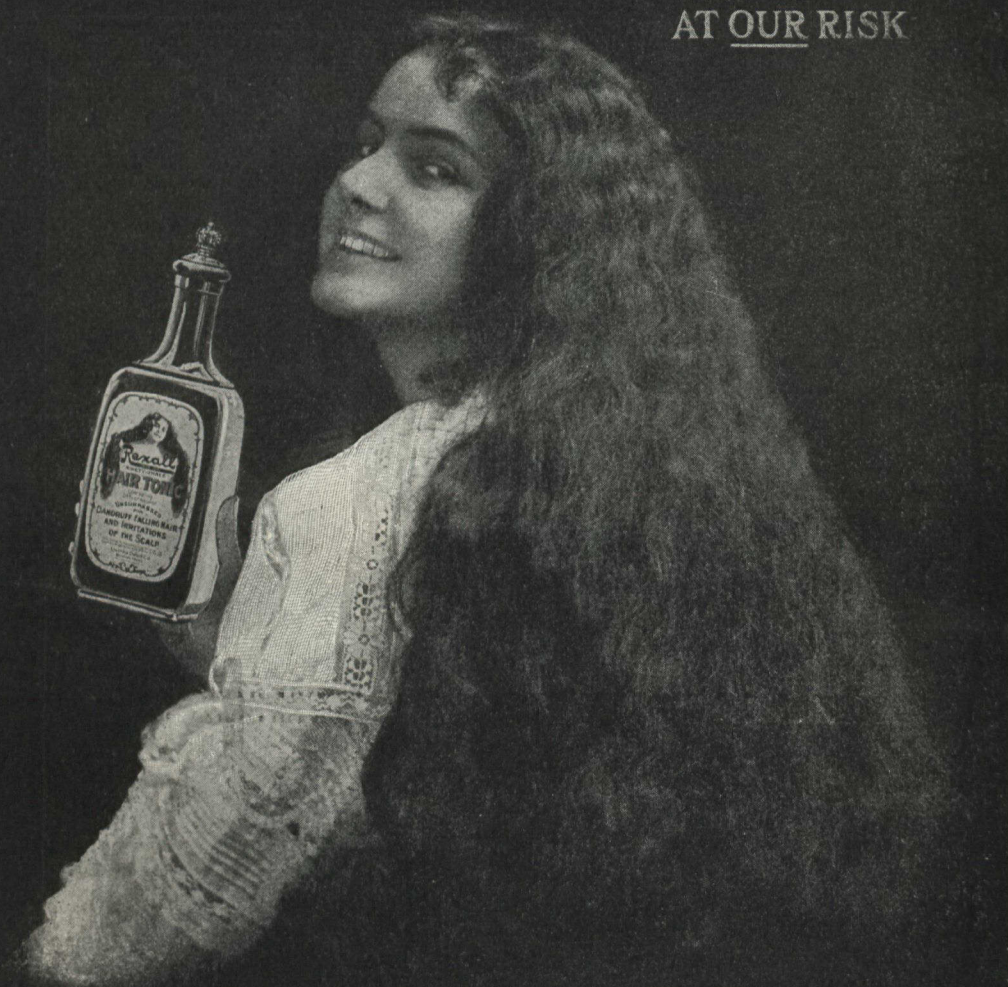
# Old Dutch Cleanser



Many uses &  
full directions  
on large  
sifter can 10¢



TRY IT ———  
AT OUR RISK



# Rexall

## “93” HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

The Most Efficacious Scalp and Hair Treatment

Your Money Back if Not as Claimed

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for The Rexall Stores

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY



# Like Bubbles in a Bowl of Milk

Here's an idea which is being used in a million homes, we think.

Instead of bread or crackers, Puffed Grains are served in milk.  
Note what the users gain.  
The grains are much crisper than crackers.  
They are four times as porous as bread.  
They are whole-grain foods, not merely the flour.

The taste is like toasted nuts.  
Puffed Grains are light and airy. They float on milk. Yet a touch of the teeth will crush them into almond-flavored granules.  
And these exploded grains are twice as digestible as the best other cereal food.

## In the Morning

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar, or mix the grains with fruit.  
For dinner serve as wafers in your soup. Or scatter them over a dish of ice cream, to give you a nut-like blend.

But for suppers or luncheons, or a bedtime dish, serve in bowls of milk.  
You will say that these thin, crisp, toasted wafers are the most enticing foods you know.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c** Except in  
**Puffed Rice, 15c** Extreme West

## Prof. Anderson's Foods

These are the foods which experts know as Prof. Anderson's foods.  
They are made by steam explosion—by being shot from guns. The millions of granules inside of each grain are literally blasted to pieces.  
That's what makes them so porous. That is why they digest. And the nut-like taste results from applying 550 degrees of heat.

Puffed Grains, as every expert knows, are the best-cooked foods in existence.  
And 250,000,000 dishes last year were consumed by the people who love them.

**Tell your grocer to send a package of each. Then try out these ways of serving.**

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers—Peterborough

## Time Your Order Was Placed

For a Spring

Over Coat, Frock Coat  
or Morning Coat

## VICKERMAN'S

Grey Cheviots, Vicunas  
or Llamas.

**CAN'T BE BEATEN**

There is something about a VICKERMAN CLOTH that appeals to one right away and the longer you wear one the more noticeable are its good qualities in contrast to other makers.

## Vickerman's Greys

never get that Rusty or Faded look so common in greys but retain their lustrous appearance to the end.



The makers name along the Selvage every 3 yards.

Let us know if your tailor does not handle them. We can tell you who does.

## Nisbet & Auld, Limited

Toronto.

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.



## Taylor's INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP

ALMOST a million Canadian women use Infants-Delight Toilet Soap. They enjoy its rich, creamy lather—its rare cleansing power—its soothing, softening effect on the skin—and its delicate fragrance.

Have you never tried it? Then you and yours have been missing a real toilet treat. Get a cake from your dealer right away and you'll see how true this is. 10c. everywhere.

106m

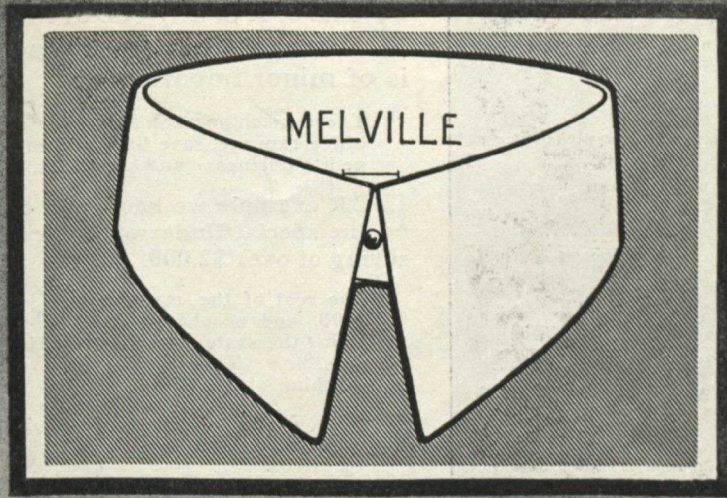


The same splendid soap qualities, but scented with the fragrance of fresh-cut violets. Free Trial Sample sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to cover postage.

John Taylor & Co., Limited, - Toronto

OLDEST AND LARGEST PERFUMERS  
AND TOILET SOAP MAKERS IN CANADA

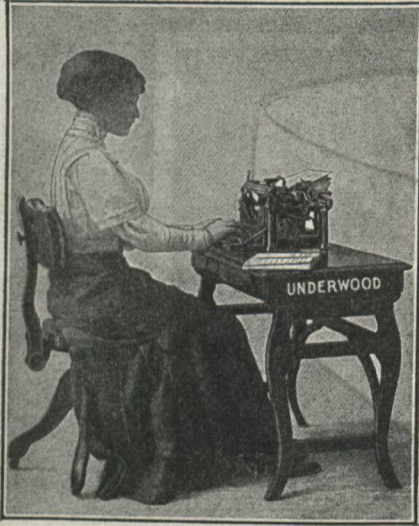




# Foore Collars

$\frac{1}{4}$  sizes, They Fit, 2 for 25¢

The MELVILLE promises to be very popular this Spring and Summer. Gives the effect of a rather high collar yet is exceptionally comfortable on account of the low inside band.



**T**HE cost of any one of the twenty-five special-purpose Underwoods is of minor importance.

These machines are designed to reduce office expense, save time and effort, expedite business—and they do it.

**F**OR example we know of a case where one special Underwood effects a yearly saving of over \$2,000.

The cost of the machine was less than \$200, and no charge was made for devising the system which made the saving possible. That service goes with the machine.

**T**HERE are few instances where a special-purpose Underwood and its associated system installed by us, will not save the cost in a few months.

Write us if you are interested in doing all your accounting work with machines.

**United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto**  
and all other Canadian Cities.

## Bore or Pleasure---Which?

**L**ETTER-WRITING used to be a "fine art." Now it is almost a lost art. Some men even dictate home letters to the hotel stenographer.

Letter-writing is a bore---until you find the stationery that turns it into a double pleasure---once for you and again for the lucky recipient.

### WOMEN OF TASTE

write their social notes and "thank you" letters on paper that reflects breeding and culture.

### IRIS LINEN

is a fine fabric finish of just the right weight and size—boxed to meet the requirements of critical users.

### MEN OF CHARACTER

write their own personal letters. They want paper strong of texture, heavy and fine of finish.

### CROWN VELLUM

makes of duty a pleasure—substantial, delightful to write on. Adds distinction to any letter.

At your stationers—or from

**BARBER-ELLIS LIMITED, Toronto**

TORONTO

BRANTFORD

WINNIPEG



# Some Children Somewhere Every Moment Breakfast on Quaker Oats.

Every hour of our night the sun rises somewhere on this delicious meal.

The youth of all nations, mornings and evenings, eat a billion dishes of Quaker Oats yearly.

Because oats feed body, brain and nerves better than anything else that grows.

And because Quaker Oats, in the judgment of millions, is the finest oat food in existence.

# Quaker Oats

### Just the Cream of the Oats The Quintessence of Flavor

For 25 years Quaker Oats has been made from just the choicest grains.

After 62 siftings we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel—just the richest, plumpest grains. Grains of greatest food value, of finest flavor.

Folks who eat them can't go back to lesser grades of oatmeal.

Yet Quaker Oats—this cream of the oats—costs but one-half cent per dish.

**Serve Oatmeal Twice a Day.**

It fosters brain development. It holds energy.

Serve the most delicious grade, so that children grow to love it.

**Regular size  
package, 10c**

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

**Except in Far West**



## The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package.

## Reaping Rewards from Resolutions

By FRANKLIN O. KING

Do You Remember That Old Story about Robert Bruce and the Spider? Robert was Hiding in a Cave. His Enemies Had Him "In the Hole," Temporarily, So to Speak, As It Were. While Reflecting on the *Rocky Road to Royalty*, Robert, the Bruce, Espied a Spider Spinning His Web Over the Entrance to the Cavern. Nine Times Did the Spider Swing Across the Opening in a Vain Attempt to Effect a Landing, but the Tenth Time he Touched the Home Plate, and Robert, admiring the Persistence of the Insect. Cried Out Loud—"Bravo," Two or Three Times, One Right After the Other. Shortly After That Bruce Got Busy and Captured a Kingdom.

All of This Preamble is Intended to Point a Moral, which is—"If At First You Don't Succeed, Slap on More Steam, and Sand the Track." In This Connection I want to Inquire about Your New Year's Resolutions, and to Ask If You Have Kept the Faith, and If Not—Why Not? *I Believe the Pathway to Prosperity is Paved with Good Resolutions. Therefore, let Us Resolve, and Keep Resolving until Victory is Perched on our Banners.* Remember, You Have Fought Many a Victorious Waterloo that the World Knows Nothing About. The Man who Gets Up every Time He Falls Down Will Some Day Cease to be a "Fall Guy." *Good Resolutions Will Be Rewarded with Rich Realizations, and It Shall Follow as the Night the Day.*

How Much Better Off are You than Last Year, or the Year Before That? Perhaps Your Wages are a Little Higher, but Have not Your Expenses More than Kept Pace with That Increase? Aren't You Paying a Little More for Your Clothes and Your Meals, and don't You Smoke More Expensive Cigars and More of Them than Formerly? If It isn't Cigars, It may be Something Else—Some More Expensive Habit.

