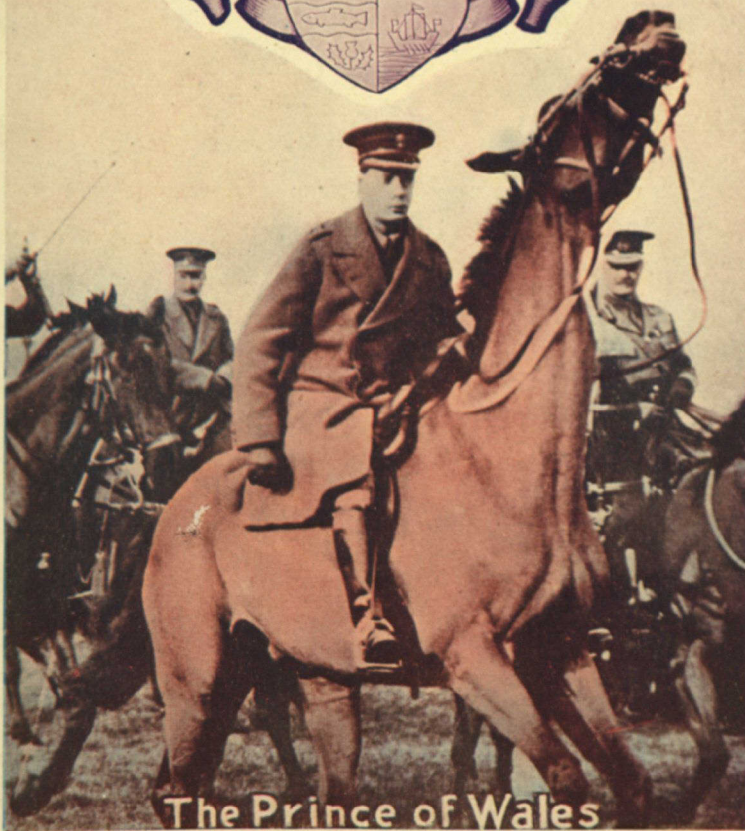


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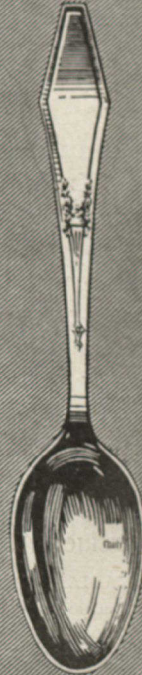
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LIII

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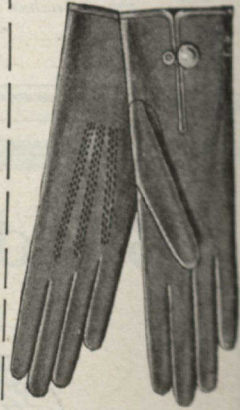
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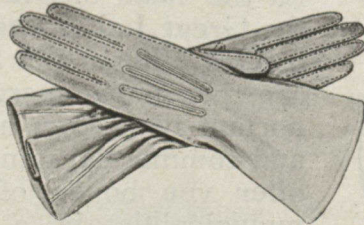
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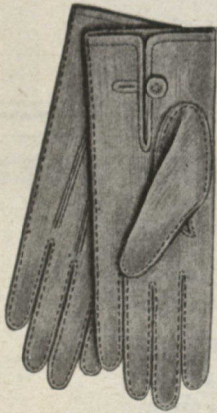
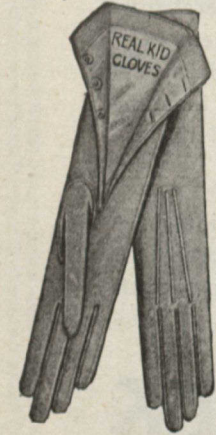
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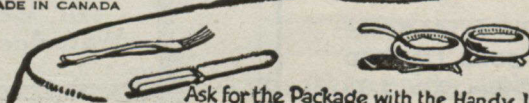
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Another anniversary this month—John Brown's famous raid on Harper's Ferry. It is of peculiar interest to Canadians because it was in the little Western Ontario town of Chatham in May, 1858, that the plans were laid which came to fruition in Virginia more than a year later. An article treating of this interesting historical adventure will be contributed by Mr. Fred Landon, Librarian of the Public Library of London, Ontario.

Waterton, a beautiful Canadian public park in Southern Alberta, near the international border, will be described by Mr. Aubrey Fullerton.

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"WHO'S WHO" in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE THIS MONTH

* * *

THE WRITERS

—CHARLES MORSE, L.L.B., B.C.L., D.C.L., is of direct Puritan descent, and writes of the Puritans *con amore*. At Ottawa, where he is in the public service, he has been for years a leader in literary and historical interest. He is the author of "Apices Juris and Other Legal Essays in Prose and Verse", "A Study in Sovereignty", "The Impiccancy of the King". Of him the late Dr. John Reade has said, "He is one of the most cultured and well-informed members of the public service".

—Mr. C. LINTERN SIBLEY is a well-known Montreal newspaperman, who has travelled extensively all over the continent for several publications, his assignments varying from accompanying a rush of prospectors into new gold-fields in the wilds of Canada to lengthy sojourns in Washington when Canadian matters have been under discussion there. He has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, and many of his stories and special articles have appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*. He formerly represented *The Times* (London), and *The Montreal Herald* in Montreal. He has been editor-in-chief of *The Montreal Herald* since that paper changed ownership early this year. He is now on a brief visit to Europe.

—MISS MARGARET HILDA WISE is almost a beginner in literature, although she has had several poems in *The Canadian Magazine*. She is the daughter of Mr. Frank Wise, President of the Macmillan Company of Canada.

—Mr. T. A. BROWNE, who is directing the National Literary Competition, is not unknown in the field of literature. He is author of two books of poems, "The White Plague and Other Poems" (William Briggs), "The Belgian Mother and Ballads of Battletime", and "Sir Wilfrid Laurier: A Tribute", recently issued. Mr. Browne is in the Government service at Ottawa, and Vice-President of the Arts and Letters Club of that city, under the auspices of which the National Competition is being conducted.

—Miss EDITH G. BAYNE, although a native of Ontario, has become a West-erner, living now at Melville, Saskatchewan. For an account of her accomplishments see "Northern Lights", *The Canadian Magazine*, November, 1918.

—Dr. EDWARD SAPIR is well-known to literary people in Ottawa, where he has a position in the Government service. He is President of the Arts and Letters Club of that city.

—"MAX McDEE" is a *nom de plume*.

—Dr. J. D. LOGAN—see *The Canadian Magazine* of October, 1918.

—DONALD G. FRENCH is an enthusiastic exponent of the worth of Canadian literature. He has been engaged for years in educational and journalistic work in Toronto, where he founded the Canadian Literature Club. He is the author of an instructive book entitled "Points About Poetry" and Editor of "The Standard Canadian Reciter".

—Mr. A. R. HASSARD, B.C.L.—see *The Canadian Magazine* of August, 1919.

THE ARTISTS

—Mr. FRANK H. JOHNSTON is prominent among a group of young Canadian artists who are enthusiastic and successful exponents of the beauty of the Canadian northland. He is a member of the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto, and a radical in the Ontario Society of Artists.

—Mr. MANLY MacDONALD was born at Point Anne, Ontario, on the Bay of Quinte. Until he began to study painting he was a fisherman, and he still passes part of each year at that occupation. He studied in Buffalo, Boston, and at the Ontario College of Art. He is a member of the Ontario Society of Artists.

—Miss DOROTHY STEVENS is rated as one of the best etchers in Canada. She also paints with distinction. She works mostly in New York and Toronto. She is a member of the Heliconian Club, of Toronto, and of an association of etchers in Chicago.

—Mr. HORACE MANN LIVENS is a well-known contemporary British artist.

—EUGENE JOSEPH VERBOECKHOVEN, a Belgian painter, was born in 1798, and died in 1881.

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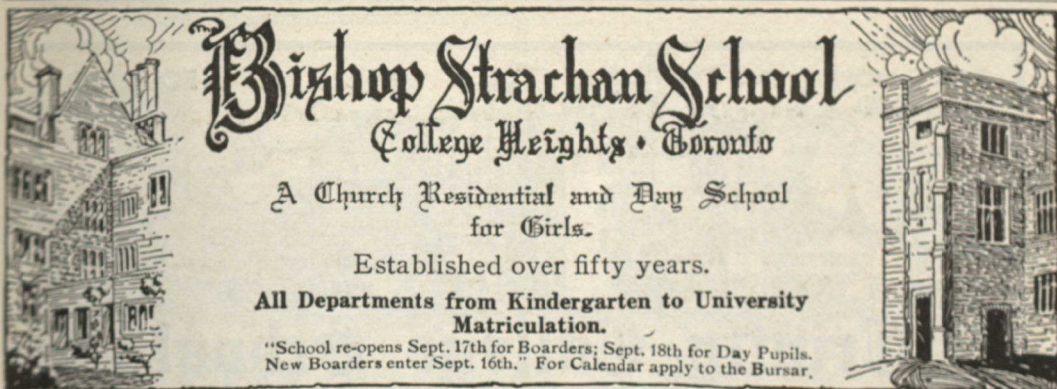
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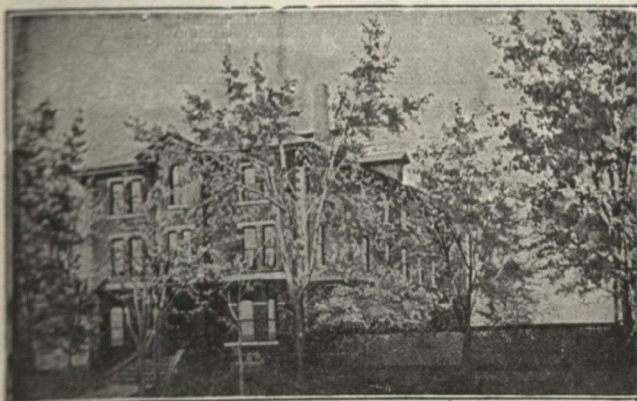
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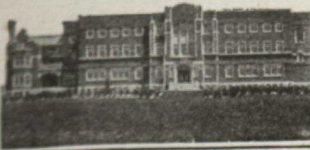
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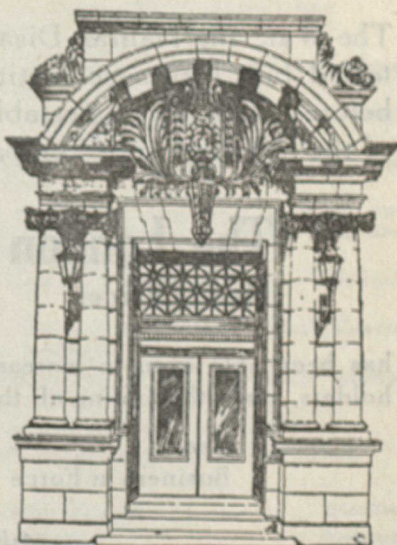
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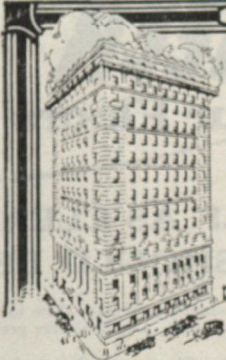
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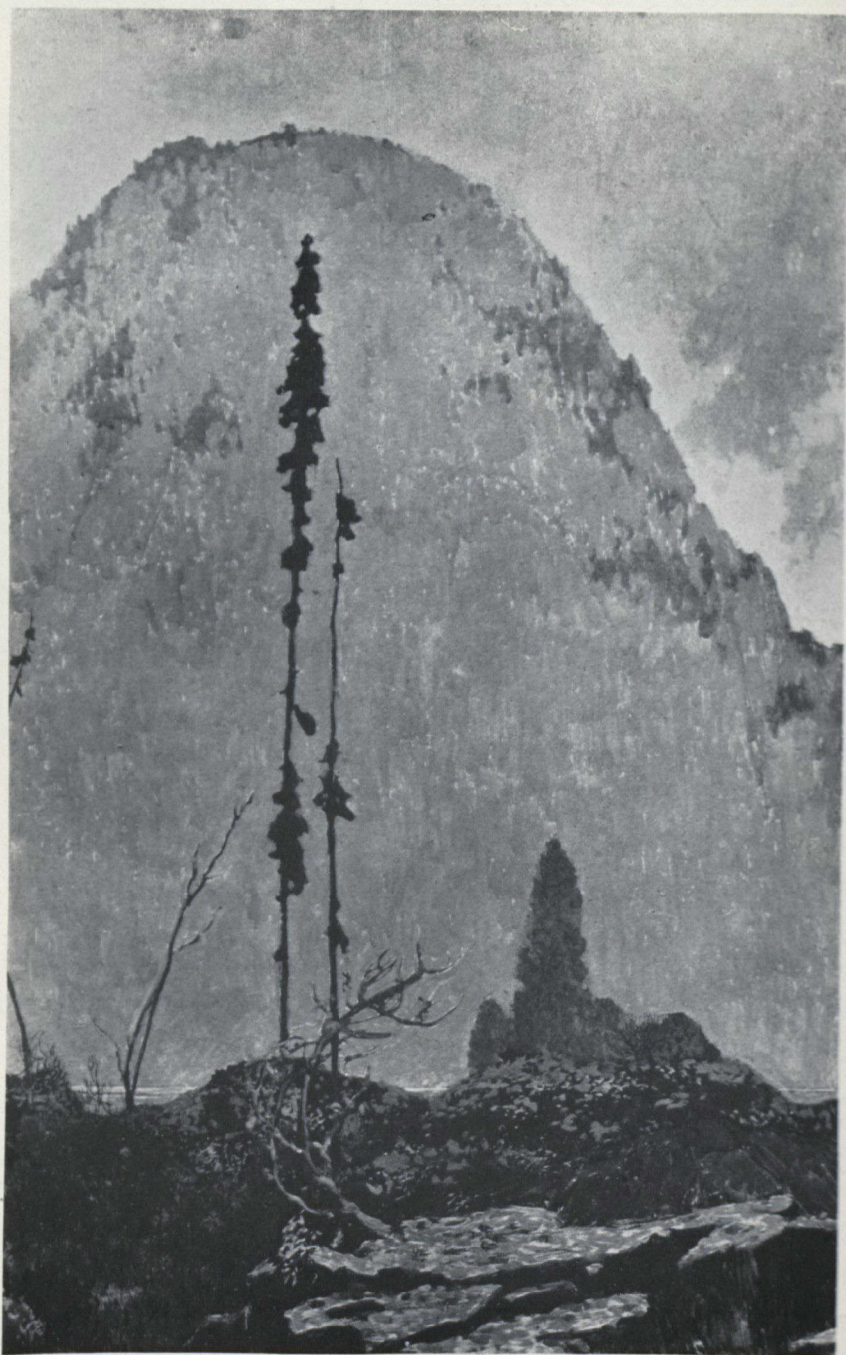
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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1919

No. 5

THE "MAYFLOWER" TERCENTENARY

BY CHARLES MORSE



IN the sixth day of September (O.S.), in the year of grace 1620, the little ship *Mayflower* left Plymouth Sound carrying the Pilgrim Fathers in quest of a home in the New World. They were voluntary exiles for conscience' sake. Many of them had known the sorrows of expatriation before, having come from the English Separatist community in Leyden, which at the time was shepherded by Pastor John Robinson. Of the hundred and two souls that took passage in the ship, not more than thirty-four men of full age at the time are properly to be regarded as of the pilgrim company, the remainder of the men being craftsmen and servants.

The *Mayflower* expedition was undertaken in virtue of a patent from the Virginia Company to John Pierce and his associates, and contemplated a settlement much farther south than that actually planted by the pilgrims.

The voyage was a tedious one of some nine weeks, and the captain was so far out of his reckoning that the first land he sighted was Cape Cod, many leagues north of the point which he had been instructed to make. The exiles, feeling that they had no right to settle in this region, endeavoured to persuade the master of the ship to proceed to some place about Hudson's River for their debarkation, so that the terms of their patent might be complied with. The master grudgingly consented, but, to quote Governor Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Plantation":

"After they had sailed yt course about halfe of ye day, they fell among deangerous shoulds, and roring breakers, and they were so far intangled ther with, as they conceived their selves in great danger, and ye wind shrinking vpon them withall, they resolved to bear vp againe for the cape; and thought them selves happy to gett out of

those dangers before night overtook them, as by God's good poudience they did; And ye next day they gott into ye cape-harbour where they ridd in saftie".

This decision of the exiles to choose a place of settlement not authorized by their patent, exposed them to the risk of disorder. They had no power to set up civil government, as they might have done under the patent had they reached their proper destination. Being Englishmen, however, they had a native instinct for law and order, and they rose to the occasion in a splendid way. The Massachusetts coast had been reached on the 9th November, but the exiles determined not to land until they had adopted a written constitution for their colony. This was solemnly done at a meeting held in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. The document so framed is one of the most interesting and important in the records of political history. It is the solitary concrete example of the "social compact" so fondly imagined by Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau and Kant; and it is also the corner-stone of democracy in the New World. It is well worthy of being read, marked and inwardly digested when, as now the world over, the temper of the times is in the direction of social disintegration and lawlessness. The text as it has come down to us reads as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

"Having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually covenant and combine themselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, Acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we

promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620."

This constitutional compact was signed by the thirty-four men with whom the experiment in colonization originated, and by seven of their servants or hired workmen. It possesses, therefore, two noteworthy and outstanding political features, namely, loyalty to constituted authority in the country whence they had emigrated—nay, were forced to emigrate—for conscience' sake; and a frank and forthright recognition of democratic equality in the social order which they sought to establish in their country of adoption. Their willingness to acknowledge allegiance to the British Crown distinguishes the puritanism of the Pilgrim Fathers from that type of intransigent puritanism which animated the later settlements in Massachusetts. But while, as Jefferson puts it, the colonists recognized the King as the first magistrate of the Empire, they never recognized Parliament, because they had parliaments of their own. Looked at from every angle the spirit of this constitution could only have emerged from minds of the highest type. Perhaps its chief significance lies in its lesson that great political reforms are not necessarily written in the terms of civil strife long drawn out, but may come suddenly and by chance in the peaceful supersession of worn-out systems by those that are new and suited to the needs of the hour. Goldwin Smith, after declaring that the signatures appended to the compact constitute a list of names in comparison with which the Roll of Battle Abbey is a poor record of nobility, goes on to say of the compact itself that "there are points in history at which the spirit which moves the whole shows itself more clearly through the outward frame. This is one of them. Here we are passing

from the feudal age of privilege and force to the age of due submission and obedience, to just and equal offices and laws, 'for our better ordering and preservation'. In this political covenant of the Pilgrim Fathers lies the American Declaration of Independence".

The pilgrims were deliberate about leaving the ship. They wished to make sure of the friendly character of the natives as well as the adaptability of the land for habitation before the whole body ventured on shore. An armed company under Captain Myles Standish was sent to explore the region of Cape Cod, but some weeks elapsed before the pilgrims were persuaded that the land bordering on the little harbour which the famous Captain John Smith had named "Plymouth" some few years before was a desirable place for settlement. Tradition would fain divide the honour of being the first to land on Plymouth Rock between John Alden, whom Longfellow has immortalized, and pretty Mary Chilton, but the exploring party must have surely preceded all others in effecting a landing there. At all events we have Governor Bradford's word for it that it was not until December 16th that the *Mayflower* was brought to anchor in Plymouth Bay, and owing to uncertain weather it was not until Christmas Day, 1620 (O.S.), that goods were landed from the ship and preparations made for the erection of dwellings.

The sufferings of the colonists during the first winter were so great that nearly one-half of them perished—but that is another story. After they had framed and signed their simple constitution in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the pilgrims proceeded to the election of a governor. The choice fell upon John Carver, who had been one of the keenest promoters of the expedition. Mr. Carver died within six months and was replaced by William Bradford, a man of great force and ability, who held office, with one or two short intermissions of his

own choosing, until his death in 1657. A Council to advise the Governor was also elected.

At first the laws by which they agreed to be governed were passed by the whole company of freemen, in much the same way that laws were made by the Saxon witenagemotes and are still made in the democratic cantons of Switzerland; but when the colony came to embrace two townships other than the original one of Plymouth more convenient machinery was needed for the business of legislation. Delegates were sent from the several townships to a general assembly, consisting of the Governor and his Council together with the delegates themselves, and in this way representative government was set up in the colony. In process of time a bi-cameral legislature was evolved with a governor at its head, forming a paradigm for political institutions such as those obtaining in the older Canadian provinces before 1867. But all this was an indigenous political growth, for the British Government left the Plymouth colony to its own devices for a period of sixty-four years. True, the colonists in 1629 procured a patent from the Plymouth Company in England giving them the privilege of self-government subject to the laws of England, but this was never confirmed by the Crown. Long after popular government had reached a high degree of efficiency in the Plymouth colony, it was united with the colony of Massachusetts under a charter granted to the latter by William and Mary in the year 1691.

We have already said that the puritanism of the Pilgrim Fathers was not of that iron kind that marked the Massachusetts colonists who came after them. Men like Governor Bradford, Myles Standish and Edward Winslow were cast in a broader mould than Governor Winthrop, able as he was. They could be loyal to the king who had harried them out of England. But Winthrop's aim in coming to Massachusetts was to set up a theo-

cratic State modelled upon that of the Jews in Old Testament days—a piece of wrong-headed piety the unhappy influences of which have not yet been wholly laid. It was also his aim to free the colony from the jurisdiction of the Stuart king. (Cf. Fiske, "The Beginning of New England", cap. iv.) "Whereas the Plymouth men never arrogated to themselves exclusive possession of the true light, and therefore were not compelled to become persecutors, the colony of Massachusetts was, from its outset, distinguished by all that was fiercest and most uncompromising in the spirit of militant puritanism." (Fletcher: *Introd. Hist. Engl.* vol. II, p. 524).

When Winthrop, instigated thereto by the narrow-minded bigotry of the Reverend John Cotton, of Boston, and the Reverend Thomas Hooker, of Newtown, expelled the saintly Roger Williams from the church at Salem, he was given asylum at Plymouth for two years where Bradford and Winslow treated him with every kindness although his religious views were distasteful to them. Upon Williams being finally banished from the Massachusetts colony Bradford could find it in his heart to write of him as "a man godly and zealous, having many precious gifts". To do all this bespeaks an *élévation de l'âme* that the true puritan in his blindness would have regarded as a beguilement of the devil.

Even the casual reader of to-day who comes to the writings of Bradford and Winslow would not be apt to regard them as belonging to the Boston and Newtown type of hot gospellers; nor after what Holmes has sung of Myles Standish and his men shall we be disposed to think of them as being numbered with the very elect:

It was on a dreary winter's eve, the night
was closing dim,
When old Myles Standish took the bowl,
and filled it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the
posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men at arms were rang-
ed about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in—the man
that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and
wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the mustketeers—the men
that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk,
and not a man afraid.

And so while we are to ascribe the honour of introducing purely democratic institutions into America to the Pilgrim Fathers, we must on the other hand exonerate them from the accusation of doing the same by narrow-minded and intransigent puritanism. Nor should we overlook the value of their experiment in communal ownership. For nearly seven years the Plymouth colony lived and worked on a basis involving a community of goods, but it was found that production languished because many individuals shirked their responsibility to work and left it to their comrades. This abuse continuing, the governor and his advisers decided to divide the land and stock among the individual settlers; and when this was done it was found that the prosperity of the colony was greatly promoted. Governor Bradford's comments on this matter are both quaint and instructive:

"The experience that was had in this common course and condition—tried sundry years, and that amongst godly and sober men—may well evince the vanity of that conceit of Plato's and other ancients, applauded by some of later times, that the taking away of property and bringing in community into a commonwealth would make them happy and flourishing—as if they were wiser than God. For this community (so far as it was) was found to breed much confusion and discontent, and retard much employment that would have been to their benefit and comfort."

Thus while the change from a communal system to that of individual proprietorship in the Plymouth colony was the result of economic determinism, yet we see that the leaders of the colony had a very clear apprehension of the futility and unworkableness of any political theory that would deny to society the benefits accruing to it from the free play of

the exceptional gifts of the few by levelling everything down to an average mediocrity of capability and achievement. They recognized as clearly as does the sane economist of to-day that private property and individual initiative are the prime factors in the accumulation of wealth in any community, and that without wealth—which is another word for *well-being*—there can be no real progress of humanity.

All said and done, the Pilgrim Fathers played the game well in their day and generation. The proposed celebration next year, both in England and America, of the tercentenary of their enterprise in colonization cannot but serve to deepen our sense of obligation to these great Englishmen of the seventeenth century who helped, perhaps unwittingly, in so large a measure to shape the destiny of the modern world.

THE STARS

BY MARGARET HILDA WISE

WE cheered them home as the sun went down,
 And the noise of their feet
 Once more on the old, familiar street,
 And the call of their bugles, clear and sweet,
 Rang through the town

And we noticed, after the light was gone,
 The evening sky
 Bright with a myriad stars . . . Could I but fly,
 Who knows but I should find
 'Twas the unshed tears of the woman, whose son
 They left behind.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY



DURING the past few months remarkable strides, of which the general public in Canada know little, have been made towards linking up the West Indies with Canada in bonds as intimate and indissoluble as the marriage tie between individuals.

Two factors have given impetus to this movement—first, the fact that the shipping contract under the reciprocity agreement between Canada and a portion of the West Indies has expired, and is now being continued on a temporary basis pending a further arrangement, while the agreement itself comes to an end early in 1922; second, the fact that the whole economic development of the British Empire is undergoing a transformation as a result of the war. Both these considerations have made it necessary that Canada and the West Indies should reconsider their relations towards each other and decide, without undue delay, what their future status towards each other shall be. Additional urgency is given to the question by the fact that a great awakening has taken place in the United States as to the importance of the West Indies, and that American traders and capitalists are investigating the possibilities of these richly-dowered islands.

At the present time the United States has an advantage over Canada in that it comprises within its borders

both temperate and semi-tropical zones, making it self-sufficient in the matter of natural products. It need hardly be said that it would be an immense advantage to Canada to have similar conditions. This point conceded, it will at once be realized how potent are the possibilities for an arrangement by which Canada and the West Indies shall be made complementary of each other.

To some extent they have already been made so by the Canadian-West Indian reciprocity agreement. But that agreement was of a temporary nature, and, as has already been said, will expire in about two years. Furthermore, it only embraces a portion of the West Indies—and when I say West Indies I am, for purposes of convenience, including in that term not only the islands of the Carribean, but also the British possessions on the mainland of South America.

To understand the scope of the reciprocity agreement it is necessary to remember that the British West Indies lie in two distinct groups. One group lies along the route of the direct steamship line between Canada and British Guiana. This group includes the Virgin Islands, Antigua, St. Kitts-Nevis, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad and Tobago, and British Guiana. All these are parties to the reciprocity agreement. The other group lies considerably to the west of Jamaica, and British Honduras, on the mainland. None of

these are parties to the reciprocity agreement.

There is a direct and regular steamship service between Canada and the first group. Under the terms of the reciprocity agreement it is subsidized wholly by Canada, at a cost of \$340,666.66 per annum, worked out on the basis of so much a trip for each ship. There is no direct steamship service between Canada and the second group, the result being that Uncle Sam acts as the intermediary for most of whatever interchange of trade there is between them and Canada, and incidentally captures a large part of the trade for himself. The total imports of the preference colonies, computed on a pre-war basis (the figures of 1912) are \$44,237,839, and the total exports \$41,304,363. The total imports of the non-preference colonies are \$19,858,144, and the total exports \$17,186,057. Of the non-preference colonies, Jamaica, with its dependent islands of Turks, Caicos and Cayman, is by far the most important, being credited with \$14,642,303 of the total imports given above and \$13,004,562 of the total exports.

Now the reason why Jamaica chose to stand out of the reciprocity agreement was that a very large proportion of her exports go to the American markets, and she feared that if she gave a preference to Canada, the United States would retaliate by a countervailing duty against Jamaican products. There are reasons to believe that she regrets that decision, and is now anxious to pull the latch-string which Sir George Foster told her at the time would always be hanging on the outside of the door for her.

We know now that not only are the West Indian colonies which are included in the agreement anxious to continue and extend the arrangement, but that Jamaica, the Bahamas and British Honduras would also like to come in. The Canadian Government, on its part, has made it quite evident that it is willing and anxious for such an arrangement.

The problem now is, what form shall this arrangement take? Both sides are demanding something better than a reciprocity agreement covering a term of years. They want a permanent union in some form or other.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay, the President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, and the President and founder of the Canadian-West Indian League, is an advocate of a fifty per cent. preference between Canada and the West Indies, and has recently toured the preference colonies preaching that doctrine. Under this agreement there would be a trading advantage between Canada and the West Indies. Mr. Harry Crowe, a wealthy Canadian of Toronto, and a prominent member of the League of which Mr. Macaulay is president, is an advocate of out-and-out Confederation between Canada and the West Indies, and has been touring the West Indies, including Jamaica, telling of the advantages of such a union. Others, both in Canada and the West Indies, who have given much study to the question, advocate some such arrangement as that which at present exists between the United States and Porto Rico.

The main difficulty in connection with the question is one of population. The present population of the West Indies is about 2,000,000. This is capable of great expansion, for if all were as densely populated as Barbados is to-day, the British West Indies would have a population of 113,777,978. It is obvious, therefore, that this possibility of future population has to be taken into account in any arrangement that may be effected for union with Canada.

The population is made up of whites and black and coloured races. In every colony the black and coloured races are in an immense majority. For instance, in Jamaica, the black and coloured races are ninety-five per cent. of the population. There is every prospect that this proportion of black and coloured races will be maintained.

While there are many well-educated and extremely able black and coloured men high up in the professions and industries, the majority of the population are considerably below the standard of civilization prevailing in Canada, and here is where the difficulty of out-and-out Confederation at once presents itself. Canadians, it is felt, would object to black and coloured populations being admitted to Confederation on terms of equality with themselves, and would not relish such men sitting in the Canadian Parliament and voting on questions concerning the government of the Dominion. West Indians, on the other hand, have indicated (or at least some of them have) that they would not like out-and-out Confederation because any representatives they sent to Canada would be in a distinct minority, and would always be voted down in any matter raising a question between white and coloured populations.

There are other difficulties arising from the same source. The form of government varies in the West Indies. Some have a limited form of self-government. Others have not. On the whole, the population is well satisfied with the present forms of government. The British Government exercises a paternal attitude towards the West Indies and the governing institutions are regarded with great affection and loyalty by the people as a whole. British colonial administration has behind it long traditions which make for respect and contentment. It is to be doubted whether a transference of allegiance from Downing Street to Ottawa would be regarded with the same contentment and respect, even if the British authorities were agreeable to it.

Commercial union, which would leave present administrative institutions in the West Indies undisturbed, is therefore what many are advocating. Its leading advocate, Mr. T. P. Macaulay, says: "Both sides have everything to gain and nothing to lose by it. But I believe political union

would be a great mistake, on account of the great distance of the islands from Canada and the mutual lack of knowledge of each other's needs. It would be unwise that either should attempt to control the government of the other. The idea that a Canadian federal election should turn on the vote of the British West Indies would be equally as ridiculous as the controlling of West Indian affairs by a Canadian majority."

To this Mr. Harry Crowe, the leading exponent of confederation, replies: "Having regard to the annihilation of distance brought about by improved seaplane, steamship and cable services, I do not consider the objection of distance to be insuperable. As for not knowing each other's needs, unless we gain a knowledge of these, and have a mutual interest in each other's welfare, not even a commercial union would be successful. As to the objection of controlling each other's governments, the West Indies should have control of their own local affairs through a system of provincial governments similar to their present administration, while the affairs in which British America is interested as a whole would naturally be vested in the Federal Government. My principal objection to a commercial union, as opposed to confederation, is that no Parliament could legislate a commercial treaty to stand for all time, and even if it were possible the United States or some other country might make such overtures to the West Indies as would result in a treaty that would destroy any advantages there might be in a purely commercial union."

The arrangement between the United States and Porto Rico, which has been put forward by many as a model for the consideration of Canada in dealing with the West Indies, is one that was adopted after seven years of experimenting and consideration. Under this arrangement, Porto Rico has been admitted to the Union on a federal basis, but with some important conditions. Porto Rico has the same

general laws as the United States. These are administered by an Executive Council appointed by the United States, under a Governor appointed by the President of the United States. In matters of local concern, the people have local self-government, legislation for which is invested in a Legislature, consisting of two Houses, the House of Representatives and the Senate. Porto Rico is represented at Washington not by members of Congress, but by a Resident Commissioner to the United States, chosen at each general election by the qualified electors of Porto Rico. His salary, and the salaries of the Governor and Executive Council, are paid by the United States and Porto Rico. Free trade exists between the United States and Porto Rico. The money necessary for insular and municipal governments is raised by means of taxes and assessments on property, internal revenue, license fees and royalties for franchises, privileges and concessions. The United States tariff applies on all imports. All the people are recognized as United States citizens. The plan is stated to be working out well, and to be bringing great prosperity to Porto Rico.

The reciprocity agreement between Canada and the West Indies has been successful in bringing about a large increase in Canadian exports to the West Indies and West Indian exports to Canada. The question whether Canada has a large enough market to offer the West Indies in return for a free trade arrangement—a market which would offset any disadvantage which the West Indies might suffer in the markets of the United States as a result of such arrangement—is solved by a study of the exports of the West Indies and the imports of tropical and semi-tropical products by Canada. The figures show conclusively that Canada imports almost twice the total production of the products by the West Indies, there being one or two exceptions, such as cocoa, for which the West Indies have a large market elsewhere, and bananas, the produc-

tion of which is being discouraged in Jamaica, owing to the destructive hurricanes. The figures, officially compiled from the latest statistics available, are as follows:

Article.	West Indies Exp. to Can.	Canada Total imports.
Sugar	\$18,370,000	\$31,560,000
Molasses	1,800,000	2,000,000
Cocoa	519,000	1,500,000
¹ Coffee	243,000	2,295,000
Spices	38,000	550,000
Rice	1,500,000
Cocoanuts	100,000	236,000
² Bananas	2,615,000
³ Vegetables	18,000	3,800,000
Pineapples	100	270,000
Oranges and grape- fruit	39,000	4,000,000
Lemons and limes	1,400	736,000
Lime juice	6,000	159,000
Canned fruits ...	19,500	611,000
⁴ Figs	146,000
Honey	8,900	66,000
Beeswax	4,000	57,000
Salt	25,000	745,000
⁵ Tobacco	800	6,000,000
Chicle	1,000,000	2,280,000
Sponge	9,000	70,500
⁶ Hemp	500,000
⁷ Rubber	6,700,000
Balata	10,000	10,000
⁸ Asphalt	500,000
⁹ Mineral oils	14,480,000
¹⁰ Alumina	1,320,000
¹¹ Hides and skins..	108,000	12,800,000
Cotton	1,000,000
Logwood, etc. ...	1,400	2,500,000
¹² Wood	200,000	7,200,000
Arrowroot	5,600	9,000
Total	\$22,525,700	108,315,500

¹ Canada takes \$1,000,000 worth from Brazil alone.

² Much below normal. Jamaica exported \$5,000,000 in 1914.

³ Canada took \$21,715 in 1913, \$5,838 in 1914, \$452 in 1915.

⁴ Canada took a small quantity in 1914 and 1915.

⁵ Tobacco in West Indies susceptible of unlimited development.

⁶ Canada imported jute cloth, etc., \$6,000,000.

⁷ Extensive plantations in British Guiana, not yet producing.

⁸ Total in 1913, \$800,000, gradually decreasing during war.

⁹ Oilfields of Trinidad more than sufficient to supply Canada.

¹⁰ Large deposits of bauxite in British Guiana, not yet developed.

