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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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HERE AND THERE IN BELGIUM
By ERNELLE KERR

OUR ALIEN ENEMIES
By THOMAS MULVEY, K.C.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE
By NEWTON MacTAVISH

GHENT AND THE TREATY
By LUMAN F. JACKES

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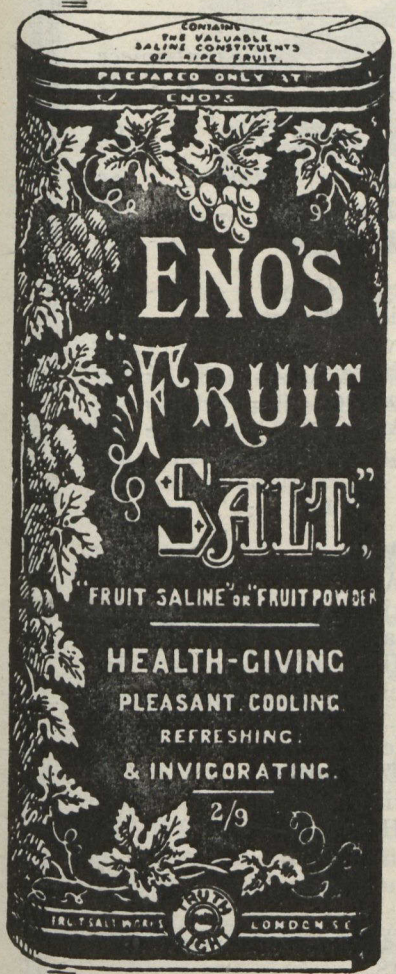

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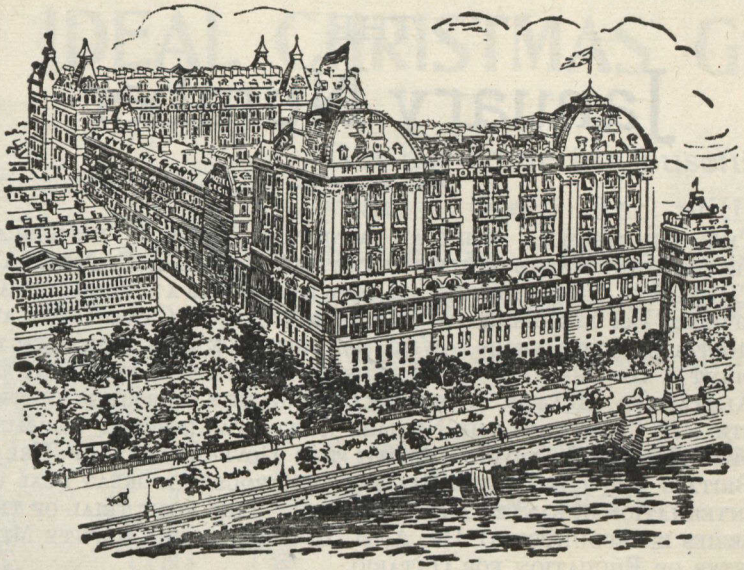

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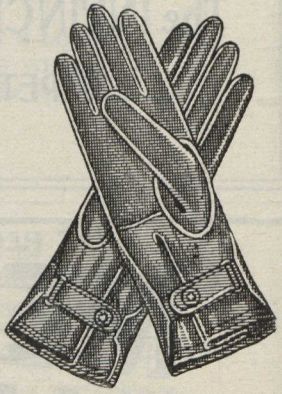

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NEVER BEFORE IN OUR TIME HAS THE FUTURE SEEMED SO UNCERTAIN, FOR THE COURSE OF EVENTS DURING THE WAR MAY CHANGE THE BEST CALCULATED PLANS. BUT IT HAS BEEN THE POLICY OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TO PLACE BEFORE ITS READERS SUCH MATERIAL AS WILL BE OF LASTING VALUE. EVENTS OF THE MOMENT ARE NOT CONSIDERED, BUT ARE LEFT FOR THOSE PUBLICATIONS THAT DISPENSE CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP. THERE ARE ASPECTS OF THE WAR, HOWEVER, THAT SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED, PARTICULARLY AS THEY AFFECT CANADA, AND INCIDENTS OF HISTORY THAT ARE OF PECULIAR INTEREST JUST NOW. SUCH, FOR INSTANCE, IS THE ARTICLE BY MR. BLUE, WHICH IS ANNOUNCED ELSEWHERE, AND SUCH IS THE SKETCH BY MISS KERR, WITH MISS STEVENS'S ETCHINGS, WHICH APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE. SUCH ALSO WERE THE RECENT ARTICLES BY MR. MACTAVISH ON CANADA'S PREPARATION FOR WAR, AND MR. THOMSON'S ARTICLE ON THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST. THIS IS THE KIND OF MATERIAL PROMPTED BY THE WAR THAT THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE WILL ENDEAVOUR TO PROVIDE, APART FROM THE ARRANGEMENTS THAT HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE FOR HIGH-CLASS FICTION, HISTORICAL AND GENERAL ARTICLES, LITERARY ESSAYS, AND THE REPRODUCTION OF MERITORIOUS PAINTINGS.

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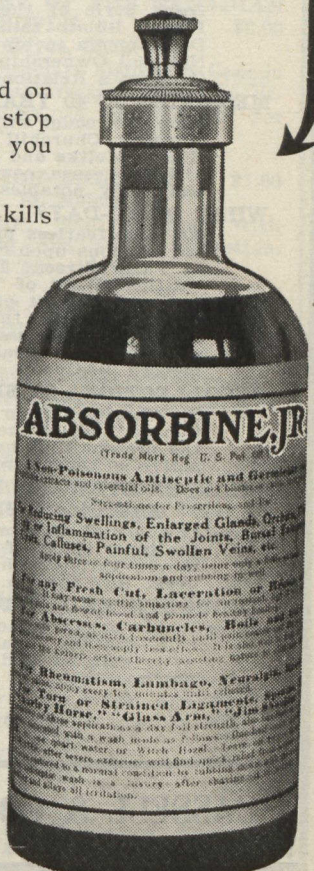

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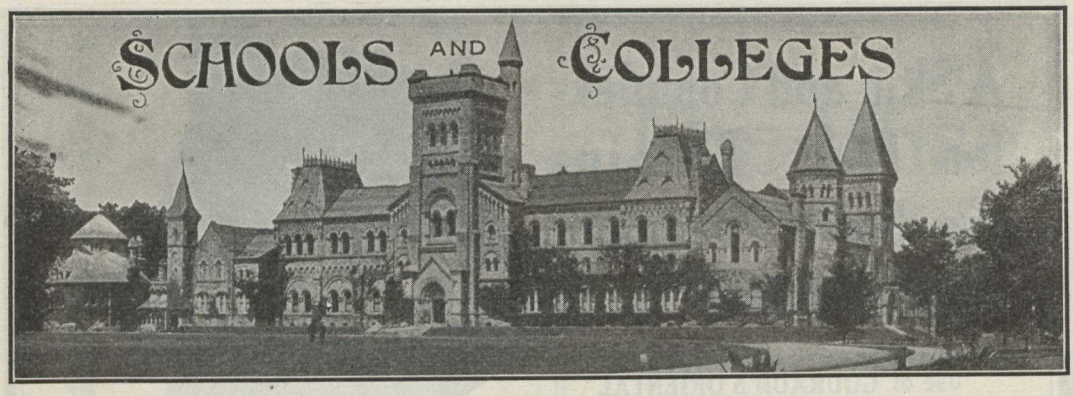