A Man Begins To Go Down Hill at Forty, and the time may come when a Younger Man—perhaps a *Cheaper Man*—will fill your job. The Man Who-Looks-Ahead will prepare himself for that time by getting a Home. My advice to You, therefore, is to Get a Home while you are able to do so—and Begin Now. I would further advise you to Get a Home in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas.

Since Investigating Conditions in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, I have no Fear of Old Age or Poverty, because I know I can Take up a

Few Acres down there and be *Absolutely Independent*. I am Firmly Convinced that with *Average Intelligence* and *Average Industry*, any Man who is now Working His Head off in the North to make a Bare Living, where they Snatch One Crop between Snowstorms and Blizzards, can soon Lay Up a Nice Bank Account in the **Winter Garden of America**. Come to the *Land of Least Resistance*, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year on the Same Soil and Without a Dollar's Worth of Expense for Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Twenty-Five Cents a Day if You Tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1,000 an acre growing Oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

One German Truck Grower on adjoining lands last spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of Strawberries. You could do as well if you only Tried, and on a **Ten-Acre Tract Find Financial Freedom**.

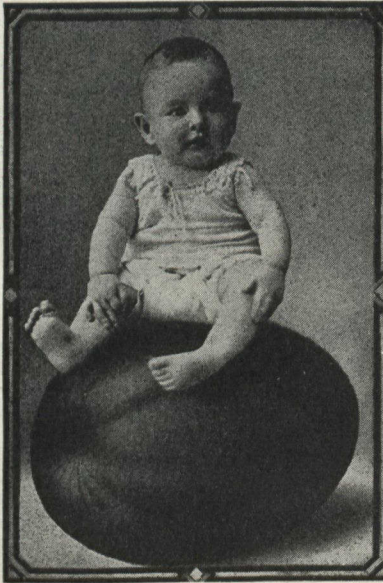
The Biggest Price paid for a car of watermelons on the Houston Market last year was \$140. The car was shipped by the Danbury Fruit and Truck Growers' Association.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die or become totally disabled, Your family, or anyone else Your name, will get the Farm without the Payment of Another Penny. If you should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 Photographs of Growing Crops, etc. Fill Out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1450 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Read it Carefully, then use your own Good Judgment.

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products



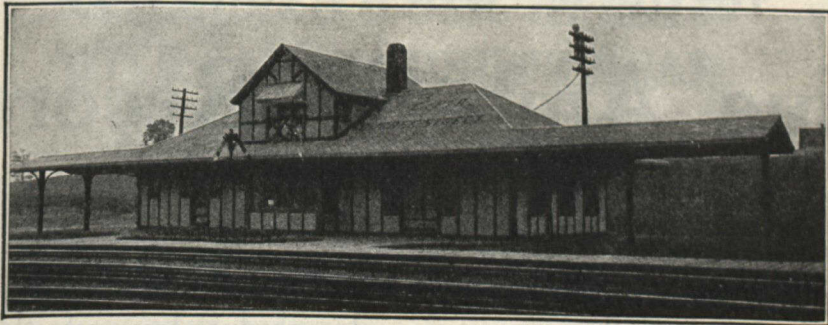
# RODGERS' CUTLERY

The aim of cutlery manufacturers is to *become* what "Rodgers" *is*—the leader in cutlery manufacture, Rodgers' Trade Mark is the hall mark of excellence.

**Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited**

*Cutlers to His Majesty*

**SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND**



## EVERY RAILWAY IN CANADA USES *ASBESTOSLATE* CEMENT SHINGLES



The Canadian Northern Railway Station at Fort Francis, Ont., is the latest of the many Canadian Railway buildings to be roofed with Asbestoslate Cement Shingles.

The choice of this roofing by all the Canadian Railways is most significant. It means that the keenest, most exacting buyers and maintenance men in the country are convinced of their superiority.

Made of Portland Cement and Asbestos, in Red, Grey and Slate, Asbestoslate Cement Shingles are fire-proof, weather-proof and practically indestructible.

Write for Booklet C. M. to

**ASBESTOS MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED**

Address E. T. Bank Bldg., Montreal.

Factory at Lachine, Que., (near Montreal.)



The money you invest in  
Phonograph Records goes  
farthest when you buy

## Blue Amberol Records

Farthest from a musical standpoint, because Blue Amberols have a finer tone than any other phonograph records and reproduce in a more lifelike way. Farthest from an investment standpoint, because Blue Amberols will never wear and reproduce less perfectly than when new, and will never become injured by careless handling.

The Blue Amberol is a Record for the

# EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Hear it at your Edison dealers today

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N. J.



# La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

## CORSET

### Ready for the new Costume

For any woman of ordinary height and weighing between 115 and 140 lbs., the La Diva 718 is the ideal foundation for this season's costume, and makes possible a perfect fit and an up-to-date figure, and it sells at only \$3.00.

This year's D. & A. and La Diva Models are great successes; they are comfortable, support the figure well, and give that supple, graceful, almost corsetless effect which is the aim of the fashionable "modistes."

Made specially for Canadian Women after long studies of Canadian figures in one of the largest and best equipped corset factories in the world, the D. & A. and La Diva corsets offer style and comfort superior to imported corsets yet at from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair less.

There is a model for every figure. Our catalogue, sent free on request, will help you to choose the best for yours. 12-13

**DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC**

## SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH JAEGER UNDERWEAR



United Garments

Nearly all colds are preventable.

One effective means of prevention is to wear **JAEGER Pure Wool Underwear.**

The purity of material and the peculiar properties of pure wool in creating and preserving warmth make **JAEGER** the safest of all underwear.

Those who are subject to colds cannot take the risk of uncertain underwear.

There is no uncertainty about **JAEGER.**

All weights and sizes for men and women.

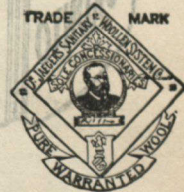
**Dr. JAEGER** SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED

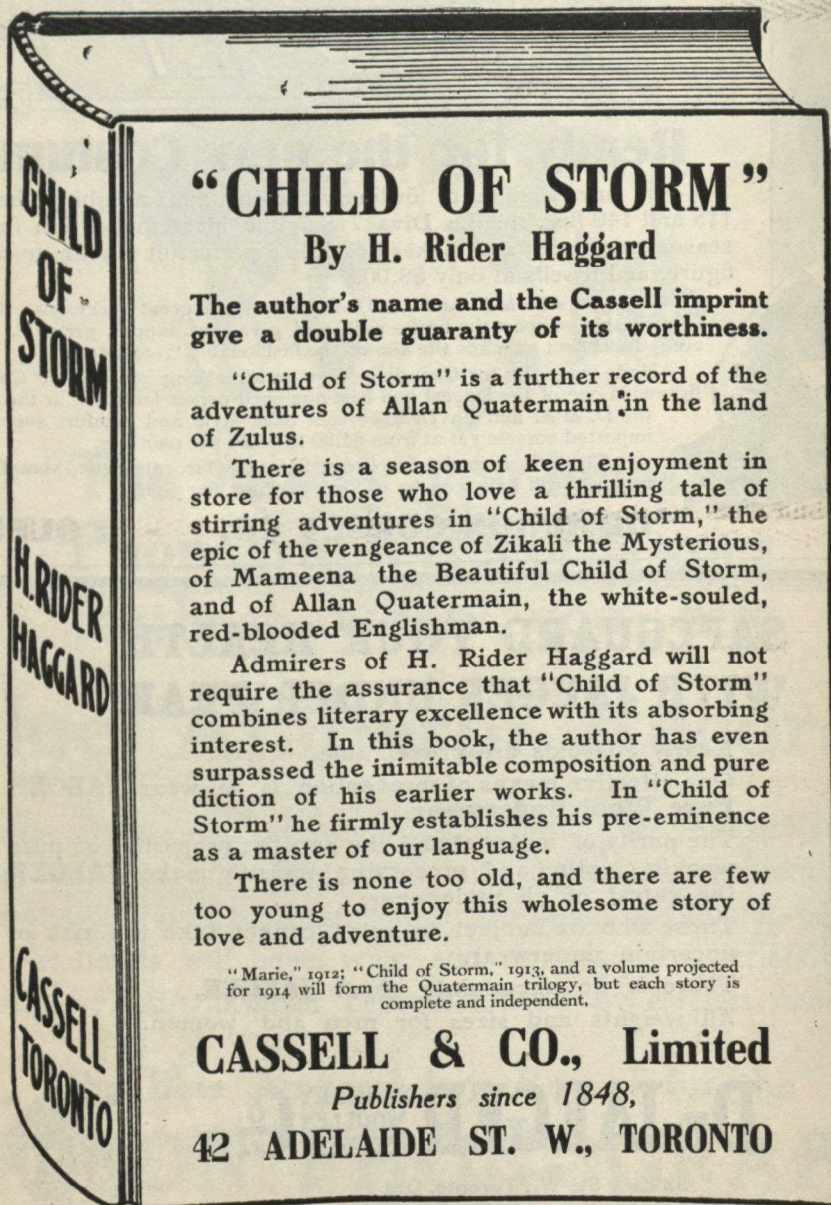
32 King St. W., Toronto. Ont.

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

And from **JAEGER** Agents throughout the Dominion.





**“CHILD OF STORM”**  
By H. Rider Haggard

The author's name and the Cassell imprint give a double guaranty of its worthiness.

“Child of Storm” is a further record of the adventures of Allan Quatermain in the land of Zulus.

There is a season of keen enjoyment in store for those who love a thrilling tale of stirring adventures in “Child of Storm,” the epic of the vengeance of Zikali the Mysterious, of Mameena the Beautiful Child of Storm, and of Allan Quatermain, the white-souled, red-blooded Englishman.

Admirers of H. Rider Haggard will not require the assurance that “Child of Storm” combines literary excellence with its absorbing interest. In this book, the author has even surpassed the inimitable composition and pure diction of his earlier works. In “Child of Storm” he firmly establishes his pre-eminence as a master of our language.

There is none too old, and there are few too young to enjoy this wholesome story of love and adventure.

“Marie,” 1912; “Child of Storm,” 1913, and a volume projected for 1914 will form the Quatermain trilogy, but each story is complete and independent.

**CASSELL & CO., Limited**  
*Publishers since 1848,*  
**42 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO**





## The first taste of Neilson's

is not only a delightfully new experience but it sets up a new standard for your palate. Neilson's are not just "Ordinary Chocolates." Each dainty piece and each variety has a distinctive Neilson originality. After tasting Neilson's you will find that you have no desire for "Ordinary Chocolates."

# Neilson's Chocolates

### Chocolats des Aristocrates

One of many good things in  
Chocolates sold under the name  
NEILSON'S.

**William Neilson Limited**

**TORONTO - ONTARIO**

### A Few Neilson Favorites

Reception Chocolates.  
Chocolate Fruit Glaces.  
Specially Prepared Fruits.  
"Every Piece Different"  
(over 40 different kinds).  
Chocolats des Aristocrates.  
Italian Chocolates.