¹¹ Cattle-raising projected on savannas of British Guiana.

¹² Timber resources of British Guiana, British Honduras, Jamaica and the Bahamas, hardly yet touched.

For all the above-mentioned products, the West Indies would get a preferential market in Canada, while in the United States market they have

to compete at a disadvantage with the products of California, the Southern States, and such semi-tropical islands as are within United States territory.

As for Canadian exports to the West Indies, no one can dispute the importance of having a preferential market in semi-tropical territories of such present and potential importance.

Informal negotiations have already been entered into between the Canadian Government and certain representatives of the West Indies with a view to bringing about the closer relations which have been suggested. That is to say, the Canadian Government has been sounded out on the question, and has been found to be anxious and even enthusiastic over the idea of extending the reciprocity agreement, in the matter of larger preference and in that of wider scope.

Perhaps the most important steps so far taken have been in connection with British Guiana. When Sir Robert Borden was in Canada some time ago during a brief respite from his duties overseas, Honourable Russell Garnet, who is one of the leading forces in the administrative counsels of British Guiana, interviewed him and other members of the Dominion Cabinet, with a view to finding out how they stood in the matter. The result was that Mr. Garnet was able to go back to British Guiana and report very favourably on the outlook.

Matters have moved quickly since then. Soon after Mr. Garnet's return home, an important meeting of representative citizens was held in Georgetown to discuss the question. Captain J. M. Reid, Comptroller of Customs for British Guiana, presented a detailed memorandum on the subject, in which he pointed out that the present was a most opportune time for securing closer trade relations with Canada. He suggested that all articles which are now imported from Canada at preferential rates of duty under the Trade Agreement should be admitted free of duty; that all pro-

ducts of British Guiana which enter the Canadian market at preferential rates should similarly be placed on the Canadian free list; and that the general rates of duty on all such articles should remain as at present in both countries.

He pointed out that any concession of this nature granted to Canada would, of course, have to be extended to the Mother Country.

As precedents for such a course, he recalled that Tunisian, Algerian, Corsican, French and West Indian French and Algerian products are, to a great extent, admitted free into France, or receive substantial preference, and the exports of France are reciprocally treated on importation into the foregoing possessions. Spain and her possessions in Africa have similar reciprocal treatment. The United States regard Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska as customs collection districts in the United States of America, and trade between them and the United States is free of duty. Furthermore, the products and manufactures of the Philippine Islands, except rice, and with certain limitations as to quantity in the case of sugar, tobacco and cigars, are admitted free of customs duty into the United States, there being reciprocal treatment for United States products in the Philippines.

The meeting was overwhelmingly in favour of the proposal, and a resolution was carried calling on the Government to take steps along the lines suggested.

There are indications that the example will be followed by most, if not all, the islands. The subject has been the theme of many meetings in Jamaica, where important bodies have passed resolutions either in favour of free trade with Canada, or of out-and-out Confederation. As the extended shipping contract agreement between Canada and the West Indies will expire within the year, it may be expected that formal negotiations will not be long delayed.

Of course, the whole subject hinges

on this question of steamship communication. That portion of the West Indies now served by a direct line is anxious to have a more frequent service than at present, while a new line would, of course, have to be started to serve Jamaica, the Bahamas, and British Honduras. As Jamaica lies at the gates of the Panama Canal, it is suggested that a line of steamship might be run between Halifax and Vancouver, *via* the Panama Canal, and serving Jamaica, the Bahamas and British Honduras on the way. This would bring Western Canada into closer touch with the West Indies. It is understood that the Canadian Government propose to put some of the steamships now being built by the Marine Department into the West Indian service.

There is something more than trade bound up in the question of closer relations with the West Indies. Many of the territories included here in the term the British West Indies are still in the pioneer stage of development. For instance, the whole population of

British Guiana is concentrated near the seacoast, and a vast hinterland, containing some of the richest lands existing anywhere in the tropics, is awaiting development. There are 57,770,000 acres of land in British Guiana, which includes large savannahs suitable for agriculture, valuable forests of tropical woods, and many kinds of mineral deposits. It is felt that a closer connection with Canada would result in large Canadian enterprises for the development of the country, and especially in the supply of the professional and technical skill for the carrying out of the colony's great schemes for railway building.

The other colonies also look to a quickening of the spirit of enterprise through closer connection with go-ahead Canada.

In conclusion it may be pointed out that the preferential policy outlined by the British Government is bound to have an important effect in fostering the prosperity of the West Indies and in increasing their population and purchasing power.



THE NATIONAL LITERARY COMPETITION

BY T. A. BROWNE



HE National Literary Competition, inaugurated under the auspices of the Arts and Letter Club of Ottawa, is presented as an experiment in which dwells the hope that from its pioneer effort may come the fulfilment of the dream that some day national recognition will be accorded to arts and letters in Canada.

Conceived in the spirit of altruism, the purpose of the promoters of the National Literary Competition is to stimulate in so far as possible the men and women of Canada to literary expression; and while it is realized that no promise of reward can create a true artist, yet many talented minds stored with beauty unexpressed may by sympathetic encouragement and public recognition be aroused to effort. There is grave necessity that Canadian authors be convinced that they are properly appreciated. There is reason to repeat the phrase that we

are confronted with a fact and not a theory, when we say that foreign fields, providing greater scope and higher monetary reward, are attracting and thus thinning the ranks of Canadian authors. The artistic mental activities of Canadians are being directed to providing literary proven-der for foreign audiences on national themes other than the land of their birth. The list of those who make their dwelling-places in fields afar is indeed long. Can Canada afford to alienate this human national resource?

In this great country, with its mixture of peoples, there is scope for a splendid artistic development. Latent talent everywhere abounds. Inspiration, opportunity, guidance, is all that is required. We have the faults of youth; our discrimination is not yet seasoned, and we are prone through careless imitation to worship false gods, but great qualities are in our possession—beautiful, lofty and full of promise.

Editor's Note:—The Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa, under whose auspices the National Literary Competition is being conducted, has been promoting the interests of arts and letters in the Capital for several years. With the close of the war, a movement was begun among its members for the promotion of a literary project national in character. It was felt that such a movement should be centered in Ottawa and so have the advantage of being closely in touch with Government institutions and activities. It is hoped that this attempt at a nation-wide literary competition will have results beneficial and far-reaching.

The Club, a democratic association of both sexes, holds weekly meetings, and the programme, covering a six-month period, includes music, debates, and lectures on social, literary, and art subjects. No fee is charged the general public. The Club is performing a real service in the Capital and numbers many prominent citizens among its members. An arrangement has been made whereby the winning poem and the winning story or essay (prose) will be published in *The Canadian Magazine*.

We have not yet emerged from the enthrallment of the dollar. Heretofore we have been confronted with the task of developing industrially, and thus the energies and activities of the people have been devoted to this national effort, but a new vision has broken on our view. From the cataclysm of a great war and by virtue of supreme sacrifices, the spiritual forces long obscured by the mists of materialism and selfishness have been revealed. Resplendent among those who have opened our eyes to the vision, fulfilling their high office, our poets and writers have by inspired utterance, encouraged and sustained to heroic achievement the spirits that sometimes drooping in the fortunes of war despaired of victory. Italy flamed with the spirit of D'Annunzio. McRae is among our own immortals: "In Flanders Fields" will live for us while language endures. The memory of Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, and Allan Seager, will inspire forever, symbolic of the fibre of nobility and sacrifice. Crusaders for high purpose, they have become national possessions.

We cannot afford to close our eyes to the vision they symbolized nor forget the promises made in the hour of peril. We pledged ourselves that our eyes and aspirations would be lifted to the altar where burns the sacred flame, without the glow of which no nation can hope to achieve a lasting greatness.

Canada is in the time of youth and vigour. We can shape that virility to supreme purposes if the spiritual fires are kept burning. We are proud of those industrial feats accomplished in production during the great war. It is but just to say that no nation was more effective than our own, and the workers in every line of endeavour contributed nobly. There is no fear that our industrial activities will be neglected; all the forces that crave material advancement, all the acquisitiveness in man, which, ever unsatisfied, seeks a greater portion of the created wealth of the world, will make themselves felt. The danger is that in

the bellowing of industrial greed the spiritual forces of the nation, which after all are the true reserves on which our reliance is placed, may be forgotten. We hear continually from platform and press that ours is a land of limitless possibilities, and surely our resources of the spirit are as intrinsic and as worthy of development as those of land and water. In material development what ingenuity, application, and lavish outlay of wealth is observable!

Europe, wiser and more cultured, is not unmindful of her literary resources. She treasures and stimulates them by more than one helpful creation. She fosters art. Theatres and other institutions have been subsidized by the State. The French Academy is a product of the recognition of cultural needs. Many yearly prize competitions instituted by centres of learning and magazines, attest the fact that such methods of encouragement are not considered as unbecoming. "The Edward de Polignac Prize" for instance, is a yearly award for literary merit which is a worthy endowment.

Art in this country must be content with spasmodic efforts of private initiative and precarious personal generosity. For educational and scientific purposes much has been accomplished, but little indeed for art. Is there no philanthropist, no lover of the æsthetic who will come forward with a yearly prize for the best book of prose or verse which appears in a regular way. I offer the suggestion to some of our patriotic citizens of wealth. A great opportunity awaits, a little thought should convince those who are in a position to aid, of the importance of arts and letters, and the necessity for their assistance in promoting such movements as tend to stimulate and uplift the standard of literary expression. To do something to combat the harsh material spirit that cries for dominance and thus to relieve the strain of every day life, it should be a high privilege to encourage that which is beautiful and inspiring.

It is pleasant to record the spontaneous and generous response that met the efforts of the promoters and aided greatly in the launching of the competition. The generous encouragement given the project by his Excellency the Governor-General at its inception in donating the prizes for the War Veterans' Class was a potent factor for which we desire to express grateful appreciation. The committee wish also to express their appreciation to those public-spirited gentlemen who gave whole-hearted monetary support and made the success of the competition no longer doubtful. I trust I may also be permitted publicly to thank the gentlemen whose co-operation was so gladly given and whose experience and discrimination will be invaluable at the conclusion, when the awards must be made. I refer to the judges, Major Sir Andrew MacPhail, and Dr. Adam Shortt, Mr. Thomas Mulvey, Mr. W. J. Sykes, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, and Dr. E. Sapir. No easy task confronts these gentlemen, as it involves an expenditure of time and labour of which they were fully aware, but which they gladly consented to make. The press in every way has aided in bringing the information to the public, and I wish to thank the proprietors and editors for the splendid support given.

The Competition began May 1st, and will close on August 31st. The channels of the press have carried the news to every province, and many a remote town by the letter of some interested inquirer notified the committee in charge that the news has passed that way. We knew that much good can come out of Nazareth, so we are very hopeful of these little towns. Was not Shakespeare village-bred, and Foch too, the great soldier, is the son of a small town, while the mind conjures up a galaxy of the great ones of the earth who came from places far removed from the glamour of metropolitan life. Many city dwellers too are interested, and it will be of interest to compare the setting, character, and selection of themes as

between the city and country contributor. Compelling as the lure that urges onward the gold seeker visioning a new Eldorado is the fascination in contemplating the residue from the conglomerate of all these stirrings of fancy in a people where the material intrudes to stifle the cry for beauty in the heart.

In a country so vast in territory, so rich in natural beauty, may we hope for some new enrichment of language, some adequate visualization of national aspirations, some lofty and ennobling presentation of our scenic loveliness? There is the hope also that something touched with the fire of genius may find the light; that some new magician of the pen, urged from lethargy by the lottery of chance and the spur of competition, may reward the hopes of many.

The element of the humorous is not lacking to enliven the sometimes monotonous daily round of satisfying feverish inquirers in these hot summer days. "Strange wares are landed on the wharves of Sleep", and strange wares too are mailed to the office of a director of a literary competition despite clearly-defined announcements sent broadcast. One correspondent wishes to know if the winner will be made Poet Laureate, and will the great Canadian poets be permitted to compete? Another writes that being only a novice in literature he does not desire to have his contribution entered in the Veterans' class. Of course, he has been set right with the information that the Veterans' class is set apart for our War Veterans, and not for veterans in the field of literature. Some have even become quite intimate and imparted the sources of their inspiration, which has its compensations but in some cases where the sublime passion inspires, is rather hard on the recipient of such confidences. Bolshevism is not confined to social questions; there are some literary Bolsheviks abroad who bid defiance to the best of rules and regulations. One enthusiastic contributor seems to have received the impression that the com-

petition is a literary Marathon, and that the prize-winner will be judged by quantity instead of quality. To protest that this is not so, is unavailing. To post him the rules and regulations is useless. He is away to a good start under whip and spur, and he makes a lap a day, sometimes two or three, that is, he sends me helpful hints—gems from the masters—original night and day thoughts and countless other musings and dissertations in an endless procession of letters. He sometimes apologizes for disturbing me and humbly begs my pardon, but I have found that this is only camouflage, and usually preparatory to another barrage fire of increased intensity. The hot wave has given a respite, but I expect a new cannonade shortly from this literary radical who has chosen this opportunity to relieve his pent-up feelings, but like the reply of the man in the story the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier often repeated—"It pleases he and it don't hurt I", and besides it adds a touch of humour.

These humours of the competition are the rare exceptions. If the letters of inquiry be an index a large number of earnest and sincere workers contemplate contributing.

It is hoped that none will fail to forward any original manuscripts they possess through lack of confidence in their own endeavours or fear of criticism. There is no earnest effort that will not be accorded a scrup-

ulous and careful judgment. There is no class of workers who toil more laboriously with hope of less reward than those who travel the road to literary achievement, and all who send their offerings may be assured of a generous interpretation. Indicating as they do the localities, the post-marks form a subject for study. The cities are well represented, and then come names less familiar—the towns, villages, and hamlets. No section has a monopoly in imagination and inspiration. In a day's mail, extreme East and far West meet. From near and far they come, the hope of many an unknown. Who are these competitors? Are they young or old, rich or poor, brilliant or commonplace? What will the contents of these sealed packets reveal? What inspirations, what themes, what workmanship? Each Province sends its delegation of accredited representatives, and when these delegates speak and reveal their messages, no doubt there will be variety sufficient, and a range of subjects wide as the nation itself. For the present these sealed manuscripts rest like figures in a masquerade; a motley varied in penmanship as in dress and bulk, the product of moods grave and gay, staid and fantastic, most, we trust, hopeful and few despairing, a numerous and mysterious company awaiting the hour of unmasking.

Can this literary competition be made an annual event?



ON A GLUCK MELODY

By VIRGINIA COYNE

WHENEVER this pure melody sings sweet
From the clear strings, it is not yet complete
Unless I think of you,
And, listening, dream of you,
Then only are the heavenly, crystal tones quite true.

Then when my tender fingers touch the keys,
You live again among the harmonies,
My blessed one,
My precious one,
You whose short life had scarcely yet begun,
Come back again until the tune is done.

And in the little world of sound and time
The old, dear memories link themselves with rhyme.
My only love,
My young, dead love,
I value these our memories above
All of this mighty earth's vast treasure trove.

*O melody of days long dead, sing on!
Though he who wrote thee, too, is dead and gone.*

I listen, dreaming, as the notes entwine,
And, boy of mine,
Beloved boy of mine,
You live and breathe again in every line.

*O living melody of dead days, sing!
Thou knowest Death is not so great a thing.*



A WINTER ENCAMPMENT

From the Painting by
Manly Macdonald.
Exhibited by the Ontario Society
of Artists

HONOUR TO WHOM

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS



WE know that life usually bestows its most signal honours upon those who are by nature essentially simple and modest. According to this hypothesis, Jimmie Danforth could scarcely have expected to escape his destiny, for a less conceited and more unassuming young man it would have been difficult to find in any branch of the army. In his home town in Ontario he had been known variously as "Home James!" and "The Happy Hermit", and it was not until Jimmie had gone overseas and made something of a record with his first few flights in the Air Force that people began to recognize the fact that bashfulness does not imply ineptitude, in Jimmie's case at any rate.

From the beginning the upper ether was Jimmie's element. Companion of the clouds was he, and wooer of the stars, and one of his night flights over the enemy lines culminated in his winning of the greatest award of all, the wonderful and yet exceedingly plain little trophy which bears only the two significant words: "For Valour".

Honores mutant mores is not strictly true. There was really no fundamental difference between Fl.-Lieut. Danforth, V.C., and the happy-go-lucky youth with the dreaming brown eyes and the rather untidy shock of hair who had whistled and sung his way into all hearts before ever he had thought of flying. As a matter of fact Jimmie had never been troubled

with the goad of ambition in all his life and his chief accomplishments had consisted of a fair ability in handling and driving his own roadster, a good "kick" at football, one or two prizes in amateur art—he sketched with remarkable charm and fidelity but never for purposes of sale—and a certain knack at rhyming, not amounting to poetry. He could turn out reams of cheery doggerel upon request, and was indeed the author of several parodies that really deserved a better fate.

On a pleasant afternoon in early August Jimmie was strolling along the shaded path at the edge of a little park on the upper Thames and wondering with an intense longing, how soon it would be before this interminable convalescence—he had broken an arm in his last flight—could be said to be over. He felt very fit, and as well grateful for all the care he had received but he was eager to return to France. Then—the truth will out—he wanted to escape the fuss, the invitations, the inevitable lionizing, the reporters, and the ladies! He broke out in a cold perspiration whenever he thought of the sex. He trembled when he saw a square envelope on his table, which was very often, now that he was getting about again. A kind of panic seized him when suddenly meeting a brougham full of the fair sex in the park or on one of the avenues. He had even resorted to the ignoble method of dodging up a side street at the approach of some particular lady who was more zealous

than the rest and more than once he had been obliged to back out of a club or a restaurant that he had just entered, in order to avoid a shower of invitations.

He was quite accustomed by now to such expressions—given audibly and soulfully in his immediate vicinity—as: “Oh, it’s one of those *dear* Colonials!” and his bronzed cheek still burned at the recollection of a hearty kiss bestowed by a little lady with a Devonshire-cream-cheese accent, who had inveigled him into her booth at a recent bazaar. He could never talk about his achievements. To him these marvellous performances seemed quite ordinary. They were all in the day’s work! So Jimmie’s conversation at these gatherings consisted chiefly of “ahems” and pauses and he declined as many invitations as he could invent excuses for so doing.

Jimmie longed to be back among the boys, where, as he secretly expressed it, he was liked for his own sake. He had always had the very human desire to inspire friendship in this, the only satisfying way. A successful business-man father and a clever clubwoman mother had rather tended all his life to overshadow Jimmie, as far as personality was concerned; so he was somewhat tired of basking in reflected glory and quietly glad that he had been able to claim a little individual distinction; secretly very proud too that he had accounted for so many Hun ’planes. When he had won the Victoria Cross, therefore, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that he should have spent many a blissful quarter of an hour gloating over the precious bauble in secret. It stood so pre-eminently for personal achievement. He liked to caress it in the dark watches of the night (in those first weeks when it was still almost an incredible thing—his having won it!) and to waken very early so that he might see the rich royal purple ribbon and convince himself that he had not been merely dreaming. Sometimes he even pressed

the cold metal to his lips in a sort of rapture. Here indeed was something he had earned on his own account and not because he was “Big Jim” Danforth’s son!

As he stood now leaning over the railing that flanked the little shaded walk he was not, however, thinking of himself or his honours, for looking down upon that brown and somewhat sluggish stream which has been called Liquid History, Jimmie had caught a glimpse of a familiar English picture and his artist’s eye was held by the sheer charm of it.

Beneath the willows fringing the bank a punt was coming slowly into view, poled by a slim girl in white who stood in the middle of the craft, her wide be-flowered garden hat hanging by its long pink ribbons down her back, while she bent gracefully to the task of bringing her boat into the little dock. There were gay cushions lying about in the wicker seats and at the girl’s feet were quantities of the beautiful water-lilies for which the upper Thames is noted. It was a vivid colourful picture against the quiet, almost sombre background of the river and Jimmie watched breathlessly, a kind of undefined fear seizing him that it might after all be only a mirage; that if he dared to close an eye or look away momentarily it would vanish. He had seen other girls in other punts—had once been in a picnic party in fact when a dozen punts had been required to convey all the guests to the park—but this girl and this punt were different. The sun shone warmly down through a network of leaves, dappling the water and the bank with little tremulous shadows and the drowsy warmth had seemed to bring out all the sweetest and most subtle of the odours from the many trim flower-beds along the boulevard. A warm ray fell directly upon the head of the fair punter below catching the golden threads of her hair and making of the whole a dazzling mass, a thing of glory. Jimmie drew a long breath and wished he had brought his sketch-book along.



"Beneath the willows fringing the bank a punt was coming slowly into view
poled by a slim girl in white"

And then the girl glanced up and seeing his interest in her movements smiled.

"Can you make it? There's quite a little current just there!" he called out, forgetting for the nonce that unwritten law (which prevails in old England) against speaking to strangers without an introduction.

"I think so," she replied, at once. "But of course you're laughing at me! How can you guess that this is quite my first effort at poling? Do I make such a mess of it as all that? I thought I was doing very well."

"So you are! And I'm not laughing. It's—er—just the shape of my mouth. Wait. I'm going down."

He had seen that she was having a little difficulty in bringing the craft into its berth on account of the rather brisk current that slewed the boat around and as he had noticed a cant-hook or some such device lying on the dock he wasted few words but proceeded to act and in less than five minutes had pulled the punt in and secured it to its post. Then he turned to assist the girl to alight. But she had already done so.

"Oh, you're a *Canadian*!" she cried, her red lips apart and an eager flush on her tanned cheek.

Horrors! Was it another invitation to something or other?

"Y—yes. I—I think I'll have to go now, got an engagement—" he mumbled, rapidly, almost backing away in his haste.

"Oh no you mustn't!" she interjected quickly. "For, you see, I'm Canadian too! And really you didn't seem to be in much of a hurry—before!"

Jimmie flushed at the note of reproach, grinned feebly and elected to remain—for a few minutes anyway. In his heart he was delighted to meet a fellow countrywoman and presently he managed to say so.

"But didn't you know what I was when I spoke?" she asked, as they walked up the stone steps to the park together.

"No. I—that is I was so intent upon the picture—"

"Picture?"

"The boat, you know, and the water-lilies—"

"Oh I forgot them!" she exclaimed.

So they retraced their steps and gathered up the cool, waxy beauties in their arms and when they reached the first bench on the shaded walk above they sat down to re-arrange the lilies. The girl filled her big hat with them using the ribbons as handles to the improvised basket.

"Wouldn't you like one on your tunic, Canadian boy?" asked the girl, suddenly, holding up a quite perfect lily. "See, this one's the pick of the lot."

"Thanks, yes; . . . my name is Danforth."

He added the last with a painful flush. Now for it! And instinctively he braced himself for: "Oh, the V.C. hero!"

But Jimmie was disappointed, whether pleasantly or not he could scarcely have said. His name meant nothing to her. She was quite unmoved by it, and having found a pin in her bodice she fastened the flower to his tunic.

"There! It's really not obnoxiously large, but when you leave the park you can take it out. My name's Glidden — Mary Glidden. I'm a V.A.D. on my holidays, staying up at Coxworth Manor. Do you know the place?"

He shook his head. He liked her voice and the way her blue eyes changed from gravity to fun. You could scarcely call her pretty, he decided half a dozen times and as many times changed his mind. For there was an indefinable charm about her that held him enthralled. She was all alive from the top of her sunny head to the toe of her trim white-shod foot.

"I'm supposed to be convalescing," he explained ruefully. "Really they're just pampering me, though. Some night I'm going to break away, if I have to walk the whole way to London and crawl from there to Portsmouth."

"Are you as desperate as that? Have you too had a terrible struggle with the English accent? Do you know I've actually taught my roommate to pronounce the letter *r*! And she a Londoner born and bred! What do you think of that?"

"And what has she taught you?" smiled Jimmie.

"Heaps of things, but not in the way of speech. I drink tea at four-thirty; have my boots cleaned by somebody else; ride on a bus-top without getting dizzy; address titled people in the correct way; play that funny game with bats and wickets—"

"Cricket?"



“I don't get excited when I meet someone who has won a military honour”

“Yes, that's it. I'm also learning to punt. And—one more thing: I don't get excited when I meet someone who has won a military honour!”

Jimmie felt his face growing hot suddenly. Was she resorting to insinuations, this frank and friendly Canadian girl whom already he felt that he had known a long time? He sent a furtive glance at her face. She

was gazing out over the river, with a look of palpable unconcern. Jimmie, whose strong suit was never conversation had been listening to her voice as one who follows the lilt of a song without paying much heed to the words. But her last observation roused him to quick attention. Here was a new specimen of the sex! He had thought all women were alike.

"No, I never make a fuss over honours" she resumed, after a moment or two. "Either for men or women. I feel that there must be so many who deserve medals who never get them because nobody happened to be round to witness their bravery. Every soldier, every sailor and every nurse is a potential hero (or heroine) anyway, and there have been hundreds of brave deeds in this war that can never be recounted, much less adequately recognized."

"That's true," Jimmie assented heartily. "I've known a score of fellows who deserved the V.C. Of course you can't blame the authorities. They don't know all."

"That's just it!" the V.A.D. put in quickly. "It makes it seem very unfair when really no one can help it. But personally—"

"Yes?" prompted Jimmie, as she broke off.

"Personally I prefer my soldier friends to be just the plain, undecorated kind."

"Like—like the one you are seated beside?" and Jimmie's 'feeler' was given in an almost tremulous tone, so eager was he for an affirmative answer. Miss Glidden flashed him a coy glance.

"Well—what V.C. man for instance would be content to sit for an hour and a half—it's almost that, isn't it?—"

"What! Since we sat down here? Surely not!"

"But look at the sun."

"I interrupted you. Do go on."

"What V.C. man would waste so much time with a plain little V.A.D. when he could choose his company from amongst all the ladies Vere de Vere in the land?"

"Do you believe the V.C. goes to every man's head like that?" demanded Jimmie, with warmth.

"How loyal you are!" she remarked, with a note of admiration in her voice.

"And you included among the things the English have taught you the virtue of remaining cool in the presence of a—hero. (That's what they *would* be called I suppose). Do

you mean that the English don't make a fuss over a decorated soldier?"

"Not so much of a fuss as we do. The English are more phlegmatic, and besides military awards are nothing new to them."

"Have you ever met a man who has won the V.C.?"

"Never.—I've met D. C. M.'s and D. S. O.'s though. Some of them were insufferably conceited."

"Oh now Miss Glidden!"

"Well, *perhaps* it was just my attitude in the matter that made them seem so," she amended. "You see I'm fiercely democratic. I like to be liked for my own sake."

Jimmie extended his good arm.

"Shake," he said, with a delighted grin.

She put a cool little hand into his and then rose.

"I must be going now," she observed, gathering up her flowers.

"Do you go punting *every* afternoon?" asked Jimmie adroitly, as he too rose.

"Do you walk in this park every afternoon?"

Jimmie laughed.

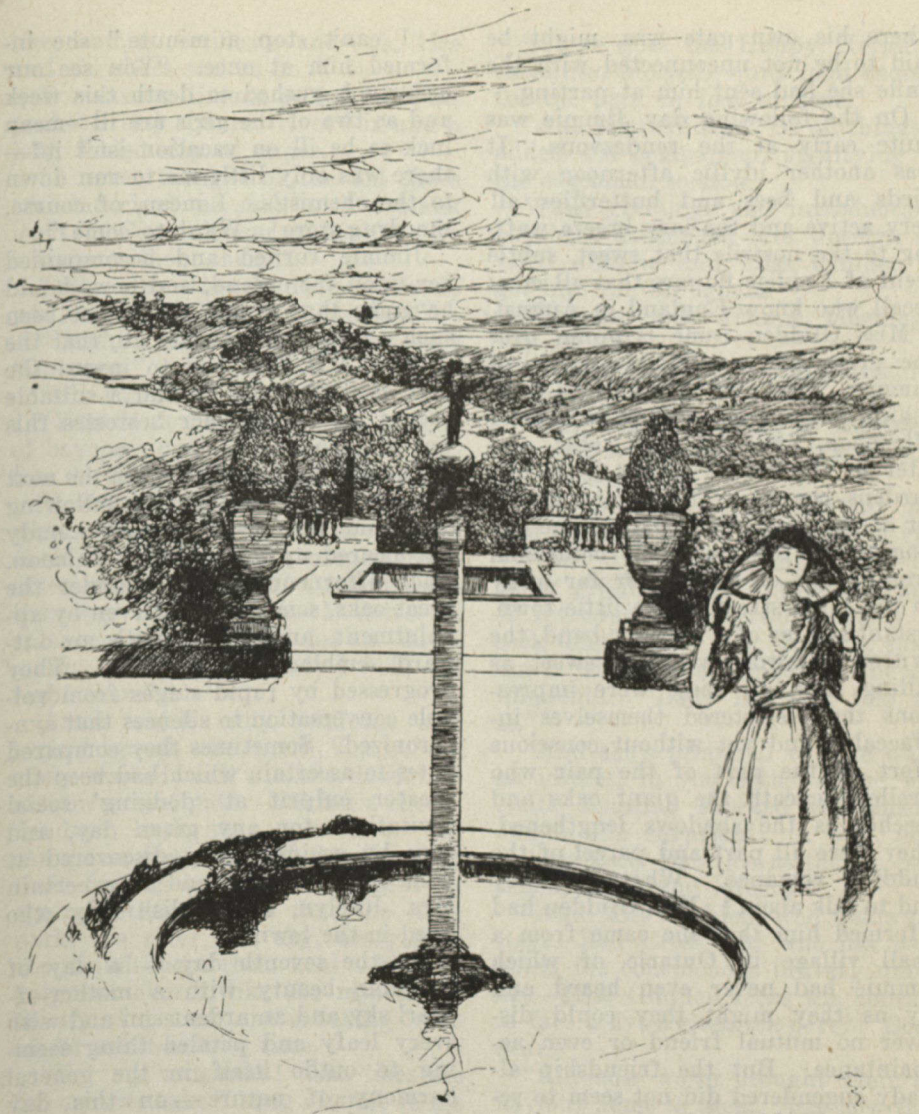
"You bet I do—from now on!" he said. "And by the way if you were one of those decorated nurses I shouldn't bother to come! For *my* friends I too like best those who are just plain folks. Is this what is called 'handing it to you', little V.A.D. friend?"

She started to speak and then refrained, giving him a puzzled smile instead.

"Do you know, I don't think I'll mention having met you to the other girls," she observed thoughtfully after a short silence. "Up at the Manor they're perfectly wild about Canadians and they'd be down here in droves."

"Thank. Don't," agreed Jimmie gratefully. "I've cut two receptions and a terrace-tea to-day as it is. Nice sort of bounder I am, eh?"

"No worse than me! I too have sent regrets to three different affairs. To-morrow there are more."



“That sweet, subtle smell of English flowers that all must recall who know
England in August”

“Dodge ‘em and come here to the park.”

“I’d love to . . . Wonder if I dare! It’s rather a shame. To-day for instance I’d have met some nice people and heard quite a bit of news likely. I only came over from France on Tuesday and I’m away behind on current events and social chit-chat. Don’t know a single thing that’s been

happening. One likes to keep posted . . . No, don’t bother seeing me to the ‘bus. We’ll say bye-bye at the gate here.”

Jimmie lifted his streamline cap.

“To-morrow, then?” he suggested, hopefully.

She didn’t reply in words but the smile on Jimmie’s face as he retraced his steps to the other side of the park

where his own gate was, might be said to be not unconnected with the smile she had sent him at parting.

On the following day Jimmie was quite early at the rendezvous. It was another idyllic afternoon with birds and bees and butterflies all very active and the lazy breeze wafting to the nostrils that sweet, subtle scent of English flowers that all must recall who know England in August.

Miss Glidden came tripping over the grass like a veritable spirit of summer. She was only half an hour behind Jimmie and so they had a long afternoon, first on the water and later in one of the quaint little teagardens nearby. The silvery laughter of children in the park, some one singing on the river, the occasional droning cry of a huckster far away on the High street of the little town, distant strains of a military band, the twitter of birds overhead, sweet as falling rain, all these were impressions that registered themselves ineffaceably and yet without conscious effort on the part of the pair who strolled beneath the giant oaks and beeches as the shadows lengthened. They were all part and parcel of the budding romance. What did they find to talk about? Miss Glidden had informed him that she came from a small village in Ontario of which Jimmie had never even heard and try as they might they could discover no mutual friend or even acquaintance. But the friendship already engendered did not seem to require aid of this kind to keep it alive.

The third day it rained and Jimmie walked disconsolately about on the wet gravel of the pathway, his eye directed chiefly at the gate through which his V.A.D. friend would enter, and his hopes sinking lower with every hour. But finally just before five o'clock she came—a trim little form in a mackintosh, with a tweed cap over her wind-blown hair. Jimmie was surprised at the sudden lift in his spirits, but not being self-analytical he did not allow himself to become disturbed over the phenomenon.

"I can't stop a minute," she informed him at once. "You see our orderly is rushed to death this week and as two of the girls are ill—mean luck to be ill on vacation isn't it?—there was only little me to run down to the chemist's. I mean, of course, the drug-store! Want to come?"

Jimmie turned and accompanied her upon the errand, and how should he guess that it had really not been such a pressing one after all, that the little V.A.D. had had to invent the half of it in order to find a suitable excuse for leaving her hostesses this wet afternoon?

The weather was fine again the next day and also on the two following ones and the seventh broke cloudy but cleared up miraculously at noon. Each afternoon they met under the great oaks, sometimes not even by appointment, and always with an outward semblance of surprise. They progressed by rapid stages from voluble conversation to silences that synchronized. Sometimes they compared notes to ascertain which had been the greater culprit at 'dodging' social invitations for any given day, and once by accident they discovered at least one mutual friend in a certain Mrs. Jocelyn, an English lady who lived in the town.

On the seventh day—a day of ineffable beauty with a mother-of-pearl sky and an ardent sun and with every leafy and petaled thing seeming to outdo itself in the general harmony of nature—on this day Jimmie broke one of these eloquent silences in his charming abrupt manner.

"Little V.A.D., let us get married," he said, turning suddenly to her.

His companion drew a long breath. You see she wasn't quite accustomed to some aspects of Jimmie—yet.

"Oh—we couldn't," she said, shaking her head, but only half-heartedly.

"Why not? Just across the park in Laurel Street lives a preacher."

"But we need other things, Jimmie. I grant you a preacher must needs be among those present, but how about a

ring and a certificate and—oh, rice and old shoes and so on?"

For answer Jimmie pulled from his pocket a tiny square velvet box and a long folded slip of paper.

"I never thought of the old shoes and the rice," he said, with a blank look. "Couldn't you — couldn't we manage without them?"

"Wh—why Jimmie dear, when do you want it to be? Not—to-day!"

"Uhuh. Right away. Now. This afternoon."

"Oh Jimmie!"

"You don't hanker for an avenue of bayonets and a big wedding-breakfast do you?" he asked quickly.

"I should say not! But—but—oh what a whirlwind you are! We simply couldn't. It's — it's preposterous, after only seven days! Of course it's the way I'd choose — I detest a splurge—but—Jimmie *do* sit down again. It's impossible! I—oh, all right then."

After which truly feminine and logical speech the little V.A.D. docilely walked with Jimmie down the narrow gravel path. Behind a rhododendron bush they paused to exchange mutual and tangible proof of their feeling and then they went on again, both conscious that the little park, the river, the sky, everything about and above them held a kind of poignant charm, like the mysterious beauty of a scene one is taking leave of for an indefinite time.

"For my own sake! She likes me for my own sake!" sang Jimmie in his heart.

"What—what is everybody staring at us for?" whispered the bride-to-be, with a blush.