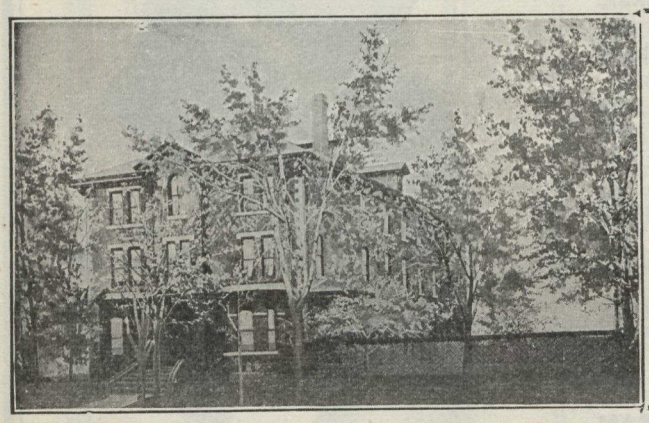

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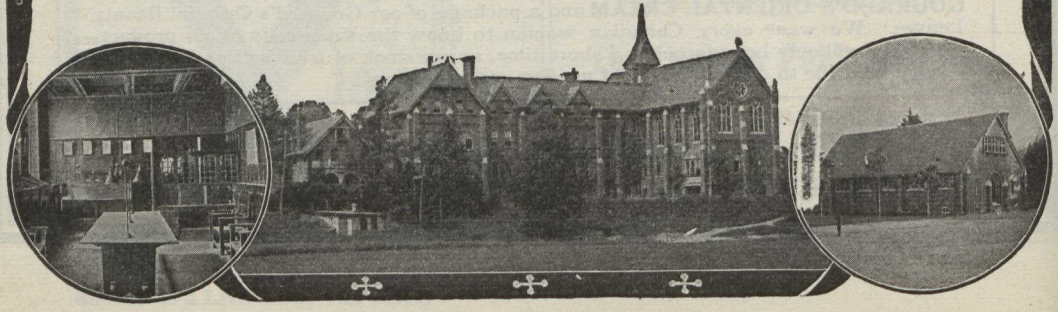

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From the Painting by Jacob Maris in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1914 No 2.

HERE AND THERE IN BELGIUM

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ETCHINGS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

IT was in Dieppe that the spirit moved us to go to Bruges, a place seemingly not far away, if one followed the coast-line on the map. The voice of the spirit must have been loud indeed, for it moved us in spite of the tremendous difficulties that railway transportation put in our way. For it was made clear that the quickest route was to return to London and re-cross the channel to Ostend. We elected to take the only other way left open to us, and this necessitated our spending the night in Paris. The attractions of that city were such that we missed our train, and another day, as well as all our cash, was spent, but at last we arrived at Bruges, in the rain, tired and bedraggled, only to find that our baggage had been left on the frontier. It is true that when we passed the boundary, two individuals in cocked hats had opened the door of our compartment and addressed us volubly in Flemish, but we had paid little attention and had refused to obey their gesticulations and leave the comfortable seclusion of the train. However, luggage has a habit of turning up in times of peace, so we sighed to think we had never overcome our objection to hand luggage, and made our way to *L'Aigle d'Or,* where mine host himself took our shoes to be dried by the kitchen fire and brought us afternoon tea and a delicious confection called *biscuit de Bruges.*

We leaned out of our window and looked into the rain-splashed square. I, the scribe, was somewhat depressed at its appearance, but the etcher wanted to get to work at once, for directly opposite was the famous belfry that has watched over the square for six hundred years. This fact, extracted from my guide-book, cheered me. I was also pleased to learn that the bronze gentlemen on the monument beneath us were Peter de Connick, dean of the Guild of Weavers, and John Breidel, dean of the Guild of Butchers, who roused the citizens of Bruges on the famous occasion known at Bruges Matins, and killed two thousand Frenchmen.

Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUGES

Next to our *Golden Eagle* were the *Cow* and a number of other cheap cafés and insignificant shops, but about all the buildings there was an air of bygone splendour; and when the guide-book assured us that from the windows of the building on our right lords and ladies of the Flemish court used to watch the tournaments and pageants in the square below, and that the knightly Maximilian, when he fell from favour, was imprisoned there by the burghers of the town, we looked at it with new interest. Then when the chimes, the best chimes in Belgium, began to strike, we were properly thrilled. We were less enthusiastic when they rang again a quarter of an hour later; and when, far into the night, they still kept ringing, we called forth all sorts of maledictions on Maximilian or whoever it was that put them there. We were even ready to believe the guide-books of Malines and Antwerp when they afterwards assured us that it was their cathedral that possessed the best chimes in Belgium.

Early next morning we were aroused by an unusual commotion. It was Saturday and the town was filled with country-folk bringing wares to market. The fruit and vegetables were piled on two-wheeled carts drawn by strong dogs. Sometimes two or three dogs were driven together, but more often one harnessed to one side, aided his mistress, who pulled on the other side. When they reached their accustomed place the dog went to sleep in the shade of the cart, while his mistress seated herself on a camp-stool and proceeded tranquilly with her knitting until a customer arrived.

Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE FAMOUS BELFRY OF BRUGES

The milk-vendors, passing on their morning rounds, were particularly picturesque, with their carts filled with bright copper cans and drawn by sturdy Flemish dogs. Sometimes an equally sturdy Flemish girl, her fair hair showing beneath a white cap, walked beside, and the housewives brought their pitchers to be filled.

The Saturday market included clothing of every description, sabots, cheap pottery, and quantities of brass

THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, GHENT

and copper carefully dinted to persuade the innocent tourist that it was really old. The people conversed in flat Flemish, but changed to a mongrel French and sometimes to broken English when we approached. But we weren't going to waste the lovely morning bargaining with them, and the etcher was keen to set up for work.

"Why don't you climb the tower while I lay the ground for my etching," she suggested. "You might write a poem about it," she added maliciously, "Longfellow did."

I started up the dark stairs, which wound higher and higher, till my brain began to reel. What was the poem? Ah, yes, "Excelsior." More turns—would I, too, be found, half buried by a faithful hound, or would I fall to the bottom?

Unpleasant sounds of fat French breathing suddenly warned me that someone was behind. He was gaining on me. Soon he would clutch me, if I did not make my presence known. What could I say? All my French had left me. I could not even remember a sensible word of English, but

MALINES

Showing Tower of the Cathedral at St. Rombaut. This fine old structure was damaged by Germans in September

I managed to stammer out "Excelsior!" Just in time! The bulky mass swerved to one side with a "Pardon, mademoiselle," squeezed past me as I flattened myself against the wall, and went puffing on, while I staggered behind, but ever upward, into the light.