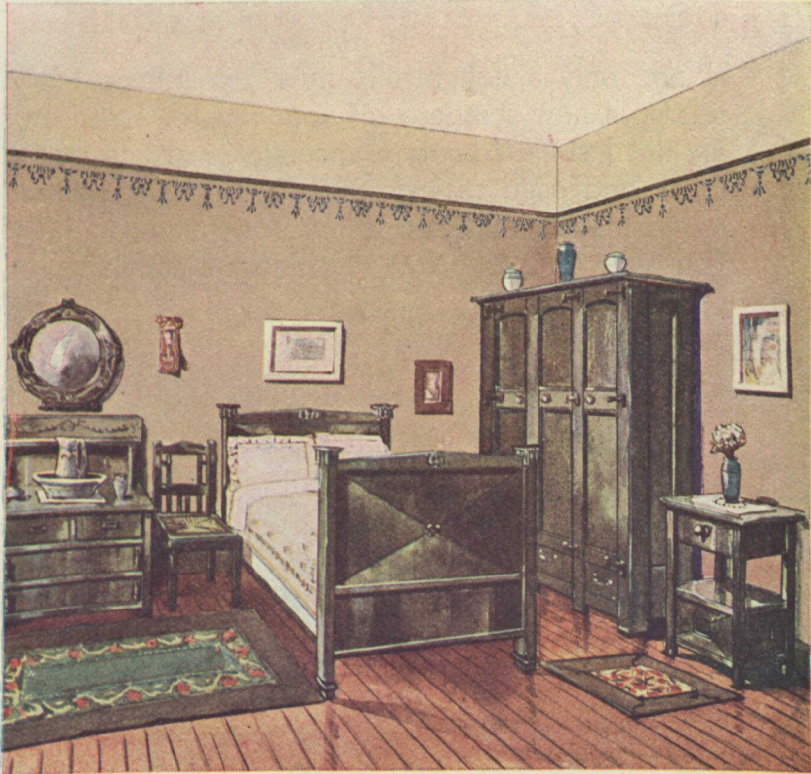
# Alabastine

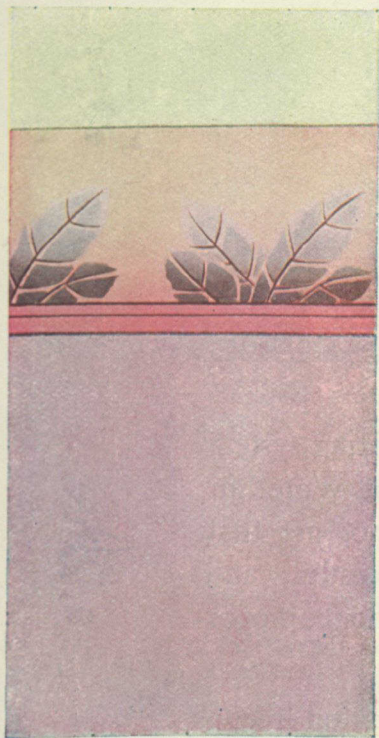
## The Twentieth Century Wall Finish

*Take off the old Unsanitary Wall Paper and use "Alabastine" — the Beautiful Wall Tint*

"ALABASTINE" is vastly more artistic than wall paper, paint or kalsomine—more easily applied and costs far less. It is distinctly the vogue with people of good taste and refinement—they have used it for over a quarter of a century.

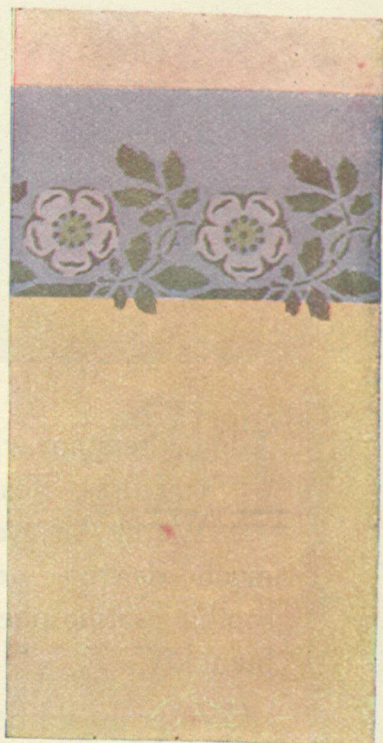
"ALABASTINE" is *absolutely sanitary*—far more durable than the best of wall paper or any kind of kalsomine. The best wall paper contains enough arsenic to interfere with health. It is laid on a layer of paste which is nothing more nor less than a germ factory. And you cannot buy a kalsomine that will not chip, blister, crack, rub or peel off, as it depends upon animal glue to bind it to the wall. On the other hand "Alabastine" is made from an Alabaster cement. It hardens on the wall with age, and can be recoated time after time without removing old coats.





“ALABASTINE” has *antiseptic properties*. Germs *cannot* live on or in it. Once the walls of a room are coated with “Alabastine” there is no necessity for redecoration after sickness.

“ALABASTINE” has *stood the test of time* and is today *more popular* than ever. It is more economical than either wall paper or kalsomine, and *far more sanitary*. Anybody can apply “Alabastine.” Just mix with cold water and use a flat bristle brush.



DECORATE with “Alabastine” and you can have a *charming and comfortable* home. With our *numerous* tints and white any color scheme can be *easily and artistically* carried out.

**FREE STENCILS** Our staff of trained decorators will *perfect* any color scheme for you *absolutely free of charge*. We will also *supply free stencils exactly* suited for your purpose. Your Hardware or Paint Dealer will supply you with “Alabastine.” But *write* for *full particulars and free* booklet.

**THE ALABASTINE Co., Limited**

21 WILLOW STREET

PARIS, CANADA



**I**T matters not what heating system you use—Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air, you cannot get that much desired gentle, restful and soothing atmosphere without proper humidity.

Water should be evaporated freely, and the

# GOOD CHEER

**WARM  
AIR FURNACE**

WITH ITS BIG

**CIRCLE WATERPAN**

holding from four to six gallons, presents the one heating medium which does afford a really comfortable and healthful warmth.

*Catalogue mailed on request*

**The JAMES STEWART MFG. CO., Limited**  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO, WESTERN BRANCH: Winnipeg, Manitoba

# SEND Now for Six Pairs of Warm Cashmere Holeproof Hose Guaranteed Six Months



## A Million People

in the States and Canada are wearing Holeproof Hose! 26,000,000 pairs have been sold on the six-months' guarantee! Think how good these hose must be to please so many wearers. Send for six pairs and try them. They save wearing darned hose and they save all the darning. If any of the six in the box wear out within six months you get new hose free to replace them.

But we don't protect just the heels and toes. Every stitch is guaranteed. If a thread breaks the pair is considered worn out; you get a new pair free.

users. Hose that wear out in two weeks are a bother, no matter how comfortable they may be. "Holeproof," the most comfortable hose in existence, last twelve times as long—guaranteed. Can there be any question between the two kinds?

## Send Trial Order Now

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. See what a saving. Note their convenience. You'll never wear common kinds once you know these advantages. Two grades for men—medium Cashmere Sox, \$2.00 for six pairs. Fine Cashmere, \$3.00 for six pairs. Colors for men—black, tan and navy blue. Women's medium Cashmere Stockings in black or tan, \$3.00 for six pairs. All are guaranteed six months. Three pairs of children's "Holeproof," guaranteed three months, \$1.00. Only one size in each box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire.

## Mark the Coupon

Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

The above statements refer to "Holeproof" in the States and Canada.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.**

181 Bond Street

London, Canada

**FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

## Our Wonderful Yarn

The yarn we use is warm and soft, yet has wonderful strength and endurance. We pay the top market price for it. We buy the finest yarn that's sold.

## Our Thirteenth Year

This is our thirteenth year with "Holeproof." It now commands the largest sale of any brand of hosiery sold, because of the satisfaction to

## Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.  
181 Bond St., London, Can. (391)

Gentlemen: I enclose \$....., for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for.....(state whether for men, women or children). Size..... Color.....

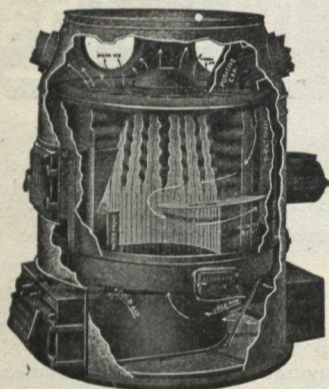
Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

**Are Your Hose Insured?**

# Get New Ideas in Heating Your Home



—before you decide upon what Heater.

Modern experts say that the best Heater is the one that heats and ventilates at the same time. There is no other that will do this so satisfactorily as the

## Kelsey Warm Air Generator

The Kelsey is entirely different from other Heaters in construction and method of warming and distributing air.

Let us show you how.

**The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Limited.**  
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

“A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name “Milton” on it.”

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.** - **Dept. D.**  
**MILTON, ONTARIO.**

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office - - - - - **Janes Building.**

# Parowax

is perfectly splendid. It makes linen spotlessly white without any hard, wearing, rubbing. You really ought to try it.

Parowax is easy to use and inexpensive. One pound is enough for 16 boilers of wash. Full directions with every package.

Parowax is also invaluable for sealing jellies and preserves, forming an air-tight, moldproof seal.



Dealers everywhere sell Parowax.  
Get a package today and try it.

**THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED**  
 Toronto                      St. John  
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**NEW CENTURY WASHER**

**The Springs do most of the Work**

The New Century Washer is paramount. There is no other washer that will so lighten household labor. The oil-tempered steel springs do the greater part of the work and the balance of the effort required is very easy when compared to the old-fashioned methods.

The New Century features are exclusive and patented. No other machine can have the rust-proof steel spring on the **INSIDE** of the tub to offset the pressure of the hoops from the **OUTSIDE** and prevent warping.

See the New Century at your dealer's or write to us for full information.

Cummer-Dowse Ltd.  
Hamilton, - Ontario.



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**



## THE MUSICAL ATMOSPHERE OF THE HOME

A few friends—an open fire—a little music, and an evening long to be remembered.

In how many homes, the one thing lacking is music, and yet how needless is this lack. The

## Gerhard Heintzman PLAYER PIANO

which anyone can play, makes a new atmosphere—makes the home a gathering place for music lovers and banishes dullness for ever.

No matter what kind of music your guests may desire, you, yourself can produce it, though you have had no advantage of musical education.

Can you afford to have your home musicless?

Write for the booklet—or better, call and try the instrument. We will be pleased to give you a little impromptu recital of some of your favorites.

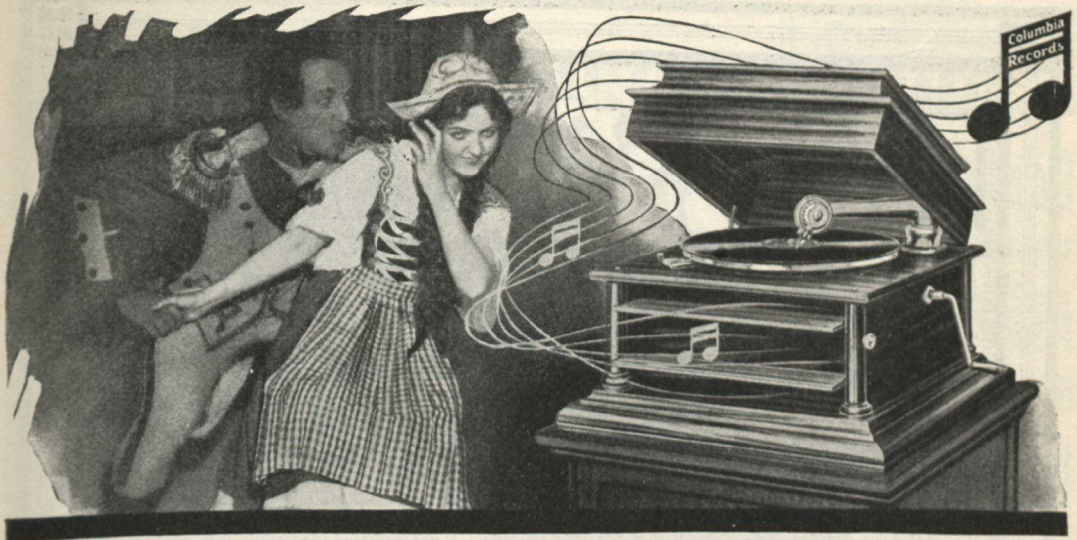
Your present instrument taken as part payment and convenient terms of payment arranged.

**Gerhard Heintzman Ltd.**  
41-43 Queen Street W., Toronto  
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New Salesrooms in Hamilton (next to Post Office)

R-67





# Just Two Ways of Hearing ALICE NIELSEN



Buy tickets and attend her public appearances on opera stage or concert platform or

Buy her Columbia Double-Disc Records and hear her—and invite your friends to hear her—in your own home any evening, and as many evenings as you please.

Here is a prima donna—a Grand Opera Star—who can sing “Way Down Upon the Suwanee River” and “Bonnie Sweet Bessie” without leaving out any of the human-ness.

Alice Nielsen is to-day famous as the Prima Donna of the Boston Opera Company and the records she has made for us include arias from “Madame Butterfly,” “La Boheme,” “Tosca,” “Faust,” “Carmen,” “Don Giovanni,” “Le Nozze di Figaro” and other operas.

But as a singer of the old ballads, the songs that were written and composed years ago when there was less strenuous speed and maybe more sentiment in the world—in these, the real songs of the people, Alice Nielsen is supreme.

Hear her sing the “Last Rose of Summer,” “Kathleen Mavourneen,” “The Old Folks at Home”; hear her sing of “Annie Laurie” and “Bonnie Sweet Bessie” and you will realize that here is an opera star who, with all her fame, is woman enough still to sing the old ballads as our grandmothers would have liked to hear them sung.