But Jimmie merely laughed joyously and pressed her hand. They gained the street which is called Laurel and were approaching number seventy-one when that untoward fate which decrees that there is to be many a slip 'twixt the park and the preacher intervened in the persons of Mrs. Vernon Jocelyn and Captain Grant McNeill, who were bowling along in the former's brougham.

"There goes the Happy Hermit!" exclaimed McNeill, quite loud enough for the pair on foot to hear.

"And Miss Glidden! Of all things!" added his companion, signifying to the coachman to stop.

When greetings and introductions had been exchanged Mrs. Jocelyn invited Jimmie and Miss Glidden to get into the brougham.

"Thanks," said Jimmie, blushing. "We—"

"We can't," explained Miss Glidden. "We're—"

"But aren't you going to the reception at Darleigh House? We are just on our way too."

"No, we—I'm afraid we 'cut' it," said Jimmie, avoiding McNeill's eye.

"Cut it? Oh shame! Why it's being given for the express purpose of introducing you two formally to each other," said Mrs. Jocelyn, shaking a white-gloved finger at the delinquents. "Lady Darleigh told me so."

"And she's prepared to take quite an interest in you both," added McNeill, feigning shocked amazement. "James, I'm surprised. A V.C. hero to hide away like this as though he'd committed grand larceny!"

"And Miss Glidden, who wears the Royal Red Cross and who has been noted for conspicuous bravery under fire—Miss Glidden lacks the courage to face a five-o'clock tea-party! Dear, dear!"

"Ah, *now* we've brought their behaviour home to them. See how they are regarding each other," said McNeill, with a nod at the pair who indeed were gazing, as though transfixed, at each other.

"Jimmie, how *could* you!" exclaimed the little V.A.D. at last, and her voice trembled slightly.

"Glass houses," murmured our hero cryptically.

"Drive on, William," said Mrs. Jocelyn, with a sigh and a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Is it only another form of your charming Canadianism?" she asked of McNeill, "or *what* is it?"

"It is the usual phenomenon I believe. Did you not recognize the outward and visible signs?"

He had been looking over his shoulder as the brougham rolled on.

"They're just turning in at that quaint old brick house—the one with the stone facings," he said, with idle curiosity. "What do you suppose—"

"No! Really?" and Mrs. Jocelyn turned about also. "Is it *possible!* Why, that is where the Reverend Mr. Knott lives!"

McNeill gazed at her, his mouth open slightly. Then he whistled.

"And never to tell us or anything!" moaned the lady. "Would you have thought it possible of them, Captain?"

"Well," said McNeill with deliberation, "of Miss Glidden I know nothing, having only just met her, but I've known Jimmie nearly all my life and he's a subtle youngster. He's liable to do most anything and it will always be the unexpected."

A SONG OF THE FIELDS AND THE PAST

By EDWARD SAPIR

SWEET and many come the gifts
To men and earth and air—
Fragrance of the roses drifts
Free with never a care.

Sunbeams dance with dust and fall
To earth a spangled net,
And the sun himself o'er all
The sunny land is set.

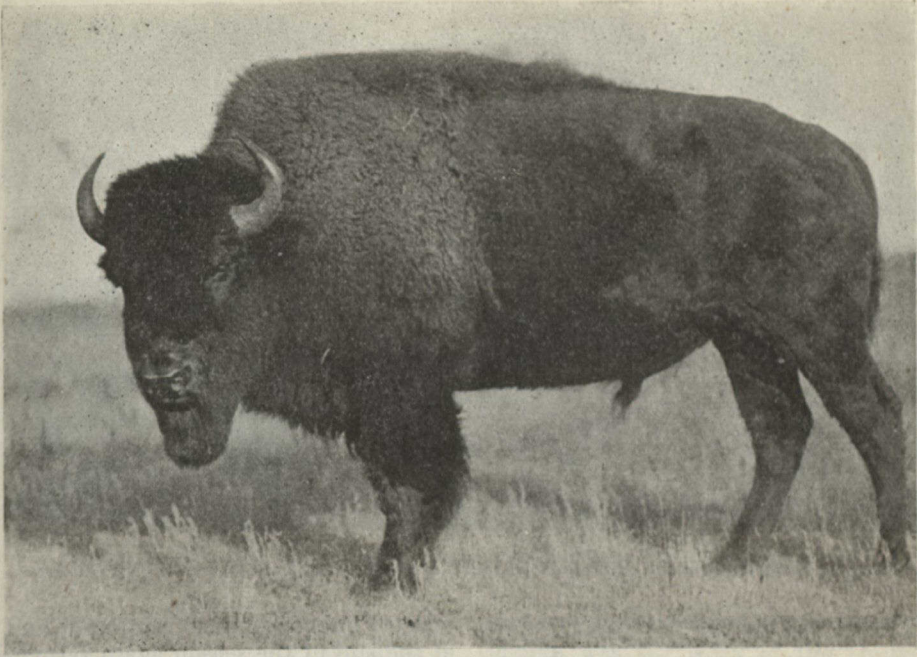
*But I am thinking of you, my friend,
In the days gone by,
But I am dreaming of you, my love,
When we builded fair and high.*

Frolicking winds race o'er the hills
And off and away they blow,
Over the hills a keen breath spills
From pines to the fields below.

Humming sound and warbling sound
And voices laughing low,
Pleasantly turn round and round
In the scented fields below.

*But I am thinking of you, my friend,
When the days were fair and young,
But I am dreaming of you, my love,
When your words were a song that is sung.*

*We builded fair and high, my love,
In the days gone by,
I would we could hear the song that was sung
In the days that were fair and young.*



THE BUFFALO IN CANADA

BY MAX McDEE



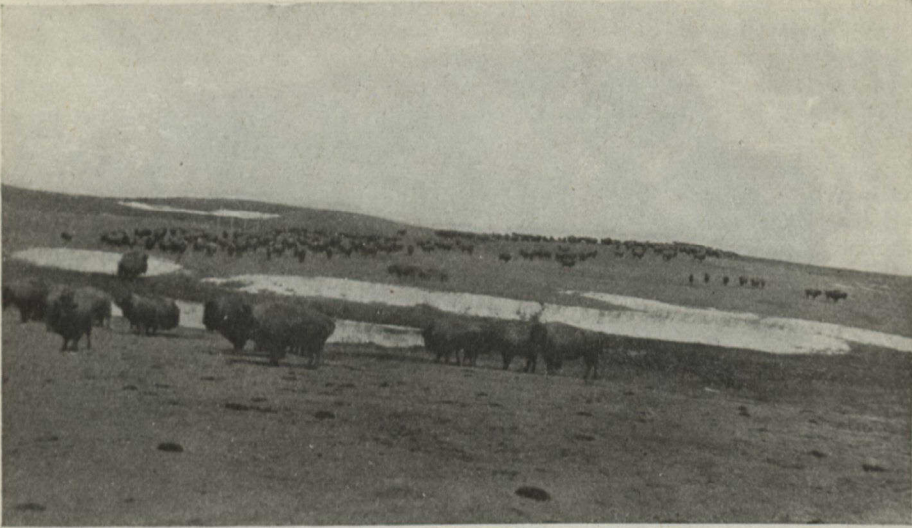
FROM time unrecorded the buffalo lorded over all the fertile grazing land of this continent. From the Rockies to the Great Lakes and from the Sweet Grass Hills on the boundary to Great Slave Lake on the north the bison wandered over Canada in mighty droves, migrating to the south only as snow-storm and drought dictated. Wide rolling plains blackened as far as the sharp eye of the settler could reach with huge, shaggy, hump-backed beasts, bellowing, fighting and pawing the earth until it trembled as though an earth-quake approached.

Paul Kane, a travelling artist, on a trip to Edmonton in 1859, tells that during the whole of three days preceding his arrival at Edmonton he saw nothing else along the banks of

the Saskatchewan but buffaloes. They covered the plains as far as the eye could reach, so numerous at times that they impeded his progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation. At night Kane frequently found much difficulty selecting a place to camp on account of the great herds.

"Kootenai" Brown, who was probably the first white man to cross the plains of Western Canada by pack-horse, writes interestingly of his first impressions east of the Rockies in 1865:

"I remember," he says, "my first sight of buffalo on the plains of Western Canada. Emerging from the South Kootenai Pass I shot the foothills near the mouth of Pass Creek and climbed to the top of one of the lower mountains. The prairie as far as I could see was one living moving mass of buffalo. Thousands of head there were, far thicker than ever range



A herd of several hundred Buffaloes in the National Park, near Wainwright, Alberta

cattle grazed the bunch-grass of the foothills. I killed a three-year-old bull just at the entrance to the pass and as I rode through the great beasts just moved off slowly. We made a lane of only about one hundred yards and they paid little attention."

H. Mortimer Batten in his "Prints from Canadian Trails" gives us a picture of the migration of these great herds:

"The snow is not yet gone, but the stirring and wakening of spring is in the air. The sun is going northwards and far above the Mississippi and the Red River millions of wild fowl are speeding northwards, too. South of the Missouri the buffalo herds, straggling over the prairie, become restless with the warming touch of spring. They are moving about in families—in little batches of ten or a dozen—and now and then an old cow is seen to raise her head, sniff loudly, then shaking her horns to move a few steps from her feeding place. Her head is always towards the north. Presently, as another herd comes into view, the two combine, and together move steadily northwards. From every ridge and every divide more buffalo come and the herd grows till it gains the dimensions of a vast army, an army covering a space of perhaps four hundred square miles."

Regularly as winter came these animals moved to the southern part of their range. Upon reaching their

winter quarters they scattered and at the end of the season again returned north. They travelled much faster than one would suppose from their ungainly appearance, and rarely followed any but their own well-beaten paths. When free from ice, rivers as wide as a mile were crossed without hesitation. In winter the combined weight of the herds often broke the ice, precipitating the leaders. Those coming behind would crowd into the hole and often the whole herd might be seen swimming about trying to get out. Thousands of buffaloes met death in this way.

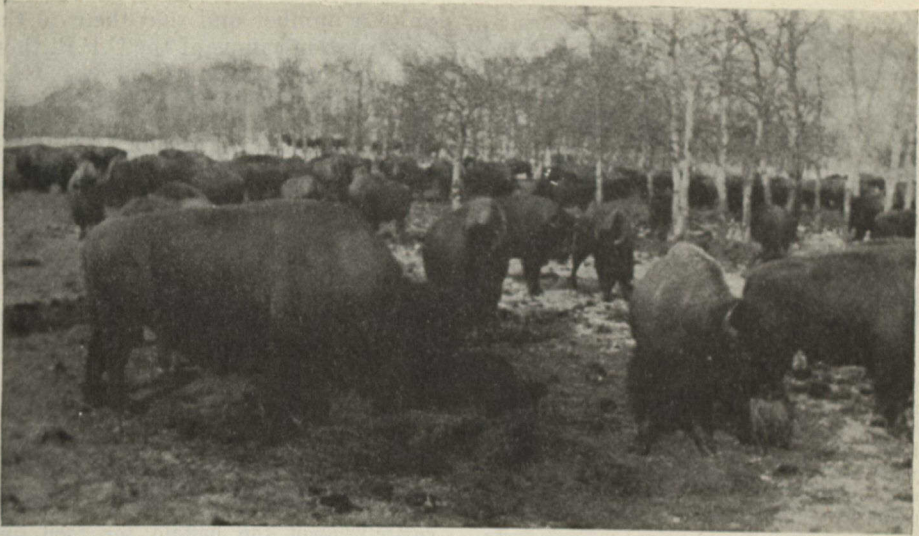
Of these occurrences Henry, an old explorer and trader of the early days, wrote in his diary:

March 28, 1801.—Ice on Red River breaking up, bearing great number of dead buffalo, which have been drowned while trying to cross.

April 1.—River clear of ice, but buffalo continue to drift in entire herds. They form one continuous line in the current day and night.

April 18.—Drowned buffalo continue to drift, and many of them have lodged on the bank.

May 1.—The stench of the vast numbers of drowned buffalo is intolerable. The number of carcasses lying along the bank passes imagination.



Feeding Buffaloes in Winter in the National Park, near Wainwright, Alberta

Thus for a full month each spring the prairie rivers bore southward their cargo of buffalo meat to be stranded eventually on the mudbanks of the Mississippi; and it is a fact that islands exist in the Mississippi to-day that were originally built up by the carcasses of buffalo.

Some time in the late seventies the buffalo disappeared. The exact cause for the astonishingly rapid decrease has never been satisfactorily determined. Many have thought that some epidemic peculiar to cattle carried them off. Others say it was the wholesale destruction of the animals for their valuable hides. It is related, too, that traders in the south sent men to the north to burn the grass so that the buffalo would not return northward to breed. It is known that as a consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffaloes did not again frequent their old northern stamping grounds after 1879, but roamed the prairies of the Yellowstone country in Montana where they were finally exterminated except in widely segregated bands.

Colonel Herchmer, an ex-commissioner of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, says he believes the

extinction of the buffalo in Western Canada was the work of the United States Government. They, he declares, sent out sharpshooters with long Winchesters and deliberately destroyed the buffalo in order to force the Sioux and kindred warlike tribes of Indians to sue for peace and mercy because of starvation. This, he thinks, was the revenge, most deadly in its effect, for the Custer massacre and similar outrages by Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors.

In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffaloes on Western ranges. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post in the West 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot or to the wolves tens of thousands of young stock and aged bulls. White men slaughtered them for sheer lust of slaughter. Parties of European hunters used to go out and attack the buffaloes just to see how many they could shoot in a day, leaving their unused carcasses to rot on the plains. Then professional hunters began to follow the herds north and south, killing unscrupulously throughout the season. Others have been known to kill them by the

scores simply to get their tongues for table delicacies. It is estimated that in the year 1882, two hundred thousand buffaloes were killed; in 1883, forty thousand; in 1884, three thousand; and in 1885 the record comes to an end with the entry that disease and famine were running rampant among the prairie Indians.

In Lieut. Butler's report to the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in the early seventies, he writes:

"The buffalo, the Red Man's whole means of subsistence, is rapidly disappearing; year by year the prairies, which once shook beneath the tread of countless herds of bison, are becoming denuded and year by year the affliction of starvation comes with an ever increasing intensity upon the land."

Lieut.-Governor Laird in a letter to the East a few years later, telling of a journey to make a treaty with the Blackfoot Indians, makes these observations:

"On the third day out, we first sighted buffalo, and every day subsequently that we travelled, except the last, we saw herds of these animals. Most of the herds, however, were small and we remarked with regret that very few calves of this season were to be seen. We observed portions of many buffalo carcasses on our route, from not a few of which the peltries had not been removed. From this circumstance, as well as from the fact that many of the skins are made into parchment and coverings for lodges and other purposes, I concluded that the export of buffalo robes from the Territories does not indicate even half the number of these valuable animals slaughtered annually in our country."

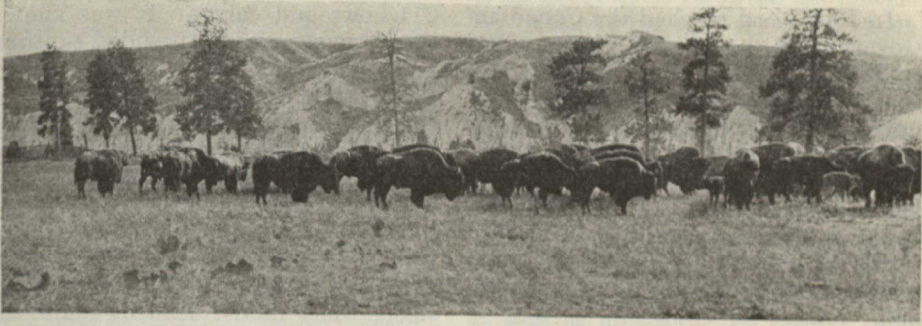
But there was no great killing of buffaloes in Canada as there was in the United States in 1879 and 1880 as a commercial proposition for their hides. We are informed on good authority that the herd that frequented the Saskatchewan River went south in 1878 never to return. They were exterminated in a great slaughter on the Missouri River where for miles carcass touched carcass. Where the last buffalo fell in the Canadian West is not known, but near Wood Mountain in the fall of 1882 Indians and half-breeds killed

quite a number and sold them to the construction camps of the C.P.R. then building in the vicinity of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Dr. John McDougall, the pioneer missionary to the Indians, tells that he saw his last buffalo in 1883 forty miles west of Medicine Hat and states that there were a few killed the same fall near Maple Creek, Saskatchewan.

Dr. MacRae in his "History of the Province of Alberta" has an interesting paragraph on the value of the buffalo to the Indian:

"Those Indians that dwelt in the south and west of Manitoba, and in the region between the rapid-running Saskatchewan and the international boundary of Canada and the United States, depended almost entirely upon the buffalo for food and raiment and all the essentials of life and comfort. He hunted the buffalo, and his women followed in his wake. They stripped the monsters of their hides and horns and preserved the flesh. The moccasin, the fine robes, the leggings, were made from the tanned skins. From these, too, were prepared the tent covering, the bridle and the lariat. The horns became powder flasks, the sinews bow strings, the bones ornaments. The flesh was the staple article of diet. What was not eaten fresh was dried in long strips or pounded down into pemmican for future use. The cradle of the infant was buffalo skin; the shrouds of the dead warrior was his splendid buffalo robe. From time immemorial these children of the plains have lived on the buffalo. To rob him of this animal was to deprive him of his livelihood. To him the buffalo was the staff of life, the very condition of his continued existence. When, then, the white man began to come in numbers; when the buffalo was hunted for his robe; when these beasts were slaughtered in thousands in all parts of the West, the outlook became serious for the Red Man. Improvident as he was he did not realize the inroads upon his capital, his greatest source of well-being. He joined in the great drives, the terrible slaughter, the wholesale destruction. He could not believe that there would be any end to the innumerable herds that were as numerous as the sands of the sea."

The year 1883, then, would seem to close the history of buffalo in Canada. But it did not. Just ten years before a Pend d'Oreille Indian named Walking Coyote captured four little buffalo calves—two bulls and two heifers



Buffaloes entrapped in the corral in Montana

—by cutting them out of a stampeding bunch in the Sweet Grass Hills, in what is now Southern Alberta. In accordance with a peculiar characteristic often noticed by old plainsmen, these young creatures obediently followed the horses of the hunters, who had slain or driven off their mothers. The Indian in question gave them to the Mission of St. Ignatius, where they were kept and an attempt made to domesticate them.

When the heifers were four years old each had a calf. From that time on they gradually increased in number until, in 1884, there were thirteen and the Indian owner finding the care of them too great a tax on his scant resources, decided to sell them. Ten head were purchased for \$250 a piece by Michael Pablo and C. A. Allard, who were ranching on the reservation, and were shrewd enough to see that specimens of what was even then supposed to be practically an extinct animal would eventually become very valuable. The herd increased under their careful supervision, and in a few years it became possible to sell specimens at very high prices. Some idea of the average rate of increase may be gathered from the observed fact that half the cows give birth to calves every year while twin calves are not uncommon. In the summer they fed out on the plains and in the fall swam the Pend d'Oreille river and wintered in the hills and bluffs closer to the mountains. They were placed in no confines. They ranged the

whole reserve. As the herd grew larger a couple of half-breeds every spring and fall drove in any stray individuals or herds that wandered off the reserve. These buffaloes followed the trails of the big herds of the days gone past when the huge herds swam the Missouri and the Saskatchewan rivers, going to the plains for the summer and the woody country in winter.

A number of years after, Pablo, who had now acquired sole ownership of the herd, introduced new blood, also from Canada, when he secured the famous Buffalo Bill herd that had travelled North America and Europe. Even Buffalo Bill found to his sorrow that buffaloes can not be domesticated and was glad to return them to the country where they belonged. He secured his herd from Col. Bedson, of Winnipeg, and part of them came back to herds belonging to Lord Strathcona and afterwards to Banff.

In 1906 Michael Pablo began to think of turning his unique herd into money. He estimated that he had 200 head at this time in scattered herds over the reserve. An offer was made by the United States Government but it was so low that no sale resulted. Very shortly afterwards it was also announced that the reservation was to be thrown open for homesteading and this was taken by Pablo as an indication that the Government at last were forcing the sale of the buffaloes.

In 1907 word reached the Canadian Government that Pablo was anxious to dispose of his famous herd. At that time there were supposed to be only about 1,500 American bison in the world, 455 in private herds throughout the United States, a number in public parks, a wild herd estimated to number about 500 in the far north of Canada and Pablo's herd, which was thought to number about 350.

The Minister of Interior, realizing that this was probably the last opportunity to preserve for Canada what had formerly been its most characteristic native animal, strongly urged the purchase of the herd. The consent of Council was obtained and before the United States authorities realized what was happening the bargain was completed. Pablo, however, was so afraid that his herd might not number 300 that he had the agreement changed to read "not less than 150". The total number finally secured was 709.

Pablo was a shrewd Mexican half-breed who although he could neither read nor write had amassed a fortune of \$250,000. He had never given the herd any particular attention. The animals had not been corralled but had roamed the hills and woods along the Pend d'Oreille river in the Flat-head reserve for years under absolutely natural conditions and they were as wild as any herd of the prairie. It was known therefore that the task of rounding them up would be no easy one but no one dreamed just how difficult it would be.

In the early summer of 1907 Pablo got together his fastest horses and best riders and started out to round up the herd. It was soon found that they were no match for the buffalo. The latter could outrun the swiftest horses and when cornered would often wheel and charge with the utmost ferocity, scattering their pursuers to the four quarters of the range.

About 411 were captured that year, one shipment in the spring of about 200 and later in the autumn about

211 cows and calves. It was known that a good many had eluded capture, and although Pablo now had offers from other sources, he offered to let the Canadian government have all the rest. The offer was accepted and the next year another attempt was made, this time in the autumn. A couple of hundred additional had been rounded up in the corral, and the tired cowboys, thinking all safe, had gone home to sleep, when in the dead of night the whole herd escaped by climbing an almost perpendicular cliff and broke away to the mountains. It was too late to do anything more that year and the next season Pablo decided to try a new method. This was the placing of the buffaloes in large wooden cages which were then hauled to the station at Ravalli, where they were unloaded into a small corral to await shipment.

A new plan was adopted or rather an old Indian plan known as "pounding" was rejuvenated. A fence was run across a narrow neck of land formed by an elbow of the Pend d'Oreille river. This enclosed quite a large area of land. The steep cut banks of the river made escape impossible except in a few places. Nearly all these were fenced. On the opposite side of the river a wing fence was run out for six miles in one direction and another four miles at another angle in another direction. From the river bank where the fences converged to each other, back for a couple of miles, they were covered with white cotton so the buffaloes would not stampede through the fence. Several drives brought the buffaloes down through the gap where they swam the river and climbed the bank on the other side into the pound. Then all possible approaches were fenced and the last phase of the trip began.

The buffaloes were then driven into a small yard, loaded into huge vans carrying two animals, and hauled by six horse teams to Ravalli. The last and final struggle, that of getting them on board the train then occurred. These were the wildest members of the herd, and it took nine days to

load 200. The great brutes resisted to the last and eight of them killed themselves in their struggles. The majority of them had to be drawn on the cars by means of a block and tackle. During the whole roundup there were hair-raising episodes. Men escaped enraged buffaloes without knowing just how. Fifty horses were lost, vans were smashed, cattle cars reinforced inside were wrecked, and at length, the last of the herd was put on board the special train for Canada. The train had the right of way and went through in practically the same time as an express train. Seven hundred buffaloes were finally delivered at Buffalo Park, Wainwright, with a loss of less than half of one per cent.

There were left a few outlaws that could not be brought in and these fell in a buffalo hunt in which a few invited guests participated with Michael Pablo, among them Col. Cody or, as he was better known, "Buffalo Bill".

That the Government is meeting with signal success in its efforts to preserve the buffalo from the swift extermination which threatened a few years ago is demonstrated in a report on the growth of the herd at Wainwright just received from the Commissioner of Dominion Parks. The report shows that in 1909 the herd numbered 402. Since then it has gradually increased until to-day it numbers 3,700 head. During the period from 1909 to 1913 some 338 head were imported at different times from other herds, the main increase accruing from breeding.

In Canada all the buffaloes are east of the Rockies in the Province of Alberta. In addition to 3,700 head at Wainwright there are about 200 at Elk Island Park, Lamont, Alberta, and ten head at Banff. Scattered throughout the Dominion in private and public parks there are five at Vancouver, B.C.; ten at Brandon and Winnipeg, Man.; ten at Hamilton, Ontario; two at St. Thomas, Ont., and four at Toronto, Ont.; while Quebec Province has ten. In addition to those

in captivity it is reported by travelers in the north that there are about 500 wood bison around Great Slave Lake. This makes a total for Canada of approximately 4,451 head and is very satisfactory considering that ten years ago there were less than 100 buffaloes in captivity in the whole Dominion.

The enclosure at Wainwright, known as Buffalo Park, is said to be the largest fenced area in the world as well as enclosing the largest herd of buffalo in the world. The park is laid out in a territory that is the natural grounds for the buffalo. It is rolling land, contains some lakes, and is covered in many places with light brush and small trees. The area is 160 square miles or approximately 100,000 acres. It is fenced with woven wire seven feet in height, the total length of fencing around and inside the park being more than 100 miles. The cross fencing provides a small visitors park at the Wainwright entrance in which are kept fifty buffaloes, eighty elk, twenty deer, and seven moose. At the south-east corner twelve square miles are fenced for the park farm and winter quarters for the buffaloes.

Last winter about 1,000 head, mostly cows and calves, were fed about twenty loads of hay and straw a day. The racks were driven in among them as they came into the feed grounds in bunches of fifty and 100. The first to come in would eat and wander out again and another herd would come in. In the course of the day nearly every buffalo in winter quarters would come in for his rations. Feeding begins about January and continues for two or three months. Salt is provided for them and they have their daily "lick". Water holes are kept open for them and a drink a day is usually all they require in winter.

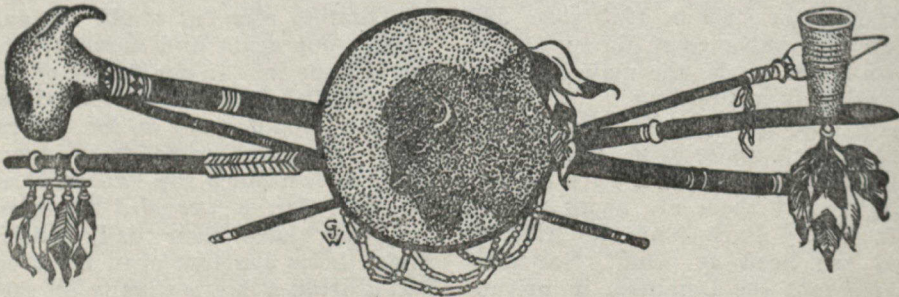
It is said by wardens in the park that there are buffaloes in the herd forty-five years old. The age can be observed fairly well by the horn of the animal. They

begin to breed at three years and an increase of 1,000 is expected in Buffalo Park this season. Last season the increase was 650. One of last winter's calves came into a temperature of forty degrees below and in half an hour, out on the open range, he was following his mother into the feeding-grounds.

While the Park authorities have made no definite pronouncement of policy for the future, it is stated on reasonable authority that an effort will be made after this year to put Buffalo Park on a self-supporting and probably revenue-producing basis. A buffalo hide is worth \$150 to \$300 mounted; a head is worth from \$300 to \$500 mounted, while the meat is sold when it can be procured for as much as a dollar a pound. Wool shed by buffaloes in spring-time has been gathered by wardens and experiments made by the department demonstrate that it makes splendid yarn and cloth. The question of how to shear the buffalo is a serious one, but it has been suggested that a squeezer such as is used for branding stock could be used to hold the buffalo while the fleece is removed. There

are many pounds of valuable wool lying on the range or hanging in the brush and trees of the park which, if collected, and made into yarn or cloth would command good prices.

The bison stands out boldly against the most picturesque background the West affords. He will always be the leading animal character in the portraying of the early days of this country and even for this one thing this remnant of a mighty race should be carefully preserved. The herd at Buffalo Park must be held by Canada as a relic of more than usual interest. No doubt specimens of this great race will be supplied in greater number to parks all over the Dominion where curious people will gaze in wonder. We have areas of land that might well be turned into buffalo ranches where they could be bred not only to perpetuate the race but as commercial enterprises from which would come robes, meat, and wool already referred to. But this is for the future. We should be happy now that the buffalo of Canada has been saved from extinction and is reproducing and increasing under conditions controlled by man.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

THE Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, which meets at Hamilton in September, will witness a contest between the Socialists and the international trade unionists. It is clear that Mr. Robertson, Minister of Labour, and Mr. Tom Moore, President of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, are in disfavour with the extreme faction. The evidence produced at Winnipeg shows clearly that the advocates of industrial revolution dominated the convention at Calgary which launched the movement for separation from the American Federation of Labour and the institution of the One Big Union for Canada. There is an active struggle for control of the Labour Councils at Winnipeg, Vancouver and other Western centres, while in Toronto the "moderates" were defeated in the contest for supremacy at the Labour Temple. In reply to Mr. J. B. McLachlan, Secretary of the United Mine Workers of Cape Breton, who protested against the selection of labour delegates for the industrial conference at Ottawa in September by officers of the Dominion Trades Congress, Tom Moore, President, said: "The International trades unions and the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada do not recognize the One Big Union as a labour organization, and so far as we are concerned, would refuse absolutely to sit in such a conference if representatives of other than organizations in affiliation with international unions, the American Federation of Labour or the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada were officially represented."

**Labour and the
International
Trade
Unionists**

Letters produced at Winnipeg suggest that the revolutionists plotted to precipitate strikes and create unemployment in the expectation that industrial distress would strengthen the forces of revolt. The international unionists sanction strikes only as a last resort and depend upon organization and collective bargaining to improve wages and working conditions. The One Big Unionists are not advocates of co-operation but deliberately avow, as their ultimate object, complete control over capital and industry. Thus an issue is created over which there can be no compromise and of which recognition of labour unions and collective bargaining offers no solution. Possibly many workmen at Winnipeg believed that they were striking only for the principle of collective bargaining. It would be unjust to suggest that they all favoured Soviet government or were animated by revolutionary feeling.

II

Half the World
on the verge of
revolution

IT was inevitable that the nations would settle slowly into peace and repose. Half the world is on the verge of revolution and human institutions are being tested as they never were tested before. There is chaos in Germany and Austria. Great elements of the population of France are restless and mutinous. There is a portentous industrial conflict in Italy. In Great Britain masses of workmen reject the authority of their leaders and even threaten to use the strike as an instrument to coerce Parliament and affect public policy. In Australia and New Zealand there has been bitter industrial conflict. Russia is still in the throes of revolution, multitudes are hungry and almost naked, and murder and plunder continue unchecked. In the United States three or four hundred thousand railway employees are demanding wage increases which will aggregate \$800,000,000, although since January 1st, 1918, when the Government took over control of the railways, wage increases have totalled \$900,000,000. The increases, however, are partly explained by additions to the pay-roll. In December, 1917, the total number of employees was 1,703,684. The total is now 1,843,530. The deficit, under public operation, is \$486,184,940, or approximately \$1,000,000 a day, despite substantial increases in freight and passenger tariffs.

The Railway Brotherhoods, however, demand that public operation shall continue, that the employees shall have a portion of annual surpluses, and that joint control, under the Interstate Commerce Commission, by directors of labour and directors of management shall be established. They would give to management twice the rate of dividend the classified employees would receive. "What we ask," they say, "is to share the saving from economies we ourselves introduce and to share the surplus from new business our efficiency makes possible. We should not profit from the railroads as financiers have done; we should participate in the increased earnings from our increased production. We could not earn dividends unless industry as a whole were stimulated by improved transportation service."

It is clear that the Brotherhoods are resolutely determined against return of the railways to the private companies while there is manifestly a formidable feeling in the United States against further public operation. Opponents of nationalization insist that under Government there cannot be economical management or good service and so far as the press expresses public opinion there is no confidence that a partnership with labour will give better results. The Brotherhoods demand that "the owners of capital who represent only financial interest, as distinguished from operating brains and energy, be relieved from management, receiving government bonds with a fixed return for every honest dollar that they have invested in the railway industry". But *The New York Times* points out that "the capitalists they propose to dispossess are the 12,000,000 owners of the six billions of money deposited in savings banks

the 12,000,000 holders of life insurance policies to the amount of some \$25,000,000,000; the multitude of private owners of railway bonds and stocks and the owners of shares in investment institutions”.

III

THE demand of the Brotherhoods is a far step towards the socialization of industry and raises a new issue in American politics. It is to be expected that the Brotherhoods will have the general support of organized labour, although from the ranks of labour influential voices challenge the practicability of railway nationalization. Chances are, however, that railway nationalization will be an acute issue in the presidential contest of 1920 with labour more united and more influential than in any other contest in American history. It was said so often during the war that the world was passing into a new era. The changes threaten to be greater than any of us foresaw. But in time order will come out of confusion and no one can afford to despair of human nature or to doubt that the long travail of the nations gave birth to something of real and lasting good to mankind.

The
socialization
of Industry

IV

SO far as it has gone the re-organization of the Cabinet is not unsatisfactory. It is expected that other changes will follow. For a generation Canada has been afflicted with political inbreeding. Too often office has been the reward of party drudgery. All independent thinking has been regarded with suspicion. No minister, however unsatisfactory his performances, was replaced until the public demand became so determined that resistance was dangerous. Failure in the Cabinet was a certain title to a permanent public appointment. It looked sometimes as though public positions were created chiefly to provide superannuation for feeble politicians. In a steady stream the political failures went to the bench, to the Senate, or to other public places.

The
re-organization
of the Cabinet

The Union Government shattered party traditions and loyalties. It will be long before they can be restored with the old force and coherence. Men recovered their freedom two years ago. They will not easily relapse into their previous “condition of servitude”. They will judge the new Government with detachment and with comparative freedom from old prejudices. No minister will be accepted merely because of the extent or ardour of his party service. Not what he has done for party but what he may do for the country is the test that the people will apply. This, too, will be the public attitude towards appointments to the office of High Commissioner in London, to the new position at Washington and to the other important new offices which Parliament has created. If the new Cabinet and those chosen to fill these positions do not command approval and confidence the unrest now acute will increase and spread and the Dominion probably will enter upon a period of unstable government.

**A hint to
Sir Robert
Borden**

It may be that Sir Robert Borden cares little whether or not he remains in office. But that is not the answer to the problem which he faces. If he retains office he must fully accept its obligations and responsibilities. The country requires a resolute and capable Government. It will not be contented with patchwork or be reconciled to any combination which represents merely a compromise between conflicting personal and party interests. If the Prime Minister is wise he will take a lesson from Mr. Lloyd George, or follow the example of the stronger American Presidents, and put into the Cabinet men of outstanding distinction and successful achievement in their own pursuits. He will remember that no obligation to friends and groups should weigh against the supreme duty which a Prime Minister has to the country in this time of shaken faiths, sectional suspicion and class antagonism.

If he is true to his own best convictions he will give the country a Cabinet in which all classes will have confidence; if he fails the "existing discontents" will be aggravated and even in Canada representative institutions will be severely tested.

V

**Autonomy and
Empire**

AT the National Liberal Convention it was thought necessary to declare against centralization of the government of the Empire at London. The resolution submitted by Senator Dandurand resolved "that no organic change in the Canadian Constitution in regard to the relation of Canada to the Empire ought to come into effect until, after being passed by Parliament, it has been ratified by vote of the Canadian people on a referendum". To such a resolution there could be no sound objection. Unquestionably any proposal to alter the constitutional status of Canada in the Empire should be approved by Parliament and sanctioned by the Canadian people. In this there is no conflict of opinion between the Convention and rational Canadian Imperialists. But there was an element in the Convention which refused to accept the resolution.