The view was almost worth the effort, for in the distance modernism vanished and Bruges revealed itself as a mediæval city of houses with high-pointed gables and red-tiled roofs, intersected by canals and narrow streets, above which, from among trees and gardens, rise venerable

buildings, while beyond the stone gateways of the town stretch the wide and fertile plains of Flanders. Then the chimes pealed forth, and the hour struck—one, two, three—would they never cease? I put my fingers in my ears, but the whole earth seemed to reverberate. At last they reached twelve, and I breathed once more. But no; still another, a bell, was struck by hand with one sharp note. This was the signal given by the watchman that all is well; I was surprised to find two old men living up there, like the keepers of some remote lighthouse, for they rarely descend to earth. They look after the vast machinery of the chimes and give the signal of fire—a flag by day and a light by night—to all parts of the city. They also warn the inhabitants of the approaching enemy, and in their spare time, with true Belgian thrift, they cobble shoes, while other odd coins come their way in the tourist season.

"Ah, madame is English? She would like to see the 'House of the Seven Towers,' where King Charles II. lived in exile? It is there, and yonder is the Guildhall of the Archers of St. Sebastion, where Charles had the golden Bird of Honour hung around his neck."

Poor Charles! He and his court were always in debt; they could not even pay for their meals during their stay in Bruges, and he had to leave his furniture behind him for arrears in rent, but he was well liked there nevertheless, for he entered into the sports of the people, and was playing tennis when the news of the death of Cromwell was brought to him. The town is still a resort for impecunious English gentry, and perhaps it is the cheap living as much as the beauty of Bruges that attracts such a large colony of artists there every summer.

I would have lingered in the tower, but a sound warned me that the chimes were about to ring again and I fled down, down, into the dark, with the bells ringing in my ears.

In the square below the etcher was at work, seated at a table in front of a café. The people glanced at her as they passed by, but she was undisturbed, for artists are no novelty in Bruges. As I approached, however, an old woman planted her hands on the little iron table and thrust her face close to that of the etcher, who recoiled a little, but went on with her work.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous faites là?*" said the old woman.

"*Rien du tout,*" replied the etcher, who prides herself on her French accent. Whereupon the old woman broke out in a strong Irish brogue.

"Aha! I knew you were not French. If you were French you would be more polite!"

I walked about the town, and everywhere I saw artists painting—painting the canals and the red-roofed houses, the stone bridges and the swans, painting the historic buildings, the quaint narrow streets and the cobble-paved squares. In the Place du Bourg, beneath the shade of the trees, were a group of German art students, mostly girls, who were studying with a popular artist from Munich. They were daubing away vigorously, but their work was interspersed with a good deal of laughter. It was clear that they liked to be near one another, in order to carry on the arts of painting and conversation at the same time.

I sat down near the Statue Van Eyck, in the shade of which were women selling flowers, while rows of potted geraniums and pansies were laid out on the pavement. Now and then a black-robed nun or a barefooted Carmelite passed by, and between the trees and the group of artists I could get a glimpse of the beautiful Hotel de Ville. I tried to imagine the scene in the days when the Flemish court was the most magnificent in Europe, and when the Count of Flanders, attaining to office, would show himself at the window opposite

Etching by Dorothy Stevens

A GLIMPSE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AT ANTWERP

me, and there swear to guard the rights and privileges of the city. The facade is ornamented with niches containing statues of these Counts, which were destroyed during the Revolution by the French, *sans culottes*, but afterwards replaced. In the Belgian townhalls the art is expended on the exterior, and within there is little worthy of notice—very nice, too, for a lazy tourist on a sunny day! But I wandered in later, and there saw an indifferently painted fresco of the return from the Battle of the Golden Spurs, that famous fight in which the hardy peasants overthrew the knights of France which Philip, the Fair, had sent to avenge the blood of the Frenchmen who had died on Bruges Matins.

The old square has seen much, but never an afternoon more peaceful than the one I spent in the shadow of the Statue Van Eyck. Yet, looking closer, I perceived that here, too, were signs of strife. A bearded artist, whom I recognized as a well-known French landscape painter, was standing near me with an easel under one arm and a half-finished canvas under the other. He frowned severely on the group of chattering students and then at his canvas. Clearly the German girls were in possession of his position. He frowned a while longer, then turned on his heel and departed. Shortly afterwards the etcher came in sight. I hailed her, and she sat down behind me.

"I've got a plate ready for the Hôtel de Ville," she said. "Charming, isn't it?"

"But there isn't a foot of ground vacant," I objected.

"Oh, I'll sit down right in front of those girls. I don't take up much room."

This was true. Hunched up on a low stool with her plate in her lap, no one could say she obstructed the view—at least, the German girls didn't. But soon a troop of children coming from school spied her. Now, artists who painted impressionistic pictures on large canvases were quite common, but a lady who drew in gold lines on black was a novelty. In vain did the artists behind scold and entreat them—the children would not go. One by one the students gathered up their paints and left. Then did the bearded artist appear from behind the Statue Van Eyck, and with a malicious smile on his face set up his easel. Had he perchance bribed the children? I wonder. Did the old Place du Bourg on that day witness a battle in which a company of Germans were put to flight singlehanded by a Frenchman, and was my little friend, the etcher, his unconscious ally?

In the evening we found some entertainment in a café called *Vieux Bruges*, the walls if which are decorated with enormous paintings representing the old landmarks of the town. You can see all Bruges without going outside its doors. There was also an excellent orchestra, led by an Austrian with long gray hair and still longer side-whiskers, who bowed to the ground and kissed his hands impressively to the ladies after each selection. He looked such a perfect old scoundrel that we were not surprised on hearing, at the beginning of the war, that he had skipped, owing money to nearly everyone in town. To pay for this entertainment we had to order coffee or a *liqueur*, which cost about ten cents, and just as we were getting change from the waiter, out went the lights and a moving picture representing a drama of American cow-boy life flashed on the screen.

During our stay in Bruges we became *habitués* of this place, as were nearly all the foreign artists. We got to know them by sight, and I even recognized an acquaintance amongst the members of an art class from New York, brought there by William Chase, and the etcher was hailed with delight by a youth she had known in her student days in London.

"What, are you painting Bruges, too, Mr. Cohen?" she asked.

"Not exactly. I'm pointing out places of interest to the Freekirkers. Sort of Cook's tour, you know, but religious. And, by the way, my name's not Cohen now, I've changed it to Vivian Guy. Pretty thing in names, don't you think so?" and he hurried off to join his party, who were eyeing us disapprovingly.

The atmosphere of Bruges, however, is one of busy industry, and even the artists are up and at work in the early morning. For real frivolity you must go to Ostend, and as the etcher refused to leave Bruges when the sun was shining, even that had its sombre side. The bathing and the parade of fashion is not remarkable in rainy weather. The long line of bathing wagons that have since been so useful in sheltering refugees, were drawn up along the shore, and the pedestrians were hurrying to cover. The enormous Kursall was half deserted, but around the tables sat chic Parisiennes, handsome Russians, and charming English ladies, sipping tea, while waiters hurried about with trays of tempting French pastries.

The town of Ostend is devoid of beautiful architecture, having been thoroughly shelled by various besiegers and swamped eight times by waves, but the buildings along the wide dyke are very pretentious, and while you can get a room at Bruges for four francs, you can pay four pounds a day at Ostend.