All these records will play on your talking machine—no matter what the make, so long as it will play disc records.

If you haven't already got one go to the nearest Columbia dealer and ask him to play some of the Nielsen records to you on the Columbia Grafonola “Favorite”: it's a \$65 instrument—the one in the picture—it has become the standard instrument of the world and its sale is far larger than that of any other model.

Write for catalogs.

## Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l McKinnon Building, Toronto, Ont.

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Dealers Wanted: Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented. A complete catalog of Columbia Graphophones and Grafonolas, just off the press, can be had of any Columbia dealer or direct by mail.

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*Best  
for  
Baby*

*Best  
for  
You*



**T**HE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin—help nature along. It assures a soft, white, healthy skin and its use delights both young and old. Baby's Own Soap is for sale almost everywhere.

**ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL**



**TRADE  
LIQUID GRANITE  
MARK**

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best-known and most widely used of all varnishes. There is no substitute.

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FINISH**

For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

**ELASTIC INTERIOR  
FINISH**

For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window sills and sash, bathroom and kitchen woodwork. It stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

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For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries dust free in a short time and possesses great durability under the most trying weather conditions.

**SPAR  
LUXEBERRY  
VARNISH**

For yachts, boats, canoes and other marine uses—either inside or outside. It is impossible to produce a more lasting varnish to withstand the trying conditions of marine use.

## Here's Your Guide to All Good Varnishing!

*First*—Berry Brothers' label on the can.

*Second*—One of the above five names at the top of the label.

These five satisfy all the needs of the average user who goes to his dealer or his painter for varnish.

And there is no way to get greater satisfaction—

There's no way to be more certain of the durability, economy and handsome appearance of the varnished surface than by specifying the Berry Brothers' label, and seeing, personally that it is "on the job."

You can always afford to use the *best* varnish. And you can always

afford to spend the little time it takes to see personally to its selection and use.

*Tear out this Page* and file it away for your guidance the next time you

have varnishing to be done. It will help you get full satisfaction—whether you have only one floor to be finished or every room in a new house.

Better still, send for our free book: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all present and prospective users of varnish.

Any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' celebrated varnishes.

**BERRY BROTHERS**  
Established 1858  
**WALKERVILLE, ONT.**

**BERRY  
BROTHERS'  
VARNISHES**



### FLOOR FINISH

## Makes Floors Like This

**W**E want to know—and we want *you* to know—all about *your* floors. We want to show you, as we daily show so many others, how inexpensive and how easy it is to end *permanently* all your floor troubles.

Elastica is the only floor varnish which will give you positive, satisfactory results. It is trade-marked like this—



### FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label.  
All others are imitations.

## The One Perfect Floor Varnish

Whether your floors be old or new, of soft wood or hard wood, painted or unpainted, stained or unstained, Elastica will preserve them with an elastic, bright, durable, waterproof finish. Elastica can be used just as well over linoleum or oilcloth. *Send for descriptive booklet. Ask your dealer*

**INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED**

**TORONTO - WINNIPEG**

Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works

New York, Chicago, London, Berlin,  
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Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality. L14

# "KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

*If it isn't an Eastman  
it isn't a Kodak.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO.,  
Limited,  
TORONTO.

# Williams'

PATENTED

## Holder Top Shaving Stick



### You used to throw away this much of your Shaving Stick

You can use Williams' Holder Top Stick down to the very end. Grip the metal cap that holds the stick. Your fingers need never touch the soap, not even when there is only the thinnest wafer of it left. No matter how much or how little remains, you have absolute ease of manipulation always. Add to this feature the rich, creamy, luxurious lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soaps famous and you have the perfect shaving stick.

#### Four forms of the same good quality:

- Williams' Shaving Stick (in the Hinged-cover Nickered Box)
- Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
- Williams' Shaving Powder (in the Hinged-cover Nickered Box)
- Williams' Shaving Cream (in Tubes)

#### SPECIAL OFFER—Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



# What'll Stop Sour Stomach?

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**They Act Quick and Relief is  
Almost Immediate.**

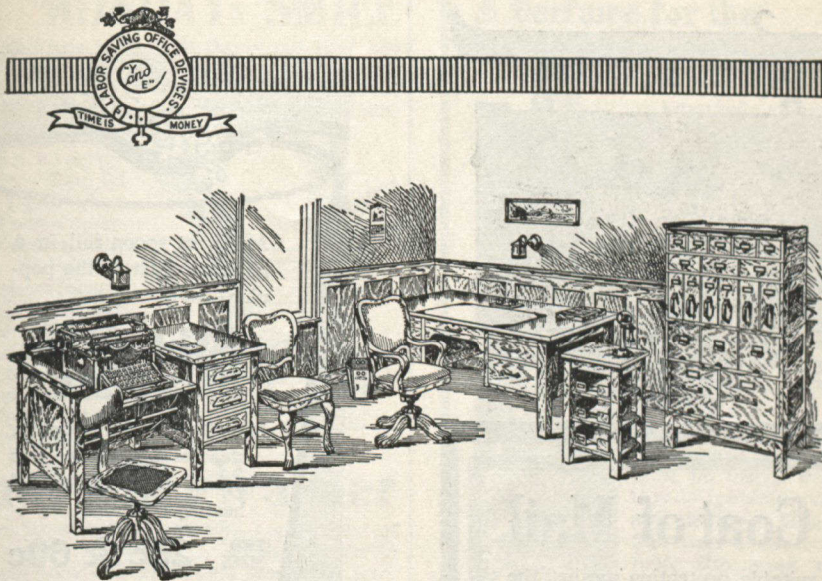
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There are some things so exactly right that to mention them brings calm and repose. And to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets gives the stomach just that kind of lift that makes you check up one hundred per cent to the good. Particularly is this true with those who suffer with sour stomach. You feel so mean that you actually hate yourself. And yet in a few minutes these tablets sweeten the stomach, arrest unnatural fermentation, start a powerful digestive action and prevent the formation of gas.

They are composed of only such digestants as are approved by the very best of physicians.

Real, live, progressive people want to be around where the activities of life embrace whatever circumstances dictate. If a house party serves a Welsh rarebit go to it. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to digest, 'tis true, but what of it? Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will take care of you, keep your stomach in control and your dreams won't see an army of hobgoblins playing hobs with your nerves. Many physicians regularly prescribe Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets for the stomach disorders of patients who are ill with some constitutional malady. They do so for the reason that these tablets are not a patent medicine and their composition is known and recognised as the most approved and most powerful of all digestants.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold and recommended by all druggists at 50c a box.



## The Systematized Office

"System" does not refer wholly to the various filing methods which are in use in the office.

This term has a broader meaning and includes not only the filing and record keeping, but also the general methods under which the office works. Only by having the right equipment with which to work, and having that equipment most conveniently arranged, so that each person's work is made easier and more quickly accomplished, can the *best* results be obtained.

**We are Systematizers and Quick Work Devisers**

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**97 Wellington Street W., TORONTO**

Complete Filing Equipment Stores:

MONTREAL      HALIFAX      OTTAWA      TORONTO (Head Office)  
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Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

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MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS  
**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED  
AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
CANADA



## A Coat of Mail

was suitable protection against the dangers of the Middle Ages but it was far from comfortable.

Now-a-days the suit of Underwear is the main protection against the dangers of climate and bodily ills.

## CEETEE PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

combines the efficiency of an armour with warm cosy comfort.

Made of the finest, cleanest Australian Merino wool, CEETEE Underwear keeps out the cold and damp and absorbs the perspiration.

Every garment is shaped to fit the form during the PROCESS OF KNITTING. The joins are all knitted together (not sewn.)

Made in sizes to fit all the family.

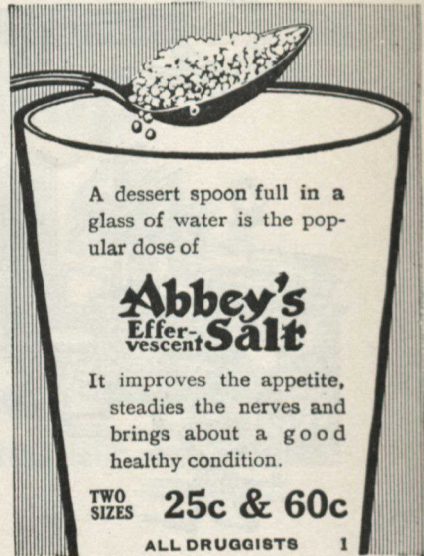
*Sold by the Best Dealers.  
Worn by the Best People.*

Guaranteed unshrinkable.

Manufactured by  
**THE C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, LTD.**  
GALT, ONT.

# CEETEE UNDERWEAR

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children; "M" Bands for Infants and CEETEE Shaker-Knit Sweater Coats. 709



A dessert spoon full in a glass of water is the popular dose of

**Abbey's  
Effer-Salt**  
vescent

It improves the appetite, steadies the nerves and brings about a good healthy condition.

TWO SIZES **25c & 60c**

ALL DRUGGISTS 1

## HAVE YOU DIABETES ?

If you have you will be interested in receiving some most convincing information direct from people who have been cured of this obnoxious and dreadful disease. SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES a standard and specific remedy, the formula for which was recently secured from a celebrated German Scientist has worked wonders in the way of immediately relieving and later completely curing many stubborn cases of Diabetes. It is frequently prescribed by physicians of standing and is being used in first-class hospitals. Sugar eliminated from the urine in from three to six days, complete cures after a few months treatment, cases cured in which the patient suffered from open sores, cases of several years duration completely cured,—these are a few instances of the results obtained by the use of SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES. We can refer enquirers to many reliable and prominent people whom we have cured and we can also send copies of most forcible letters from such patients. This remedy is sold by all druggists or by the makers at \$2.00 per bottle.

## HAVE YOU GALL-STONES ?

A very large number of people throughout Canada are using the standard remedy SANOL for Gall-stones, Kidney-stones, Gravel, Kidney trouble and all other diseases and complaints due to the presence of uric acid in the system. People who had trouble of this nature for periods which vary in length from a few months to ten years have been cured by SANOL. As a preventive of any disease of this nature it will be found most valuable by people who have any weakness of the kidneys, bladder or of the urinary system generally. The use of SANOL has in every case where used brought immediate relief and has saved many patients from operations. We can refer interested parties to any number of people who have been cured through this remedy and can also send letters of unquestionable convincing power. This remedy is for sale by druggists or by the makers at \$1.50 per bottle.

Both the remedies described above are manufactured only by

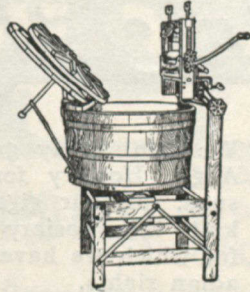
**The Sanol Manufacturing Company, Ltd.**  
977 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba



**YOUR MONDAY SMILE**

will be a broad one when you throw out that old wash board and install the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Blue Monday drudgery will be banished. for the Connor Ball Bearing almost runs itself.

Makes play of washing clothes. No sloppy floors, either. The lid fits down tight when closed. And when opened the water drains back into the tub. And unlike ordinary washers there's no centre post in the tub of the Connor. Nor any other obstruction around which clothes might wind and become torn. You'll be delighted with the speed in which the



**Connor Ball Bearing Washer**

does the work, with the beautiful appearance of the clothes, and with the gentle, kindly manner in which it treats your delicate laces, insertions, etc. Soon pays for itself in the time, labor and wear-on-clothes that it saves. Write for descriptive booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, LIMITED  
OTTAWA, CANADA

**A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste**

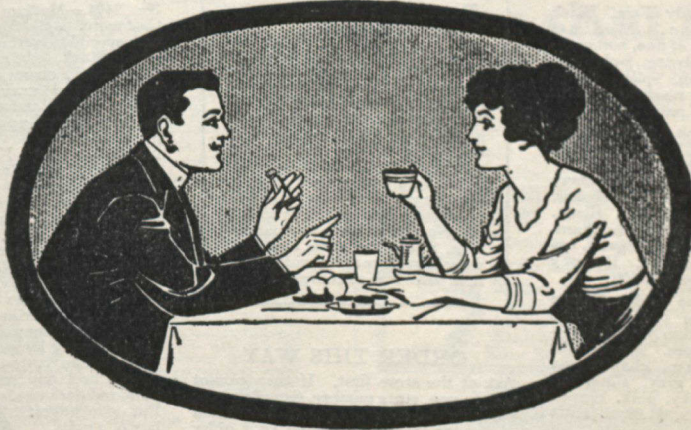


A leader amongst leaders. After being in use for NEARLY A CENTURY

**Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER**

is just as popular as ever

**BECAUSE:**  
IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::  
Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!