Mr. W. D. Gregory of Toronto, who was the Liberal candidate in Halton in the last general election, offered an amendment, which the Convention approved, declaring that "we are strongly opposed to any attempt to centralize Imperial control". Mr. John Boyd of Montreal professed to fear that Canadian autonomy was in danger from "the insidious campaign" of ultra Imperialists in Canada and in Great Britain. "It is time," he said, "that there should go out from this body an emphatic protest that Canadian Liberals and Canadian democracy will not stand for any interference with the absolute autonomy of this country and that it shall always govern itself and be master of its own destiny". Mr. Lemieux raised the old spectre of Downing Street and rejoiced that "in Upper and Lower Canada there were free men who protested against that régime and installed in Canada forever and forever free responsible Government". He, too, thought there was an insidious movement to transfer authority to London, and did

not believe a charter or any written instrument was necessary to ensure the support of all free Canadians whenever the British flag is in danger. All this reveals a vigilant concern for the autonomy of Canada which, however, it is difficult to believe is threatened by Imperialists in London or elsewhere. Mr. Lemieux, it is understood, was once connected with the Imperial Federation League and could not have thought that behind the movement there was any design to destroy free government in this country. Mr. Gregory has not been favourable to any closer connection with Great Britain, and has a very acute scent for "conspiracy" among Imperialists.

The book by Mr. Lionel Curtis which is so freely offered as evidence that there is a movement to restore the authority of Downing Street was not authorized even by the Round Table group in Great Britain and was expressly rejected by the Round Table groups in Canada. It commits only Mr. Curtis, and it would be as reasonable to argue that all Mr. Gregory's opinions were held by the Liberal Convention as that Mr. Curtis expresses the opinions of Canadian Imperialists. It has, however, to be said for Mr. Curtis that he was very influential in framing the Constitution of South Africa, in which, surely, there is no submission to Downing Street nor any denial of colonial autonomy.

Imperial federation may be a dream, but in its very essence it implies the equality of all British countries under the Crown and equal citizenship for all British subjects whether they live in the Central Islands or in the overseas Dominions. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper opposed Imperial federation because they contended that an inevitable result would be to involve the Dominions in the cost of naval defence and in the wars of the Empire. But the Dominions by their own free action have assumed common responsibility for the defence of the Empire and they must have a voice in peace and war or colonial autonomy becomes a fiction and "Downing Street" is actually re-established.

It is easy to describe the Dominions as free and equal nations under the Crown, but how can they have such equality and freedom if a central Parliament at London can commit the Empire to enterprises for which by natural constitutional evolution the Dominions have now assumed responsibility? Events the most tragic in human history have demonstrated that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war, and if that be so we must have the right and the opportunity to speak before wars are declared. Otherwise we Canadians have an inferior citizenship and a restricted autonomy. It is idle to suggest that there is a school of Imperialists in Canada who have reverence for the memories of Downing Street, while every responsible British statesman knows that any attempt to centralize authority in London would produce only irritation, revolt and disruption. The local autonomy of Prince Edward Island or of British Columbia is not imperilled because authority over the common concerns of Canada is "centralized" at Ottawa. Nor will the autonomy of Canada or Australia be impaired by the assumption of greater authority over the common concerns of Em-

Lionel Curtis
and the
Round Table
Group

pire. If by some practical machinery the overseas nations do not obtain an effective voice in peace and war and foreign policy there is danger we may come to feel that between taxation without representation and contribution without representation there is not so much difference.

Viscount Milner, often described as an agent of centralization, although among British statesmen there is no greater champion of the autonomy of the Dominions, once said: "I rejoiced greatly, as I believe the vast majority of people in Great Britain rejoiced, at Mr. Borden's declaration that Canada did not mean to be an adjunct even of the Mother Country. And on this vital point I am glad to think that there is no room for difference between Canadian parties, if your leading statesmen truly represent the popular mind. For this is in essence just the same as that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had said in a previous occasion, when he used the memorable words: 'If you want our help, call us to your councils'. If this is the spirit in which Canadians approach the question they will find the people of Great Britain prepared to meet them more than half way. Any British Government which failed to respond to such an advance, and to respond to it wholeheartedly, would very soon find itself out of office. If the hearts of the two peoples beat in unison, woe to the statesman, no, not the statesman, but the misguided politician, who ventured to stand in the way." Frank advocacy of political union with the United States one can understand. So, one can understand and respect open advocacy of Canadian independence. But to ascribe to British statesmen designs which they do not entertain in order to make mischief between Canada and the Mother Country and indirectly further objects which are not avowed is neither generous nor courageous.

VI

The Amended Civil Service Act

BEFORE proroguing, Parliament voted \$10,000,000 for bonuses for the Civil Service. There is no reason to think that the amount is excessive. It is a pity, however, that the new classification could not have gone into effect or at least have had the serious consideration of Parliament. The fact that the classification was prepared by "American experts" is not an objection which should affect the judgment of Parliament or the country one way or the other.

There cannot be any intelligent readjustment of salaries until the service is properly organized. Already there has been too much delay in settling adequate remuneration for various branches. The information upon which the classification is based goes back to last August and September. In proportion as there is delay in giving effect to the system its equitable application will be impaired. As soon as the report is adopted the new nomenclature can be employed, the new scale of salaries be settled and the general discontent throughout the service be removed or ameliorated.

It is believed that the rates of pay suggested are the highest ever provided by any classification although the experts responsible for the report have been anxious not to impose an excessive burden upon the taxpayers. Many of the old

salaries were inadequate even under pre war conditions and are, therefore, impossible in the immediate situation. If the Government is not bound to set an example to private employers at least it cannot afford to be less generous than banking institutions and commercial houses. At best democracy is a shabby paymaster and it is not surprising if faithful public servants become restless under long denial of decent treatment by Parliament which is only too willing to admonish and rebuke industrial and commercial companies.

The Bill to Amend the Civil Service Act removes many defects in the original measure. It abolishes the differences between the Inside and the Outside Service. It makes mandatory practical examinations based upon the duties of positions in the various classes. It requires promotional examinations for the higher places, provides for "lay off" of employees whose services are no longer required and sets up machinery by which the classification can be so administered as to secure an adequate personnel for the Civil Service.

The Bill also provides machinery for making such changes in the classification as may be necessary to ensure the efficiency of the departments. If a change in classification becomes necessary through changes in the duties of any particular position this can be effected by the Civil Service Commission on the advice of the Deputy Minister. If the change in duties requires a change in compensation or if new classes need to be established the approval of the Government and also of the Civil Service Commission must be obtained. Parliament will not need to sanction changes in classification but of course must always make the appropriations. Experience with other classifications has shown that from one hundred to two hundred changes a month will be necessary to meet changing conditions in the various departments.

It is contended that the new classification properly administered will ensure the same pay for the same work throughout the Public Service. Parliament will thus be able to discriminate more wisely in providing public money for the various agencies of government. An accepted nomenclature definitely defining the character and value of services will enable the departments to prepare estimates with greater clearness and intelligence. Parliament will be relieved from the necessity of considering individual salaries and can concentrate its attention upon the recommendations for specific classes and positions. The automatic application of the approved schedules of compensation to the classes of positions authorized will naturally lead to uniformity and consistency in salaries. The Civil Service Commission will also be better able to give the public information concerning opportunities in the public service, to discover desirable applicants, to devise effective and practical tests for determining their relative fitness, to employ scientific methods in filling the higher places, to ascertain individual efficiency, to control compensation, to regulate transfers and to lay off employees as seasons and conditions permit.

The Union Government gave two distinct pledges to the people (1) to reinforce the oversea army and prosecute the

Many defects
removed

war with adequate vigour, (2) to abolish patronage and reform the Civil Service. The second pledge has not been neglected but as yet there has not been complete fulfillment. It has been disclosed that there is a shameful amount of "shirking" in the service. It is no secret that there is gross overmanning of various offices. It is certain that party influences still affect promotions and appointments. The Civil Service Commission itself needs to be strengthened although generally its motives seem to be beyond suspicion. There may be defects in the new classification which only thorough consideration by Parliament will reveal. But whether the classification is perfect or imperfect more definite regulations are needed and justice alike to the service and to the country requires that when Parliament reassembles the necessary reorganization of the inside and outside services should be completed. It may be added that no Civil Service system can be regarded as satisfactory which does not provide for superannuation. When private companies are giving annuities and pensions no government can justify itself which does not make like provision for the servants of the country by the contributory system or otherwise as Parliament may determine.

VIII

Sir Thomas
White's
resignation

THE resignation of Sir Thomas White affords a striking illustration of the insincerity and unreality of political debate in Canada. As it is here, so it is in other countries. White took the platform in 1911 in order to oppose the trade agreement with Washington. He was a Liberal, and in opposing the trade compact had no thought of establishing a permanent connection with the Conservative party. When the election was over and the Laurier Government defeated he was asked to take office under Mr. Borden. He stoutly and even angrily resisted the proposal. Friends who pressed him to accept were repulsed and often in language that was emphatic and stormy. There is reason to think that Sir James Whitney finally overcame his objections. Whitney did not attempt to cajole or flatter. He prevailed not by appeal to White's ambition but by blunt and peremptory assertion of his obligation to serve the country.

Sir Thomas White was, perhaps, the most capable Minister of Finance the Dominion has had since Confederation, and he was as disinterested as he was able. He leaves the Government much poorer than when he took office. The value of his services to Canada cannot easily be exaggerated. If he had remained in public life he would probably have become Prime Minister. He leaves office with his traducers silenced, his capacity recognized and his integrity established. But other public men of like independence and integrity will be vindicated only in the obituary notice unless, like White, they step back into private life and secure a public judgment untainted by the evil flavour of demagogic suspicion and interested partisanship.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

A MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

WE have had a Ministerial Association in Toronto for a great many years, I should think more than thirty, composed of very worthy religious people who formed themselves into an organization for bringing pressure upon the Board of Police Commissioners, to enforce the most drastic and cruel punishment, upon certain classes of the criminal population who offended their tender susceptibilities. I have found many of these really worthy people, in well-meaning enthusiasm, and forgetting the example of their Master who told the woman to go and sin no more, urging the most severe punishments on people who, if erring, were certainly unfortunate and to be pitied. They showed the spirit of the old Puritan, who said of his opponents, "Smite them, oh Lord, hip and thigh, from Dan even unto Beersheba, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof".

The origin of the Ministerial Association was curious and interesting. There was a Presbyterian elder who kept a shop on a quiet street in the city, and next door to him was a small cottage, which was rented by a young woman who lived alone with a young girl as a domestic. She lived very quietly and apparently respectably, but the elder became suspicious and felt that, in view of his position as a pillar of the church, a woman such as

he suspected her to be should not live next door to him. He went to the Chief Constable and asked him to drive her out. The Chief questioned him closely, and could not find anything to justify him in taking action. There were no rows, no noise, no traffic of people coming and going, and apparently the woman was living a quiet and respectable life. But the Chief told him that if ever he heard a row going on in the house, any fighting that would justify the police entering, to notify the police, and they would enter and arrest the inmates, and if there was anything wrong it would probably be discovered.

I knew nothing about this, and one morning I found in the dock a well-dressed, respectable looking young woman and four men. The woman was charged with keeping a disorderly house, and the men with being frequenters. As soon as the case was called, the Deputy Chief Constable asked to have the case adjourned till the next day, as there was something peculiar about it, and he wished to make inquiries.

The next morning I fully investigated the case, and discovered that about 10 o'clock, on the night of the arrest, four men had gone to the woman's door, and when she came to it, they forced their way into the sitting-room, took off their coats and refused to leave the house. The woman sent her servant girl at once

for the police, and being afraid to stay in the house stood on her front door-step waiting her return. She gave evidence that a man ran past the door and made a signal to one of the men standing near her, and the four men began apparently to fight with one another and use bad language, when suddenly a squad of police came up and arrested them all.

With the Police came the elder, and the police proved that he had come to the station and stated that a row was going on in the house. It was further shown that one of the four men had been induced by the others to go up with them, as they intended to create a row in order to have a house arrested. Another policeman on duty in the other direction gave evidence of the young girl coming to him for assistance.

The case was at once dismissed, and the woman discharged. Mr. Murphy, her Counsel, immediately applied for a summons against the elder, and the three men, for a conspiracy against the woman. They were committed for trial on this new charge and convicted, the elder being fined twenty dollars. He at once went to his pastor for sympathy and encouragement. The pastor called a meeting of the ministers of the different churches, and a Ministerial Association was organized.

*

DOCTOR R. A. P. SHEPPARD.

Perhaps the most remarkable character that appeared in the Court in my time was an old negro named "Doctor" R. A. P. Sheppard, but always known as "Doc" Sheppard. He often appeared in various capacities, and acquired such a notoriety or reputation, that everyone knew of him, and once during his lifetime a biography of him was published in pamphlet form and had a large sale. He deserves a chapter to himself.

Sheppard was an active, well built man of medium height, of very dark colour, with an immense mouth and large protruding lips. This gave him

a very open countenance, and when he smiled it was a smile that spread all over his face so that it seemed all smile, and there was a very benignant air about it, not often seen. The lips were so protruding that when he spoke they seemed to wave in the air, and from practice, or unconsciously, he was in the habit in conversation of using them so freely that I always said he gesticulated with his lips. He was unique in this respect.

Sheppard had been sent from London, Ontario, to the Central Prison at Toronto for six months for stealing a hive of honey. While there he took a great interest in the Sunday School among the prisoners, and tried to learn all they could teach him. He could not read, but he learned a lot of the stock religious phrases, which he sometimes used in his conversation.

After his discharge from the prison he went to live in a cheap ten-cent lodging-house that was kept by an old negro couple, harmless creatures, who belonged to the Coloured Baptist Church. After a time he decided to marry the maidservant, the drudge of this lodging-house. She was a tall, thin, angular, white spinster of about fifty years of age.

Sergeant Reburn of the detective force told an anecdote which rapidly spread and introduced the name of "Doctor" Sheppard to our knowledge. It appeared that Sheppard could not raise the sum of two dollars to buy the marriage license to enable him to get married to this woman. He tried to borrow the money from several persons, without success, and he then applied to Reburn.

"I want to ask you a great favour, Massa Reburn. Would you 'blige me wid de loan of two dollars till Friday? I want to buy a marriage licence, and I will pay you foh shuah on Friday".

Reburn said:

"Are you quite sure you can pay me back on Friday?"

"Sartin shuah, Massa Reburn".

Then said Reburn:

"I will tell you what to do, you are sure to have the money on Friday, so

wait till Friday, get your money, buy the licence, and get married then."

Sheppard thought over the suggestion for awhile, and then very seriously replied:

"It ain't no wise possorable, Massa Reburn; de woman can't be put off."

As a matter of fact Sheppard got the licence on credit, and I doubt if he ever paid for it. The clergyman, I understood, was paid in the same way.

SHEPPARD AS WITNESS

A short time after this, before I had ever seen Sheppard, the old negro couple who kept the lodging-house were brought before me on the charge of keeping a disorderly house. The Deputy Chief Constable, who had laid the charge, called Sheppard as his first witness. I was surprised to see an old negro, whom I had never seen before, get up from the rear of the courtroom in response to the call, and come forward saying in a loud voice:

"Heah I is; I'se fighting de battle of de Lord, and ye can tell ob de tree by its fruit."

He was sworn and told me several things which I think were inventions, but he showed that he was very indignant because the old negress had told the Baptist Church authorities, that he (Sheppard) had been in the Central Prison, and that, in consequence, the select congregation of that church would not admit him as a member. He complained of this, saying in his picturesque way that,

"De old lady dah, shot off her mouth at me to de church."

The late Nicholas Murphy, K.C., appeared for the defendants, and commenced to cross-examine the witness.

"What is your name?"

"Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard."

"Are you a doctor of medicine or a doctor of divinity?"

"Neider, sah. Dat is my Christian name. I was named after my old Massa when I was a slave afoah de war."

Sheppard had said in his evidence that the conduct of the old people was bad, that as a father of a family, with

grown-up sons and daughters, he could not stand such goings-on, and that he had complained frequently to the police.

Mr. Murphy went on to cross examine him.

"You are a married man, doctor?"

"Yes, sah"

"When were you married?"

"On de 31st day of January last".

"That is to your present wife?"

"Yes, sah".

"When were you married to your first wife?"

"Dis is my fust wife."

"Do you mean to tell me that you were never married before?"

"Yes, sah".

"Are you quite sure about that?"

"Sartin, shuah".

"Now, then," said Mr. Murphy, "what did you mean by telling his worship a few minutes ago that you as a father of a family, with grown-up sons and daughters, could not stand such goings-on?"

Mr. Murphy roared at him and scolded and scolded and denounced him.

Sheppard's face was a study. He smiled down on Mr. Murphy with the most kindly and benignant air, which only made Mr. Murphy more vehement and then with the utmost coolness said:

"Mista Murphy, ain't dar heaps of folks who have children who were never married."

Mr. Murphy was taken aback, but he denounced him furiously, and asked him how he, with such a character, dared to come into court and give evidence against anyone, and the more he roared at him the more Sheppard smiled most patiently, and when Mr. Murphy stopped he said in the most amiable tone:

"Mista Murphy, can't a man reform? You know what de Scripture says: 'As long as de lamp holds out to burn de vilest sinner may return'."

"Where do you get that text?" asked Murphy.

"Dhat, sah! you will find in de Gospel according to St. John."

This was said with an air of sorrow at Murphy's ignorance. Murphy did not know any better, so he said "that will do, you can step down".

I need not say that Sheppard failed in his prosecution. I have rarely seen a lawyer more cleverly dealt with by a witness, but the incident required to have been seen, to be fully appreciated.

On one occasion when I was away and Mr. Boustead, J.P., was taking the court for me, Sheppard was brought up for disorderly conduct in the street. He asked for an adjournment. He wished to be tried before me. Mr. Murdock, who practised in my Court, and was an irrepressible wag, told Sheppard he would prepare an affidavit asking for an adjournment, and he prepared one of the most absurd character, which Sheppard put in probably not knowing what was in it. Boustead had not much sense of humour, and refused the adjournment, found Sheppard guilty of disorderly conduct, and gave him a fine or sixty days in jail.

In *The Evening Telegram* of the 30th and 31st August, 1880, appears the following account of this affidavit and the result of the trial:

A POWERFUL LEGAL DOCUMENT
THAT FAILED—THE DOCTOR SENT
DOWN FOR TWO MONTHS.

Upon Sheppard's name being called this morning at the Police Court, to answer to the charge of throwing stones on the street, he slipped up to the railings with a cheerful smile radiating his countenance like the polish of a shining stovepipe. He said:

"Your Worship, Ise here a dokerment that'll 'stonish you. My legal 'viser says dat dare's a new statute past, and dat you darn't send dis chile to **prison on the charge proffered. Dar!**"

The following document was then passed up to the bench:

The Queen against Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard	{	In the Police Court in and for the City of Toronto
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I, Doctor Remiquis Assassination Poeliontis Sheppard, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, pusher of a push-cart and dealer in broken bottles, heads and other things too delicate to mention, hereby declare as follows:

1. I am the defendant in a certain charge now pending in the police court against me of being disorderly and worse than that.

2. My wife Sarah (sometimes called Sally for short) is a material and necessary witness for me on the said charge (the like of which has never been known before, and equals in fury and bravery the charge of the Light Brigade) and I cannot safely proceed with my defence to the said charge without the evidence of my said dearly-beloved wife Sarah.

3. My said wife has been knocked down in the eye with a stone, and otherwise injured in the breast, and is in consequence of such nefarious action on the part of somebody or bodies to this declarant unknown, disabled to attend.

4. One Michael Kavano, who I think is of Italian extraction, and who follows the avocation of a bootblack, although I do not pretend thereby to insinuate that he is a coloured boy, as I declare hereby that he is a white child; is a material and necessary witness for me in my defence to the said charge, and I cannot safely proceed to trial without the evidence of the said Michael Kavano.

5. The said Michael Kavano is now a sailor on Her Majesty's inland lakes, many miles perhaps from Toronto, and it is impossible for this declarant to procure the attendance of said talian at said trial.

6. Your declarant prays and submits that your Honour, the Honourable James Bellingham Boustead, may remand the trial of said case for one week, when the declarant is reasonably certain he can procure the attendance of said two witnesses on his behalf, and your declarant hath signed.

Declared to me at Toronto, this 30th day of July, 1880 (and in the 104th year of the independence of the United States) pursuant to 37th Victoria.	}	Dr. R. A. P. his X mark Saeppard.
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N. F. HAGEL, a Commissioner for the County of York.

After perusing the legal declaration with due diligence, the bench inquired what the initials "R. R. P." stood for.

Sheppard—I dont know. That's my 'nitials.

Bench—What were you christened?

Sheppard—Doc.

Bench—What did you become a doctor so soon?

Sheppard—Yes, and I'se a sight better than some whose got their 'grees from a college.

Bench—We will not argue on that point, but were you christened Remiquis Assassination Poeliontis?

Sheppard—Certainly not.

Bench—Then this document, which displays great legal astuteness, falls to the ground, and as the charge of stone-throwing is proved against you, I sentence you to pay \$5 and costs or sixty days.

Sheppard—Will your Honour gibe dis chile time to pay?

Bench—No credit here.

And the doctor was led away with a sorrowful countenance, as black as Erebus, to the deep dungeon that all well-regulated Police Courts have on board.

The next day the following letter appeared in *The Evening Telegram*:

AN EXPLANATION

Sir,—I have had my attention called to your issue of yesterday, in which appears what purports to be a declaration having the effect of an affidavit made before me by one Sheppard, commonly known as Dr. Sheppard. With respect to that declaration I wish to state that it was presented to me while I was engaged with clients by a barrister, acting on behalf of Sheppard, and accompanying him. As is usual, I asked the latter to declare the truth of it, telling him it was of the same effect as an oath. I didn't then know the contents of the document, nor had I the slightest idea that it was the senseless piece of trifling it was. I hasten to state this, lest it should be thought that I treat my commission with the levity which this document would indicate.

N. F. HAGEL.

Sheppard served his term, but the next time he appeared before me he complained bitterly of Mr. Boustead's action. Although I would not have done as Mr. Boustead did, I had to stand by him. Sheppard said:

"If yo Honah had been heah, you would not have sent me down, but Mr Boustead sent me for sixty days."

"You cannot tell Sheppard," I said; "If I had been here I might have given you six months."

It staggered him for a minute, and then he said:

"Well, yo Honah, I would not have cared if you had, for den I would have known dat it was de law."

While Sheppard was in the jail on this occasion he was either sick or pretended to be, and he applied to the jail physician Dr. Richardson to relieve him from working. Dr. Richardson was an exceedingly quick-tempered man. He paid no attention

to Sheppard's complaints, saying: "Put him to work, put him to work".

Some time after his release Sheppard met Dr. Richardson on the street and sidled up alongside of him saying,

"Yah! Yah! Put him to work, put him to work. Yah!" This was done with an offensive and insolent air.

Dr. Richardson had Sheppard summoned under the By-law, for using grossly insulting language. I felt there was a grave question as to whether these words came within the by-law, but I knew that if Sheppard got a chance to cross examine Dr. Richardson, he would drive him wild, and make a very unpleasant scene. I asked one of Dr. Richardson's friends to keep him away and apply for an adjournment. This I granted against Sheppard's objections. Dr. Richardson was still obdurate, and I adjourned it again. Sheppard made a great objection. He claimed that he wanted to be tried, and assured me that there was nothing in the case.

"I assure yo Honour, dars nothing to it. It is a pure case "ob professional jealousy", referring to Doc Sheppard's name. Dr. Richardson dropped the case the next time it came up, and often afterwards told the story to his friends with great glee.

Doc Sheppard's business, as he explained it himself, was collecting rubbish.

One day in an abandoned oil refinery Sheppard was moving about picking up old hoops and various scraps of iron, and with his cart fairly full he was going off, when the caretaker followed him, stopped him, and said,

"Where did you git that iron?"

Sheppard said,

"Yo want to know whar I got dat iron."

"Yes I do."

"Well come along wid me and I'll show you."

And he wheeled his cart back into the yard, dumped the iron down on the ground and said, "Dar's whar I got it", and started off as fast as he could go. The caretaker and several

others followed, and a constable joined in, and he was arrested for stealing the iron, and the next day appeared before me. I heard all the evidence, and told him he was convicted and was just going to write down a short sentence when he called out earnestly "Hold on dar yo Worship—Hold on to dat pen. Deserve (reserve) your decision." I stopped and asked him what was the matter. He said, "I don't want to be in jail on Christmas. Remand de case till "next Tuesday (the day after Christmas) and I will be here for shuah, to take my sentence." I said, "You are remanded on your own bail in \$100 to appear on the 26th inst." Then he went out.

When his name was called on the 26th he came to the bar with great promptness and began to argue his case again, with remarkable fluency. "Yo Honour, dar is a great principle in de British law dat if dar is a doubt in de case, the doubt belongs to de prisoner. Dar is a great doubt in dis case, and I claims it. I have a great doubt." I said, "You are quite right Doctor in the general principle, but it is not you that should have the doubt. It is I that should have it, and I have not a particle of doubt. Now what made you run away if you were not guilty?" His reply was as quick as a flash.

"Now hold on dar a minute your Worship. You is a military gent, now if you and me were on a war together, and you said to me, Sheppard, I want you to go right on in front on a scout, and see if you see any of de enemy coming, and I go on a mile or two ahead, and I see about fifteen or twenty of de enemy coming, is it my place to stay dar and fight? Suttently not. I would run back as hard as I could, and when I saw a constable and a lot of people running after me of course I ran away, but dat aint no proof dat I

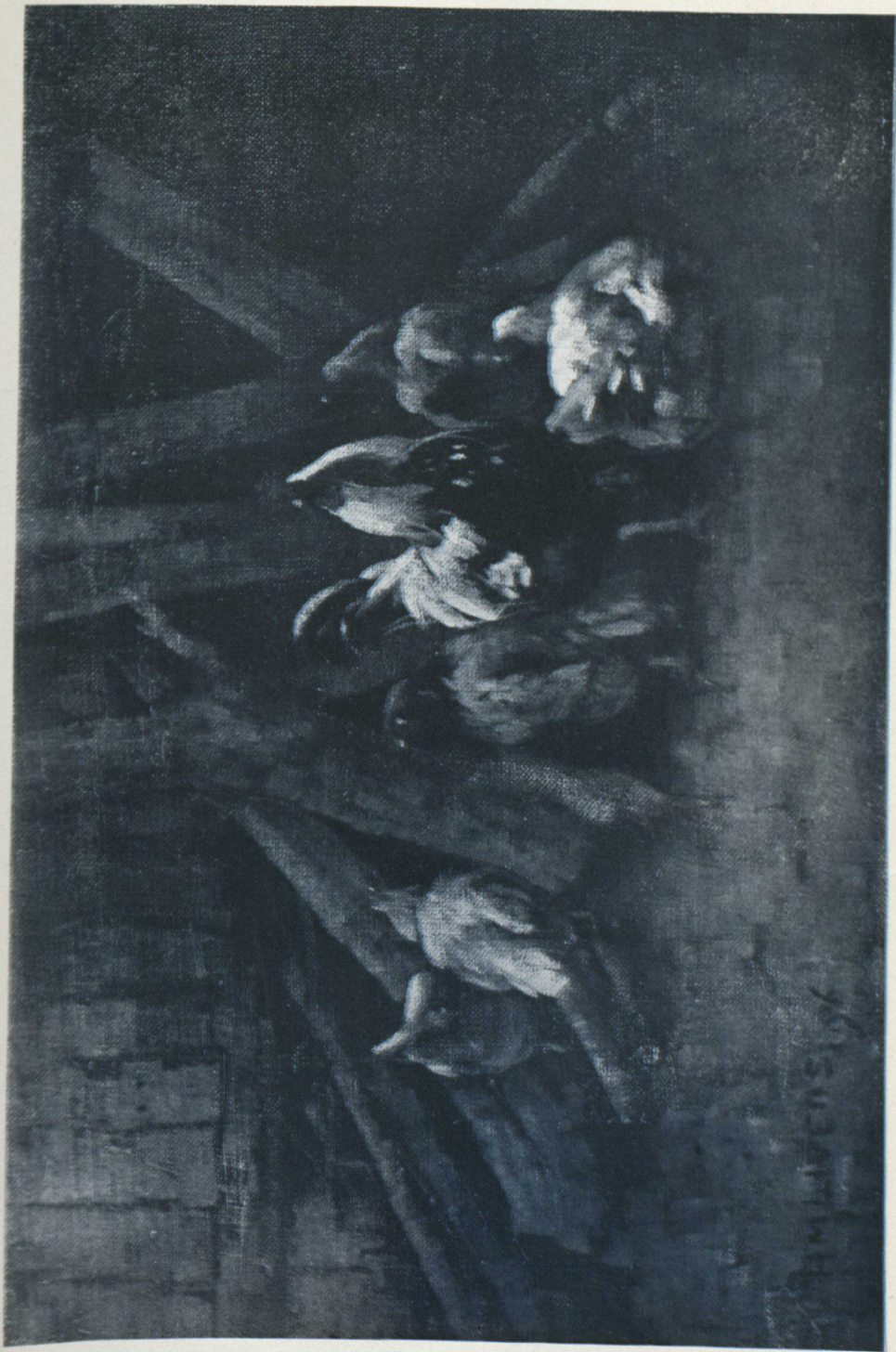
stole the iron." My reply was, "You will be committed to jail for five days and you will be out in time for New Years."

Sheppard in time was one of the best known characters in the City and was constantly being pointed out to strangers. One morning as I finished the court and it was adjourned, Sheppard stepped up to the bar and said, "I want to make a complaint to yoah Honour. I is very much annoyed on de streets of dis city. When I'se walking along, nearly everybody glares at me, and dey nudges each other and say, 'Dars Doc Sheppard,' and dey stare at me and it's going on all de time. It's a perfect nuisance, and I want to ask yoah Honour if anything can be done to obviate the annoyance." I was thinking while he was talking, how to meet it, for I could not think of any plan for stopping it. So I said, "Well Doctor I fully sympathize with you. I am troubled that way myself, I see people nudging each other constantly and whispering, 'There is the Magistrate,' and I agree with you, that it is very embarrassing but I cannot see what we can do about it. We cannot prevent people looking at us, that is one of the penalties of greatness, and I am afraid Sheppard we must just make up our minds to put up with it," Suttently, sir, I suppose we must," said Sheppard, and he straightened himself up and went off quite contented.

On one occasion Sheppard made some pitiful complaint which a reporter published with poetic license as follows:

Out in the cold world,
 Out in the street;
 Put out by the bailiff
 By the neck and the seat.
 The iron trade am busted,
 The push-cart am gone,
 My wife she am dying,
 And I can't last long.

(To be continued.)



FOWL IN WOODYARD

From the Painting by Horace Mann Livens, in the Canadian National Gallery

NANINE

A WAR INCIDENT OF THE SOUCHEZ VALLEY, FRANCE, 1917

By J. D. LOGAN

AMONG the hoarded happy memories
Of my rare days in patient France, far more
Than all the rest within my tender store
Two win me with peculiar potencies :

*The triumph-chants I heard on Vimy's scene
By linnets tilting from dead comrades' crosses ;
The red rose plucked from Souchez' emerald mosses
By the little, gentle Gallic maid—Nanine.*

Oh, winsome was Nanine, and lily-fair :
The soft, clear azure of her strange-sweet eyes
Was lovelier than the blue of Gallic skies,
The gold of setting suns shone in her hair.

Bewitching elf, not older than six years,
I glimpsed, at first, the gold-light of her tresses
While she went gathering moss and water-cresses
By Souchez' stream in Souchez' vale of tears.

Stayed by the lovely vision, the peaceful scene,
I wondered that, in France, such things could be :
The innocence, the prattle, and the glee
Of the little, winsome Gallic maid—Nanine.

When I at length reached where she rose and stood,
And asked her why she did not fear to play,
"Le Dieu est bon, mon brave soldat Anglais,"
She said. "Ah, yes," I answered, "God is good."

I bent and kissed her; then, melting, turned to fare
My way unto the bloody battle-land :
"Voilà!" she cried, a red rose in her hand,
"Apportez ma jolie rose rouge à mon père".

The sweetest child (I thought) that e'er drew breath,
Whose simple faith shamed my misgiving mind ;
But, alas! for her and me and humankind,
What could she know of God and War and Death?

Thus pondering, I passed down to the fight—
At Fresnoy, Angres, Lens, and Avion
Where myriads fell, no more to look upon
The holy hills of France and earth's dear light.

When once again I trod the Souchez trail,
From out a ruined home rushed one to tell
That fair Nanine had died by Hunnish shell
And sleeps nearby the stream in Souchez' vale.

L'ENVOI.

O arch-fiend Kaiser, spawned in hell's demesne,
God may forgive your deed most foully done,
But I shall not, you butcher-breeding Hun,
Who slew the guiltless Gallic maid—Nanine.

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER V



AGROWN-UP, starting upon an exploring trip through Darkest Africa, may have various preparations to make, but surely they are nothing like so many or so various as those necessary to a small boy who is starting off for school. David's days, long as they were, seemed far too short to contain the things which must be done.

First of all there were the three pups of Shela the Scotch terrier to prepare for a long farewell and a new settlement in life. Then there were the two lop-eared rabbits, a pair of domesticated guinea-pigs with markedly Rooseveltian principles, and a Russian rat. Cousin Mattie, in the first flush of her concern over David's departure, had heroically offered to keep this menagerie intact, but Angus frowned on her heroism and David doubted its expediency. No mere woman, he felt, could properly understand a Russian rat or be expected to view with equanimity the inevitable multiplicity of guinea-pigs.

So in those days, David became a bearer of gifts and achieved a popularity among his kind which was brief but dazzling.

Then there were teeth to be attended to. This was of course highly unnecessary and a transparent device of grown-ups to spoil as much spare time as possible. As if teeth which could crack a hickory nut were not good enough for all practical pur-

poses? There were lost moments also when he had to stand quite still while Cousin Mattie measured him for shirts. But these were partly compensated for by a golden hour when his first "store" suits came home. Beautiful suits they were with a pronounced front and back to the trousers and blue braces. There were knickers, too, that held on by a belt; and a knitted cap and sweater.

David tried hard not to be proud, or rather not to show how proud he was. But the attempt was not a conspicuous success. His brief popularity as a boy-about-town faded. Upon the Sunday, when he attended church in all his glory, not a boy in his set that did not cut him. There were the girls, of course, one could read admiration in their wondering glances, but David did not care for girls. The little girl with the red hair was not in church. Not that David cared for her either, but he couldn't help realizing that she had missed something by staying home. So strongly did he feel this that he went so far as to walk around by the Widow Ridley's house after Sunday-school. There was no one in the front garden: he peeped through the back gate—nobody in the back-yard! Girls are silly things anyway!

This being the case it must have been pure altruism which caused David to ask at Sunday supper if Cousin Mattie had heard of anything being wrong "up there at that big house with the cedars".

Miss Mattie was always flattered when asked for information in regard to her neighbours, near or remote, but she had little to report concerning the household at the Widow Ridley's. There was nothing wrong that she knew of except what naturally would be wrong when a cranky old woman is allowed to badger the lives out of two orphan girls. Why did David want to know?

David didn't want to know. He had only asked. Couldn't a fellow ask a simple question?

"If they were poor people," went on Miss Mattie, discerning his interest behind his denial of it, "the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would take those girls away from that old harridan. But she's rich, so no one says anything. I suppose people think that the money she may leave them when she dies will make up for everything. But she won't leave them any money, you mark my words."

"Why won't she"? asked David.

"Because they never do."

"But why don't they ever do?"

Miss Mattie shook her head. There was no reason. They just didn't.

David felt quite excited over this. He wondered if the red-haired girl knew of this peculiarity. If not, she ought to be told. He himself, ought to tell her. He would tell her if he had time.