It was late at night when we arrived in Ghent, and we took a ramshackle bus to a hotel, which was crowded, owing to the exhibition then in progress, but the clerk directed us to lodgings nearby, and we found ourselves in front of a little café. A fat old woman with a bristly gray mustache showed us in, eyeing us grimly and speaking as few words as possible. She lighted a candle and led us down a long, dark passage and up a steep and narrow flight of stairs into an enormous bedroom, where she set the candle down and left us. In the dim light we could see three large *armoires* that might contain—well, anything and lots of it. In one corner was the bed, a huge four-poster, with pictures of the deathbeds of celebrities, only in those pictures there are always a lot of people gathered to see them die, while there were only two of us. Clutching each other's hands, we took the candle and peered under the big black bed, behind the curtains, and into first one *armoire* and then another, and found them to be full of emptiness. But the third (you know in the fairy-tales something always happens)—well, the third *armoire* was locked! The key was in the lock, so we turned it and stepped back a pace. The door with surprising alacrity swung wide open, the huge *armoire* fell over with a terrible crash, extinguishing the candle and pinning the etcher firmly to the floor.

"Are you hurt?" I cried, and a small voice answered:

"No, it didn't fall on me. I'm inside, but I can't lift it. You try."

But the old woman had heard the crash, and came running up with another candle.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried. "It always does that! That is why I keep it locked. Did you not see there were other *armoires,* two of them, and had you so many gowns?" She glanced contemptuously at our hand-bags.

With a great deal of pulling and pushing we raised it again and set it in place. Then the old woman laughed so heartily that we saw she was not an ogre after all, and when we told her we were tired and cold she made us a delicious cup of chocolate, and we slept peacefully in the bed, where somebody's ancestors must have died. In the morning we ventured to ask her the sum she demanded for so much space, and when she told us it was thirty cents a day each, we almost embraced her.

The morning light made our lodgings look quite cheerful, and we set out early to see the town. We were prepared for the wonderful mediæval

buildings and were not disappointed. But modern Ghent is a flourishing place as well. It is a flower-garden where industry flourishes between the azalias and orchids, for the Belgium flower trade amounts to millions and millions of francs, and for flax and lace it is equally renowned.

It is also a university town, and like all Belgium cities, has a splendid town-hall, but the etcher decided that the early Gothic church of St. Nicholas, the oldest in Ghent, was most worthy of her skill, and with part of a bridge in the foreground and some workmen drawing a barge along the canal, it made a most successful plate.

The Chateau des Contes, with its great moats, is one of the most picturesque places in Ghent, and it was here that I again met Mr. Co—, I mean Mr. Vivian Guy. He was personally conducting a party of Freekirkers around the mansion, calling upon them to admire certain views and talking volubly, especially when he noticed a tendency in one of the party to ask a question.

"Imagine the ladies of the Flemish court, as they sat with their embroidery. . . ."

"What date?" I interrupted, but he frowned at me, and when he had a chance he whispered:

"If you want to know anything try Baedeker. I make this up as I go along."

As soon as the etching was finished, we left Ghent and our draped bed and our bewhiskered hostess and the cheerful conversation of Mr. Vivian Guy, who amused us greatly when he wasn't busy with the Freekirkers. From there we went to Malines, where the town by the railway station was dull-coloured and frankly ugly, but the Malines of history, not far away, stood intact in all its dignified respectability, quiet to the point of stagnation. There is an old Flemish market-place framed in old Flemish buildings; an old Flemish moat reflects the old Flemish gable of a hospital, and the streets are pervaded with a tomb-like silence.

The people were nearly all dressed in black and had a religious air. They eyed us askance and made us feel that our gowns were too bright, too stylish, and that we were altogether too cheerful for the place. The town was spotless, the buildings very white, and the roofs almost cerise, while the very cobble-stones looked as if they were polished daily. And visitors seemed so scarce, we were sure the hotels would welcome us with open arms. But this was not the case. Evidently the people of Malines thought we looked wealthy, for they asked very high prices. In despair we were about to seek lodgings in a convent, and asked a butcher — quite the most cheerful person we had seen—where we might find one. He called his wife, a still more cheerful person, and their little girl trotted after her, the smilingest one of the lot. Madame seemed to know at once that we were neither rich or proud, and said they would be delighted to have us stay with them. We followed her through the shop and up the stairs into a charming room, beautifully clean, and with a fine view of the square. So there we stayed. The etcher adopted the habit of shutting her eyes when she passed through the shop; until one day she bumped into a carcass of beef, after which she dashed through with slightly lowered lids, and probably, had we remained longer, she would have quite become used to the sight, possibly have painted it, as Rembrandt did.

Malines is the seat of the Primate of Belgium, and the palace of the Archbishop stands near the Cathedral of St. Rombaut. The tower is three hundred feet high and would have been still higher had not the sale of indulgences come to a slump while the building was in progress.

The etcher chose the view of St. Rombaut's from across the square, showing the tower with its dial of wrought iron belonging to the larg-

est clock in Belgium, some say in the world. The church was damaged by the Germans in September, but it is to be hoped that a monument of such beauty and historical interest will not be lost to the world, and that the celebrated pictures in Malines by Rubens and Van Dyck have been preserved.

We were glad to leave the too sacred precincts of the town of Malines and set out for the busy metropolis of Antwerp, where we arrived in the rain, and, leaving our luggage this time at a high-class pension, started out to see the town on foot. We had got thoroughly chilled in the train, and the gowns that had attracted so much attention at Malines, looked quite bedraggled. The heat from a baker's shop attracted us, and we paused over the grating to warm our feet. Oh, but it felt good! Suddenly the etcher screamed and bounded away. I, too ,felt a prick on my ankle; we looked down and saw a fat cook prodding at us with a long fork! Our dignity was wounded; our pride was hurt, so with one lordly gesture I turned and called a cab. When we got out of the baker's sight we were careful to impress the driver with the fact that we had engaged him for one hour only, knowing their wily ways of charging double fare if you kept them a minute over time. There was such a lot to see, but first—always first in Belgium, we went to the town hall. The etcher was disappointed, for here was a building in the style of the Italian Renaissance; but for pure Flemish character it made up within what it lacked without, and its mural decorations by Leys are remarkable productions of Belgian pictorial art.

The etcher was not enthusiastic about Rubens as an architect, judging by his house and the Jesuit church he designed, but the whole town of Antwerp is stamped with this great master's personality. There was a statue in his honour, a street named after him, or a painting by his hand whichever way we turned; lesser artists shone in his reflected glory, and people gained distinction through having been his friends.

The beautiful Gothic architecture of the Cathedral of Notre Dame left nothing to be desired, unless it were that the other tower which now rises to only one-third of its projected height, be completed. In the tower are very fine chimes, more careful of their voices than their cousins at Bruges, for they ring only once a week, on Friday at noon.

Much has been written of the wonderful pictures by Rubens in this cathedral, which were graciously unveiled for us to see. These pictures are now sheltered in England, absent from their places for the second time, for they were taken as loot by the French *sans culottes* during the Revolution, but restored to Antwerp by Louis XVIII. at the request of the Duke of Wellington.

The etcher picked out the view of the cathedral she thought best for an etching. It is unfortunate that so many of these wonderful buildings are so tightly pressed on all sides by mean shops and dwellings. That of Notre Dame is particularly crowded, but the tower can always be seen, exquisite, against the sky.

"Now to the Musée Plantin," we told the driver. It lacked ten minutes of the hour, and the museum, our guide-book told us, was not far away, but he turned in a contrary direction and, after following a circuitous route, brought us to another church. We assured him we had no wish to visit it, but he begged, entreated, even commanded us to enter. Meanwhile I studied my map.