**HE SAID**—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

**SHE SAID**—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby

64

**WINDSOR TABLE SALT**



# Pen Angle Hosiery

You have never before had any certainty of fit and wear when you bought hosiery. You had to take your chances.

You no longer need do that. For now, at some reliable store near you, you can choose the hosiery that is **GUARANTEED**—Pen - Angle Hosiery.

We can safely guarantee Pen-Angle Hosiery for several reasons. In our gigantic mills we knit this hosiery on machines for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

With these machines we fit the hosiery to the exact form of the leg, ankle and foot—without a seam!

You need no argument to see that seamless hosiery must be more comfortable than the seamful, foot-wearingly kind. Don't forget the name or how the trademark looks.

## FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere Hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 2-ply foot heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe—Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, ox-blood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton Hose. Medium weight, made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl grey, slate, ox-blood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerised. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

## Read This Remarkable Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

## ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box, **BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.**

## FOR MEN

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere, 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, ox-blood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool, 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heel and toes. Black, light and dark tan.

Put up in boxes; box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

# PENMANS LIMITED

Dept. 68, Paris, Canada.





# A.W. FABER



# "CASTELL"

**DRAWING**  
**THE FINEST AND BEST COPYING PENCILS IN EXISTENCE.**  
**COLOURED**

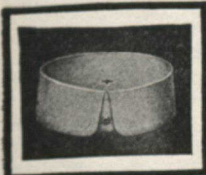
"CASTELL" Drawing Pencils made in 16 degrees are unexcelled for smoothness, uniform graduation and durability.

"CASTELL" Copying Pencils, black lead, hard, for carbon copies.

"CASTELL" " " " "soft, for writing purposes.

"CASTELL" " " violet lead, soft and hard.

"CASTELL" Polychromos Pencils in 60 different colors, light proof.



THE ARLINGTON CO.  
 of Canada, Ltd.  
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 TORONTO

### CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.



## \$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.  
 ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1749, WINDSOR, ONT.

## Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day

### DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives

**INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE** of all bunion pain.



Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back, 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The B. Scholl Manufacturing, Co., 214 King St. E., Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free*

## SONG POEMS WANTED

We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful song writers. Send us YOUR WORK today, with or without music. Acceptance guaranteed, if available. Large book FREE.

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### RESERVOIR PEN

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaking. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold-ing and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz, 40c, 6 doz, 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.

A. D. HASTINGS, Dept. 5, 393 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.



Why doesn't she take

### NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 122

# Don't Fret About Pimples

No More Humiliation ; the Wonderful  
Stuart's Calcium Wafers "Get Right  
After" those Pimples, Boils  
and Skin Eruptions.

No need for anyone to go about any longer with a face covered with pimples, blotches, eruptions, blackheads, and liver-spots. These are all due to impurities in the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly and the blemishes will disappear.



"A Short Time Ago My Face was Full of Pimples. Now  
They're All Gone ! I Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

That's what Stuart's Calcium Wafers are intended to accomplish and do accomplish. Their principal ingredient is Calcium Sulphide, the quickest and most thorough blood cleanser known.

These wonderful little wafers get right into the blood, and destroy eruptive substances present in it. In some cases a few days is sufficient to make a marked improvement. And when the blood is pure the whole system is a hundred per cent better.

Go to any drug store and get a 50 cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Get them today.

Don't fret any longer about those blackheads, pimples, boils, tetter, eczema, spots or skin eruptions; they all go and "go quick" if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

# Washday Drudgery Banished if you use the I. X. L. **VACUUM WASHER**

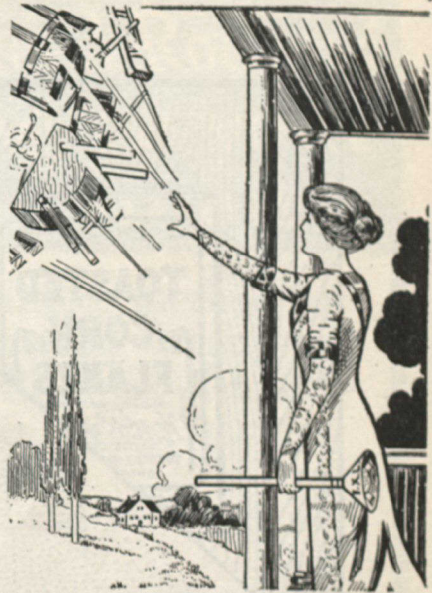
**Price \$3.50**

WASHES A FULL TUB OF CLOTHES  
PERFECTLY IN THREE MINUTES  
BY THE WATCH

Washes Anything and Everything from Horse  
Blankets and Overalls to the Finest Laces  
without any injury whatever.

**NOT ONLY WASHES BUT RINSES  
AND BLUES**

USE THE COUPON BELOW  
IT IS GOOD FOR **\$2.00**



Cranks, levers and motors banished.

## Twenty Reasons Why This Labor Saving Device Should be in Your Home

- 1—It is compressed air that does the work.
- 2—You can wash a tub of clothes in **THREE** minutes
- 3—COMPRESSED AIR and SUCTION are the latest known science for perfect cleaning
- 4—There is no wear or tear on the clothes
- 5—It eliminates all the hard work of washing
- 6—You can rinse or blue a tub of clothes in **THREE SECONDS**
- 7—One hour's work will do any ordinary family washing
- 8—It will last for years
- 9—Anything that can be cleaned by soap and water or gasoline, can be cleaned perfectly without breaking a thread
- 10—THREE minutes in the SUDS, TWO minutes in the boiler (if you boil your clothes), 30 SECONDS in the rinse water and 30 SECONDS in the bluing water, will wash a tub of white clothes
- 11—Lace Curtains, Bed Comforts, Fancy Shirtwaists, Woollen Blankets, Overalls, and even Horse Blankets can be washed perfectly without any wear or tear on the goods
- 12—It forces the water through the fabric
- 13—The finest fabrics can be washed in same tub with ordinary white clothes with no possible injury
- 14—The work that takes from 40 minutes to one hour to do on a rubbing board can be done in **THREE** minutes without any hard work
- 15—You can use the machine in the boiler, thereby forcing the steam through the clothes, which bleaches and whitens them
- 16—It only costs \$3.50 and will save you at least \$50.00 per year in your home by not wearing out your clothes
- 17—The Washing Machine only weighs 1¼ lbs
- 18—You can do all your Dry Cleaning with this machine. You simply use gasoline in place of water
- 19—Because the I.X.L. Vacuum Washer is sold under a money-back guarantee to wash quicker and better than any washing machine made, irrespective of price and construction
- 20—Because if you use the Coupon below you can get one of these wonderful washers for \$1.50

### Sent under a Money-back Guarantee

Join the army of delighted housewives  
right now. You will never regret it—  
you will be delighted.