But the days flew by and he didn't have time. Twice the guinea-pigs came back on his hands owing to prejudices regarding the birth-rate. The Russia rat got homesick and had to have daily visits to keep up its spirits up. One of the pups died and David had to fight the owner who had been guilty of criminal carelessness in the matter of meat. It took simply ages to visit all his old haunts, to say good-bye to swimming-pool and fishpond and to prepare and make secure a certain "cache" of great value and mystery.

Through it all, he went about in a fear of Last Words. On account of this fear he kept out of the house

most of the time and was taciturn to a degree when in it. But to his ever-increasing surprise, Cousin Mattie stitched his shirts and said very little. The reason for this was not made plain until the very last day when she solemnly put into his hand a small note-book bound in black leather and secured with an elastic band.

"You have been so busy, Davy dear (was there a faint reproach in her voice?), that I have not been able to say those things to you that I would have liked. So I have written them all down. The first half of this little book is 'Don't', and the second half is 'Do.'" Faint pride warmed Miss Mattie's tone. "You see I have arranged them all in alphabetical order, so you may turn to any advice you need without trouble or loss of time. I think I have provided for everything, and I have worded it all plainly. For instance, the first 'Don't' is 'Don't answer back'. That means your teachers, dear, of course. You may sometimes be justified in answering back a fellow pupil. But the subject is carried further under the 'F's', as 'Don't fight'."

"The first 'Do' is 'Do answer letters'. That, I hope, is unnecessary but I put it in because I did not have another a to begin with. There are plenty of b's and the c's are also quite numerous. The very important ones, such as 'Do wear rubbers', and 'Don't forget your neck and ears', I have underlined."

Here Miss Mattie became so agitated that her further remarks were smothered in the genuine hug with which David received the gift. Something warm and sweet bubbled up in the small boy's heart as he felt her tears upon his face. His shyness and reserve melted. He forgot his newly-acquired dignity. He forgot everything save that he loved her and he was going away.

"You—you won't forget me, Davy dear"?

Was there any chance of that? David's kisses, wet and eager, David's warm young arms about her neck told

her far better than his mumbled words that there was no chance at all.

"And it will be so lovely to have you home for the holidays!" said Miss Mattie with her incurable optimism.

After the excitement of having his luggage called for by the baggage man and helping to lift it on himself, the walk to the station was all that was left. Miss Mattie did not come. She was afraid she might cry on the platform and she knew her boy wouldn't like that. Besides, Angus might wish to say something to David, privately. With Angus one never knew!

David had thought of this possibility himself and a fortnight ago he would have dreaded it. But now the prospect was quite bearable. Something had broken down between the man and the boy. Something which nothing was ever to raise up again, not years, nor separation, nor the lack of facile speech.

"We'll be looking to you to do good work, David. You will do your best?"

David hoped that he would.

"You will not fight more than you may find necessary?"

David hoped not.

"When you have to fight," said Angus, "be sure you're right and then hit hard—Hit hard anyway!" he added grimly.

"Sure," agreed David contentedly.

"And don't use slang"! sternly, "use the language of your forefathers and be proud of it."

"Su—yes, sir."

They were getting near the station now. The carpenter's step grew slower. His rare smile came as he glanced at the boy's face.

"David," he said, "you're a little afraid I am going to preach to you. But I'm not. Who can tell what counsel you will need—until you need it? If you care to come to me then, I'll give you the best I have—and you probably won't take it. There's just one thing you'll need now and all the time. That thing is courage. Fear is of the devil. Resist it and it will flee from you." The carpenter's deep

blue eyes grew dreamy. "Be master in your House of Life. The man with the courage of his best beliefs is the man the world is needing, David. Grapple with life, and do not let it go except it bless you."

David listened dutifully, wondering, but not excessively impressed. (Of course he would be brave. He would be a cowardly-custard if he weren't). He was too young to know that Angus was coveting for him that future of valiant leadership which his own life, withdrawn from the conflict, had put aside.

There was no time for leave-taking at the station. They had scarcely stepped upon the platform when the Toronto train whistled rounding the curve. Its stay in Milhampton was very brief, only a moment's pausing of its whirring wheels. David felt himself swung upon the steps, felt the hand-grip and—yes, surely—a kiss upon his forehead! His suitcase was handed up. Next moment a glorious being in blue with gold buttons waved a lordly hand and the train was moving.

From the window, David saw in an excited blue, the familiar station, the long, board platform, the line of cabs and 'busses, the faces of people he knew, his father's face! Then Milhampton and all his former life vanished into the past which lies waiting for everything.

He was off into the unknown.

VI

We have shown, I think, that it was hardly David's fault that he did not return to the garden. He cannot be held responsible for the fact that life, after loafing carelessly along for twelve years, had suddenly bethought herself and become quite out of breath and red in the face with fussing over his small affairs.

Rosme knew noothing of all this. She only knew that her playmate had vanished into the mystery from which he had emerged. Many days she waited for him, every day deciding that she would wait no longer. Then

gradually the waiting dwindled and became mere remembrance.

Things were happening to Rosme too.

Aunt came downstairs. After that pirates. Once more the indomitable old lady had discomfitted the prophets and the tap-tapping of her stick and the shrill sound of her voice seemed to penetrate every corner of Rosme's universe. Frances, on whom fell most of the burden, went about the house white-faced and silent; trying continually to please yet never pleasing; spending all her youthful strength in the thankless service of selfish, bitter old age.

The cook had left and the charwoman had given her periodical notice. A notice which, being a merely kindhearted charwoman, she always took back.

"Sorry Oi am to be lavin' you, Miss Frances," said Mrs. Maloney, "but it's lavin' this time Oi am for shure. The old woman is more than flesh and blood can stand. Grudges me my cup of tay, she does, and ivery penny counted twice over as if 'twas gold. And the tongue of her! Bedad it's not even a dacent, Irish tongue at that!"

Mrs. Maloney adjusted her proper black bonnet and tied the strings with a strangling jerk.

"Aren't you afraid you'll choke yourself, Mrs. Maloney?" asked Rosme with real interest. "And is an Irish tongue different from others?"

"It is that. Maloney himself is that handy with his tongue, 'twould surprise you. But, bless you, there's niver a bit of vice behind it! Knock you down would Maloney as quick as look at you and no hard feelin' before nor after."

"Could Maloney knock Aunt down?"

"He could indade," said Mrs. Maloney cautiously, "if 'twasn't for the poolice."

Rosme nodded. She understood from previous conversations that Mr. Maloney was accustomed to being thwarted by the police. She had long

taken a great interest in his career. As set forth by his admiring spouse, it was the career of a worthy man much "put upon" by fate. Rosme appreciated this point of view. She had a genius for such appreciations; possessed, in fact, an almost uncanny aptitude for putting herself in other people's places. People, just as people, fascinated Rosme. She was fascinated even by Aunt and this is probably why the years of bondage were not so hard on her as on her less imaginative cousin. No matter what Aunt did, Rosme was inexhaustibly curious as to what she might do next. Thus was expectation constantly renewed.

"You see," she explained to Frances after a particularly purple outburst, "it is so exciting. When she gets so terribly mad, she might *burst!*"

Few visitors called upon the Widow Ridley and, had she been poor they would have been still fewer. One cannot altogether ignore money. There was the church, for instance. The Widow Ridley was a pillar in the church. She might almost be called the main pillar, speaking from a human point of view. She rented a pew and she sat in it. She gave a "weekly envelope" larger than any other three weekly envelopes put together. In times of stress she could be depended upon for a satisfactory contribution. Why this was so, no one knew. It was a genuine puzzle. To ascribe it to a Christian spirit was so unlikely as to seem merely absurd. What she gave, she gave bitterly and with revilings.

She called the minister a hypocrite and the board of managers numbskulls. She called the Ladies' Aid a lot of tattling old women and the Missionary Society a set of meddling fools. Yet the treasurer's annual report invariably mentioned her in terms of respect and appreciation as "Our generous friend and fellow worker, Mrs. Mortimer Ridley". Also it would have been a breach of established policy not to ask her to take part in any suitable public function, such as distributing New Testaments

to those Sunday School pupils who could recite all the commandments including the Eleventh: "That ye love one another".

The very corner-stone of the church in which she sat had been laid by her. The amount of her subscription had demanded it. True, there had been an Elder who objected. But the matter was hushed up. If an old lady, perfectly respectable and very wealthy cannot lay the corner-stone of God's house without remarks being made, what are church finances coming to? Besides, as the minister said to the objecting Elder, "Are we all quite perfect ourselves?"

With this, perhaps hardly called for, explanation, it will be seen why there were still visitors to ring the bell at the Widow Ridley's front door. The Ladies' Aid undertook it as a duty which they owed to the church. They were wont to declare among themselves that they didn't mind the old lady's bitter tongue in the least. Neither they did. They rather enjoyed it—as long as they could keep it off themselves. It was from one of these duty-visitors that Rosme learned a way to school. Aunt was being approached in the matter of a larger subscription towards the mortgage interest and Rosme, interested as ever, was hidden in a deep-seated chair, supposedly reading.

"I can't tell you just why it is," said the visitor who was no less a personage than Mrs. Elder Robinson, "but our voluntary offerings, my dear Mrs. Ridley, are certainly decreasing. Why this should be so with our nice, new church, our choir and our eloquent minister is really a puzzle. Some few have stopped giving altogether, and many have cut down their amounts. As our minister said to me only yesterday, there is a sad growth of luxuries amongst us. The Pattersons are paying monthly instalments on a new piano. The Reeds give their children dancing lessons and now I hear that Angus Greig the carpenter is sending that boy of his away to school in Toronto. As if his boy

needed better schooling than yours or mine!"

"I haven't got one," said Aunt sourly.

"No—er—of course not. But the principle is the same. One wonders what we are coming to. Such foolish extravagance!"

This sentiment ought certainly to have pleased the Widow Ridley but it was one of Aunt's charming little eccentricities to disagree with everything quite irrespective of her own opinion.

"Why shouldn't he send the boy to school if he wants to?" she rapped out.

"Well, yes, of course. Only—a carpenter, you know? And it is not as if the boy were his own son either. An adopted boy is different. Although——"

There was a pregnant silence after the "although"! A silence quite vocal to the sharp-witted old lady. Her answer to it was an audible sniff.

"Well, there's nothing in that," she said grudgingly, torn between her desire to give weight to a slander and her normal disposition to contradict everything. "The boy's not Angus Greig's son, nor any kin to him. He's that Dr. Thimgamajig's son all right—I forget the name. Sorry to disappoint you."

Mrs. Robinson was playfully shocked. Disappoint? Such an idea! One was always so truly thankful to know that such a story had no foundation. But things do get about so. And sending the boy to school seemed just a little strange! Education was a good thing, of course, but the working classes were apt to lose a sense of proportion. It made one fear for the country at large. For if every Tom, Dick and Harry were to get expensive education, where would all our social distinctions be? It looked as if we might find ourselves in a rag-bag presently.

Aunt chuckled. She was quite certain, she said, that this was exactly what was going to happen. Not "presently", but very much sooner. "And some of us won't even make good

rags!" she added in a tone which hastened her visitor's departure.

Rosme rose and slipped away while Mrs. Robinson was putting on her gloves. Besides the back garden there was one place where she could always hide when she wished to be alone. This refuge was no less a place than the "best" rooms across the hall. These rooms, called by Aunt, "my drawing-rooms" were of the same size and shape as the parlours but their state in life was very different. These were the holy of holies, shrines to be approached with reverence on high days and even then glimpsed at only under shroudings of brown holland. Here the grate fires were never lighted on account of dust and the blinds were never fully raised on account of sun. There was incense in the atmosphere — pot-pourri, moth-balls and the scent of richness. Rosme knew and loved this smell. It belonged to the closed rooms and the closed rooms belonged to her. They belonged to her because she alone enjoyed them. No one else ever came near them save with duster and broom.

So absolutely did they dwell in the land of the forbidden that even Aunt, who believed in all wickedness, had never suspected any one of violating their sacred gloom. Rosme was as safe there as if she had passed into the fourth dimension. The heavy door opened. It closed without a sound. The scent of old roses and camphor stirred to meet her. Stray sunbeams bursting through chinks in the shutters danced through the pendant crystals of the old-fashioned chandelier to bury themselves, rainbow hued, in the depths of the long mirrors on the wall.

Into this dim and scented stillness, the child advanced. All the mirrors knew her. They had caught and held reflections of her in every attitude and in every mood. She danced into them, peered into them, blew kisses into them, and then, turning, ran far, far into them until she was a small, dim elfish figure almost lost in their long perspective.

Often, when this part of her life was over, Rosme used to wonder if these rooms had been really beautiful. Reluctantly she admitted that they had probably been only rich; she had been saved from perceiving this by the virtue of her own imagination and the twilight in which they dwelt. The carpets were heavy and soft. The satin brocade of the window hangings fell from wide cornices of gilt. The tall mirrors were framed in gilt, with marble shelves to rest upon. The fire-place mantles were marble with brass railings round the hearths. Marble also were the tops of the tables with carved legs. There were no book-cases and few books. What few there were, like the pictures on the walls, made up in size what they lacked in subject. Ornaments of various kinds were disposed in various places and their places were never changed.

From the centre of the ceiling, and dominating everything, hung the round, brass chandelier with the chrystal pendants. These crystals were very wonderful. They were alive. They laughed and sparkled and danced. All they needed was a stray sunbeam. Rosme never tired of them; they were, in their evanescent and rainbow splendour, complete and satisfying.

Beside the pendants the things she loved best in the rooms were the two small statuettes which stood on either end of the front mantle. One of these was called "Father's Return" and represented a domestic group of five with an old-fashioned, hooded cradle in the foreground. Over this cradle leaned the mother, a gracious figure in peasant dress. The neck of the homely blouse was unfastened showing the curve of a swelling bosom. She was smiling as she stooped to lift the fat and kicking baby from its pillow. In the background stood the father, cap in hand and spade still upon his shoulder. He, too, was smiling and looking with somewhat fatuous delight toward the cradle; while in appropriate attitudes of joy a small boy and girl danced beside him.

Rosme often looked long at this group. But she never looked further than the face of the bending mother. The children she found tiresome, the baby fat and foolish, the father a clod. But the mother! Perhaps the artist had really caught some inspiration as he moulded that gentle face. Perhaps Rosme read her own inspiration into it. At any rate it pictured for her something of the mother love which she herself had missed. At times she could almost fancy that the calm face stirred, lifted, and turned on her that hidden smile. At other times the fat baby in the cradle had it all. Rosme felt that if smashing the baby would have helped she would cheerfully have smashed it—and the children and the father, too!

The other statuette was quite different and one wondered how it came to be in the room at all. It was a figure of Joan of Arc, facing her accusers. The accusers were not there, but one sensed them from the Maid's look and attitude of proud defiance. She stood, drawn up to her full height with one hand resting on a bar behind her, the other clenched and hanging by her side. The artist who conceived her had given life to a noble thing. As she stood there she was all womanhood arrayed against the evil which would drag her down. She was Purity! She was courage; she was everything to soften and to steel the heart!

Rosme had thrilled at the first glimpse of her. Nor had she rested until she knew all that was known (in Milhampton) of her tragic story. Then she loved and worshipped her wholly.

Often she looked from the bending face of the mother to the lifted face of the Maid and strange thoughts stirred in her childish heart: How could two women be so lovely and so different? Her own position as regards their conflicting ideals was composite. She was content to frame it as follows: "I should like to *have* a mother but I should like to *be* a maid."

She discussed her problems with

both of them impartially. And to-day, the day of Mrs. Robinson's visit, she had a brand new problem to discuss. It was no less than the idea of a made-over world—a world which would put Aunt and Mrs. Robinson in the rag-bag. It was very interesting. Indeed it was from this moment that Rosme dated her awakened interest in the composition of the social fabric. Hitherto, much as she had deprecated certain things, it had not occurred to her that they were humanly changeable. Now she perceived a possibility of improvement. A world which would put Aunt in the rag-bag would be a better world, she felt sure. And the force which was going to do this was education. Not the kind of education that she was getting but the superior kind which boys like David-of-the-garden (Tom, Dick and Harry boys) were going to school to get.

One is either born a snob, or one isn't. Rosme was not. She had not missed the note of patronage in the voice of Mrs. Robinson when she spoke of David's father as a carpenter. Neither could she know how laughable such patronage was. But she had noted its existence as a curiosity merely. It was one of those things which she found interesting but did not quite understand. It caused her to class Mrs. Robinson with Mary, Aunt's last cook but one. Mary had had the class instinct very strongly developed. She was an English girl, once under-housemaid in a great house and quite out of her element in Canada. Through her, Rosme had made an exhaustive study of the feudal spirit, and she had heard Mary speak many times of the second-under-housemaid in exactly the tone used by Mrs. Robinson in speaking of Angus Greig. Also she heard Mrs. Robinson refer to Mrs. Blake Stewart with just that touch of awe which was natural to Mary in speaking of the King and Queen. So it was all of a piece. Only that Mary seemed much the more simple and sincere.

Mary left suddenly, as all Aunt's cooks did, and Rosme's studies in feu-

dal psychology were abruptly terminated. But her conclusions as confided to Frances, were not inapt, "Mary was a nice girl," she said, "and it wasn't because she didn't think well of herself that made her like that. She just really believed that her lords and ladies were a different sort of people altogether. The tears would come in her eyes sometimes when she talked about the Royal Family. Perhaps it's rather nice to feel like that, but I couldn't—unless it was some one like Queen Elizabeth."

Rosme thought of Mary now, and wondered if when the new order of things came in, her lords and ladies would follow Aunt into the rag-bag? Or would only part of them go in? And how dreadfully Mary would feel it, if it ever happened.

Just here the clang of the garden gate interrupted her musings. It was a mean gate. It looked as if it would shut quietly but it always clanged. And then Aunt heard the clang. It was as bad as an alarm bell.

Rosme peeped through the window shutter. The visitor was young Dr. Holtby and from the look on his face Rosme felt sure that he was saying things about the gate. Dr. Holtby was old Dr. Walker's assistant and he had been wont to drop in occasionally to report on Aunt. Lately he had been dropping in more than occasionally and his attentions to Aunt had been negligible. It was Frances whom he came to see. Rosme knew it, all Milhampton knew it, and, of course, Frances. But so far, by special miracle, Aunt did not know it. Therefore it was particularly provoking of the gate to bang.

Instantly, Aunt's harsh voice was heard shouting from the top of the staircase.

"Frances, go to the door! There's that young Dr. Holtby again. Tell him I won't see him. And he needn't put his visit in the bill for I won't pay it. Tell him when I want him I'll send for him. And tell him to shut the gate: Frances—tell him to shut the gate!"

Rosme heard Frances's light step hurry along the hall, followed by the fateful tap-tap of Aunt's cane as she came downstairs. The child hesitated a moment and then, considering that she might be needed, she slipped out at the farthest door. When Aunt entered the parlour, Rosme was already there looking out of the window. She could see Frances and the doctor talking on the verandah. Frances's colour was high and the doctor looked both amused and angry.

"Is that young man gone yet?" demanded Aunt.

Rosme, drumming on the sill, pretended she did not hear.

"Frances!" called Aunt, rapping impatiently.

"She can't hear you, the door is closed," informed Rosme. "The doctor is giving her some beautiful flowers."

Aunt sniffed.

"He needn't. I have no use for his flowers. Let him bring my medicine when I need it and my bill when he must: that's all I ask of him. Flowers indeed!"

"Perhaps they are for me?" suggested Rosme with a look of roguish innocence.

A snort was the only reply to this.

The doctor was taking his dismissal gracefully. He raised his hat, smiled ruefully and departed. Frances came back through the hall. She came very slowly. A perfect torrent of taps failed to hasten her steps. She appeared not to have heard them, for when she entered the parlour her face was delicately flushed and smiling. She held the flowers in both her hands. "Throw them away!" commanded Aunt promptly. "The man must be a perfect idiot. I don't want his flowers. I won't have them! Throw them away!"

The flush faded from the girl's face.

"They are mine," she said, "Dr. Holtby brought them for me."

"Did he indeed? No doubt he came to see you also?"

Rosme coughed loudly. She hoped Frances would have sense enough to

say nothing. But there was a strange look about Frances to-day. She looked strung up.

"He did come to see me," she answered steadily.

There was a moment's awful pause. No doubt it was a pause of illumination. Then Aunt laughed.

Rosme clenched her small fists. She always wanted to hit out when she heard that laugh. It gave her murderous impulses. It made her feel sick. The thought of it sometimes made her hush her own bell-like laughter because in name it was akin to this horrid sound. To-day it was worse than usual. Frances winced and grew pale.

"That's it, is it?" croaked the old woman. "Very pleasant, I'm sure, and charged no doubt in the bill. I see. I see. So it's you he's after, is it, my girl? A whey-faced piece like you? Very likely! Of course he has no idea of the money—the money he thinks you'll have some day!" She laughed again. "Better tell him, my fine lady, that he won't die rich on that!"

Frances said nothing. She stared at her tormentor as if fascinated. Aunt continued.

"Don't stand there and stare at me! I mean what I say. Let me hear any talk of marrying and not one penny of my money do you get. What do you think you're here for? Why did I take you in when you hadn't a roof to your head? Why did I give you food to eat and clothes to wear—yes, and pay your poverty-stricken father's debts? Did I do it to have you marry the first numbskull that asks you just when you're beginning to be of use? Fine gratitude you show to me who

might have left you to die in a charity home."

The flowers were slipping from Frances's loosened hands.

"It might have been kinder if you had."

Again Aunt laughed. She appeared to be enjoying herself. And Rosme decided that she had enjoyed herself quite long enough. Deliberately she leaned over to the small table by the window on which stood a very ugly, very valuable vase. A vase which was the pride of Aunt's heart. One push from a small, brown hand and it lay in fragments on the floor.

The intervention was quite too perfect!

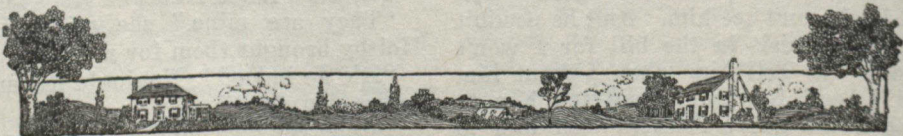
With the cry of an enraged animal Aunt sprang at the child. With raised cane she struck at her. Rosme dodged the full force of the blow, only to receive its stunning impact on her thin shoulder. Again the frantic woman raised the cane but this time it was caught and wrenched from her hold by strong, young hands. Frances's flowers lay scattered on the floor, but Frances herself had stepped into womanhood.

"Don't dare—don't dare to touch her!" It was a Frances who had forgotten fear who spoke. "Don't dare to lay a finger on her. Go back to your chair and behave yourself—or all the town shall know how you treat a motherless child! Rosme, Rosme darling, are you hurt?"

It was Rosme's first impulse to say that she wasn't hurt. But she thought herself in time to seize a perfectly good opportunity.

"I—I'm not sure!" she murmured weakly, "but I think you had better call the doctor back."

(To be continued.)



THE CRITIC AND THE POET

BY DONALD G. FRENCH



MOST proverbs are only half-truths. For that reason they are often wrongly interpreted. The saying, "Poets are born and not made", has led many a young writer to pen rhyming jingles and publish them as "poems", believing himself born with the gift, and taking no pains to discover whether or not there are any fundamental rules of poetic composition. If he has an inherent sense of emotional fitness and the innate gift of a "musical ear", he may (and often does) produce verse which will not transgress the laws of poetic technique. But suppose he lacks these natural gifts, what may be the result?

At the outset we must throw overboard certain prevalent popular traditions as to literary composition. We must get rid of the idea, poetic enough of itself, that the author produces his work in a mood bordering on frenzy and under the influence of a mysterious inspiration. There is no reason why we should go on believing that it is sacrilege to trammel the poet's word within the bounds of rigid form. Some of the admitted masters of English verse have done their best work when confined to the rigid lines of the sonnet; others have revised and improved poems even after these have been published and widely circulated. The testimony of those whom we regard as "born" poets, borne by their work and the methods by which it was produced, is that there is a great deal of making and re-making of the literary produc-

tions of the greatest of the so-called geniuses. It is quite true, of course, that English verse admits of considerable elasticity in rhythmic and metrical forms, but it is none the less true that these forms are governed by basic rules of metrical composition. Lyric poetry, with which we are here chiefly concerned, is built up, usually, in regular stanza form, and these stanzas have the ordered arrangement of the phrases of a musical composition.

The simple laws governing the metrical form of English verse have been almost buried by pedantic scholastics under a mass of technical verbiage which has grown up from the study of ancient classic forms. Suffice it for us to recognize that time is the basic principle of verse as it is of music, and that accent is a secondary and accompanying principle. The fundamental law of versification may be summed up thus: *All variations of metrical form are based upon the time of utterance of groups of sounds and the regular recurrence of accented syllables.* The recurrence of the accent marks off the time-group, just as accent marks off the bar in a correct musical composition.

An examination of English metres will show that the ordinary time-group of syllables may vary from one to three, and that the accent must recur at regular intervals in the group—always on the first, or on the second, or on the third syllable in the group, according to the particular metrical type employed.

We take now, almost at random, an extract from "In Suspense" (F.H.B.).*

A thousand fears perplex me,
A thousand hopes delude;
I wait, and watch, and wonder
With doubt and fear imbued.

Shall it be or shall it not,
And have I long to wait?
My pulses beat but faster
Although the hour is late.

These stanzas contain four lines each, and the measures or time-groups consist of two syllables each with the accent falling on the last. It is only necessary to read the lines aloud quite slowly and watch the natural stress of your voice in order to show this. There is, you may observe, an extra unaccented syllable in the first and third lines of the first stanza, but we need pay no more attention to these than we do to "grace notes" in music, for that is, in effect, what they are to poetry.

Let us mark off the stanza and make our description of the form quite clear. The stressed or accented syllables are printed in capitals. By accent we mean simply natural voice emphasis. In each group of uttered syllables we lay a certain stress of the voice on certain syllables, and rest the vocal strain on others. In prose this stress falls generally at irregular intervals, but in poetry it must recur regularly.

A THOUS-and FEARS per-PLEX me
A THOUS-and HOPES de-LUDE;
I WAIT and WATCH and WOND-er
With DOUBT and FAITH im-BUED.

SHALL IT BE or SHALL IT NOT,
And HAVE I LONG to WAIT?
My PULS-es BEAT but FAST-er,
Al-THOUGH the HOUR is LATE.

Considering the form, there is nothing to object to in the first stanza, but when we take up the second (remember that it should conform

with the first just as the second "verse" of a song is sung to the air of the first), we find ourselves naturally stressing nearly every word in the first line and at the same time prolonging the utterance of the syllables. The line will not measure off into three time-groups as it should to conform with the regular stanza. There is no use pleading poetic license; there is no license for wrenching accents and anyway there is no reading of the line which will bring it within the bounds of the "tune" of the poem.

Examine now another quotation. In this I ask you to notice that the accent falls on the first syllable and that there are two syllables in each time-group, but no sooner have you read the first line than you seem to get "out of step". In the second line there is a change to what is really a different type of metre—two syllables here the time-group but the accent falling on the last syllable. The writer who tries to justify such a departure from the most elementary requirements of poetic technique reminds me of the proud mother who remarked as the soldiers marched by, "They're a' oot o' step but my Airchie".

THERE was TRI-umph, TRI-umph, TRI-
umph, DOWN the SCAR-let GLEAM-ing
STREET;
The TOWN was MAD a MAN was LIKE
a BOY;
A THOUS-and FLAGS were FLAM-ing
WHERE the SKY and CIT-y meet;
A THOUS-and BELLS were THUND-er-
ING with JOY.

—"The March of the Dead": Service.

The stanza is a rhythmical unit, that is, it sets the "tune" of the poem. Many writers forget this. Let me illustrate:

I set my face to the rising sun,
And own the wind my master,
I follow the track of sunbeams spun
With footsteps fast and faster.

*The illustrative excerpts quoted in this essay are taken from published volumes by Canadian authors.

I leave behind me the city streets
 And the city sights and sounds;
 I go in search of freedom's sweets,
 And the life unvexed by bounds.
 —"The Rover's Song": F. H. B.

The first stanza of this has a rollicking swing quite in keeping with the character of a rover, but in the second the stride becomes laboured. What has happened? It is not exactly a defect of misplaced accents. If you read very carefully and watch the sounds, you will find that the rhyming words "MAST-er" and "FAST-er" end in an unaccented syllable, thus giving a sort of continuous or open effect to the line. On the other hand, the corresponding words in the next stanza are "SOUNDS" and "BOUNDS", monosyllabic and accented. You come, therefore, in the second case, to an abrupt stop; you are, as it were, up against a stone wall. The whole deficiency is the lack of that closing unaccented syllable which somehow enables you to bounce over the obstruction.

To make rhymes is about the easiest part of the work of verse-writing. Yet one might write a whole book on the varieties of rhyme, the reason for them, and the effects. We will note here just one rather grotesque error due to lack of recognition of a basic law regarding rhymed words.

The law is this: Rhyme always emphasizes in meaning the word upon which it falls; in a rhyming couplet the force of the second word is usually a little stronger than the first; hence that word should be more important in meaning. Read this bit of fairly good nature-picturing:

The trees stand still in the translucent
 air,
 Mute captives of October's witching smile,
 As o'er the throbbing earth, long mile on
 mile,
 She casts a glamour colourful and fair.
 The hardy autumn flowers strew the bare,
 Brown, turfy slopes, where Summer's
 ardent wile,
 Failed to invoke the slimmer blooms
 fragile,
 And the hilltops purple vapours wear.

To agree with the laws of rhyme the word "bare" should be the one which requires emphasis of meaning, but in the clause which contains it the emphatic words are "flowers", "strew", "slopes". The unearned emphasis which is put on the word "bare" makes me think of it with a substantive rather than an adjectival meaning, with the result that the mental image accompanying it is that of a fallen, shaggy "bear", funereally bedecked with wreaths of flowers.

It may come as a rude shock to both would-be poets and lovers of poetry to learn that the matter of mere mechanical sound plays a great part in the successful making of verse. Nevertheless it is true that the poet (and indeed the writer of prose also) will do well to take care to ensure euphonious combinations of sounds. In this stanza:

Note the glitter and the glamour,
 Hark how gold and silver rolls,
 Where the Devil's emissary's
 Buying souls, human souls.

—"The Soul Market": In Candian Canticles.

The frequent repetition of the sound of "s" in the third line makes it approach too closely to the vocal gymnastics of the famous "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers".

It is not sufficient that the poet shall group his syllables according to certain fixed rules. He must recognize that certain forms of metre are suited to certain themes. Briefly, the more syllables to the time-group (measure, or foot), the quicker the movement of the line and the more in accord with light, joyous, or humorous ideas. The fewer the syllables, the slower the movement, and the more in harmony with serious, dignified, or sublime thoughts, or occasions of solemnity. Bearing this in mind, we may consider:

A crowd stood on our rocky height one
 smiling day in June,
 And strained their gaze to that far point
 around which must come soon

The dreaded fleet; when one good priest
with level glass espied
A ship with France's colours bearing
slowly up the tide.

—"The Siege of Quebec": D. A. Fraser.

This story of the siege is given from the lips of one of the Frenchmen within the walls. Now, the swinging ballad measure might do very well to sing the exulting song of the victor, but it does not fit in with the solemnity of the story from the view-point of the vanquished.

Here, again, is a sonnet, entitled "To My Native Land"—the very title suggests stateliness and dignity, yet listen to the gallop of the measures as you read:

Whither my country. O whither along
Goest thou now, self sufficient and strong?
Springing from East, grows the weal of
the West,
As wheat downward curves under yellow-
ing crest.

—"New Canadian Poems": Warnford Moffatt.

This reminds me of nothing other than the "Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty tum" of the cadets' band. If you have an ear for rhythmic harmony, you will feel that the poet has mixed his music and is playing rag-time when the occasion calls for a selection from the classic composers.

So far we have been dealing with the form of the poem, but form is not everything. There is the appeal to our emotions and we demand, in return for our respectful attention, that this appeal be consistent and sustained. Let us put it in simple everyday fashion: Suppose you were conveying to an acquaintance the sad tidings of the death of an intimate friend and a third member of the group cold-bloodedly interjected some flippant, inconsequential remark about a ball game. How would it affect you? Wouldn't you feel like withering him up with an inquiry as to his deficiency in the sense of fitness of things?

When similarly a poet keys our emotions to a high pitch, we have a

grievance against him if he lets us drop down again to the commonplace. Consider this:

One said: Thy life is thine to make or mar,
To flicker feebly or to soar a star;
It lies with thee—the choice is thine,
is thine,

Now the thought may be somewhat platitudinous, but there is a certain freshness in the appeal and a dignity of expression. It calls us to a mood of life. What, however, about the conclusion? Read the preceding lines and finish with this:

To hit the ties or drive thy auto car.

Take the next stanza of the same poem:

It's all decreed: the mighty earthquake
crash:
The countless constellations wheel and
flash:
The rise and fall of empires; war's red
tide:
The composition of your dinner hash.

—"Quatrains": R. W. Service.

You will feel, no doubt, the emotional thud which comes with the closing line of each stanza. Of course it was done deliberately by the author, but when he wrote in this way, he transgressed a fundamental law of poetry and produced burlesque doggerel when he might, by sustaining the emotional effect, have made real poetry.

Again and again we hear that misquoted and altogether untruthful saying, "Comparisons are odious".

Comparison is the basis of knowledge and understanding. When the poet has ideas, he may not find it easy to convey them to us in cold, abstract statements. Indeed, he would not be employing poetic methods if he tried to do so. What he does is to employ directly or indirectly the device of comparison. By presenting to our minds the concrete picture of some object or condition, he conveys to us the idea or truth in his mind, because the simplest way of illustrating an object is by represent-

ing the object as like something else with which the reader is familiar. Comparison, thus used, is the basis of nearly all figures of speech. In making comparisons, however, the poet must take care that the resemblance is a fairly natural one so that no incongruous or absurd picture is likely to be suggested by the very simple process of the mind called "association of ideas". For instance:

Spreading, upheaving, like ferment of
yeast
Its richness fast working, towers West
over East.

I am quite at a loss to adjust the picture of a heterogeneous mass of fermenting yeast in any manner so that it will illustrate the relations existing between Eastern and Western Canada.

Broad vagueness in the use of descriptive epithet is another fault of the unskilled verse-maker. His pictures should not be made according to stock patterns, they should be original, clear-cut, with striking details standing out in bold relief. Take, for instance:

With laughing streams, and peaceful lakes,
And silver ocean strands;
With verdant forests, mountains hoar,
And rolling prairies free.

—"Canada Our Home": D. A. Fraser.

The objection to the vocabulary here is that the words "laughing", "peaceful", "silver", "verdant", "rolling", "free", are too general and indefinite. They do not present any distinctive Canadian picture; they might apply to streams and lakes and woods almost anywhere. Contrast with this the use of appropriate epithet and specific detail of description in:

The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
His useless wampum, beaded with cool
dews,
Far from him northward; his long, ruddy
spear
Flung southward, whence it came, and his
soft locks
Of warm, fine haze grew silvery as the
birch.

—"Malcolm's Katie": Isabel V. Crawford.

Why did nearly every newspaper and journal upon the outbreak of the great war in Europe publish such stirring old war-songs as, "Ye Mariners of England"? Why were editorial thoughts so frequently pointed by aptly quoted couplets from one or another great poet? Because the Empire was bubbling over with feeling, because it was thrilled with the hugest emotion of its existence, and what else but poetry—the language of emotion—could fittingly be used?