"Musée Plantin, *vite!*" I cried. "No, not that way," for he again tried to take a roundabout road. We arrived at the museum three minutes after our time was up, paid for one hour, with a generous tip, and ran hastily into the museum. He yelled and stormed with rage, called us cheats, collected as much of the populace as he could, and followed us to

the steps, but as it was not a free day the door was closed in his face.

Thus do I, after the manner of my countrymen, tell tales of foreign travel. I once asked a young girl who had just returned from a continental tour, if she had visited Antwerp?

"I'm not sure, but I think so," she said, and then, after a pause, "Oh, yes; that was the place where mother lost her bracelet."

It is hard to think that anyone who has visited the Plantin Museum could forget it, it represents so faithfully the home and printing establishment of a Flemish patrician; and when you have entered into the pleasant quietude of the place, you feel as if the history of the world, which commenced about 1575, had come to a full stop in 1650. The bread in the ovens of the Pompeian bakers has not remained more completely undisturbed than this dead printing-office. The forms are left in the presses, the type in their cases, and the proofs on the tables. But this is an illusion, the work of loving care, for the press was in use during the eighteenth century, but what was cheap and modern has been discarded and only the best remains. You look from the leaded windows of the proof-reader's room, framed in Virginia creeper, to the lovely courtyard with its wonderful old vine, and cannot help contrasting this peaceful place with the noise and hurry and dirt of our modern printing-offices.

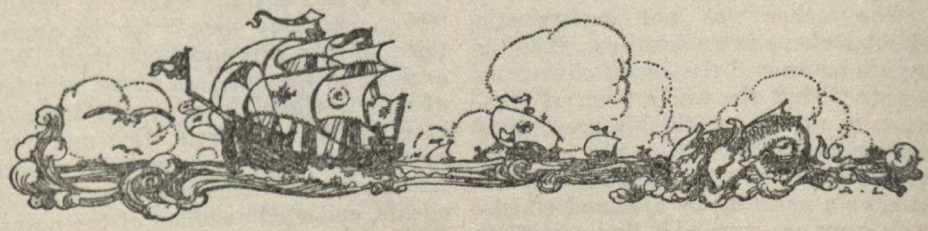
It was hard to drag me away from this wonderful place, but the etcher clamoured for lunch, and so, first peeping out to see that our enemy the cabbie was not in sight, we stepped back into the present century.

Not only in old masters is Antwerp rich; for, besides Rubens and Van Dyck, she lays claim to Quentin, Metsys, Van Eyck, Jordaens, and the two Teniers. She has given birth also to several modern artists of note, including Leys, Alma Tadema, and Aery Schaeffer, while the galleries are rich in the work of the greatest of all modern Belgian artists, Alfred Stevens. During the few days we spent in Antwerp, many hours were devoted to the art galleries, and so we missed several of the sights that are starred in Baedeker.

The etcher has never recovered from her disappointment in not having time to make at least one etching of the picturesque Musée Steen, on the banks of the Scheldt. This wonderful old castle was the scene of the Spanish Inquisition, and has all kinds of blood-curdling dungeons in its depths. It is now a museum of antiquities, including a fine collection of old weapons and instruments of torture.

All good things must end, even our little trip through the Flemish part of Belgium. There, amongst a forest of masts and funnels, our ship was waiting to take us across the Atlantic, and we sailed regretfully down the Scheldt, past the green lowlands of Holland and out to the open sea, leaving behind us a train of memories and chords of sympathy that are now throbbing for the people of whom Caesar wrote:

"Amongst the barbarians, the Belge are the bravest."



BROOD OF THE WITCH-QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

VII.—THE CORD

NOT the least of the trials which Robert Cairn experienced during the time that he and his father were warring with their supernaturally equipped opponent—Antony Ferrara—was that of preserving silence upon this matter which loomed so large in his mind, and which already had changed the course of his life.

Sometimes he met men who knew Ferrara, but who knew him only as a man about town of somewhat evil reputation. Yet even to these he dared not confide what he knew of the true Ferrara; undoubtedly they would have deemed him mad had he spoken of the knowledge and of the deeds of this uncanny, this fiendish being. How would they have listened to him had he sought to tell them of the den of spiders in Port Said; of the bats of Méydûm; of the secret incense and of how it was made; of the numberless murders and atrocities, wrought by means not human, which stood to the account of this adopted son of the late Sir Michael Ferrara.

So, excepting his father, he had no confidant; for above all it was necessary to keep the truth from Myra Duquesne—from Myra around whom his world circled, but who yet thought of the dreadful being who wielded the sorcery of forgotten ages, as a brother. Whilst Myra lay ill—not yet recovered from the ghastly attack made upon her life by the man whom she trusted—whilst, having plentiful evidence of his presence in London, Dr. Cairn and himself vainly sought for Antony Ferrara; whilst any night might bring some unholy visitant to his rooms, obedient to the will of this modern wizard; whilst these fears, anxieties, doubts, and surmises danced, impish, through his brain, it was all but impossible to pursue with success his vocation of journalism. Yet for many reasons it was necessary that he should do so, and so he was employed upon a series of articles which were the outcome of his recent visit to Egypt—his editor having given him that work as being less exciting than that which properly falls to the lot of the Fleet Street copy-hunter.

He left his rooms about three o'clock in the afternoon, in order to seek, in the British Museum Library, a reference which he lacked. The day was an exceedingly warm one, and he derived some little satisfaction from the fact that, at his present work, he was not called upon to endure the armour of respectability. Pipe in mouth, he made his way across the Strand towards Bloomsbury.

As he walked up the steps, crossed the hallway, and passed in beneath the dome of the reading-room, he wondered if, amid these mountains of erudition surrounding him, there was any wisdom so stronge as that of Antony Ferrara.

He soon found the information for which he was looking, and, having

copied it into his note-book, he left the reading-room. Then, as he was recrossing the hall near the foot of the principal staircase, he paused. He found himself possessed by a sudden desire to visit the Egyptian Rooms upstairs. He had several times inspected the exhibits in those apartments, but never since his return from the land to whose ancient civilization they bore witness.

Cairn was not pressed for time in these days, therefore he turned and passed slowly up the stairs.

There were but few visitors to the grove of mummies that afternoon. When he entered the first room he found a small group of tourists passing idly from case to case; but on entering the second, he saw that he had the apartment to himself. He remembered that his father had mentioned on one occasion that there was a ring in this room which had belonged to the Witch-Queen. Robert Cairn wondered in which of the cases it was exhibited, and by what means he should be enabled to recognize it.

Bending over a case containing scarabs and other amulets, many set in rings, he began to read the inscriptions upon the little tickets placed beneath some of them; but none answered to the description, neither the ticketed nor the unticketed. A second case he examined with like results. But on passing to a third in an angle near the door, his gaze immediately lighted upon a gold ring set with a strange green stone, engraved in a peculiar way. It bore no ticket, yet as Robert Cairn eagerly bent over it, he knew, without the possibility of doubt, that this was the ring of the Witch-Queen.

With his eyes fixed on the gleaming stone, he sought to remember. That he had seen this ring before, or one exactly like it, he knew, but strangely enough he was unable to determine where and upon what occasion. So with his hands resting upon the case, he leant, peering down at the singular gem. And as he stood thus, frowning in the effort of recollection, a dull, white hand, having long, tapered fingers, glided across the glass until it rested directly beneath his eyes. Upon one of the slim fingers was an exact replica of the ring in the case!

Robert Cairn leapt back with a stifled exclamation.