**Thousands in use and Millions will be**

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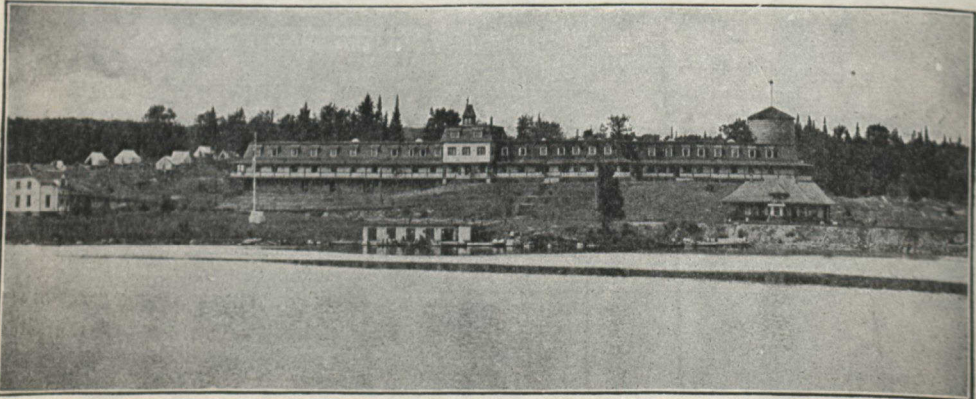
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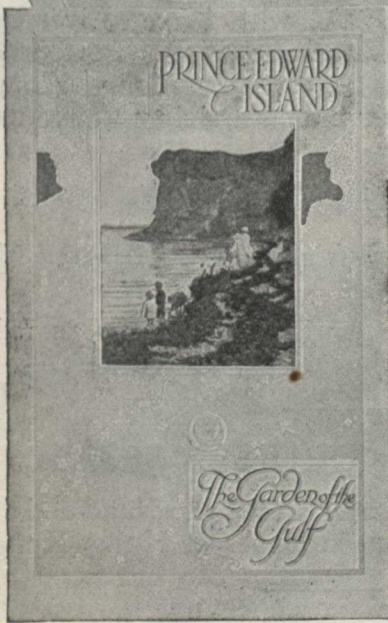
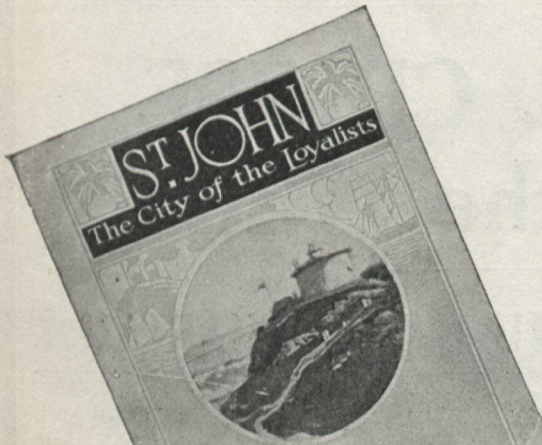
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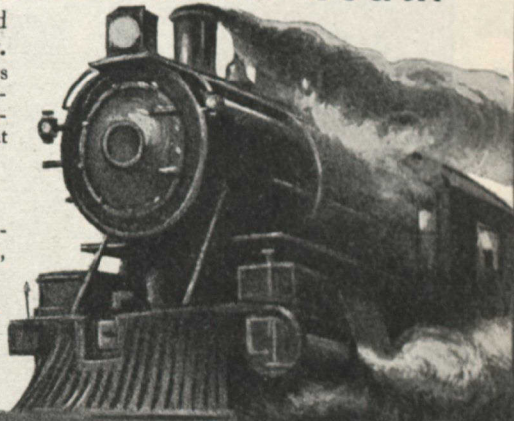
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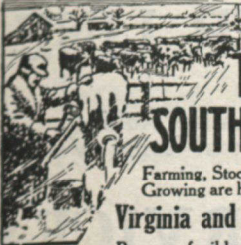
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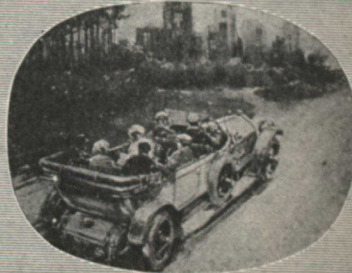
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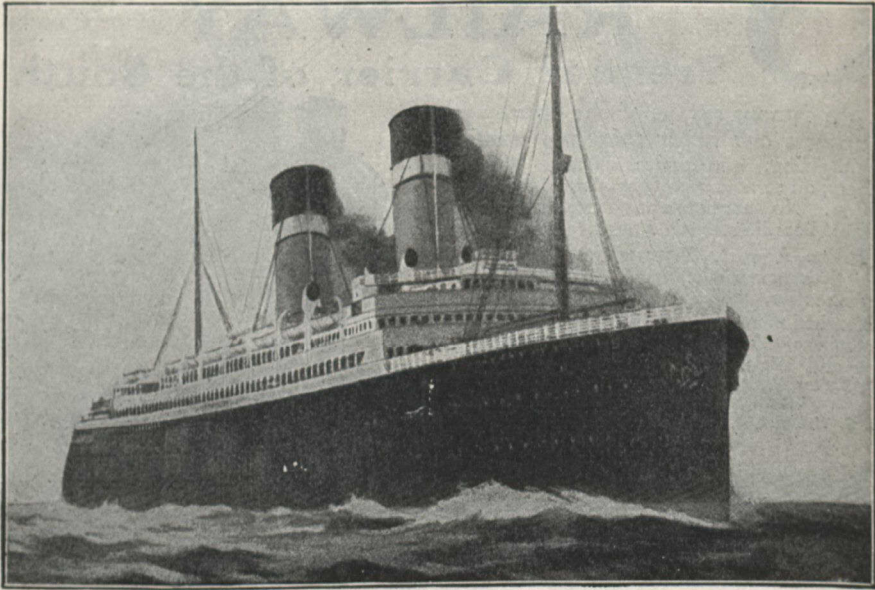
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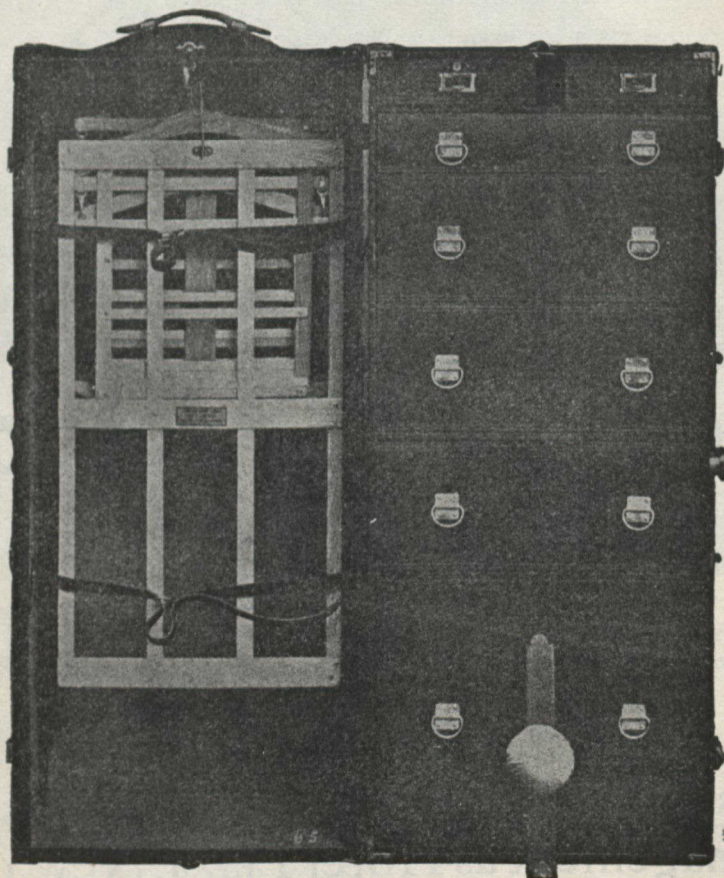
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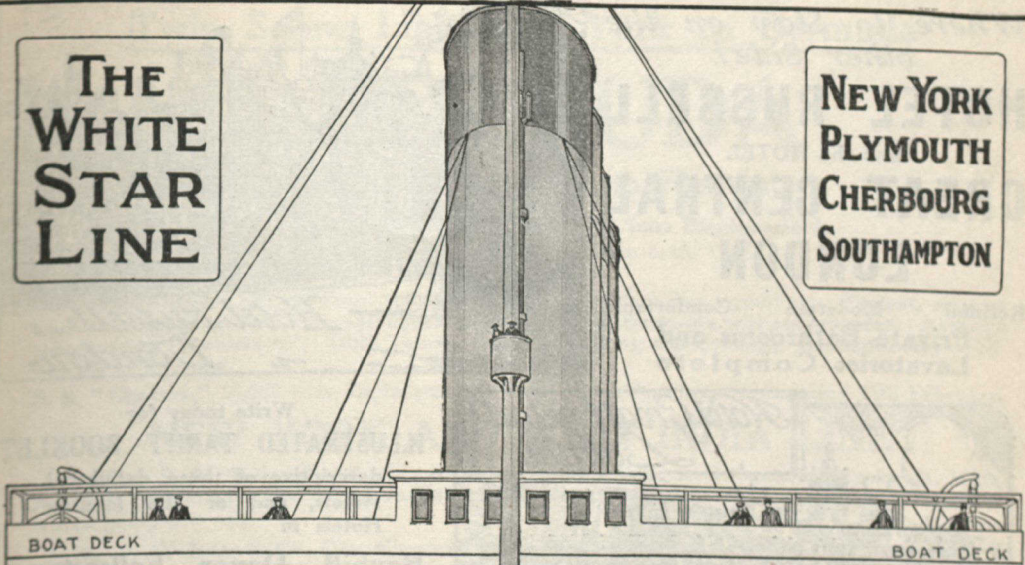
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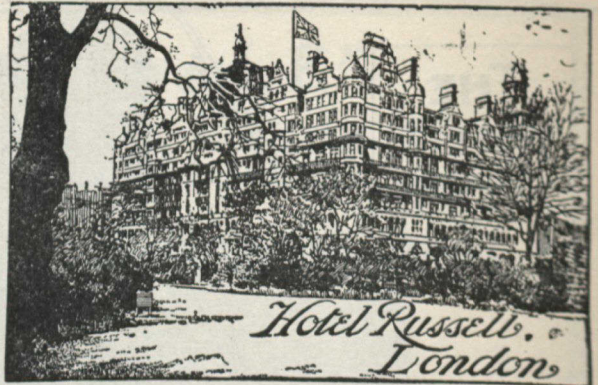
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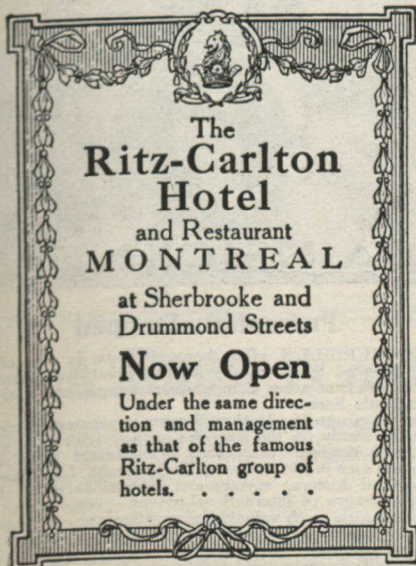
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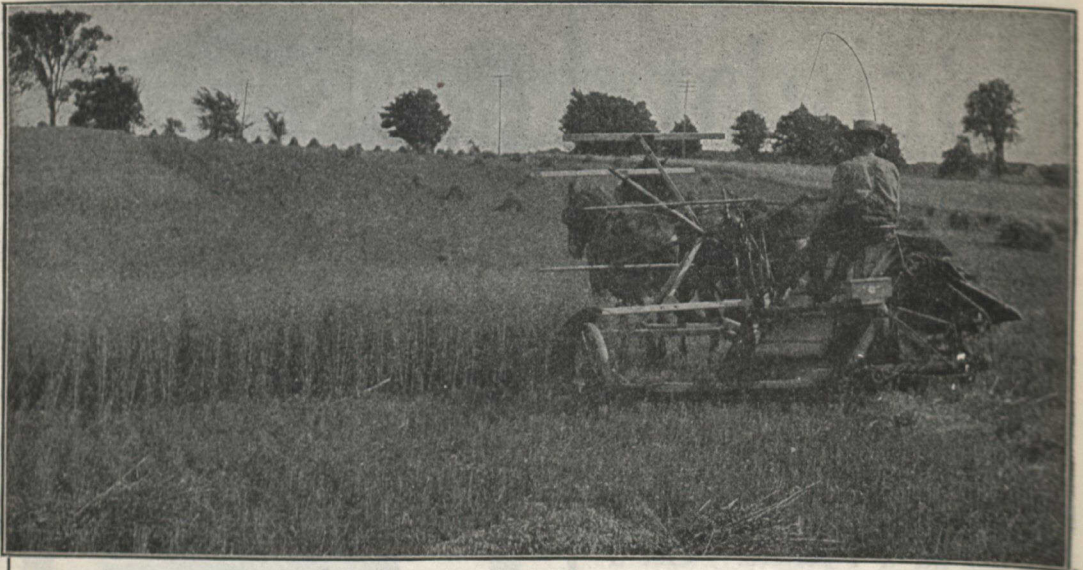
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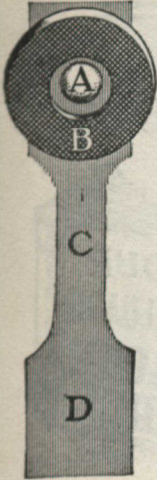
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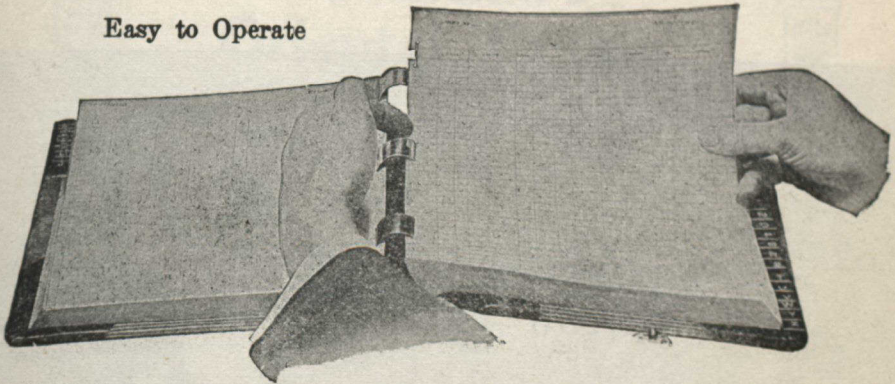
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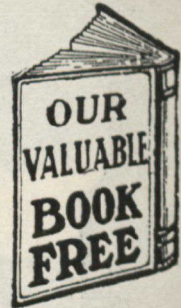
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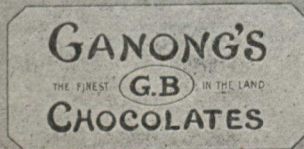
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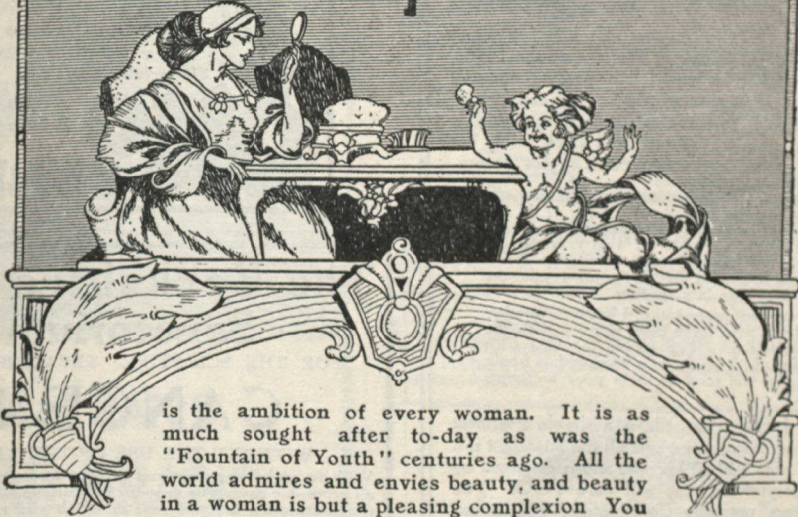
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*Shakespeare Series No. 4*





# A Beautiful Complexion



is the ambition of every woman. It is as much sought after to-day as was the "Fountain of Youth" centuries ago. All the world admires and envies beauty, and beauty in a woman is but a pleasing complexion. You have often desired a soft velvety skin and a refined pearly white complexion. *It is now in your power to have it.*

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

for nearly three-quarters of a century has held a prominent position on the dressing table of the society and professional women of the two continents. It has won a reputation for its beautifying properties that is unequalled.

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream** is a necessity. Use it consistently and it will purify the skin. It preserves your complexion from the effects of the weather, removing the tan of summer and the vulgar redness of winter. Its use will enable to preserve "the freshness of youth" when the friends of your girlhood are fighting old age. It beautifies the skin by giving you a soft pearly white complexion.

Perhaps you are unfortunate and are troubled with Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Freckles, or your face has that vulgar redness, and you feel that it is not possible for you to be beautiful. **Gouraud's Oriental Cream** removes these faults and gives you that delicately clear and refined complexion. It renders the skin like the softness of velvet, leaving it clear and pearly white.