It is just because poetry is what it is—the vehicle of emotional expression—that certain themes are barred from poetic composition; or, we might rather say, certain attitudes in the treatment of these themes. Whatever may be our sympathies with the stricken "white plague" sufferers, we cannot agree that it is fitting to present the repulsive features of the disease in the guise of a poem as one Canadian writer attempted to do. Instead he should have written a tract on hygiene. Matters which are purely appeals to reason and intellect are not proper themes for poetry.

In a poem you do not, at least should not, discuss the merits or demerits of the woman suffrage movement; neither should you attempt to argue the rights or wrongs of the German war. These themes are great enough and lofty enough, but to treat them poetically you have to handle them from a mental viewpoint in which the emotional aspect altogether submerges the intellectual. Again certain poems may fail in not measuring up to emotional requirements. If the subject or the presentation of it has not adequate grounds for rousing us above the level of ordinary feeling, there is great danger that it will strike us as absurd and that it will topple over the narrow line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. I believe the quotations which follow will illustrate sufficiently this point:

"Root, hog, or die,"
Said the man to the grunting creature,
And this was the sage advice
That welcomed a Methodist preacher.
—"The Minister's Welcome":

The spring has reached our northern clime;
Crows in the air abound;
The snow is melting, and the time
For toads will soon be round.

I'm glad the spring will turn them out;
I love so much to see
Those sober creatures hop about
Upon the grassy lea.
—"A Tribute to the Toads": John Mortimer.

And just here may be emphasized the difference between poetic and prose diction. It might seem that the same words could be used indiscriminately in either type of writing and this is to a great extent true. But the law which governs the case has

been thus succinctly stated by Professor Winchester: "Poetry should admit no word which, because of its predominant intellectual content or because of its habitual associations, is unfitted to the expression of feeling". If the theme is not a fitting one for exploitation in poetic form, the chances are that the diction will betray its unfitness. Evidences of this may be found by re-reading the quotations just preceding (observe particularly, "root hog or die", "grunting creature", "sober creature").

Happily, the function of the critic does not end with the finding of faults and weaknesses. By far the more important part of his work is to appraise literary values, to point out and interpret literary beauties. This phase, however, is beyond the purposes of the present essay.

Mr. French hints at a happier phase of the critic's work. This phase he will present in the October number, in an article entitled "When the Critic Smiles".





STABLE INTERIOR
From a Painting by Verboeckhoven in the Art Association, Montreal

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

II.—JOSEPH HOWE



FOR a period of nearly forty years Joseph Howe, the mighty son of the sea, was regarded as "the Old Man Eloquent" of Canada. He was an orator of very Ciceronian splendour; a politician of unbending integrity; a statesman of foresight and sagacity; a journalist of boundless information; a Parliamentarian of unlimited resources; and a debater of convincing ability, who shone with a lustre all his own upon the public platform and within legislative halls. He was a man who, during a long and critical epoch in the history of Nova Scotia and also the Dominion of Canada, exercised an influence of incalculable extent and of irresistible power upon the tens of thousands of Canadians who looked to him as a leader, a prophet, a seer and a guide.

Howe's biography has been written by authors of unquestioned authority and unrivalled skill. It has been penned by men who knew him, and were thus able to understand his nature; to allow for his singular faults, and to appreciate his eminent virtues. His biography has also been written by men who did not know him, and who, therefore, were in some respects better able than his friends to view his unique character in the light in which it will at last be understood by history. His entire life has passed under the fierce glare of critical analysis. Every fact that is known about him has been extracted and recorded both by enmity and by love. In a study of

this character, therefore, in which the subject is sought to be approached from the standpoint of oratory, it will be sufficient if the briefest outline be given of the outstanding details of his life, around which constantly circled so many fierce cyclonic storms.

Joseph Howe first saw light on December 13, 1804, in the City of Halifax, Nova Scotia. That city was the scene of his earliest triumphs, the theatre of his most bitter journalistic and parliamentary contests, the arena of his most memorable newspaper, platform and legislative contests, and the spot, when his restless career was ended, where his body was laid, to the mourning of a nation, in its simple, yet well-honoured grave.

"Old" is scarcely an improper adjective to couple with the name of Howe. He may be said to have had little or no childhood. His father held the position of Postmaster-General for the Province of Nova Scotia for a time, but it must be remembered that that position signified very little a century ago. It was poorly paid, and little education was required as a qualification for its tenure. At a very early age young Howe was driven by stern necessity to taking his part in earning a livelihood for the large family of brothers and sisters, nearly all of whom were his juniors. School, too, was remote from the home, and this circumstance facilitated the readiness with which the tasks of mature years were imposed upon the willing and always uncomplaining youth.

An education however Howe did manage to obtain. His parents were people of refinement, and enthusiastic readers of everything that was available. Hereditary intellectual instincts, therefore, early showed themselves in the boy, and received very ready encouragement at the hands of the fond and devoted parents. This encouragement bore satisfactory fruit. Longley, the most scholarly of his many biographers, declares that while yet a youth Howe had read nearly all the books in the Parliamentary Library at Halifax.

The printing trade, followed in proper time by its logical successor, journalism, first opened to the lad its uncertain opportunities as a calling. Into this branch of industry, noted for its frequent failures, its rare successes but its constant demands upon its victim's patience and energies, he threw himself with that impetuous ardour which marked so many of his early movements. During the remainder of his life, on the various occasions when disaster overtook his political fortunes, it was to the editorial chair that he unfailingly turned to find the balm so urgently needed to heal the cruel wounds which the inconstant political world unfeelingly inflicted upon him.

While Howe was publishing his first periodical, a weekly newspaper called *The Nova Scotian*, an event occurred from which the certain success of his life quickly dated. Like many other countries which have emerged into freedom, Nova Scotia had some very oppressive beginnings. The population was small, poor and scattered. That population was forced to maintain an aristocracy which was haughty and intolerant, greedy and irrepressible. This aristocracy had long been entrenched at Halifax, and not content with exacting to the last penny money which was sanctioned by law, sought other gains from the people which were sanctioned only by necessity. Howe in his journal unsparingly attacked the oppressors. He courageously demanded their dismis-

sal from office, and their punishment for wrong-doing. But the people had not yet learned that the time was ripe to uncompromisingly resist autocratical encroachments, even though the burdens which the invasions imposed bore lightly upon the shoulders of the multitudes. Encouraged by acquiescence the victims of Howe's powerful pen instituted a prosecution against the audacious journalist boldly styling his arraignments criminal libels. On being summoned to answer the charge in Court, he sought legal advice from several lawyers. These advisers with a courtliness and a timidity, which it is only fair to say has never been a characteristic of the great legal profession, declined Howe's brief. Consequently he was compelled to resort to his own natural, yet untried, resources in order to resist the accusation. His defence he conducted with great ability, although it must have abounded in technical inaccuracies. At the close of the trial Howe secured that cardinal essential of all litigation, namely a verdict in his favour. The odds against him were great, the cause was celebrated, the prospects of success were slender. Yet at the conclusion of the trial, Howe found himself exalted from a humble and inconspicuous newspaper proprietor into an idol of Eastern Canada, and a well needed tribune of the rights of a perplexed and outraged people.

Pausing here for a moment, this much should be remembered in regard to this memorable incident. Howe was now, in the year 1835, a man thirty-one years of age, and as yet without serious experience in the art of public speaking. The few years of conflict through which his early years had been passed, had indelibly impressed cardinal principles upon his mind. Common sense supplemented the experience, and convinced him that his opponents were guilty of great and indefensible wrongs. At these wrongs his principles revolted. In the speech which he delivered to the jury, he poured out the lava tide



JOSEPH HOWE
A great Canadian orator

of his incensed feelings, and convinced not only the twelve men who held his fate in their hands, but all opponents of political corruption everywhere,

not that his forensic art was superior to that of his opponents, but that he was right in his conception of truth, and in the daring method which he

was driven to adopt in order to vindicate the principles of a free people in a free province.

That speech which Howe delivered to the jury was altogether too verbose, as, indeed, were all his speeches. It took more than six hours in its delivery. But it is a model of its kind, and deserves to be well and seriously studied side by side with the deathless orations of history, with Demosthenes's great oration on the Crown; with Burke's defence of the American colonists; with Webster's masterly plea on behalf of Dartmouth College; with Erskine's demands for the right of a trial by jury. When it is remembered that Howe was possessed of but a rudimentary education, and compelled to enunciate constitutional principles of the profoundest importance, with but the culture and experience of a printer, his oration on that occasion loses nothing whatever by comparison with the imperishable masterpieces of oratory which veteran and scholarly advocates of freedom have delivered in all lands and in all generations.

It has been said, and often repeated in modern times, that oratory is dead, that it long promises to remain an unreviving corpse; that the thunders of the Chatham and the Palmerston, the Brights and the Gladstones are hushed in one vast and tomblike stillness for the future. That speech of Howe's, and his many other platform efforts, magnificently repudiate the assertion. And coming down to a later day, within the past twenty years, the glowing bursts of passion, which, even in the Court House of Toronto, have fallen with the enchanting power of a sorcerer's spell, from the burning souls of such lights of the Ontario Bar as George Tate Blackstock, E. F. B. Johnston, Hartley Dewart, Thomas Robinette, Peter White, and numerous other exponents of a fadeless art, prove beyond all question that oratory is still superbly alive, and constitutes a tremendous instrument in the hands of those inspired men who understand its use.

In 1836 Howe was elected as a representative for the County of Halifax to the legislature of Nova Scotia. The fascinating account of his many struggles in that assembly during the following thirty years have become an almost elementary chapter of Canadian history. Their details are to be found in all of his numerous biographies. During this long and important epoch, Howe's achievements may be classed as of a three-fold character. First, he gave to the proceedings of the legislature a publicity which is one of the chief assurances of democracy. Next, he contributed largely to ending the reign of the oligarchy which with wanton extravagance had thrived upon the slender resources of the province for more than a generation. Finally, he aided in the introduction of responsible government into Nova Scotia. Any one of these achievements was sufficient to ensure a public man immortality. Yet Howe accomplished them all and raised Nova Scotia from being a Crown Colony into the liberty enjoying dignity of a province within a period of about thirty stormy and arduous years. The advantages of all of these achievements are self-evident, and their record forms a part of the history of Maritime Canada. The achievement mentioned last however merits demonstration as well as mention.

This is scarcely the place for an exposition of the philosophy of despotism. Yet so great a part did that dark and widely spread art play in Nova Scotia a century ago, and so large a place has it filled and is still filling in history that at the risk of reopening a concluded discussion, it is deemed fitting to say something about its application to the art of statecraft as revealed in the conduct of that vast array of men who have attempted all through history to impose the yoke of oppression upon great masses of mankind.

Despots have held sway in all ages because they either delighted in establishing authority over their fellow

human beings, or they were anxious to secure for themselves some of the countless advantages which have always flowed from the exercise of authority. And men generally consented to be ruled either because they were ignorant of the art of governing, or because they shrank from the numerous responsibilities which inevitably arose when great numbers of people were found gathered compactly together, and required to be directed and controlled by authority. With power thus indifferently conferred, corruption, and corruption's unfaithful ally, oppression, became inevitable. Why was not this oppression speedily and courageously resisted? Because the material effects of the oppression were so widely distributed that the part imposed upon each individual concerned was frequently imperceptible, and there was but little incentive to risk all in order to escape what was actually very little of an individual loss or of a personal inconvenience. With the increase of the oppression developed also a decrease of the desire to resist, until what had formerly been a scarcely visible invasion of men's natural rights grew into a system supported by every organized force in the community and opposed only by the passive convictions of unspeaking victims, who were destitute of leadership and organization. At length a Hampden, a Pym, a Washington, a Papineau, a William Lyon Mackenzie, a Howe, arose, and with passionate intensity, and unwelcome suddenness, called into question the actual right of the entire engine of oppression to exist. Contests shaking the whole fabric of society occurred. Men learned the justice and the profit of revolting against tyrannical dictators. Slowly the masses awakened from their slumbers and their indifference. At length inevitably, sometimes accompanied by the horror of bloodshed, at other times as the outcome of argument and debate, but always amidst great difficulty, the entire structure of oppression and tyranny crumbled to-

gether in one vast and fearful convulsion, and went crashing to an irretrievable and a long-postponed destruction. The chains snapped: the rivets burst asunder: the foundations cracked; the proud structure rushed to ruin. Freedom, as lovely as at the beginning, although soiled and torn and bleeding, came forth gloriously victorious from her ten thousandth contest, to bless unborn generations, and give relief to a suffering world once more.

Such was the struggle which transpired in Nova Scotia. And the result was worthy of the little province by the Sea. The theatre of the strife was not without reminiscences and memories. The land was a veritable retreat of every kind of beauty which the heart could desire or the eye perceive. Nature had implanted untold loveliness in the land. It had a climate which was one of the wonders of the world. The Gulf Stream coming from the realm of bird and blossom, turned the climate even in the depths of the coldest winter into rivalry with California or Ceylon. The fertile ground knew nothing of scarcity, and what the ground lacked the ocean inexhaustibly supplied. Fancy framed the picture which fact had painted. Longfellow with all his poetic and legendary knowledge had to leave New England to find the unfading beauty of an Evangeline along Nova Scotia's love-lorn shores. There gliding through the woods or dreaming down the rivers, the far-famed Hiawatha made his home. Prelates and governors of an earlier day, the select of kings of a vanished France, when sovereigns inhabited her palaces, came to beautiful and inviting Acadia to minister to the soul, and to exercise rule in the land. What a country this was, where spendthrift Nature waltzed on mountain and in valley, and flung her regal bounties on every hand, but which unimaginative politicians and grasping officials laboured restlessly and selfishly to destroy!

The long continued domination of the select class of needless and incom-

petent officials in Nova Scotia, came to an end, but not without a protracted and violent struggle. In that contest, Howe displayed a real genius both in tactics and in debate. Compelled, with scarcely more than a very limited education, and a self-acquired education, to be a leader in a mighty crusade against a well-trained and powerfully entrenched evil, he displayed, in his opposition to the enemy, talents of the very highest order. By the force of his fiery eloquence, his fertility in argument, his gifts of leadership, and his tireless zeal, he overwhelmed well-disposed combinations of skilful opponents, and triumphed over odds, which a much more experienced parliamentarian than he might have faced with a pardonable timidity and despair.

Arrogance as well as autocracy was now destroyed, and Howe's talents began to be directed towards the establishment of institutions in the province which were necessary for its industrial and educational development. Commerce was beginning to assert itself, and new policies relating to transportation, agriculture, manufactures, and the arts were looming large on the horizon of immediate possibility. With these problems Howe grappled successfully, and with statesmanlike instinct and genius carried to a splendid success many of the grave and important issues which they raised.

These problems and their solution practically constitute the history of Nova Scotia between 1840 and Confederation. They are all examined with great detail in Longley's publication. They therefore will suffer nothing by their omission from these pages. After many years of wrestling with great provincial issues—issues which sometimes had a more than provincial importance—the inevitable issue of Canadian Confederation arose almost simultaneously in the minds of earnest statesmen in different parts of British North America. Prior to this time Howe had been Premier of Nova Scotia. He also some years pre-

viously had met the greatest of all his rivals, Sir Charles Tupper. They had defeated one another in local contests, and Tupper also had been Premier of the Province. When the momentous struggle drew near, Tupper became the champion of Federal Union, and Howe became its brilliant opponent. There is much of history that need not have happened, it being only the opinion of the uninformed that history is a manifestation of the inevitable. Great events are something different from the outlet furnished by circumstance for the triumph of the evil passions of men. Viewed in this way, the enmity which for years existed between Howe and Tupper, is not merely entertaining biographical incident; it assumes the startling character of actual national calamity. But the orbs of Heaven give light where men's minds sometimes do not; and out of the appalling darkness there was destined to come a permanent illumination for unhappy Nova Scotia.

It must not be thought that because Howe encountered formidable opponents, there therefore existed a rivalry between them which History pathetically and reluctantly records. These rivalries were not ill-omened for the state. With each man is one truth joined, and although the combatants viewed the eternal problems from different positions, their differences on the whole brought wisdom and safety to the state. Rivalries which are free from selfishness and purified from taint of malevolence, such as were those of Howe and his principal contemporary statesmen, bring breadth of judgment and luminous views to the service of the state, and the consequent legislation, which is their logical outcome, is seldom other than beneficial to the whole human race.

The story of Nova Scotia's Confederation conflict has often been told. Also has been told the mighty part in that great struggle which was borne by Howe. But high above all competitors rose the spectacular figures

of Howe and Tupper. For not only months, but for years the battle raged, and not only on one, but on two continents. In the end, Tupper triumphed. Out of the conflict Howe emerged, with his spirit perhaps strained, for who is there that can witness without deep emotion a long cherished idol pitilessly and utterly destroyed? His reputation, too, was slightly damaged, for there were those who could not see beyond mere party expediency, and who had not yet learned that a nation's interests were of greater importance than a party's petty success. But those who knew Howe, and understood the pure motives which induced him to compromise in a cause in which a Dominion was arrayed against a mere handful of men, still retained faith in his integrity and his statesmanship. The pathos of poetry haunts that scene, and pity, wet-eyed, lingers near. Never did the old man rise to such heights of eloquence as when he stood almost alone before the world, and poured out his mighty soul in his giant attempts to free Nova Scotia from the gentle bonds which held her within Confederation. That incident belongs more to fancy than it does to history. If there be a Westminster Abbey where imperishable events in history are kept, then Howe's last picturesque and pathetic fight is surely entitled to be enshrined in that immortalizing spot.

He failed, however, to realize his design, and soon afterwards he was invited by Sir John Macdonald to take a seat in the Cabinet of the Dominion. He consented, and from 1869 until 1873 he held a post in the government of the chief among the makers of Canada. In the latter year he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The honour, however, so well won and so fittingly deserved, was not destined for long to endure. Within six weeks' time the end came to that life of countless storms, of countless triumphs, and of many years of faithful service to the land he loved immeasurably well. He was buried in

the city of his myriad struggles, and when the measure of his loss was realized, it was known that one of the most potent forces in Canadian life had been taken away from earth forever.

In attempting to estimate the greatness of Howe's marvellous powers of speech, it must be remembered that no two people entertain the same view of the constituent essentials of oratory. A person who is a prince of oratory in the judgment of one critic, is a mediocre speaker in the opinion of another. Fortunately, however, there has never been expressed any but one conclusion in regard to the oratorical merits of the mighty master of the lordly accomplishment in the distant province by the sea. Longley, Howe's intimate friend, and sympathetic biographer, says that he heard in bygone years Punshon, Gough, and Blake when at the pinnacle of their fame, and that the oratorical powers of the Son of the Sea easily outshone the platform ability of these three great men, who kindled the fires of eloquence in countless souls, although each of them was the exponent of a widely different theme from any of the others. The same admirer of the brilliant easterner says that Howe had not a loud voice, as Douglas and Osler had loud voices, but his tones were rich and exceedingly magnetic. Other capable judges volunteer similar testimony. Col. George T. Denison of Toronto heard him, and pronounces him the very greatest of Canada's orators. John J. McGee, of Ottawa, the brother of the brilliant orator of Confederation, heard Howe often in the years when he was in his prime, and confirms the universal feeling that the great eastern Canadian had but few peers in the princely art of speaking. Howe was not a rapid speaker when in debate. But when the moments arrived that fervour was at its seething point, he spoke with considerable rapidity, and with burning passion. He seemed to carry everything before him, in a sweeping torrent of overwhelming force. He

used his hands and arms and body all very freely during the course of an important speech, indeed, during the course of almost all of his speeches. He used notes but memorized very little of the address he was about to deliver. Some of the passages in his more elaborate efforts display indications of verbal preparation, and perhaps of memorizing; but in this, for a public man, he was not singular. Some of Bright's perorations were carefully committed to memory, and the famous speech which Sir George Foster delivered in Parliament just preceding the fall of the Tupper administration rings towards its brilliant close as if it had received a verbal preparation in advance.

Howe was a most industrious reader, without which no man can be a truly peerless orator. Demosthenes and Cicero must have had access to libraries of untold wealth, which although inscribed upon parchment, have been lost in the mists of the ages, and have not come down to our time. And in addition to reading extensively, Howe possessed a remarkably retentive memory, and was thus enabled to use to great advantage phrases, expressions, quotations and allusions which he previously had either read or heard. Longley calls him the greatest orator in Canada; and although he had not the reverberating thunders of Douglas, nor the fascinating rhetoric of Punshon; although he had not the logical precision of Blake and Osler, nor the grace of Chapleau and McGee, he moved to stern deeds the eastern section of a mighty Dominion and held for years in his hands the destinies of an ancient province and a highly enlightened people. I heard Douglas, palsied but powerful; blind but brilliant; with wizard imagery and golden tongue; when the plumed pinions of his eloquence were bearing him, like an eagle, through the skies. He was

the greatest prince of speech that I have ever heard. If a greater existed in Howe, the orator from the ocean-guarded realm of earliest morning, then his conqueror must have been a Domitius Afer or an Æschines indeed.

The richest of the many oratorical treasures of Howe may be said to be contained in that speech of prophecy and promise which he delivered in Halifax on May 15th, 1851, when he eloquently pleaded for a railway system sweeping over Canada:

"With such a territory as this to overrun, organize and improve, think you that we shall stop even at the western bounds of Canada, or even at the shores of the Pacific? Vancouver's Island, with its vast coal measures, lies beyond. The beautiful islands of the Pacific and the growing commerce of the ocean are beyond. Populous China and the rich East are beyond, and the sails of our children's children will reflect as familiarly the sunbeams of the South as they now brave the angry tempests of the North. The Maritime Provinces, which I now address, are but the Atlantic frontage of this boundless and prolific region, the wharves upon which its business will be transacted, and beside which its rich argosies are to lie. Nova Scotia is one of these. Will you then put your hands unitedly, with order, intelligence and energy, to this great work? Refuse, and you are recreants to every principle which lies at the base of your country's prosperity and advancement; refuse and the Deity's handwriting upon land and sea is to you intelligible language; refuse and Nova Scotia instead of occupying the foreground, as she now does, should have been thrown back at least behind the Rocky Mountains. God has planted your country in the front of this boundless region; see that you comprehend its destiny and resources; see that you discharge, with energy and elevation of soul, the duties which devolve upon you in virtue of your position. . . . I am not a prophet, yet I venture to predict that in five years we shall make the journey hence to Quebec and Montreal, and home through Portland and St. John, by rail; and I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days."





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRADES AND LABOUR CONGRESS

WHAT made Tom Moore seem so much "bigger" than all the other men who spoke the first time we heard him is not easy to describe. It was not physical size, though there is nothing of "a lean and hungry look" about his five-foot-nine of comfortably covered framework. It was not the reserve strength betokened by clear-eyed health and the quiet nerves of a personality whose body has long since become the obedient servant of its owner. It was not even that quality of self-reliance peculiar to the man who has learned to keep himself unaided afloat on the economic midstream when his business or professional protagonists are being rafted paternally on its by-water shallows.

He seemed to speak from the heart of human life, they from its outer crust. He faced its tragedy boldly; they did not. He has for his aim "not to concern himself at all about the few at the top but to get a better life for the millions at the bottom"; and he has nothing in his platform needing apology or concealment. The life of the millions of to-day does not square with Christian ethics. In some way a capitalistic aristocracy

has been reared in place of "the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth", and the labour leader is freed from any necessity of clothing its naked selfishness with a fine-spun cobweb of time-worn economic theory. It is this frankness, this moral and intellectual honesty, the compelling force of his earnestness as well as the facts at command and the clear terse English in which they are stated, that made Tom Moore dwarf the others both as man and speaker. Some complain that he lacks "that touch of passion which makes a man most eloquent when it makes him most unreliable" but the heat is there though as a rule (not always) controlled. He confessed to "feeling hot all over" when one speaker, quite unconsciously, assumed shallowness of economic thought as characteristic of trades-unionism.

There are no men outside of political science departments more widely read on economics than labour leaders, while their daily opportunity of facing economic theory with economic fact gives them a certain advantage over even the university professors they meet in the Workers Educational Association. Economics, if not the labour leaders' meat and drink, is his golf, his tennis and his grand opera.

The protest of trades unionism against man being treated as "a producing animal" is echoed by the econ-



MR. TOM MOORE,
President of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada

omic doctrine that wealth is only a means to an end and that end the realization of a spiritualized personality. While scientific management if it threatens to speed up production at the expense of converting the worker into a dehumanized cog in a huge industrial machine is criticized by the law that the source of wealth is the applied capacity of the worker and whatever limits his ability and initiative limits his output. The fact that the report of the Commission on Industrial relations practically endorses all the demand of the Trades and Labour Congress proves that they were not considered unpracticable, and that Mr. Moore and the two other labour representatives on that commission were able to make good their policy.

Tom Moore makes one think of President Eliot's statement that it is "not the tools he uses but the use he makes of them that educates a man" and Dorothy Canfield's criticism: "Culture is dust and ashes if the spiritual foundations of life are not well laid".

Mr. Moore and his friends are leaders in a group. Some of them are more radical than he, and are fighting materialism outside and inside the labour movement. They believe that a "nation has a soul as well as a body" and needs a political organization to express the one as well as an industrial organization to direct and control the other. They are themselves the best argument to support their demand for a share in the councils of both.

Tom Moore was born in the north of England about forty years ago and worked as a carpenter from twelve-and-a-half years of age. He lives, when at home, in Niagara and is a Protestant. His knowledge of the American and Canadian trade union movement has been secured as a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. He has held all the local offices, and for the past ten years he served as a general officer. Being first business agent for Niagara Falls district, for the last seven years he has been general organizer throughout Ontario and, when instructed by the International office, in other parts of the Dominion. Last September he was elected President of the Trades and Labour Congress by a majority of forty votes out of a total of about three hundred and thirty. This Congress has now a membership of one hundred thousand and is the largest labour group under one head in Canada and acknowledged as the official representative of Canadian labour by the American Federation. It has had a rapid-growth since Mr. Moore took office, as has had trades unionism in general, which now totals in Canada two hundred and fifty thousand.

Mr. Moore has been hooted at by extremists and sarcastically dubbed "safe and sane" by socialists but he carries out the policy that elected him unruffled by either.

He realizes that some extreme opinion is as reflex of reactionary legislation and a general protest against a return to the old pre-war haunting dread of poverty and unemployment. He thus sympathizes with men whose policy he does not approve and bears ill-will to no one.

"Just you ask ———", naming a radical socialist, "what he thinks of me," he said throwing back his head in a great laugh.

"I am a firm believer," he writes, "in the power of trades unionism to bring ultimate justice to the worker but also believe that greater attention should be paid by the worker to political

action and that every trades unionist should belong to the working-class political party and in that way assist to elect men from the ranks of the worker to the various municipal, provincial and federal government bodies". He believes in the strike as an industrial, never a political, weapon, and then only to be used as a last resort, but when necessary has shown no hesitancy in employing it with full effect. It has been a good thing for Canada to have had a man like Tom Moore at the labour helm during this flood time of unrest. A keen, fearless but a constitutional fighter who has not lost faith in the machinery of Canadian democracy, even if his allies consider it has of late grown rusty, nor in the growing democratic spirit of our people. If he agrees with a more radical leader that "Civilization has been won by the struggle of the man underneath for liberty, carrying the rest along with him; it has never been the gift of the man on top to the man below", he may be counted on to see that liberty gained for the man underneath will be secured also to the rest "he carries along with him".

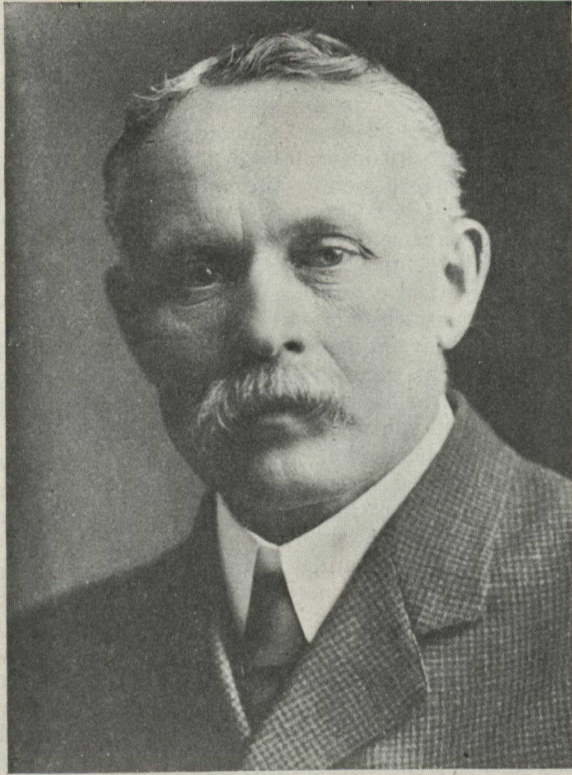
ISA M. BYERS.

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CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE INTERNATIONAL METEOROLOGICAL CONFERENCE.

IN this month of September is to be held at Paris an international conference of the Allied nations to discuss meteorological questions of common interest. In particular the conference will discuss the upper air currents with a view to future air service. This meeting of experts at Paris will be preceded by a gathering in London which will occupy itself with meteorological matters as they may affect especially the British Empire and the means of communication between its component parts.

Canada will be represented officially both at the preliminary conference in London and the international conference in Paris, by Sir Frederick



SIR FREDERICK R. STUPART,
who represents Canada at the Meteorological Conference

Stupart, Director of the Meteorological Service of the Dominion and of the Magnetic Observatory at Toronto. He has devoted his life to the investigation of atmospheric phenomena and the dissemination of information on this difficult but intensely practical subject and has been claimed as "the most eminent weather authority" in this country.

He is the son of a Devonshire man, Capt. Robert Douglas Stupart of the Royal Navy, and was born near Toronto in 1857. He was educated at a private school and Upper Canada College, and as a boy of fifteen or sixteen entered on his life work of the scientific study of weather problems. He also became greatly interested in astronomy, and in 1902 and 1903 was President of the body which during one of his terms of office changed its

name and standing from the Toronto Astronomical Society to the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada.

In his presidential address to this society in 1903 Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Stupart sketched the history of the observatory, with which he had even then been connected for more than thirty years.

The Toronto Observatory was established (at the instance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) by the British Government in 1839, when it was arranged that several observatories in different parts of the Empire should be placed under the Ordnance Department of the Army and that observations should be taken by officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery. Lieut. Charles B. Riddell, the officer appointed for this duty in Canada,

chose Toronto as the most suitable place for the magnetic Observatory and the University of King's College granted a site for it. The first Observatory was a log building, covered outside with rough-cast. The magnets were suspended in September, 1840, nearly eighty years ago, and, day by day, ever since, the movements of the magnetic needle have been faithfully watched and recorded.

This little Observatory was succeeded in 1855 by a stone building on the same site. This in its turn was removed in 1907 to make way for the Physics Building and Convocation Hall of Toronto University. It was, however, rebuilt of the original materials on a spot to the east of the Main Building, to be used as the astronomical Observatory of the University.

Earlier than this, in 1892, the introduction of trolley cars into Toronto caused artificial electric currents and ruined the Observatory for magnetic observation, which since that time has been carried on in the village of Agincourt, though the headquarters of the Meteorological service have remained in Toronto, and are now housed in a fine new building on Bloor Street West.

Sir Frederick Stupart "took part in a magnetic survey along the coast of Labrador in 1884, and subsequently spent a winter at Cape Prince of Wales in Hudson Strait". The exact-

ing nature of the work may be imagined from the fact that the scientists "obtained a whole year of tri-hourly observations and on two days of each month during the year readings of the declination were made each minute, as they were also made during the year at many points within the Arctic Circle".

To the general public another side of Sir Frederick Stupart's work may appeal more strongly. In 1876, Professor Kingston, then Director of the Toronto Magnetic Observatory, decided to begin a "Weather Service in Canada", and from that time weather forecasts have been issued from Toronto "based wholly on Canadian weather charts and the judgment of an official at the Toronto Observatory". A few years later the task of issuing these "weather probabilities, as they were called, devolved upon Sir Frederick Stupart, and the newspapers dubbed him by the quaint title of "Old Probs". The service has grown wonderfully in effectiveness, and each year is the means of saving vast amounts of perishable goods, of shipping and, consequently, of human lives.

There are now fully equipped observatories at Victoria, Winnipeg, Montreal, Quebec and St. John, and hundreds of stations at which people take observations of rain, and temperature, and so forth.

EMILY P. WEAVER.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE GAY-DOMBEYS

BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is not an adverse comment upon the artistry of this book when one confesses that, upon closing its pages and laying it down, one sits awhile wondering about Sir Johnston. Without ever invading the area of the reader's mind Sir Harry has possessed it. He has neither imposed nor insinuated himself but he has become pervasive. Without insistence or egotism, through his book, he has become present to the reader's attention, provoking thought.

If, in doing this, however delicately he may have accomplished it, Sir Harry had set himself up between the reader and his work, no matter what he might have had for display, he would have blocked the view. But Sir Harry has not set himself up between his work and his public. With an uncanny subtlety and mysterious success he is presented to his public in his work, no showman, no third person, but an inherent, inevitable presence. If it is to be said in one word: Sir Harry Johnston has seemed to put himself into his book, which means that this book "The Gay-Dombey's", is, to make a proper use of that fatuously abused phrase, a human document.

Sir Harry is in the book throughout as a sort of symbol, a symbol of a certain strata of late 19th century English life. It is after this manner that he will come into the minds of certain readers and remain there,

potent, pervasive, largely and mysteriously personal, an individual raised to the significance of being an index of humanity. The characters of the book are an enlargement or embellishment of himself, or, better, the come and go of the life of the book, the weaving and interweaving of character and event, is Sir Harry Johnston under the microscope, the concrete and detailed visibility of a segment of mind. The author who can, with such casual poise and inevitable deftness, set out the life he has gathered in his brain, is among those for whom we reserve the name artist.

The "Gay-Dombey's" as a book has no appearance of method. It is made up of queer excerpts from long letters descriptions of room interiors, mixed up chapters, vivid and suddenly quenched conversations. It is all casual as a slowly gathered sunset or a hesitant dawn, and it has a measure of the final effect and beauty that is the result of that casualness. One hesitates to use the great words of praise for fear of misusing them, yet the impulse is insistent to call this book significant among latter day novels that can be considered works of art.

The book portrays a strata in society and individuals whose morality is open to question in the light of what are generally considered fundamental standards. One feels as one reads that over all that epoch and its children there plays a delicious amusement and an exquisite pity that is too disinterested in the event and too engaged in contemplation to bother over much, a sort of supra-spirit that is Fate or God, or a something in

the human mind that is Fate and God. The book closes with a sad kindliness born out of disillusionment touched with humour.

Is this the real mind of Sir Harry Johnston, as, having lived vividly the life of the Empire, he writes a book now when the years have come upon him? In the chapter headed disillusionment there seems the confessed apprehension that there is a secret of human happiness and that so many missed it in that time of Empire building.

*

SUICIDE OF MONARCHY

BY EUGENE DE SCHELKING. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHETHER or not this book is authentic revelation it tells what the man on the street is beginning to imagine is true. If a King has cucumbers for dinner he may be cross afterwards and insult an ambassador, so spoiling a treaty. If an ambassador's dinners are not sufficiently exquisite and desirable a great power, represented by the ambassador may fail in projects. If the wives of diplomats quarrel over mourning apparel there may be a war. Mr. de Schelking talks particularly about the Russian and German court and diplomatic circles. There is a lonely odour of backyards and scandal about his book and like all scandal it seems absolutely true because it is so circumstantially told. If Mr. de Schelking is a sincere and disinterested revealer he has performed a service. His book will strengthen the notion that is in so many minds to-day that, not specially or particularly this king business, but the whole business of secret diplomacy as it has been conducted, must be overhauled in the light of fresh standards. Treaties and trade agreements and the issues of war and peace must no longer be dependent upon the jealousy or envy or vanity or lust of a king or diplomat as Mr. de Schelking indicates they have in the past depended. If Mr. de Schelking's picture of European conditions prior

to the war and after is a true one there is indeed need of reconstruction in the ways of doing national and international business. Something of the nature of Mr. Wilson's "open covenants openly arrived at" must be achieved if not by Mr. Wilson himself then by the peoples who are stirred up by books like this one.