Antony Ferrara stood before him!

"The Museum ring is a copy, dear Cairn," came the huskily musical, hateful voice; "the one upon my finger is the real one."

Cairn realized in his own person the literal meaning of the overworked phrase, "frozen with amazement." Before him stood the most dangerous man in Europe—a man who had done murder and worse, a man only in name, a demon in nature. With his long, black eyes half closed, his perfectly chiselled ivory face expressionless, and his blood-red lips parted in a mirthless smile, Antony Ferrara watched Cairn—Cairn whom he had sought to murder by means of hellish art.

Despite the heat of the day he wore a heavy overcoat, lined with white-fox fur. In his right hand—for his left still rested upon the case—he held a soft hat. With an easy nonchalance he stood regarding the man who had sworn to kill him—and the latter made no move, uttered no word. Stark amazement held him inert.

"I knew that you were in the Museum, Cairn," Ferrara continued, still having his basilisk eyes fixed upon the other from beneath the drooping lids, "and I called you to join me here."

Still Cairn did not move, did not speak.

"You have acted very harshly towards me in the past, dear Cairn; but because my philosophy consists in an admirable blending of that practised in Sybaris with that advocated by the excellent Zeno; because whilst I am prepared to make my home in a Diogenes tub, I, nevertheless, can enjoy the fragrance of a rose, the flavour of a peach—"

The husky voice seemed to be hypnotizing Cairn; it was a siren's song, thralling him.

"Because," continued Ferrara evenly, "in common with all humanity, I am compound of man and woman, I can resent the enmity which drives me from shore to shore, but being myself a connoisseur of the red lips and laughing eyes of maidenhood—I am thinking more particularly of Myra—I can forgive you, dear Cairn—"

Then Cairn recovered himself.

"You white-faced cur!" he snarled through clenched teeth; his knuckles whitened as he stepped around the case. "You dare to stand there mocking me!"

Ferrara again placed the case between himself and his enemy.

"Pause, my dear Cairn," he said, without emotion. "What would you do? Be discreet, dear Cairn, reflect that I have only to call an attendant in order to have you pitched, ignominiously, into the street."

"Before God I will throttle the life from you!" said Cairn, in a voice savagely hoarse.

He sprang again towards Ferrara. Again the latter dodged around the case with an agility which defied the heavier man.

"Your temperament is so painfully Celtic, Cairn," he protested mockingly. "I perceive quite clearly that you will not discuss this matter judiciously. Must I then call for the attendant?"

Cairn clenched his fists convulsively. Through all the tumult of his rage the fact had penetrated—that he was helpless. He could not attack Ferrara in that place; he could not detain him against his will. For Ferrara had only to claim official protection to bring about the complete discomfiture of his assailant. Across the case containing the duplicate ring, he glanced at this incarnate fiend, whom the law which he had secretly outraged now served to protect. Ferrara spoke again in his musical voice.

"I regret that you will not be reasonable, Cairn. There is so much that I should like to say to you; there are so many things of interest which I could tell you. Do you know in some respects I am peculiarly gifted, Cairn? At times I can recollect, quite distinctly, particulars of former incarnations. Do you see that priestess lying there, just through the doorway? I can quite distinctly remember having met her when she was a girl; she was beautiful, Cairn. And I can even recall how, one night beside the Nile—but I can see that you are growing impatient! If you will not avail yourself of this opportunity, I must bid you good-day."

He turned and walked towards the door, Cairn leapt after him; but Ferrara, suddenly beginning to run, reached the end of the Egyptian Room and darted out on to the landing before his pursuer had time to realize what he was about.

At the moment that Ferrara turned the corner ahead of him, Cairn saw something drop. Coming to the end of the room, he stooped and picked up this object, which was a plaited silk cord about three feet in length. He did not pause to examine it more closely, but thrust it into his pocket and raced down the steps after the retreating figure of Ferrara. At the foot, a constable held out his arm, detaining him. Cairn stopped in surprise.

"I must ask you for your name and address," said the constable gruffly.

"For Heaven's sake, what for?"

"A gentleman has complained—"

"My good man," exclaimed Cairn, and proffered his card, "it is—it is a practical joke on his part. I know him well!"

The constable looked at the card, and from the card, suspiciously, back to Cairn. Apparently the appearance of the latter reassured him—or he may have formed a better opinion of Cairn from the fact that half-a-crown had quickly changed hands.

"All right, sir," he said, "it is no

affair of mine; he did not charge you with anything—he only asked me to prevent you from following him."

"Quite so," snapped Cairn irritably, and dashed off along the gallery in the hope of overtaking Ferrara.

But, as he had feared, Ferrara had made good use of his ruse to escape. He was nowhere to be seen, and Cairn was left to wonder with what object he had risked the encounter in the Egyptian Room—for that it had been deliberate, and not accidental, he quite clearly perceived.

He walked down the steps of the Museum, deep in reflection. The thought that he and his father for months had been seeking the fiend Ferrara, that they had sworn to kill him as they would kill a mad dog, and that he, Robert Cairn, had stood face to face with Ferrara, had spoken with him, and had let him go free, unscathed, was maddening. Yet, in the circumstances, how could he have acted otherwise?

With no recollection of having traversed the intervening streets, he found himself walking under the archway leading to the court in which his chambers were situated; in the far corner, shadowed by the tall plane-trees, where the worn iron railings of the steps and the small panes of glass in the solicitor's window on the ground floor called up memories of Charles Dickens, he paused, filled with a sort of wonderment. It seemed strange to him that such an air of peace could prevail anywhere, whilst Antony Ferrara lived and remained at large.

He ran up the stairs to the second landing, opened the door, and entered his chambers. He was oppressed today with a memory, the memory of certain gruesome happenings whereof these rooms had been the scene. Knowing the powers of Antony Ferrara he often doubted the wisdom of living there alone, but he was persuaded that to allow these fears to make headway would be to yield a point to the enemy. Yet there were nights when he found himself sleepless, listening for sounds which had seemed to arouse him; imagining sinister whispers in his room—and imagining that he could detect the dreadful odour of the secret incense.

Seating himself by the open window, he took out from his pocket the silken cord, which Ferrara had dropped in the Museum, and examined it curiously. His examination of the thing did not serve to enlighten him respecting its character. It was merely a piece of silken cord, very closely and curiously plaited. He threw it down on the table, determined to show it to Dr. Cairn at the earliest opportunity. He was conscious of a sort of repugnance; and prompted by this, he carefully washed his hands as though the cord had been some unclean thing.

Then he sat down to work, only to realize immediately that work was impossible until he had confided in somebody his encounter with Ferrara.

Lifting the telephone receiver, he called up Dr. Cairn, but his father was not at home.

He replaced the receiver, and sat staring vaguely at his open note-book.

II.

For close upon an hour Robert Cairn sat at his writing-table, endeavouring to puzzle out a solution to the mystery of Ferrara's motive. His reflections served only to confuse his mind.

A tangible clue lay upon the table before him—the silken cord. But it was a clue of such a nature that, whatever deductions an expert detective might have based upon it, Robert Cairn could base none. Dusk was not far off, and he knew that his nerves were not what they had been before those events which had led to his Egyptian journey. He was back in his own chamber—scene of one gruesome outrage in Ferrara's unholy campaign. For darkness is the ally of crime, and it had always been in the darkness that Ferrara's activities

had most fearfully manifested themselves.