Your complexion is a precious possession, and you cannot possibly take too much care of it. You owe it to your friends to see that **Gouraud's Oriental Cream** is a part of your daily toilet. **Price 50c and \$1.50 a bottle.** Get a bottle from your Druggist or Department Store at once, or direct on receipt of price.

### GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL VELVET SPONGE

To assure the best results in applying **Gouraud's Oriental Cream**, we have imported a sponge of the finest quality from the Adriatic Sponge Fisheries. It is smooth and velvety, and will give the most satisfactory results. We strongly recommend its exclusive use. Sent on receipt of 50c.

### GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL BEAUTY LEAVES

are indispensable to the woman who travels, motors, drives, or is accustomed to be out of doors. They are in booklet form and delightfully perfumed. Just the right size, can be slipped in the purse where they are always ready for an emergency. Send us 10c for a booklet of them.

**FERD. T. HOPKINS & SONS, Props.**  
37, Great Jones Street - New York

*A Beautiful Complexion is a joy forever*

## A Godsend to People with CONSTIPATION

A Message of Happiness  
from one who knows

Mr. T. Babin, proprietor of the Alexandra Hotel, Ottawa, states, that he would like you to consider this a personal message from him. He cannot talk to you personally, but please consider this printed advertisement not in the light of cold black print, but in the light of an enthusiastic and urgent recommendation. He states:

"I cannot express myself as I feel. I do not think I could find words explicit enough. I have used the J. B. L. Cascade for two years and it has made a new man of me. In reality I feel that I would not sell it for all the money in the world if I could not buy another.

Through my recommendation I know a number of my friends who have been using it with the same satisfaction. For people troubled with Constipation I think it is a Godsend. I only hope that this will tend to help poor suffering humanity."

Dr. Tyrrell's J. B. L. Cascade is a simple treatment for Constipation Bilioussness, and all the attendant ills. It is used by over 300,000 people and is endorsed by physicians everywhere. It will cure YOU. You who suffer from not only Constipation, Bilioussness, but all the ills that Constipation—this blocking of the system with terribly poisonous waste—brings about.

The J. B. L. Cascade is fully explained in Dr. Tyrrell's book, "Why Man of To-day is only 50 per cent. Efficient," a truly interesting treatise that you will be glad to read, and which Dr. Tyrrell will be glad to send you free if you will address him—

Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 531-5  
280 College Street - - Toronto



**Br-r-r**

A hot cup of OXO will warm you through and through and drive away the shivers. One OXO Cube to a cup—add hot water—stir—that's all!

149

**OXO CUBES**

4 cubes—10c.  
10 cubes—25c.

## The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

### CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested

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(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son.)

North Adams, Mass.

Established thirty-five years.



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are produced only by  
pure rich colors

### Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen  
to the Royal Family  
and their

### Oil and Water Colors

are the world's stand-  
ard. Not dear. For  
sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON,  
MONTREAL,  
Wholesale Agents for  
Canada.

# HARTSHORN

SHADE  
ROLLERS

Original and unequalled.  
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"  
requires no tacks. Inventor's  
signature on genuine:

*Stewart Hartshorn*



## Wm. English "CANOES"

Are known the world over for their Strength, Beauty and Durability. They are absolutely unsurpassed in quality and are reasonable in price. We have a model for every requirement. Write for Catalogue.

The Wm. English Canoe Company, Peterborough, Canada.  
ESTABLISHED 1861.



## FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it. Made under Government Inspection.

**F. W. FEARMAN  
CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON**

## Dessert Book FREE



## LET US SEND YOU

the Knox Recipe Book —and enough Gelatine to make one pint—enough to try most any one of our desserts, puddings, salads or jellies, also ice cream, ices, candies, soups, sauces or gravies.

Recipe book free for your grocer's name—pint sample for 2c stamp.  
**CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY**  
399 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York  
Branch Factory: Montreal

## WANTED—SALEMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address Dept. J.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**  
806 Kent Building Toronto, Ontario

## Jack London

### Mark Your Linen With Cash's Woven Name-Tapes

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and colleges. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to

J. & J. Cash, Ltd., 301 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

## Cash's Woven Names



## Shirriff's True Vanilla

Imagine how much more delicious cakes taste when flavored with real vanilla extract. You can make certain of using real extract of finest Vanilla beans by buying Shirriff's True Vanilla.

24

## WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

## TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

# Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *aging in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.



*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

*Refuse Substitutes*

**AT ALL DEALERS**



**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props,**

Hartford New York London

# The Ross Rifle




## FACING BIG GAME!

YOU NEED

## A "ROSS" RIFLE

Experience in the field has proven that testing ground experiments were right and that no rifle will "anchor" the heaviest game as effectively as the "Ross." Its low trajectory makes sighting easy, and its rapid straight pull action enables a second, third or more shots to be fired in rapid sequence.

The "Ross" 280 High Velocity is the best of all sporting weapons, but any "Ross" model can be relied upon for accuracy and range.

Prices from \$25.00 and upwards. Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

**ROSS RIFLE CO. - QUEBEC**

**Add**  
 to the pleasure of  
 your **Breakfast**  
**Table**  
 Serve  
**Seal**  
**Brand**  
**COFFEE**

**ABSOLUTELY  
 PURE**  
 Guaranteed by  
**CHASE AND  
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## The Children

always enjoy JAM and there is nothing more healthful than

## UPTON'S

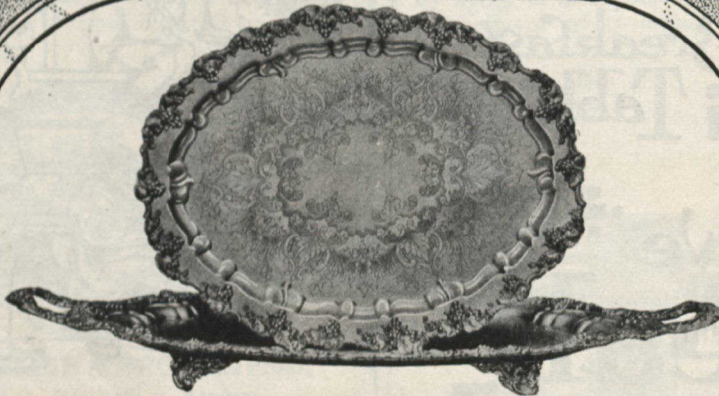
Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

UPTON'S Orange Marmalade made from Seville oranges under expert supervision is delicious.

We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all first-class Stores in Canada.

The T. UPTON CO. LTD.  
 HAMILTON - CANADA



## *“Old Sheffield” Plate*

has not yet lost its power to claim admiration wherever shown and the lucky possessor of a genuine piece is not without reason proud of it—its beauty has not been surpassed.

The greatest achievement of the Sheffield artist lies in the beautiful designs and to bring these within easy reach of the public the

### **STANDARD SILVER COMPANY;**

has introduced into the Canadian Market a number of

### **EXACT REPRODUCTIONS**

fine in style and finish but using the more efficient electroplating process in depositing the Sterling Silver—

### **An Ideal Line for Presentation Purposes**



Exact Reproductions  
bear these two stamps.  
Look for them.



Ask your Jeweler to show you these goods, if he cannot—write us.

**STANDARD SILVER CO., Ltd., TORONTO**

# Scientific Management & Scientific Time-Keeping Include The Use of a "Globe"

Because without an accurate Time Recording device no cost system is complete. The small leaks and losses due to inaccurate time keeping will nullify the best methods of recording cost.

The more you pay for labor the more important it becomes to you to be sure you get *all* the time you pay for.

You owe it to your dividend account to investigate the possibilities of economy to be derived from the use of a "Globe."

Bulletin C. will help you investigate.  
Shall we mail one to you?

## W. A. Wood

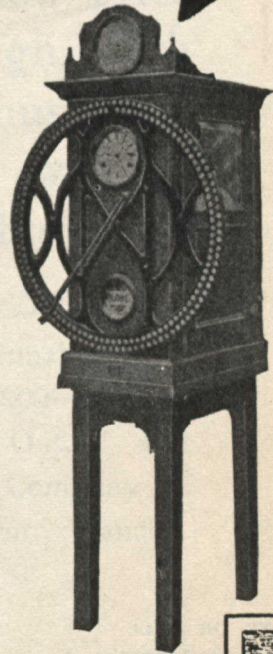
Head Office and Salesroom:

19 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL

Branch Office:

Factory:

53 Sparkhall Ave., Toronto 40 St. George St., Montreal



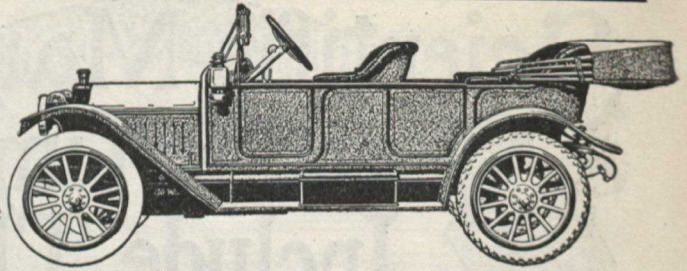
# The McLaughlin "25"

Five passenger touring type

Price \$1,450

f.o.b. Oshawa. Equipped regularly with top, windshield, speedometer, gas tank and non-skid tires on rear.

Electric dynamo furnished as an extra at \$110.00.



## McLaughlin

### is a combination of ideas and ideals

We have been making automobiles for several years. For over forty years we made carriages. It was our success in the carriage business that enabled us to make a success of the automobile business.

The McLaughlin is today one of the best selling cars in Canada.

What does that prove for the McLaughlin!

Does it not prove value as represented, agreements lived up to, 100 per cent satisfaction and full service to McLaughlin owners?

Still we are not satisfied. We are constantly working to improve the standard of the McLaughlin.

This continuous dissatisfaction with previous achievements is a healthy sign. It is a clue to the remarkable, enduring, economical service which every McLaughlin owner obtains from his car.

If our factories were not the largest and most complete in Canada; if our shop system were not as highly specialized as it is; if our facilities for the purchase of raw materials were not so advantageous; if we were not able to employ the ablest designers and mechanics in the business; if our operating expenses had not been reduced to a minimum and shop efficiency raised to a maximum, it would be impossible for us to manufacture a car so well constructed and well appointed as the Model 25 and sell it at the low price of \$1,450.

This car is the best evidence we know of our ability to offer exceptional values to the McLaughlin purchaser.

#### WRITE OR CALL

We invite your critical inspection of the new models including Model 25 (pictured above). Call at the nearest salesroom, or, if that is not convenient, write for a copy of the new advance catalog containing full descriptions and prices of the new 1913 models.

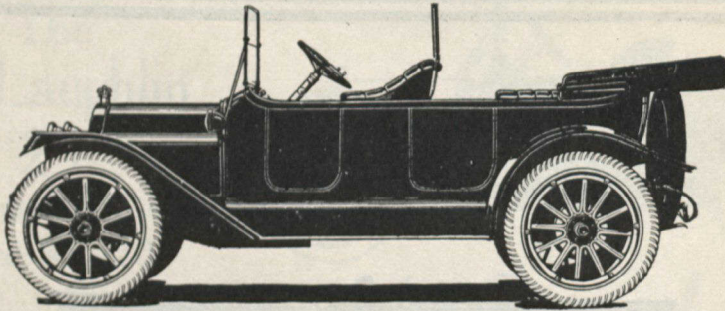
**McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA**  
EASTERN BRANCH HOUSES: ST. JOHN, BELLEVILLE, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON  
WESTERN BRANCH HOUSES: WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER





Weigh the car—not its price. Both are light. But the Ford is the one car whose low price does not indicate its high worth—the reason why you must “get busy” today—if you want a Vanadium-built Ford this season

“Everybody is driving a Ford”—more than 200,000 in service. New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—town car \$1000—with all equipment, f. o. b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.



Russell-Knight "28" Touring Model	-	-	-	-	\$3,250
Russell-Knight "28" Roadster Model	-	-	-	-	\$3,200
Russell-Knight Seven Passenger	-	-	-	-	\$3,500

F.O.B. Factory

## Russell-Knight Owners Know—They will Tell you

You can't possibly appreciate the overwhelming superiority of the Russell-Knight "28" until you have had it thoroughly demonstrated, and have sat at the wheel and driven it. That's the great and final test—to drive it yourself.

Go to the nearest branch or agent. Ask for a complete demonstration of the car.

See the Russell-Knight engine at work.

Prove the 100 per cent. efficiency of the Russell Electric Starter.

See the electric lighting system in operation.