*

THE RISING OF THE TIDE

BY IDA M. TARBELL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MISS TARBELL is an earnest person a little addicted to commonplace. This recent book of hers is not out of character. She takes a certain American town and gives it a name and she takes certain American types of individual and gives them a name. Then the story goes on to a certain conclusion. Really that is all. As a story the book is interesting. As a treatise on morality for people at war it is not profound. As analysis of character it is negligible. Miss Tarbell has, as it were, gone out with a camera and photographed certain things and individuals. As many of us are interested in photographs, and like somehow to look at things and individuals when flattened and stereotyped, we will buy her book. If Miss Tarbell had been an artist she would have written a different book.

*

JAVA HEAD

BY JOSEPH HERGES REIMER. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IT is a relief to read this charming novel after the many "up-to-date" stories encountered nowadays on all hands. There is about the whole book a delightful fragrance, at once of lilacs in a garden, of opium, of spices from the East, of wharves and cordage and the commingling odours of shipping, of delightful women, boisterous ship masters and all the distillations of life to be found in a seaport such as Salem, Massachusetts, at the beginning of the great clipper ship

era. It is really a fine spectacle and a lovely relish worthy of the pen of Conrad. Few, if any, Americans of to-day write with so full a flavour, with so much real colour, with so fine an appreciation of the depth and breadth of the canvas. Here and there one comes across such passages as this, poured in, as gravy:

"It was past seven, the air was so sweet with lilacs that they seemed to be blooming in her room, and the sunlight died slowly from still space. By leaning out of her window she could see over the Square. The lamplighter was moving along its fence, leaving faint twinkling yellow lights, and there were little glances from the windows on Bath Street beyond.

"A gayety of her morning mood was replaced by a dim kind of wondering, her thoughts became uncertain like the objects in the quivering light outside. The palest possible star shone in the yellow sky; she had to look hard or it was lost. Janet, stirring in the next room, seemed so far away that she might not hear her, Laurel, no matter how loudly she called. . . . But already Laurel was oblivious of her: she had seen a familiar figure slowly crossing Washington Square—her grandfather coming home from Captain Dunsack's."

And again:

"He was now on Derby Street, in a region of rigging and sail lofts, block and pump-makers, ship's stores, spar yards, gilders, carvers and workers in metal. There was a strong smell of tar and new canvas and the flat odour that rose at low water. Sailors passed, yellow powerful Scandinavians and dark men with earrings from southern latitudes, in red or checked shirts, blue dungarees, and glazed black hats with trailing ribbons, or in cheap and clumsy shore clothes. There was a scraping of fiddle from an upper window, the sound of heavy capering feet and the stale laughter of harbourside women."

*

THE BETROTHAL

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THERE are so many delicate touches, so much mystery, so much symbolism and so much play of imagination about Maeterlinck's work that one finds it difficult to make a satisfactory review of it. It should suffice, however, in this instance mere-

ly to record the fact that "The Betrothal" is a sequel to "The Bluebird". In this book Tytyl is in the period of adolescence, at the time when he is beginning to see into life and to want some one to share it with him. Favourite characters of "The Bluebird" reappear, and altogether "The Betrothal" is a delightful book.

*

BOOKS RECEIVED

—"The Principles of Citizenship", by Sir Henry Jones. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"A London Lot" (Fiction), by A. Neil Lyons. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"A Treasury of War Poetry", edited by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

—"From Father to Son" (Fiction), by Mary S. Watts. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Branding Iron" (Fiction), by Katharine Newlin Burt. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

—"The Canadian Parliamentary Guide", by "M.P." Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"Vimy Ridge and New Poems", by Alfred Gordon. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

—"Leaders of the Canadian Church", edited by William Bertal Heeney. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"Production and Taxation in Canada", by W. C. Good. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

—"Reading the Bible", by William Lyon Phelps. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Book of the Cave", by Sri Ananda Acharya. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Home and the World" (Fiction), by Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Impressions of War", by Frank Carrel. Quebec: The Telegraph Printing Company.

THE HIGH COST OF CLOTHES

BY CHARLES F. NELSON

PRESIDENT, R. J. TOOKE, LIMITED

I KNOW that the merchants of Canada are as one in deploring the high cost of living, and the ascending values to which the signing of the armistice gave no relief.

To the large body of manufacturers or converters in Canada may be ascribed the same feeling. As the head of one of the largest men's wear houses in America I have been in the thick of it for five years. I have journeyed to England and the Continent several times during the war, and with other of my buyers, have visited the manufacturing centres of the United States. Occasionally I have been rewarded by being able to pick up lines below the prevailing market price. But always the sellers have stood on a high horse and handed me goods as a favour.

That is the condition which has confronted most merchants, even those who, like our firm, enjoy the highest credit standing.

The causes of the high cost of clothes have been published again and again, and it would be futile for me to recite these reasons, starting as they do with 25,000,000 men being in uniform and removed from the producing power of the world — men whose purpose was to destroy as well as to consume.

This shortage of labour was accentuated when the producers at home in every country took full advantage of the dilemma and demanded higher pay and shorter hours. The manufacturers willingly accorded higher wages, but demurred about the shorter hour week as it acutely injured their volume of production.

The men's clothing trade suffered most severely. Before the United States entered the war the workers in this trade were chiefly German and Russian Jews. They were confessed Bolshevists, and had broken away from the American Federation of Labour because that body advocated peaceful arbitration.

The alien workers sent delegates to Canada—organizers they called them. These men, working with their own racial brethren in Canada brought on strikes and disorders, dynamited the houses of some Montreal workers who refused to join them and struck such terror into the hearts of some of the smaller manufacturers that they were soon in command of their factories.

They were defeated in their ultimate purpose by one shop, possibly the best known in Canada, whose officers and directors turned their shop into a veritable fortress. The chief workers withstood a siege, never leaving the workshops except under es-

cort of some of the directors — and then only at nights.

But during the progress of this strike every garment made in this factory cost the Company five times as much as was received for it from their wholesale customers. For their courage and constancy and for their loyalty to their customers in quickly diagnosing the basis of the trouble—which trouble stopped as suddenly as the closing of the German war purse held by Bernstorff and Von Papen—this British Company is deserving of special commendation.

They have done more than that—for by their system of putting a price label in the pocket of every garment—they have kept the men's clothing trade quite free from profiteering.

I was struck by the phrase used in a letter to our own Company in 1915, when prices of commodities began to soar and famine conditions were the talk of Europe. This correspondent said:

“Everything has gone up in price — except Semi-ready clothes and postage stamps!”

And the Semi-ready Tailoring Company proudly aver that postage stamps went up first—before they were compelled by advancing wool costs to quit making suits for \$15.

We sell a great number of Semi-ready suits in a year—in the month of May our sales of this one line in our three stores totalled over \$40,000. Our net profit was about 3 per cent. in one store.

The price label in the pocket enforces a reasonable and fair profit and puts the problem of greater volume of trade squarely up to the merchant.

In the selling of the finer class of clothes — with better workmanship and “something better” in all other respects, the merchant is freed from all the worries and quibbles and come-backs which come to he who sells the risky and cheaper grades. The latter loses so much time in settling with dissatisfied customers that he cannot

give the same enthusiasm to increasing his volume of trade.

Almost every day in the week some member of our staff is asked the leading question: “When will clothing be cheaper?”

I only wish we could answer the question and forecast the date when this happy day would show the first sign of its coming. I do know that, with the removal of the war surtax we will have semi-ready suits for \$50 that last season we were selling at \$55—exactly the same pattern and wool quality.

The export of foodstuffs to England sends up the home price of eggs, butter, flour and meat. This year we will export \$4,000,000 worth of ready-made suits to Europe. I do hope that this exportation will not stiffen the price in Canada. Such clothes are not made in high-class factories like that of the Semi-ready, for they are of cheaper inside construction.

It was a somewhat callous reply, to use a mild expression, which one cloth manufacturer made to the Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry when the evidence developed that he had extorted a cool 72 per cent. on his sales of cloth to Canadian manufacturers of clothing and also on cloth sold to the Dominion Government.

I am glad to say that we have never sold a dollar's worth of that porcine cloth. There is mild consolation in the thought that the excess income tax will take care of a portion of that war profiteering surplus and return it to the people.

To my mind the problem of the high cost of clothes will settle itself by evolution, by closer industry of the workers, more intensive production, and a wholesome effort on the part of manufacturers to see that production is increased and that profits are fair and normal.

I do not suggest that all manufacturers should follow the price in the pocket system of Semi-ready tailored clothes—for this requires courage and constancy and years of educational effort.

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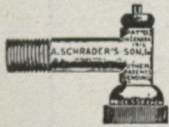
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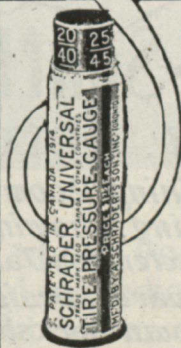


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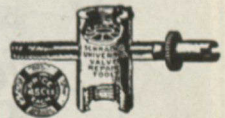
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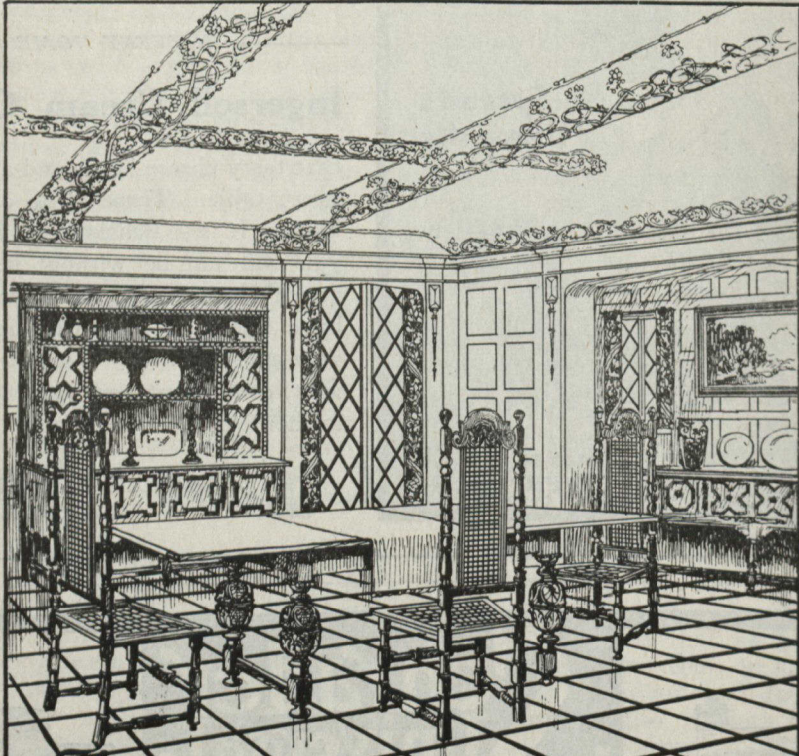
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This charming artiste authorizes the following publication of her appreciation of the corsets which are named after the "Goddess" film, in which she had the title role.

"Your "GODDESS" Corsets are most comfortable and are a triumph in Corset making. They give added grace yet do not compress unduly".

Your sincerely
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This Canadian Corset has met with a wonderful reception in Canada, and is now sold in almost every leading corset department. Ask your corsetiere.

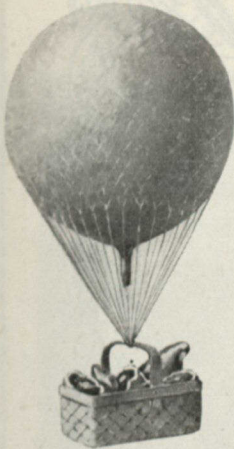
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Still 5½ Cents
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Meats Average 50c
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Quaker Oats—the food of foods—costs you five cents per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value.

That is one-tenth what meat costs—one-tenth what fish costs—on the average.

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Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Use this low cost to average up your food cost.

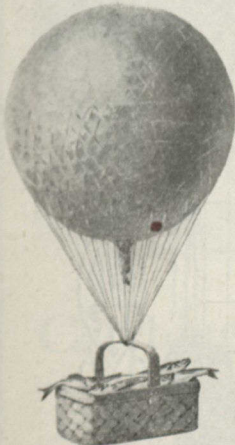


Two Dishes—One Cent

Two big dishes of Quaker Oats for one cent. Why, a bite of meat costs that.

Then think what a food this is. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food—nearly a complete food.

In the needed food elements, including minerals, it shows almost perfect balance.



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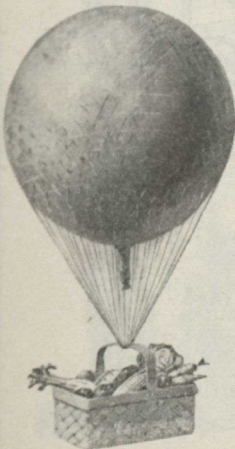
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Costly foods should not be eliminated. Meats and vegetables are necessary.

But remember that Quaker Oats costs one-tenth as much. It's a wonderful food and delicious.

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Get Quaker Oats to make the meal doubly delightful. These are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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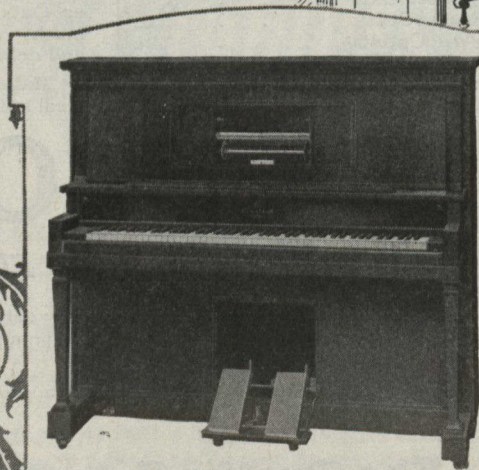
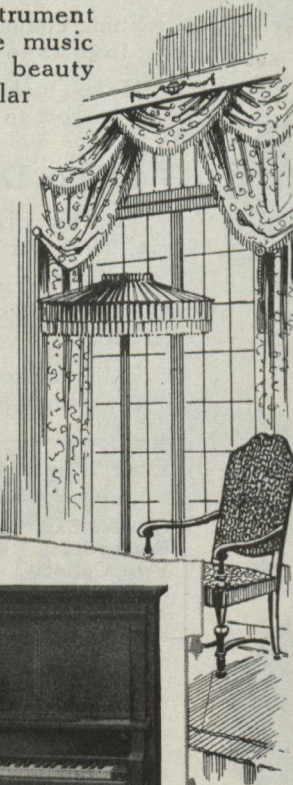
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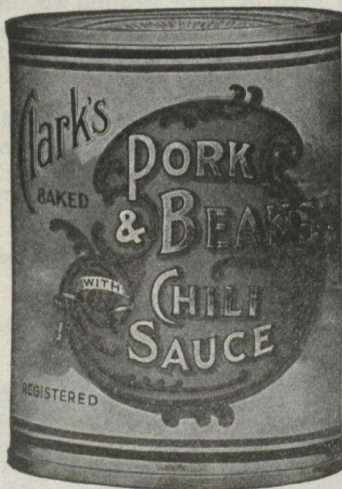
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You Must If You Save Them

THE tooth brush alone may remove food debris, but it does not end the film. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film does constant damage. Most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by it.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth and gets into crevices. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why millions of well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after years of search, has found a way to combat film. It is embodied for daily use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It penetrates wherever the film goes. It lingers between the teeth. When you use it, it attacks the film efficiently. We ask you to prove this by a ten-day test, to be made at our expense.

See How Teeth Whiten

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then what a revolution has developed in teeth cleaning methods.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before because it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is used in Pepsodent alone. This method is doing for millions of teeth what was never done before.

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We Explode

The Wheat, So Every Atom Feeds

THESE wheat bubbles are created by internal steam explosion. We cause in each kernel more than 100 million explosions—one to every food cell.

The purpose is to fit the grains for easy, complete digestion. And to make every element available as food.

So Puffed Grains are ideal foods for any hungry hour. Not for mealtime only, but between meals. Crisp and douse with melted butter and let children eat like peanuts.



The Night Dish

Mix in every dish of fruit. Serve in every bowl of milk. Scatter like nut-meats on ice cream. Serve in soups.



Mix With Fruit

PUFFED WHEAT

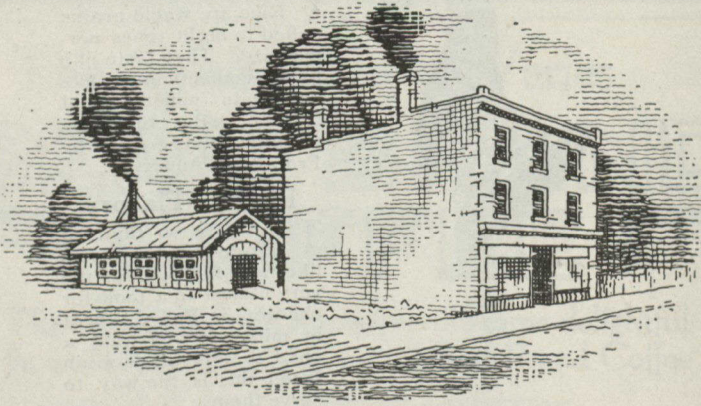
PUFFED RICE

Bubble Grains Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size

Peterborough,
Canada

The Quaker Oats Company

Saskatoon,
Canada



THE business that started so courageously in this humble structure in 1847, to-day dominates the stove and furnace business of the British Empire.

From the small number of quaint wood stoves made in those early days the output has grown steadily until now—it comprises

Thousands of Furnaces

in many styles and sizes and burning wood, coal or gas.

Cooking and Kitchen Utensils

in infinite variety and in such vast quantities as would alone constitute a great industry and

100,000 Stoves

using every practical form of fuel—electricity, gas, oil, coal and wood.

This success—this healthy growth over such a long period of years—could come only from fair dealing with the people. On any question regarding heating or cooking appliances, what better source of advice could you seek than McClary's.

Any of this list of Booklets on heating or cooking will be sent, if you mention this paper.

"Service from the Kitchen"—About the Kootenay Steel Range.

"Magic of the Pandora"—About the Pandora Cast-Iron Range.

"Comfort in the Home"—On heating with the Sunshine Furnace.

"Satisfaction"—Dealing with McClary's Gas Ranges.

"McClary's Electrical Appliances"—On cooking with electricity describing McClary's.

"Household Helper"—Describing Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove.

"The Story of a Range"—McClary's Simplex Combination Coal and Gas Range.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver,
St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton.

See your local paper for name of McClary's dealer.



**There's
Nothing
Finer**

than a healthy,

happy infant and there is nothing better to keep baby well than

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Purely vegetable, guaranteed non-narcotic and non-alcoholic. It is a simple, highly efficacious remedy for all baby's digestive troubles. This open, published formula appears on every bottle:

R Rhubarb, Senna, Glycerine, Sodium Citrate, Sodium Bicarbonate,
Oil Anise, Oil Caraway, Oil Coriander, Oil Fennel, Cane Sugar Syrup

If it were possible to improve this formula it would be done regardless of the fact that a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup now costs twice as much to make as any other similar preparation. Yet, it costs you no more than ordinary baby laxatives. *At All Druggists.*

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton Street, New York

General Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto



MURAD
FINEST
CIGARETTES

S. ANARGYROS
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO

*Everywhere
Why?*

**Finest
Quality**

Anargyros

The advertisement features a central illustration of a Murad cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted, showing the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold, outlined letters at the top. Below it, the words 'FINEST CIGARETTES' are written in a smaller font. The main illustration on the pack depicts a woman in a long, dark dress sitting on a bench or ledge, looking towards the viewer. The background of the pack illustration includes a sun rising over a landscape. Below the pack, a single cigarette is shown horizontally, with the brand name 'MURAD' and 'S. ANARGYROS' printed on its filter. The entire scene is set against a background of horizontal wavy lines. At the bottom left, the phrase 'Everywhere Why?' is written in a stylized, cursive font. To its right, a rectangular box contains the words 'Finest Quality' in a bold, serif font. In the bottom right corner, the brand name 'Anargyros' is written in a cursive script.

Concerning Your Fall Shoes

IF you would secure service and satisfaction from your shoes this Fall, it is more than ever important that you should go to a reputable dealer in whom you have confidence, and see that the maker's trade-mark is on the shoes you buy. This for the reason that leather is now scarcer than at any time during the war, prices are higher, and some grades of leather are to-day almost unobtainable at any price.

¶ Millions of pairs of shoes, millions of feet of leather, have been bought for the Nations of Europe whose stocks of footwear were entirely wiped out by the war. This has more than offset the reduction in demand for army shoes. And coming upon a supply of material which was already scarce, it has resulted in a situation which, for the time being, is serious.

¶ Therefore, unless you have first-hand technical knowledge of shoes and leather, you must rely more closely than ever this Fall upon the reputation of the maker and the retailer.

¶ The retailer who has a reputation to sustain will not endanger it for the sake of a little extra profit. And no established manufacturer will stamp his trade mark upon goods which do not represent good value at a fair price.

¶ The chances are that you do not feel any great interest in the leather market, or in the conditions which govern the manufacture and distribution of shoes. But you ARE interested—vitaly interested—in securing for yourself and your family reliable footwear at fair prices. And the value which you receive for your hard-earned dollars is inexorably determined by those same conditions which govern what we call the shoe trade. You cannot control them, any more than we can. But you CAN control your method of buying, so as to get the greatest possible value for every dollar you spend.

¶ So we think it only just and proper to tell you, at the commencement of each season, what the conditions really are, so that you may base your buying judgment upon them.

To Buy Wisely This Fall:

FIRST: Go to a reliable dealer whose reputation you know and whose judgment you can trust; and

SECOND: Make sure that the trade-mark of a manufacturer whose standing is known is stamped upon the shoes you buy.

Our booklet, "How to Buy Shoes," is gladly sent without charge to any address in Canada. Please address inquiries to our head office in Montreal.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY

T. H. RIEDER, *President*

LIMITED

Shoemakers to the Nation

HALIFAX ST. JOHN QUEBEC
MONTREAL TORONTO OTTAWA
LONDON



WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON
CALGARY EDMONTON
VANCOUVER

Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE

Stationery

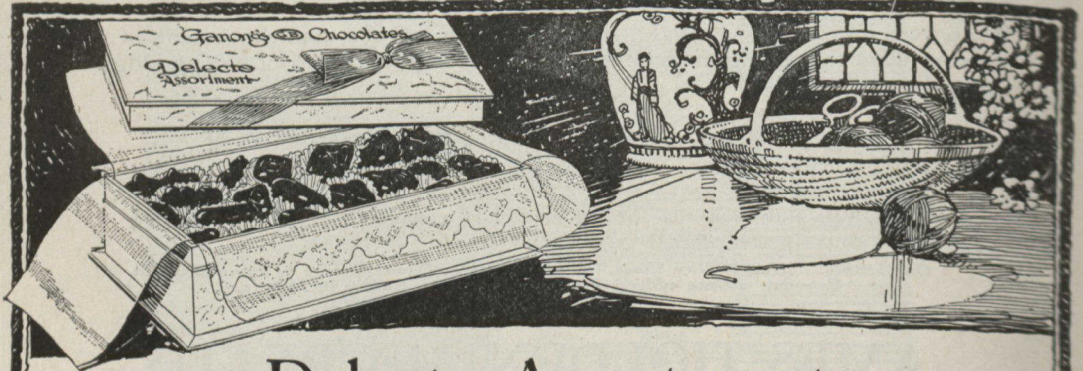
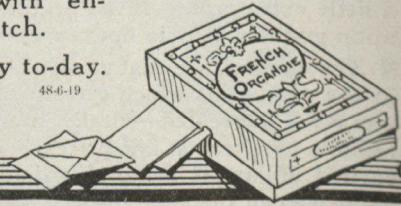


Your stationer is always delighted when you specify French Organdie Stationery because he is vitally interested in having you thoroughly pleased

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Order a supply to-day.

48-6-19



Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the centre. *An unusually delightful assortment.*

Ganong's Chocolates

"THE FINEST IN THE LAND"

Canada Food Board License No. 11-264

It's Milk—But They Like It Better!

All children like Junket. And Junket is simply milk, in an *improved form*.

Its attractive appearance makes it a really delightful dessert that little ones and grown ups *like*. It is dainty, tasty and wholesome.

Junket

MADE with MILK

It is easy to make, either with Junket Tablets, adding sugar and flavor or with "Prepared Junket" which is already sweetened and flavored with nothing to add but the milk. Prepared Junket comes in six pure, natural flavors.

A Junket Tablet added when making ice cream produces a finer and more wholesome cream even though you use less whole cream. A package of Prepared Junket added to a cup of cream and frozen makes a most wonderful ice cream.

Please your family with Junket—and Junket Ice Cream.

A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c, stamp. A full package for 12c.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory
Toronto, Canada



For Early Fall Overcoats

VICKERMAN'S GREYS

Are Unequaled for Quality and Finish
They never get "Rusty Looking"

CHEVIOTS—VICUNAS—LLAMAS



Stamped every three yards

NISBET & AULD, LTD., TORONTO
Wholesale Only



PENMANS have put a world of character into knitted coats of all sorts.

Sport coats with their charming—if perhaps bizarre—color contrasts open up new avenues of expression for artistry in dress.

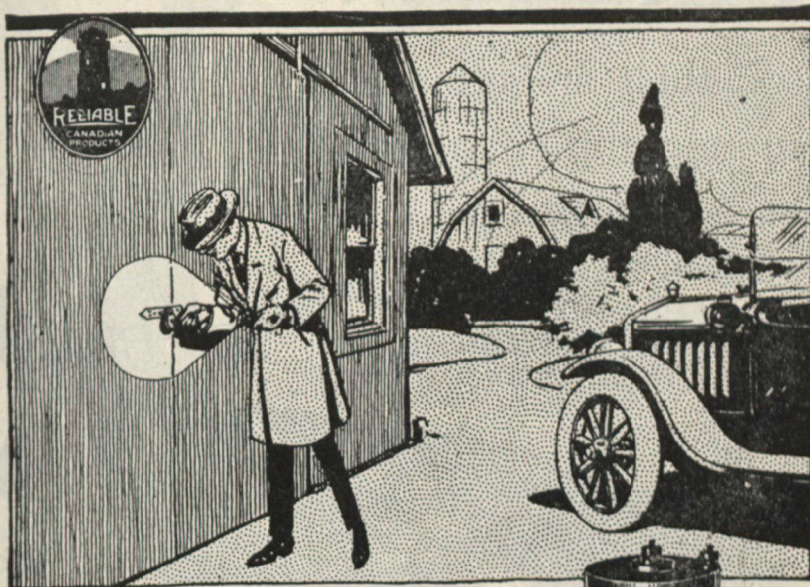
When these clever creations bear the Penman label all doubt as to their holding shape and fit is at once dispelled.

In buying, it is a simple precaution to remember the name—Penmans.



Penmans Sweater Coats

"The Standard of Excellence"



FLASH IT ANYWHERE

Flash a Reliable Tubular Flashlight where other lights can't go. Shoot a piercing, brilliant beam this way or that. No danger of fire or explosions. Instant light any time, any place—pocketed when not in use.

Reliable Tubular Flashlight and Searchlight cases are of metal, enamelled in red, brown, blue and green. All sizes and styles of fibre and metal flashlights.

Your motor car, truck, door bell and telephone need Reliable Ignition Batteries for "Lively and Lasting" energy. Reliable Flashlights, Searchlights and Batteries are made in Canada. Better than others, no higher in price.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

DOMINION BATTERY COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

RELIABLE

TRADE MARK

Canadian Products

"Lively and Lasting"



MOIR'S Chocolates

With their smooth, thick coating and centres of Creams, Nutmeats and Jellies

Make the Holiday a real Joy.

**MOIR'S LIMITED
HALIFAX**



A PERFECT BOOKCASE

MADE IN **Macey** CANADA

For Sale by All Leading Furniture Dealers

Write for our "MACEY STYLE BOOK" We mail it free.



CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

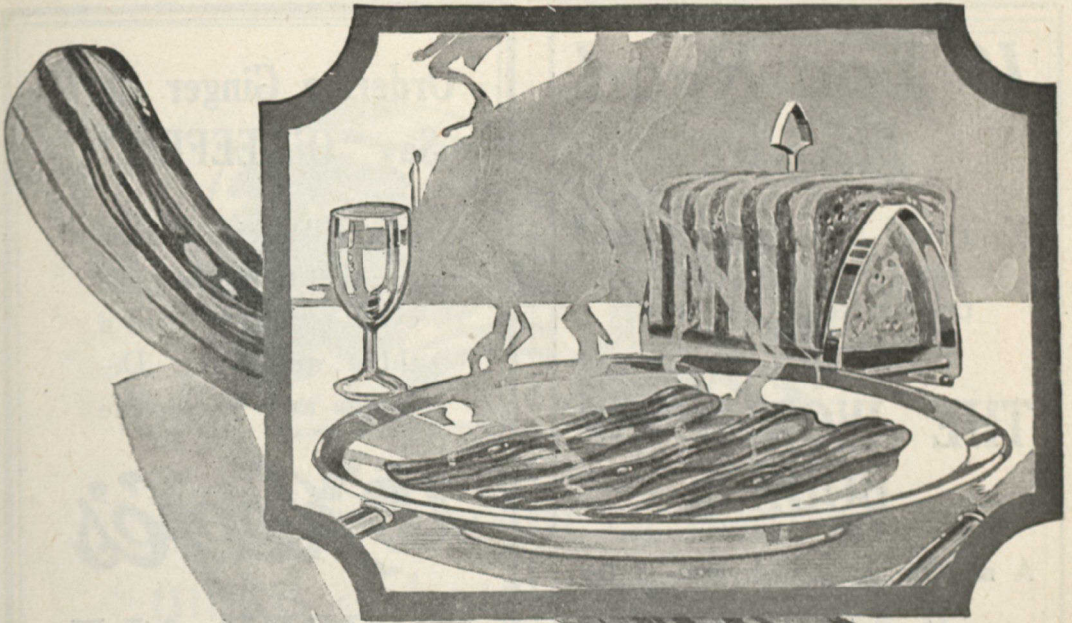


Minard's Liniment

One of
the Best
All Round
Remedies

For
Colds,
Sore Throats,
Sprains,
Rheumatism

**MINARD
LINIMENT
CO., Ltd.**
YARMOUTH, N.S.



Speaking of Breakfast -

WHAT could you get more appetizing than juicy slices of richly-flavored, delicately-cured, Rose Brand Bacon—pan fried, in the old-fashioned way?

ROSE BRAND BACON

is the real treat at any breakfast table—the one appreciated by all.

Try Rose Brand Bacon—it costs no more than good bacon should cost, and besides its tempting qualities, it is rich in food value.

Sold Almost Everywhere.

CANADIAN PACKING CO., Limited

SUCCESSORS TO
MATTHEWS - BLACKWELL, Limited



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A monthly Journal devoted to the Appreciation of Literature.

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Ordering Ginger Ale? Say "O'KEEFE'S"!

You will receive a beverage that more than fills every requirement of a thirst quencher. Delicious and wholesome

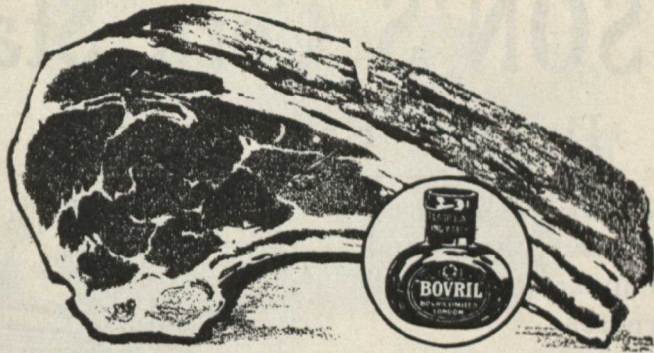
O'Keefe's GINGER ALE

pleases everyone. The hot, tired workers at home or office, the children just in from school, all appreciate and delight in drinking O'Keefe's.

Buy it from your dealer by the case and have it handy for all occasions.

Sold at Hotels, Restaurants, and Refreshment Booths.

O'KEEFE'S
TORONTO



It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril

Bovril contains the goodness of the beef.

THE vital elements that give beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

Just as the equivalent light of 32 candles is concentrated in one electric lamp, so the vital elements of beef—of many pounds of beef—are concentrated in a single bottle of Bovril.

But Bovril is not merely a precious food in itself; it possesses the peculiar power of enabling you to extract more nourishment from other foods. This gives Bovril its wonderful body-building power, proved by independent experiment to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. Bovril, therefore, in the true sense of the word, is a Great Food Saver.

Always keep Bovril in the house.

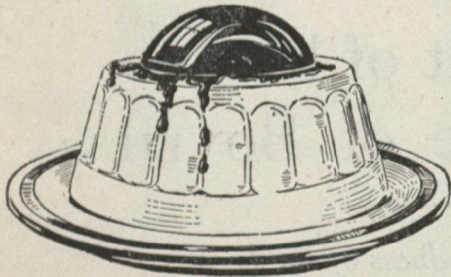
Bovril stands alone

The vast ranches in South America and in Australia have enabled Bovril to maintain its pre-war prices as well as its uniformity of excellence.

BENSON'S Corn Starch

Desserts—Rolls—Sauces

BENSON'S is pure prepared corn starch, delicate and nourishing, unexcelled for all cooking purposes.



It improves the texture of bread, biscuits and rolls if one-third of the flour is substituted with Benson's Corn Starch. It makes pie crusts light and flakey.

There is a recipe for the most delicious Blanc Mange on the package, together with a dozen other uses. Benson's is the best Corn Starch for making sauces and gravies smooth and creamy.



LEMON PIE

(Enough for one medium size pie)

8 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 6 tablespoonfuls Benson's Corn Starch, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, juice and rind of two lemons, 2 egg yolks, 2 egg whites, 3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar.

Mix corn starch, sugar, lemon juice, grated rind and beaten egg yolks. Add boiling water slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and boiling. Cool, fill a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg whites, and powdered sugar. Brown meringue in a slow oven.

Pie Crust

2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup iced water.

Write for booklet of recipes



It improves the texture of bread, biscuits and rolls if one-third of the flour is substituted with Benson's Corn Starch. It makes pie crusts light and flakey.

There is a recipe for the most delicious Blanc Mange on



THE CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL



Copyright B & B, 1919

Wives of Doctors Don't Have Corns

Doctors all know Blue-jay
It is made by a surgical dressing house
whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives, when a corn appears,
apply a Blue-jay plaster. The pain stops
instantly. The corn is forgotten.

In two days they remove the plaster,
and the corn is gone for good. Hardly one
corn in ten needs a second application.

Millions of others do likewise. People

who know the facts don't pare corns now,
or pad them or use old, harsh, mussy
treatments.

They don't use methods, long dis-
credited, made by unscientific men.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn how
instantly the pain stops. Watch the corn
disappear.

Try it tonight, and from that moment
you will simply laugh at corns.

BBB Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly

Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited

Chicago, Toronto, New York

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products.



Horlick's Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly $\frac{1}{3}$ century

Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich
milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.

The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.

*Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the
weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.*

Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's

And Get
The Original

2519



Official!

L EOLA LUCEY has sung to front rows adorned by Broadway's blasé first-nighters. She has trilled to balconies packed with explosive gallery gods. But the most difficult audience she has confronted is shown in this photograph.

It is the official tone-test of her newest RE-CREATION—made in the Edison Recording Studios, Fifth Avenue, New York.