What was that?

Cairn ran to the window, and, leaning out, looked down into the court below. He could have sworn that a voice—a voice possessing a strange music, a husky music, wholly hateful—had called him by name. But at the moment the court was deserted, for it was already past the hour at which members of the legal fraternity desert their business premises to hasten suburbanward. Shadows were creeping under the quaint old archways; shadows were draping the ancient walls. And there was something in the aspect of the place which reminded him of a quadarangle at Oxford, across which, upon a certain fateful evening, he and another had watched the red light rising and falling in Antony Ferrara's rooms.

Clearly his imagination was playing him tricks, and against this he knew full well that he must guard himself. The light in his rooms was growing dim, but instinctively his gaze sought out and found the mysterious silken cord amid the litter on the table. He contemplated the telephone, but since he had left a message for his father, he knew that the latter would call him up directly he returned.

Work, he thought, would be the likeliest antidote to the poisonous thoughts which oppressed his mind, and again he seated himself at the table and opened his notes before him. The silken rope lay close to his left hand, but he did not touch it. He was about to switch on the reading-lamp, for it was now too dark to write, when his mind wandered off along another channel of reflection. He found himself picturing Myra as she had looked the last time that he had seen her.

She was seated in Mr. Saunderson's garden, till pale from her dreadful illness, but beautiful—more beautiful in the eyes of Robert Cairn than any other woman in the world. The breeze was blowing her rebellious curls across her eyes—eyes bright with a happiness which he loved to see.

Her cheeks were paler than they were wont to be, and the sweet lips had lost something of their firmness. She wore a short cloak, and a wide-brimmed hat, unfashionable, but becoming. No one but Myra could successfully have worn that hat, he thought.

Wrapt in such love-like memories, he forgot that he had sat down to write—forgot that he held a pen in his hand, and that this same hand had been outstretched to ignite the lamp.

When he ultimately awoke again to the hard facts of his lonely environment, he also awoke to a singular circumstance; he made the acquaintance of a strange phenomenon.

He had been writing unconsciously!

And this was what he had written:

"Robert Cairn, renounce your pursuit of me, and renounce Myra; or to-night—"

The sentence was unfinished.

Momentarily he stared at the words, endeavouring to persuade himself that he had written them consciously, in idle mood. But some voice within gave him the lie. So that with a suppressed groan he muttered aloud:

"It has begun!"

Almost as he spoke there came a sound from the passage outside, that led him to slide his hand across the table and to seize his revolver.

The visible presence of the little weapon reassured him, and, as a further sedative, he resorted to tobacco—filled and lighted his pipe—and leaned back in the chair, blowing smoke-rings towards the closed door.

He listened intently, and heard the sound again.

It was a soft *hiss!*

And now he thought he could detect another noise—as of some creature dragging its body along the floor.

"A lizard," he thought. And a

memory of the basilisk eyes of Antony Ferrara came to him.

Both the sounds seemed to come slowly nearer and nearer, the dragging thing being evidently responsible for the hissing, until Cairn decided that the creature must be immediately outside the door.

Revolver in hand, he leapt across the room, and threw the door open.

The red carpet to right and left was innocent of reptiles.

Perhaps the creaking of the revolving-chair as he had prepared to quit it, had frightened the thing. With the idea before him, he systematically searched all the rooms into which it might have gone.

His search was unavailing, the mysterious reptile was not to be found.

Returning again to the study he seated himself behind the table, facing the door—which he left ajar.

Ten minutes passed in silence—only broken by the dim murmur of the distant traffic.

He had almost persuaded himself that his imagination—quickened by the atmosphere of mystery and horror wherein he had recently moved—was responsible for the hiss, when a new sound came to confute his reasoning.

The people occupying the chambers below were moving about, so that their footsteps were faintly audible; but, above these dim footsteps, a rustling—vague, indefinite — demonstrated itself. As in the case of the hiss, it proceeded from the passage.

A light burned inside the outer door, and this as Cairn knew must cast a shadow before any thing or person approaching the door.

Sssf! Sssf! came, like the rustle of light draperies.

The nervous suspense was almost unbearable. He waited.

What was creeping slowly, cautiously, toward the open door?

Cairn toyed with the trigger of his revolver.

"The arts of the West shall try conclusions with those of the East," he said.

A shadow . . .

Inch upon inch it grew, creeping across the door until it covered all the threshold visible.

He raised the revolver.

The shadow moved along.

Cairn saw the tail of it creep past the door, until no shadow was there!

The shadow had come—and gone; but there was *no substance!*

"I am going mad!"

The words forced themselves to his lips. He rested his chin upon his hands and clenched his teeth grimly. Did the horrors of insanity stare him in the face!

That recent illness in London—when his nervous system had collapsed, utterly—from which, despite his stay in Egypt, he never had fully recovered. "A month will see you fit again," his father had said; but—perhaps he had been wrong—perchance the affection had been deeper than he had suspected; and now this endless carnival of supernatural happenings had strained the weakened cells, so that he was become as a man in a delirium!

Where did reality end and phantasy begin? Was it all mere subjective?

He had read of such aberrations.

And now he sat wondering if he were the victim of a like affliction—and while he wondered he stared at the rope of silk. That was real.

Logic came to his rescue. If he had seen and heard strange things, so, too, had Sime in Egypt—so had his father, both in Egypt and in London! Inexplicable things were happening around him; and all could not be mad!

"I'm getting morbid again," he told himself; "the tricks of our damnable Ferrara are getting on my nerves—just what he desires and intends."

This latter reflection spurred him to new activity; and, pocketing the revolver, he switched off the light in the study and looked out of the window.

Glancing across the court, he thought that he saw a man standing below, peering upward. With his hands resting upon the window-ledge, Cairn looked long and steadily.

There certainly was someone standing in the shadow of the tall plane-tree, but whether man or woman he could not determine.

The unknown remaining in the same position, apparently watching, Cairn ran downstairs, and, passing out into the court, walked rapidly across to the tree. There he paused in some surprise; there was no one visible by the tree, and the whole court was quite deserted.

"Must have slipped off through the archway," he concluded; and, walking back, he remounted the stairs and entered his chambers again.

Feeling a renewed curiosity regarding the silken rope which had so strangely come into his possession, he sat down at the table, and, mastering his distaste for the thing, took it in his hands and examined it closely by the light of the lamp.

He was seated with his back to the windows, facing the door so that no one could possibly have entered the room unseen by him. It was as he bent down to scrutinize the curious plaiting that he felt a sensation stealing over him, as though someone were standing very close to his chair.

Grimly determined to resist any hypnotic tricks that might be practised against him, and well assured that there could be no person actually present, in the chambers, he sat back, resting his revolver on his knee. Prompted by he knew not what, he slipped the silk cord into the table drawer and turned the key upon it.

As he did so a hand crept over his shoulder—followed by a bare arm of the hue of old ivory—a woman's arm!

Transfixed, his eyes fastened upon the ring of dull metal, bearing a green stone inscribed with a complex figure vaguely resembling a spider which adorned the index finger.

A faint perfume stole to his nostrils—that of the secret incense; and the ring was the ring of the Witch-Queen!

In this incredible moment he relaxed that iron control of his mind which, alone, had saved him before. Even as he realized it, and strove to recover himself, he knew that it was too late; he knew that he was lost!