Watch the Power Tire Pump at Work,

Study the unit clutch and transmission system.

Learn the advantages of the full floating type of rear axle.

Note the unique spring suspension system of the body.

Have the method of heating the tonneau demonstrated.

Familiarize yourself with the advantages of the left-hand drive and centre control and then—

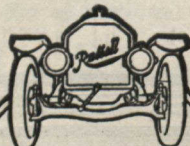
Take the car out and drive it. That's the great and final test—drive it yourself. When you have made this test, compare the Russell-Knight "28" with any car that you know of, selling at from \$3,500 upwards, and we are confident that you will be absolutely convinced that the Russell-Knight "28" is master of them all.

**RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd.**

Head Office and Factory  
WEST TORONTO

*Descriptive catalog will be mailed upon request*

Branches at: Toronto, Montreal,  
Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary,  
Vancouver and Melbourne, Aust.



**"MADE UP TO A STANDARD,  
NOT DOWN TO A PRICE."**

# STRICTLY MODERN HOMES

A Book of Plans You Should Look Over Before Building.



My new 1913 catalog shows many choice designs in Bungalows, one and one half and two story houses, in frame, brick veneer, cement stucco, and other styles of the latest in architecture. With each exterior design is shown the

**PRICE**  
**50c**  
**Prepaid**

floor plans with full dimensions, descriptions and estimated cost. Also interior views and useful information.

**C. M. ESSEBAGGER, Architect**  
16 SINCLAIR STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

**BRIGHTEN UP** Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURN'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS



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SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.


Trade **O.K.** Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can

be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

**HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER**

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.  NO 1 B

## REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



## A New Pattern—OLD COLONY

The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity or purity of outline. The pierced handle deserves especial attention. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

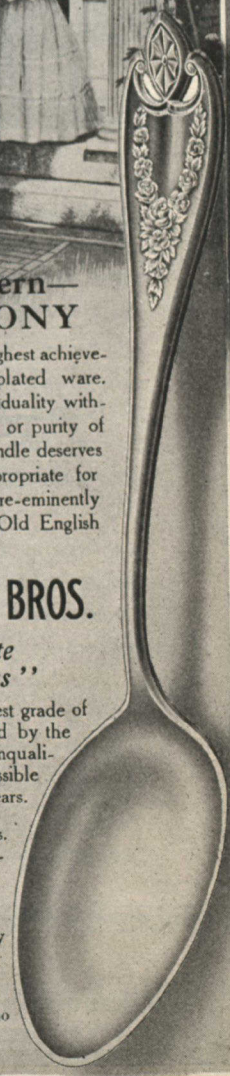
it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "S-30"

Meriden  
Britannia Company  
(International Silver Co. Successor)

Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK CHICAGO  
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HAMILTON, CANADA





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# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR  
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,  
SALAD AND CHEESE



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51-53 Wellington St. W., TORONTO.

### "LITTLE WIRELESS PHONES"

For the ears that will cause you to

# HEAR



What eye glasses are to failing sight, my invisible ear drums are to lost or failing hearing. Just as simple and common sense and on the same principle, for they magnify sound as glasses magnify sight. They are really tiny telephones of soft, sensitized material, safe and comfortable, which fit into the orifice of the ears and are invisible. They can be removed or inserted in a moment and worn for weeks at a time, for they are skillfully arranged for perfect ventilation and anti-friction. These little wireless phones make it easy to hear every sound distinctly, just as correct eye glasses make it easy to read fine print. Among the nearly 400,000 people whom they have enabled to hear perfectly, there has been every condition of deafness or defective hearing. No matter what the cause or how long standing the case, the testimonials sent me show marvellous results.

### Common - Sense Ear Drums

have restored to me my own hearing—that's how I happened to discover the secret of their success in my own desperate endeavors to be relieved of my deafness after physicians had repeatedly failed.

It is certainly worth your while to investigate. Before you send any money just drop me a line. I want to send you FREE OF CHARGE my book on deafness and plenty of evidence to prove to you that I am entirely worthy of your confidence. Why not write me today?

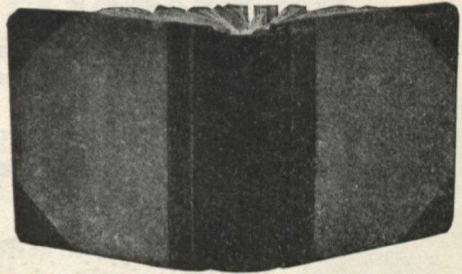
GEORGE H. WILSON, President

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated

924 Inter-Southern Building - Louisville, Ky.

K Kalamazoo Point Number Six K

# The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder has no Exposed Metal



THE exposed metal parts of Loose Leaf Binders are a constant menace to the office furniture and there have been many devices to save it from destruction. - - - -

The "Kalamazoo" binder has the only rational method of overcoming this difficulty—it has eliminated exposed metals altogether. - - - -

The leather back which protects the sheets is taken up into the cover and a "Kalamazoo" binder has much the appearance of a bound Ledger. - - -

The "Kalamazoo" is a book, not a box, and it can be made in any size and to suit any purpose.

Write for illustrated booklet "C.M." if at all interested in Loose Leaf Systems.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter Limited  
Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers King & Spadina Toronto




· IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH WHILE ·  
· SATISFYING YOUR THIRST ·



O'Keefe's "Gold Label Ale" is concentrated health, strength and vigor. It is a rich, creamy old ale—containing just the nutriment needed to build up and invigorate the whole system.



**O'Keefe's**  
**GOLD LABEL**  
**ALE**

The housekeeper who would make wash-day easier,  
can do so by using

**EDDY'S WARES**

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to retain heat longer and never rust. Being made in one seamless piece cannot splinter, and so the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

**EDDY'S WASHBOARDS**

wash-day loses half its terrors. :: :: :: ::

# ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY



Infants and invalids grow strong on Robinson's Patent Barley—the best food for delicate digestion.



**MAGOR SON & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL**



## If You Are a Heavy Smoker—

if your throat gets dry and sore so that you cannot fully appreciate the flavor of your tobacco—try

**EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT Pastilles**  
FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL

They will soothe and heal the irritated mucous membrane, restore your throat to a healthy condition, and enable you to enjoy your smokes in comfort. For A Free Sample, Write 173

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

The Prophylactic

is the

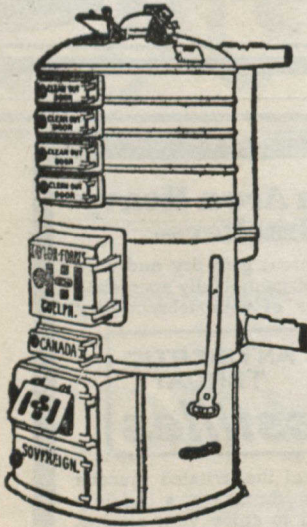
ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere

# Is Your Home Comfortable These Cold Days?



Now is the time to take note and decide whether you are enjoying comforts in-doors. Mostly every householder is burning enough coal to keep his house comfortably warm. The waste and discomfort is usually owing to the furnace.

## “Sovereign” Hot Water Boiler



The “Sovereign” is the improved hot water boiler and hot water heating is universally acknowledged to be the most reliable, sanitary and economical method of house heating. Ask your neighbour about the “Sovereign.”

Consult Us About Your Heating.

# Taylor-Forbes COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office; GUELPH, CANADA.

BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.



## Always remember this fact about your hair:

If there is any condition of your hair you want to improve, if it hasn't enough life and gloss, if there is dandruff or too much oil, never forget that *the condition of your hair depends on the condition of your scalp.*

### How to keep the scalp healthy

To keep the scalp healthy and active, shampoo your head regularly in the following way: Rub your scalp fully five minutes with the tips of your fingers to loosen the dandruff and dead skin. Then apply a hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and *rub it in, rub it in, rub it in.* Rinse thoroughly in gradually cooler water, having the final water really cold. Dry perfectly, then brush gently for some time.

The formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and hair. Try one shampoo with it. See what a delightful feeling it gives your scalp.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.



*Only by keeping  
the scalp in perfect  
health can you keep  
your hair like you  
want it.*

# Woodbury's Facial Soap

*For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast, including Newfoundland*

### Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109th Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



"Have You  
a Little 'Fairy' in Your  
Home?"



THERE are twenty-five delightfully refreshing baths in a cake of Fairy Soap. ¶The quality of

## Fairy Soap

could not be improved if we charged double the price; we would merely add expensive perfumes, which do not improve the quality. ¶The shape of Fairy Soap is oval, and fits the hand. Fairy Soap always floats within easy reach. ¶Buy Fairy Soap, try it in the bath, and you'll never be without it again.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL

# P. A. puts joy in jimmy pipes!

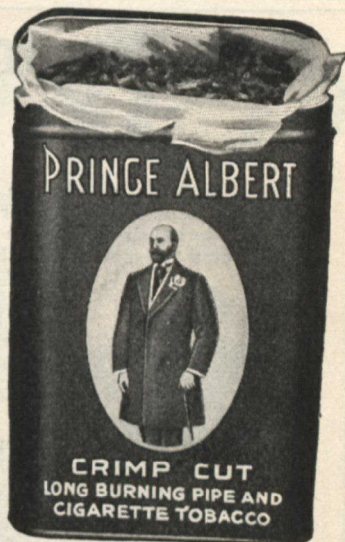
That's because it *can't bite*—Prince Albert gives you the rare privilege of smoking *all* you want without a tongue sting

Let that put a dent in *you*—the man who loves his pipe and suffers from *fire-brand* tobaccos; *and you*, who gave up a pipe because it would not fit your taste.

Get this, men, as it's handed out, fair and square: P. A. is the one tobacco that's got everything any man who knows the delight of a pipe ever dreamed of. It can't bite, because the bite's removed by a patented process. That's why millions of men fondly call P. A. the "joy smoke." *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert!*



P. A. in the  
tidy red  
2-oz. tin



## PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

Tastes more-ish every time you finish a jimmy pipe load—just kind of lingers with you, and first thing you do next is to fire up, again!

Prince Albert tastes so good, and smells so good, and it's so fresh and friendly-like, you just wonder how you ever did put in hours of misery with the old *fire-brands!*

Millions of men know the joys of Prince Albert in a cigarette and in a pipe. You never smoked a more delicious cigarette in your life. Rolls easy because it's fresh and it's crimp cut. Puts the Indian sign on the old-fashioned *dust-brands* and *fire-brands!*

*Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2-oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

# These New Spring Gowns Were Made With Diamond Dyes

"Any bright woman can be as successful as I have been in making pretty clothes, if she will select models that suit her, get the patterns, and use Diamond Dyes according to directions. This new spring dress of mine I made over from a pink crepe de chine which I dyed dark green, and selected the model from the —— Fashion Book."

LAURA M. TIFFANY, NEW YORK CITY

"I am glad to send you a photograph of my latest Diamond Dyes Dress. I made this over from some pale yellow messaline material which I had in a dress last spring. I dyed it brown. Isn't it stylish?"

ETHEL L. DE MOTTE, NEW YORK CITY

You too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not hesitate to dye your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. They are as easy to use as soap.

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes today. It will cost but 10c. at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor any fabric.



Pink crepe de chine  
dyed green



Yellow messaline  
dyed brown.

## Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes— one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in **Blue** envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in **White** envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool** and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

### DO NOT BE DECEIVED

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring

Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods**.

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk**.

*Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.*

### Diamond Dye Annual—Sent Free

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc.

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, CANADA

# Big Ben



## For that sleep jinx

*For that thing that tries to chloroform you in the morning— for that other fellow that pulls the covers up around your neck— claims five minutes won't matter, then double-crosses you and lets you sleep twenty:*

*For a pleasant on-time awakening, a velvet-like shaving, a Sunday-like breakfast— for a good hard day's work that will put feathers in any old bed— for a little spare time around*

the evenings and a little play with the little ones:

*Big Ben*—seven inches tall, two good clocks in one. A rattling good alarm to wake up with, a rattling good time-piece to tell time all day by.

*Great easy winding keys* that almost wind themselves—big, bold hands and figures you can see at a glance in the dim morning light—big, jolly, deep toned voice that greets you on the dot on your drowsiest mornings.

Rings just as you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes.—Sold by 6,000 Canadian dealers gladly.—His price is \$3.00 anywhere. Made in La Salle, Illinois by Westlox. If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to them will bring him to you attractively boxed and duty charges paid.

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