The musical comedy star stood next to the New Edison. Fourteen pairs of musically-cultured ears listened for any difference while Miss Lucey compared her silvery voice with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice.

The RE-CREATION flowed forth with every touch of art and every physical quality of the singer's voice. Miss Lucey's voice and its RE-CREATION were without a shade of difference. The judges pronounced the RE-CREATION "official."

Study this picture—think what it means. If a record is truly the voice of a singer, it should pass this test, shouldn't it? That is why Mr. Edison insists on such comparison.

Broadway's song-hits and opera's classics, when RE-CREATED by the New Edison, thrill you as deeply as they do when heard in the theatre or opera house.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Our new de luxe catalog, a complimentary copy of the magazine "Along Broadway" and the booklet "What the Critics Say," will be sent you from the Edison Laboratories upon request. Write to Thos. A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N.J.

May we send you this guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?

Any reader of the Canadian Magazine may obtain an illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sent free with our compliments.

The Hotel Lenox, on North Street at Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

European plan. Modern. Fireproof. Every room as outside room, \$2.00 up.

On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.

C. A. MINER,
Managing Director
North St. at Delaware Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y.



HOTEL LENOX

BUFFALO, N.Y.

HOTEL ST. JAMES

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.
3 Blocks from Grand Central Station.
Conducted by a Canadian.



Much favored by women travelling without escort.

40 Theatres, all principal shops and churches, 3 to 5 minutes walk.

2 minutes of all subways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

All Outside Rooms

Hot and Cold Running Water in every room.

- With adjoining bath - - - - from \$1.50 up
- With private bath - - - - from \$2.50 up
- Sitting room, bedroom, bath - - from \$5.00 up

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Mgr.
Formerly of Hotel Websters

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HOTEL, RESORT, AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
1907—EVERY MONTH IN 7 MAGAZINES—1919

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Scribner's The Canadian World's Work. Write to these places and refer to WHERE-TO-GO, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Ask us for travel information. Enclose Postage.

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TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

The Annual World Fair
August 23d to September 6th, inclusive

HORNELL N. Y.

WHEN ILL or in need of complete rest or recreation investigate **Steuern Sanitarium, Hornell, N. Y.** Everything at command to restore health. Physical and hydrotherapeutic treatments. Beautiful surroundings, golf, etc. Moderate rates.

Bugs, Fleas, Flies, Roaches, Mosquitoes, etc.

all killed by

KEATING'S

Cartons 15c, 25c, 40c

BOOK ON

Dog Diseases AND HOW TO FEED

Mailed Free to any address by the Author.

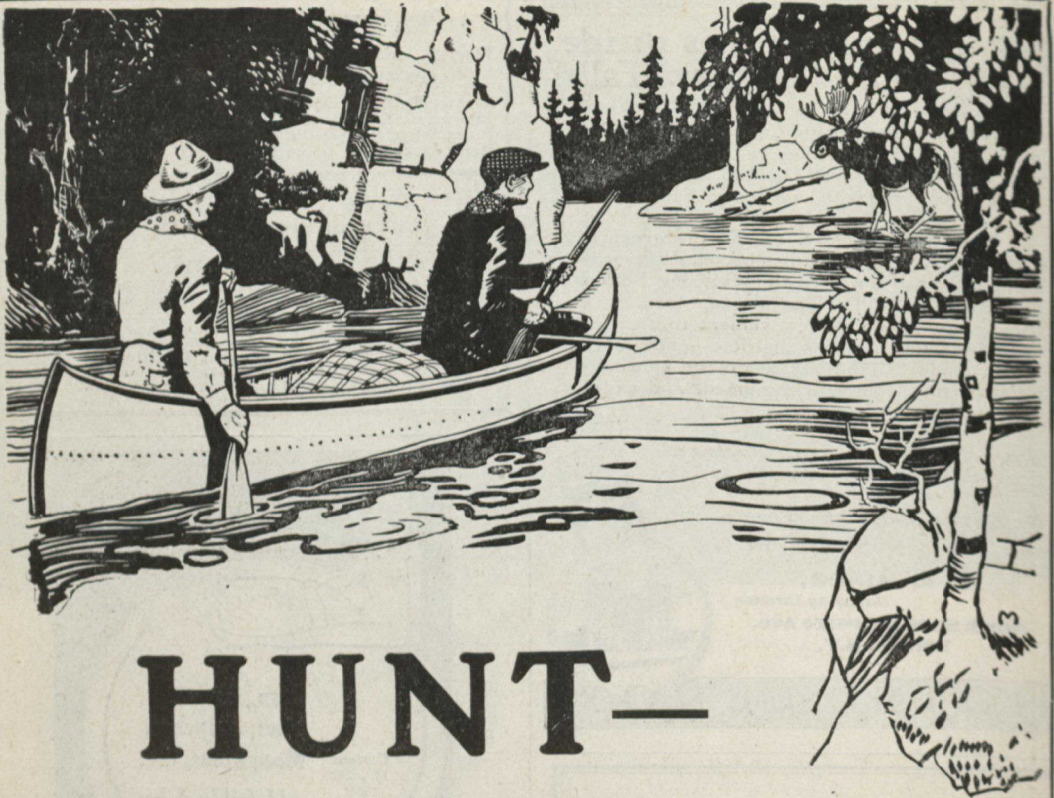


AMERICA'S PIONEER DOG REMEDIES

H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.
118 West 31st Street, NEW YORK, - U.S.A.

Try **MURINE** EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes For Book of Eye write And Granulated Eyelids 013 Murine Co. Chicago



HUNT—

TRACK the lumbering Grizzly—follow the path of the Mountain Goat—bring down fleet Big Horns in Jasper Park or British Columbia. For Moose, Deer and Bear, go to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, New Ontario and Eastern Manitoba. Take with you a guide who knows the woods and knows the habits of the animals—practiced in the art of “calling”—who knows the mystery of the still hunt.

Hunt Real Game This Year
and track the woods in their autumn glory!

*For descriptive booklets and other
information, write*

H. H. Melanson, Passenger Traffic Manager
TORONTO - CANADA



Canadian National Railways

"JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

'RITE-HITE' WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)



\$33⁰⁰ to \$90⁰⁰

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.
105 King Street West, Toronto

Across the GREAT LAKES

Hot? Not on Lake Superior!

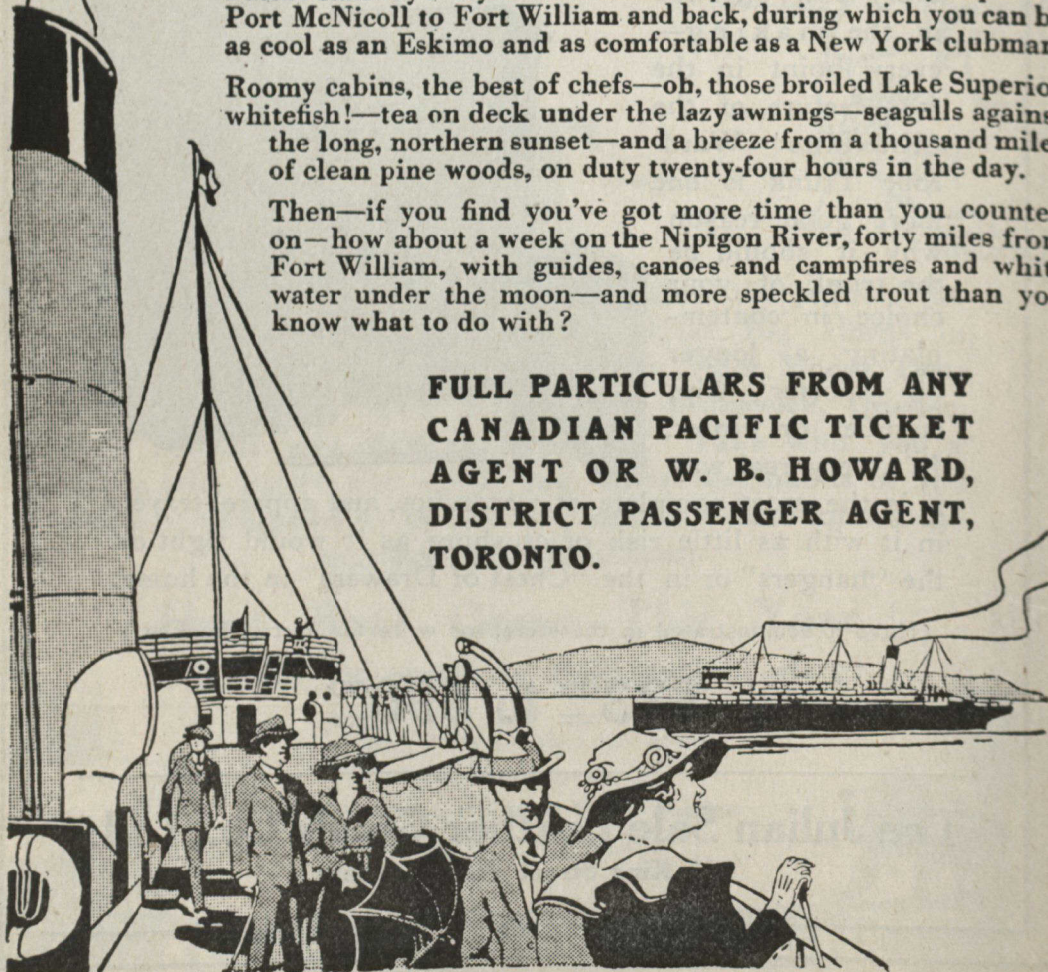
WHEN the mercury is playing around in the upper eighties, and you wish Henry Ford would invent a self-refrigerating collar—do you ever stop to remember that the temperature of Lake Superior *never rises above 40 degrees?*

What if you don't spare the time for a long holiday? The Canadian Pacific Railway's Clyde-built steamships make a five-day trip from Port McNicoll to Fort William and back, during which you can be as cool as an Eskimo and as comfortable as a New York clubman.

Roomy cabins, the best of chefs—oh, those broiled Lake Superior whitefish!—tea on deck under the lazy awnings—seagulls against the long, northern sunset—and a breeze from a thousand miles of clean pine woods, on duty twenty-four hours in the day.

Then—if you find you've got more time than you counted on—how about a week on the Nipigon River, forty miles from Fort William, with guides, canoes and campfires and white water under the moon—and more speckled trout than you know what to do with?

**FULL PARTICULARS FROM ANY
CANADIAN PACIFIC TICKET
AGENT OR W. B. HOWARD,
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT,
TORONTO.**





Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

THE VENICE OF AMERICA

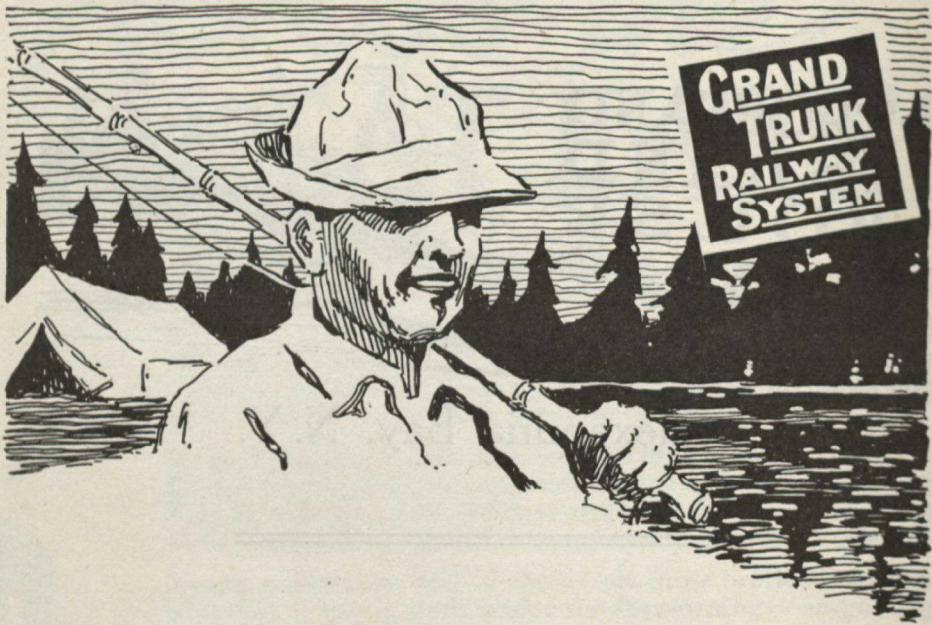
THE most delightful and convenient location
in the Thousand Islands.

Fine fishing, motor boating, and tennis.

The starting point of all principal water
sports.

Finest auto roads from all points East or
West.

WILLIAM H. WARBURTON,
Proprietor



VACATION IN THE PINE SCENTED LAKELANDS OF CANADA

In the "Highlands of Ontario," that wonderful region of scenic beauty you can Fish, Swim, Golf, Canoe, Camp, Hunt — spend a vacation you will never regret or forget. Mirror-like lakes set in the grandeur of forests of pine and balsam. The purest of air, 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea, and hay fever is unknown.

FAMOUS PLAYGROUNDS FOR OUTDOOR MEN AND WOMEN

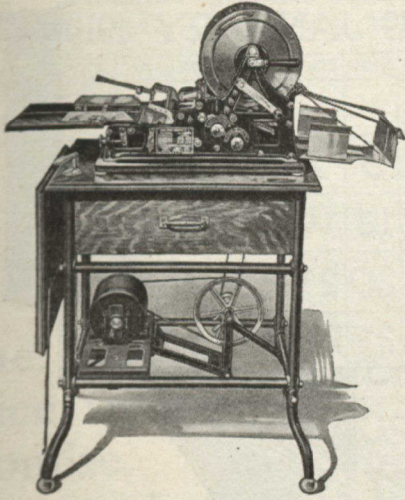
"Algonquin Park"—"30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay"—"Kawartha Lakes"—"Muskoka Lakes"—"Timagami" and the "Lake of Bays." Modern Hotels—or "rough" it if you prefer. Any Grand Trunk Agent will gladly plan your trip for you.

Write for illustrated descriptive literature giving full particulars, rates, etc., to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

For adults, boys or girls camp sites apply to H. R. Charlton, General Passenger Department, Montreal.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal, Que.

W. S. COOKSON,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal, Que.



The Edison-Dick MIMEOGRAPH

Shown here is an exceedingly simple machine by which all kinds of Typewritten and Handwritten Letters, Forms, Blanks, etc. may be speedily and accurately reproduced in your own office.

Use the New "DERMATYPE"

The New Waxless indestructable Stencil Paper unaffected by heat or cold, prints thousands of perfect copies from a single typewritten original.

Write us for Booklet and further particulars.

Brown Bros. LIMITED

Simcoe and Pearl Streets
TORONTO

No Dressing-table
is complete without a bottle of

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water



This matchless perfume, after a Century of success, still stands today the acknowledged favorite among Toilet Waters.

In the Bath, on the Dressing-table, after Shaving, in fact however used, it is always delightfully refreshing.

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP,
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.
Accept no Substitute!

Jaeger

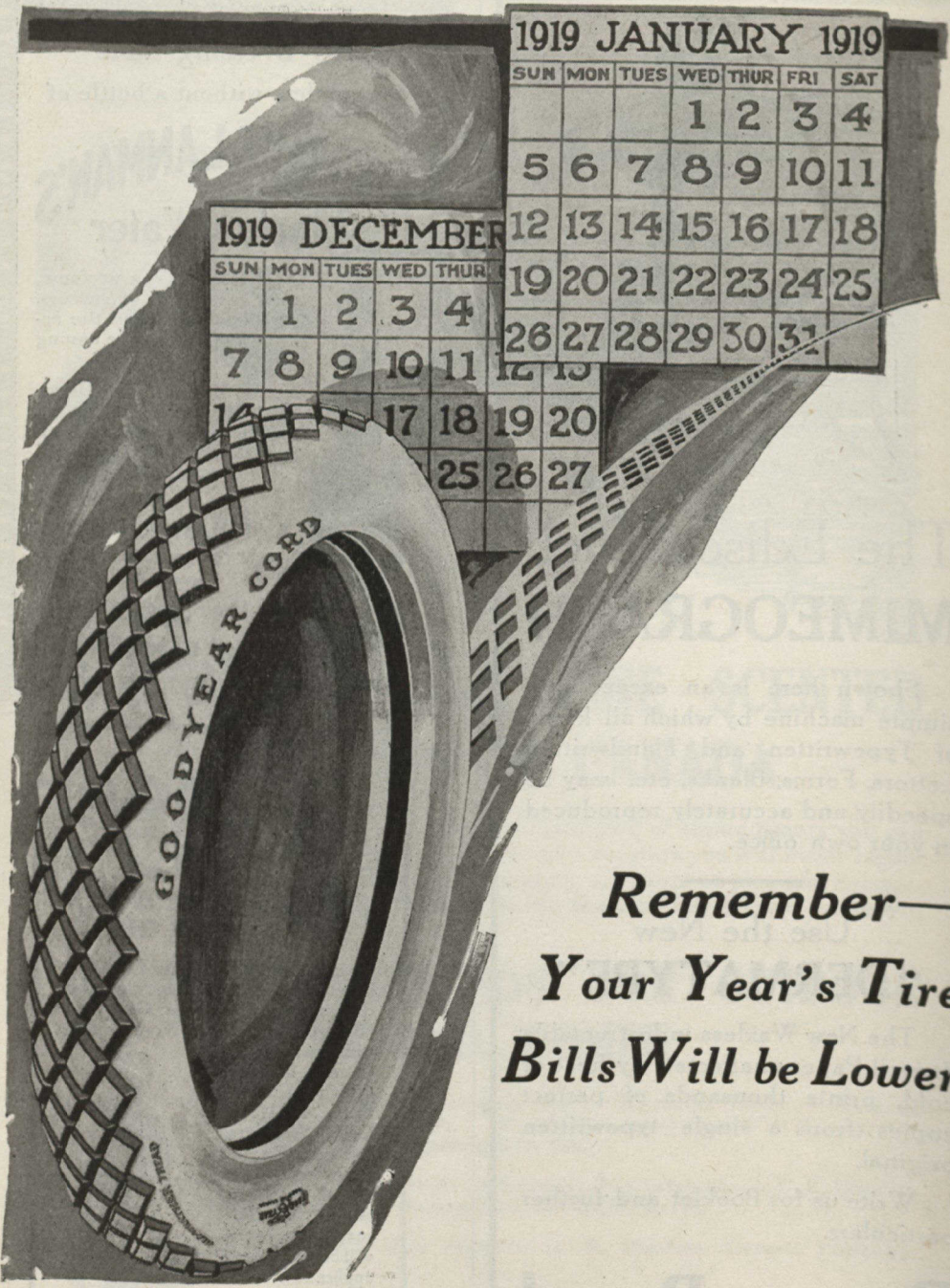
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Your children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Golfers' Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Camel Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, etc. A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application.



For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen **CO. LIMITED**
System
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".



1919 DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR
	1	2	3	4
7	8	9	10	11
14		17	18	19
		25	26	27

1919 JANUARY 1919

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

*Remember—
Your Year's Tire
Bills Will be Lower*

GOODYEAR  **YEAR**
MADE IN CANADA

When men raise the question of tire prices, users of Goodyear Cord Tires hold fast to one thought.

At the end of the year they will spend fewer dollars for tires.

The man who has been dazzled with a low price finds his purchase falling short of its promise. Plausible excuses there are innumerable for its failure. But low price piled on low price still leaves the year's tire bill extravagant.

Far different is the policy which has developed the Goodyear Cord Tire.

A policy of always searching for methods of building better tires—and of grasping every such opportunity at any cost. A policy of adding to a foundation of high-grade materials, superfine workmanship.

So, when you make Goodyear Cords regular equipment on your car, you can confidently look for lower tire costs through greater mileage. For greater comfort and a saving of gasoline because of great flexibility and liveliness in the tires you use.

The Goodyear Service Station Dealer will tell you how many of your friends and acquaintances have come to Goodyear Cord Tires.

He will also tell you about the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube—a better, thicker tube which warrants its extra price by giving longer service.

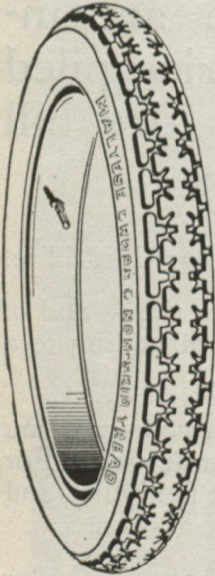
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
of Canada, Ltd.

CORD TIRES

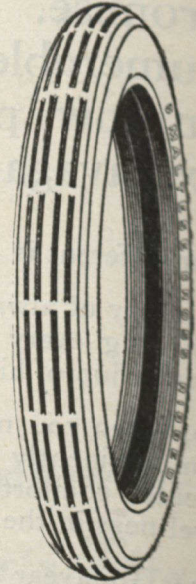
MALTESE CROSS TIRES

Maltese Cross Tires give that extra wear and riding comfort that is appreciated by discriminating motorists. The sense of surety

experienced by motorists with Maltese Cross Tire Equipment can be yours, too. If that old bugaboo, "Will my tires get me back without trouble?" worries you while touring equip your car with "The Tires That Give Satisfaction" and enjoy yourself. Tire troubles seem extra shy of the Maltese Cross Brand



Non-Skid Tread



Ribbed Tread

Notice the number of cars that are today equipped with Maltese Cross Tires. Motorist do not change equipment without good reason. Can you be satisfied with ordinary tires when the superwearing qualities of Maltese Cross Tires are so apparent.

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICES & FACTORY - TORONTO

BRANCHES: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Vancouver, Victoria.

The New Motor Car



The Greatest Improvement
In Riding Comfort Since
the Introduction of Pneu-
matic Tires.

Write for full particulars

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, Toronto, Canada

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Ford

Electric Starting and Lighting

NO car has a better starting and lighting system than that now available to purchasers of Ford Cars. It is a Ford product, built into the motor—

—a positive starter as reliable as the motor itself:

—a powerful lighting system, uniform under all engine speeds.

On the open models—Touring Cars and Runabouts—it is **OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT**.

On closed cars—Sedans and Coupes—it is **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**.

On all models the Ford Standard Magneto also provides ignition independent of the batteries.

See the Ford car with this new equipment.

Ford Runabout \$660; Touring \$690

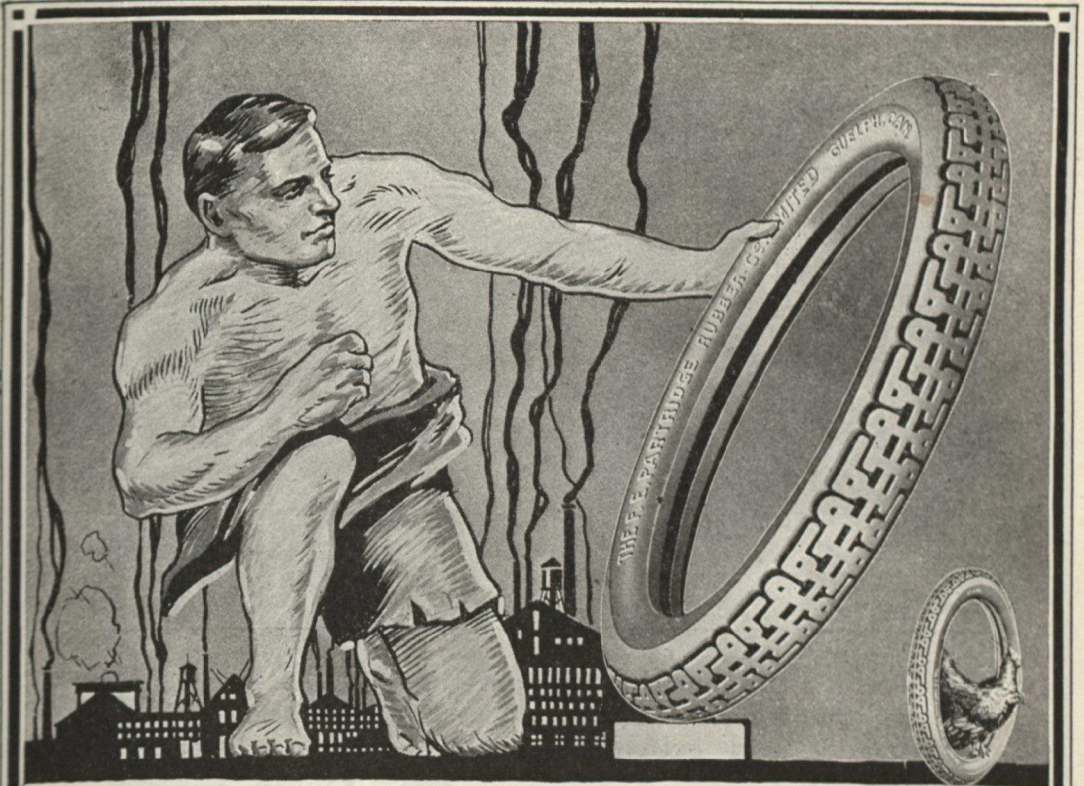
On open models the Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is \$100 extra.

Coupe \$975; Sedan \$1175 (closed model prices include Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment).

These prices are F. O. B. Ford, Ont. and do not include the War Tax.

115



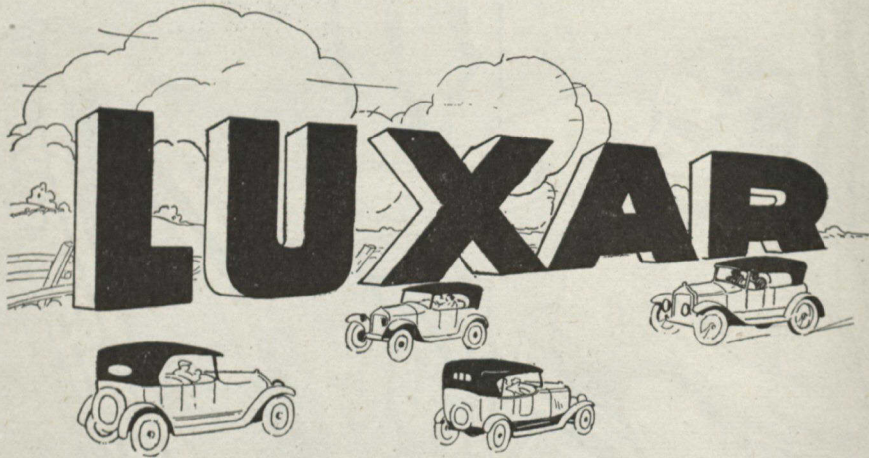


The Workman's Masterpiece

Partridge Tires

Made By Hand

by The F.E. Partridge Rubber Company, Limited, Guelph, Ont



Best for Car Tops

Here is a top material for your car—LUXAR—which has the constitution to successfully withstand the vagaries and extremes of our Canadian climate.

It is a single and double texture, rubber-coated, tough, pliant material of highest quality. It will neither crack, split under constant folding, or show the effects of heat or cold or the strain of travel.

LUXAR is made with the greatest skill and care—minutely inspected—guaranteed for one year—but built to last the life of your car.

Is your car in need of a new top? Insist on its being made of LUXAR. Specify LUXAR and get the maximum of service and comfort.

Write us for literature and samples.

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63 Bay Street

- - -

Toronto

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Smart Housewives
Use It



The illustration shows a woman with her hair styled up, wearing a white apron over a dark dress, sitting on a white wooden chair at a white table. She is holding an open magazine and looking at it. On the table in front of her is a tin of Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard, a small bowl, and a rolling pin. The background is a textured, stippled grey.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

FREE

Hallam's beautiful Fur Fashion Book, 1920 Edition, contains 48 pages and cover, with over 300 illustrations of Fur Coats and Sets from actual photographs, among which is



Address in full as follows:

This BEAUTIFUL Hallam

GREY WOLF SET

This fine quality GREY CANADIAN WOLF SET is well worthy of special attention. The skins used are of a rich silver grey color, thick and soft, the scarf is fashioned in large animal style, poplin lined and silk poplin streamers. Muff to match in barrel shape, poplin cuffs, soft bed, wrist cord and amber ring. Trimmed with natural heads, tails and paws, Very Special.

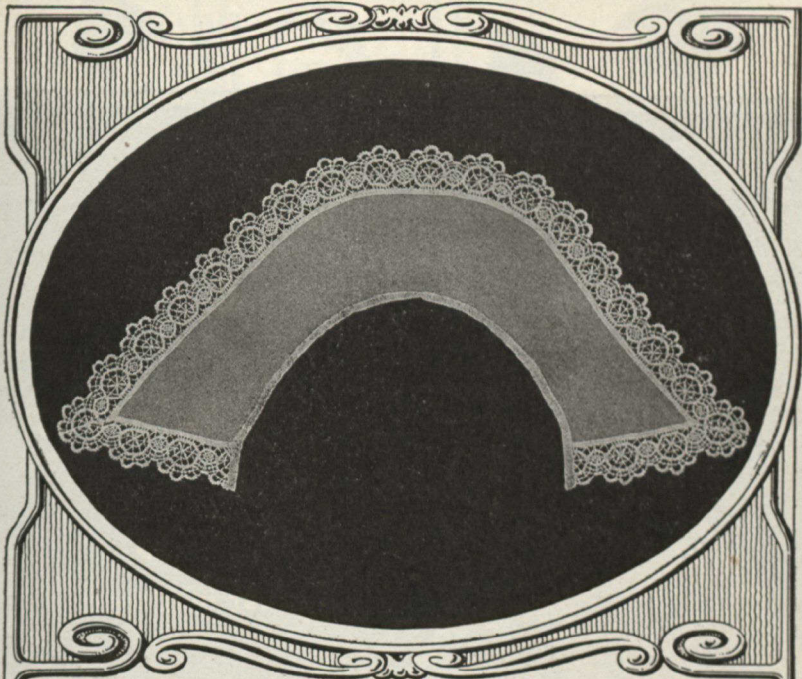
Price delivered to you:

M 448 Scarf, \$18.75

M 449 Muff, \$18.75



John Hallam
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THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA



**This Exquisite Collar
---Only \$2**

Irresistible in their appeal to the woman of refined and discriminating taste are the rare old patterns in DALL'S REAL HAND MADE LACE.

This collar is a bit of Georgette and the pleasing Cluny pattern in DALL'S REAL HAND MADE LACE. Of course the lace, which is made from specially prepared thread by cunning hands across the sea, will outwear the collar. Age but enhances the beauty and worth of real lace.

We have made this price especially attractive, as we want every woman who loves really beautiful things to learn to know DALL'S REAL HAND MADE LACES.

As the number of collars are necessarily limited, we suggest that you send for yours without delay. YOUR satisfaction or money refunded.

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Write today for our new free catalogue. See how fashion has decreed that smart women will wear DALL'S REAL HAND MADE LACE on underthings, blouses, handkerchiefs, etc. It shows over two hundred delightful patterns in real lace. Tear off coupon now.



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"Lace made by deft hands across the sea"
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**"COWAN'S
MAPLE
BUDS**
I Just love them!"

Maple Buds are widely known
By a flavor all their own.

Refuse imitation shapes. They lack the quality and flavor of Maple Buds. The name Cowan is on every Maple Bud. Be sure they are Maple Buds.



Wedding Silver

Happy though she be, a bride never loses her sense of value or her appreciation of the quality of the gifts.

Imagine her failing to recognize one of the 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware patterns. Impossible! For years she has been reading about the quality of this famous silverplate—no other silverplate has had an opportunity of proving its wearing quality for so long a term of service.

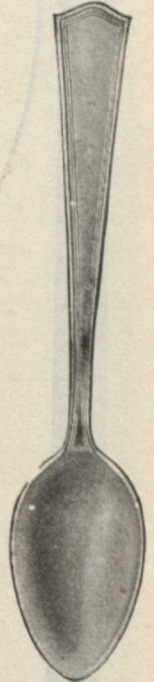
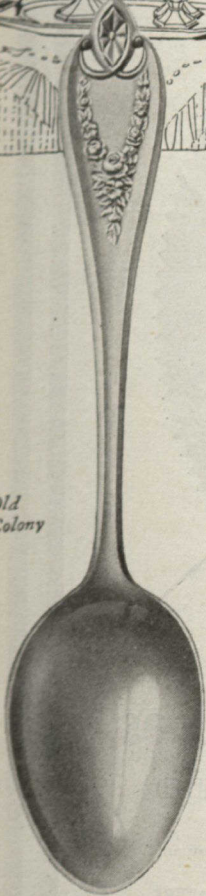
Be sure your purchase bears the 1847 ROGERS BROS. trade mark. Only the best grade "Rogers" is so marked.

See the various patterns at your dealers.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited, HAMILTON, CANADA

Made in Canada by Canadians and sold by leading Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion.

Old Colony



Fairfield

The Fairfield pattern, one of several attractive sterling patterns stamped with the mark M. B. Co.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

THE genuine-original Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes have always been packed and sold in the Red, White and Green Package--no other design--and will continue to be put up in the same colored package.

GREATLY INCREASING ANNUAL SALES

That distinctive flavor--those high qualities of nutriment--have always been maintained in Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes--in the Red, White and Green Package--because the most modern methods that scientific research, by our own chemist, can provide, are used. This is what makes them so

SATISFYING—STRENGTHENING—SUSTAINING



Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes

Only MADE IN CANADA By

THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office and Plant: LONDON, ONT.

This is an entirely Canadian Company, no connection whatever with any Company in the United States or elsewhere.

ALL CANADIAN CAPITAL ALL CANADIAN EMPLOYEES ALL CANADIAN EATERS

Canadians all from East to West
Insist always upon the best.
The patriot when he knows and sees
No camouflage can him deceive.
Then firmly stand and proudly sing
The praises of the "Corn Flake King."

Exact reproduction of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild "Service Workshops" on Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand.



How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch thin. The shortness of staff makes watch more durable



The Gruen idea that made an accurate thin watch possible

FIFTEEN years ago men were saying, "Watches cannot be made thinner, more beautiful without sacrificing accuracy and durability." The wheel train illustration above shows how Gruen did it.

A very simple idea—you wonder why no one thought of it before. Just a rearrangement of the wheels that saved half the movement space without cutting down the size or strength of parts. So the Gruen Verithin—America's first accurate thin watch—was made possible.

Cased in the specially designed, hand-wrought cases of the Gruen Guild, this watch quickly set a new standard for Precision accuracy in a pocket timepiece of beautiful form.

When you compare it with other watches, open the back of the case and note that even the inside dust protection cap is not sacrificed to gain its thinness. (See illustration.)

Since the production of the Gruen-Verithin, further achievements of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild have resulted in the production of the Very-Verithin, the Ultrathin and the Ultra-Ultrathin.



The inside dust protection cap is not left out to gain thinness in the Gruen

Sold by about 1200 jeweler agencies—the best in each locality.

Write for the Gruen Guild exhibit.

A book of etchings and photographic plates showing Gruen Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

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GRUEN

Verithin and Wrist

WATCHES

Gruen Verithins . . . \$50.00 to \$250.00
Very-Verithins 60.00 to 250.00
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**"The kind that
won't dry on
the face!"**



GATRICK
NELSON

FOR a good many years—depending on how old you are—you've been hearing that Williams' lather "won't dry on the face." Have you ever stopped to think just what that signifies? Of course it doesn't mean that after getting all lathered up you can stop to play with the baby for half an hour, or run to a fire. But it does mean that you can put on the rich, softening, creamy lather, strop your razor well, go all the way round at a leisurely pace, and finish off a velvety shave without having to lather the face a second time. That is the reason why a Williams' shave is both quicker and more comfortable. Get Williams' convenient Holder-Top Shaving Stick and try it tomorrow.



Stick

*After the shave or
the bath you will
enjoy the com-
forting touch of
Williams' Talc
Powder.*



Powder
Liquid



Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, CANADIAN DEPOT, 655 DROLET ST., MONTREAL