Gloom—blackness, unrelieved by any speck of light, murmuring, subdued, all around—the murmuring of a concourse of people. The darkness was odorous with a heavy perfume.

A voice came—followed by complete silence.

Again the voice sounded, chanting sweetly.

A response followed in deep male voices.

The response was taken up all around—what time a tiny speck grew, in the gloom—and grew, until it took form; and out of the darkness the shape of a white-robed woman appeared—high up—far away.

Wherever the ray that illumined her figure emanated from, it did not perceptibly dispel the stygian gloom all about her. She was bathed in dazzling light, but framed in impenetrable darkness.

Her dull gold hair was encircled by a band of white metal—like silver, bearing in front a round, burnished disk, that shone like a minor sun. Above the disk projected an ornament having the shape of a spider.

The intense light picked out every detail vividly. Neck and shoulders were bare, and the gleaming ivory arms were uplifted, the long slender fingers held aloft a golden casket covered with dim figures, almost undiscernible at that distance.

A glittering zone of the same white metal confined the snowy draperies. Her bare feet peeped out from beneath the flowing robe.

Above, below, and around her was —Memphian darkness!

The whole invisible concourse took up the chant, and the light faded, un-

til only a speck on the disk below the spider was visible.

Then that, too, vanished.

Silence—the perfume was stifling. A voice, seeming to come from a great distance, cried: "On your knees to the Book of Thoth! On your knees to the Wisdom Queen, who is deathless, being unborn, who is dead though living, whose beauty is for all men—that all men may die—"

A bell was ringing furiously. Its din grew louder and louder; it became insupportable. Cairn threw out his arms and staggered up like a man intoxicated. He grasped at the table-lamp only just in time to prevent it overturning.

The ringing was that of his telephone-bell. He had been unconscious, then—under some spell!

He unhooked the receiver, and heard his father's voice.

"That you, Rob?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"Yes, sir," replied Cairn eagerly; and he opened the drawer and slid his hand in for the silken cord.

"There is something you have to tell me?"

Cairn, without preamble, plunged excitedly into an account of his meeting with Ferrara.

"The silk cord," he concluded, "I have in my hand at the present moment, and—"

"Hold on a moment!" came Dr. Cairn's voice, rather grimly. Followed by a short interval. Then:

"Hallo, Rob! Listen to this, from to-night's paper. 'A curious discovery was made by an attendant in one of the rooms of the Indian section of the British Museum late this evening. A case had been opened in some way, and, although it contained more valuable objects, the only item which the thief had abstracted was a Thug's strangling cord from Kundélee (district of Nursingpore).'"

"But, I don't understand—"

"Ferrara *meant* you to find that cord, boy! Remember, he is unacquainted with your chambers, and he requires a *focus* for his damnable forces! He knows well that you will have the thing somewhere near to you, and probably he knows something of its awful history! You are in danger! Keep a fast hold upon yourself. I shall be with you in less than half an hour!"

III.

As Robert Cairn hung up the receiver and found himself cut off again from the outer world, he realized, with terror beyond his control, how in this quiet backwater, so near to the main stream, he yet was far from human companionship.

He recalled a night when, amid such a silence at this which now prevailed about him, he had been made the subject of an uncanny demonstration; how his sanity, his life, had been attacked; how he had fled from the crowding horrors which had been massed against him by his supernaturally endowed enemy.

There was something very terrifying in the quietude of the court—a quietude which to others might have spelled peace, but which, to Robert Cairn, spelled menace. That Ferrara's device was aimed at his freedom, that his design was intended to lead to the detention of his enemy whilst he directed his activities in other directions, seemed plausible, if inadequate. The carefully planned incident at the Museum whereby the constable had become possessed of Cairn's card; the distinct possibility that a detective might knock upon his door at any moment—with the inevitable result of his detention pending inquiries—formed a chain which had seemed complete, save that Antony Ferrara was the schemer. For another to have compassed so much would have been a notable victory; for Ferrara, such a victory would be trivial.

What, then, did it mean? His father had told him, and the uncanny events of the evening stood evidence of Dr. Cairn's wisdom. The mysteri-

ous and evil force which Antony Ferrara controlled was being focused upon him!

Slight sounds from time to time disturbed the silence; and to these he listened attentively. He longed for the arrival of his father—for the strong, calm counsel of the one man in England fitted to cope with the Hell Thing which had uprisen in their midst. That he had already been subjected to some kind of hypnotic influence, he was unable to doubt; and having been once subjected to this influence, he might at any moment (it was a terrible reflection) fall a victim to it again.

Cairn directed all the energies of his mind to resistance; ill-defined reflections must at all costs be avoided, for the brain vaguely employed he knew to be more susceptible to attack than that directed in a well-ordered channel.

Clocks were chiming the hour—he did not know what hour, nor did he seek to learn. He felt that he was at rapier play with a skilled antagonist, and that to glance aside, however momentarily, was to lay himself open to a fatal thrust.

He had not moved from the table, so that only the reading-lamp upon it was lighted, and much of the room lay in half shadow. The silken cord, coiled snake-like, was close to his left hand; the revolver was close to his right. The muffled roar of traffic—diminished, since the hour grew late—reached his ears as he sat. But nothing disturbed the stillness of the court, and nothing disturbed the stillness of the room.

The notes which he had made in the afternoon at the Museum were still spread open before him, and he suddenly closed the book, fearful of anything calculated to distract him from the mood of tense resistance. His life, and more than his life, depended upon his successfully opposing the insidious forces which beyond doubt invisibly surrounded that lighted table.

There is a courage which is not physical, nor is it entirely moral; a courage often lacking in the most intrepid soldier. And this was the kind of courage which Robert Cairn now called up to his aid. The occult inquirer can face, unmoved, horrors which would turn the brain of many a man who wears the V.C.; on the other hand, it is questionable if the possessor of this peculiar type of bravery could face a bayonet charge. Pluck of the physical sort, Cairn had in plenty; pluck of that more subtle kind he was acquiring from growing intimacy with the terrors of the Borderland.

"Who's there?"

He spoke the words aloud—and the eerie sound of his own voice added a new dread to the enveloping shadows.

His revolver grasped in his hand, he stood up, but slowly and cautiously, in order that his own movements might not prevent him from hearing any repetition of that which had occasioned his alarm. And what had occasioned this alarm?

Either he was become again a victim of the strange trickery which already had borne him, though not physically, from Fleet Street to the secret temple of Méydûm, or with his material senses he had detected a soft rapping upon the door of his room. He knew that his outer door was closed; he knew that there was no one else in his chambers; yet he had heard a sound as of knuckles beating upon the panels of the door—the closed door of the room in which he sat!

Standing upright, he turned deliberately, and faced in that direction. The light pouring out from beneath the shade of the table-lamp scarcely touched upon the door at all. Only the edges of the lower panels were clearly perceptible; the upper part of the door was masked in greenish shadow.

Intent, tensely strung, he stood; then advanced in the direction of the switch in order to light the lamp fixed above the mantlepiece and to illumin-

ate the whole of the room. One step forward he took, then—the soft rapping was repeated.

"Who's there?"

This time he cried the words loudly, and acquired some new assurance from the imperative note in his own voice. He ran to the switch and pressed it down. The lamp did not light!

"The filament has burnt out," he muttered.

Terror grew upon him—a terror akin to that which children experience in the darkness. But he yet had a fair mastery of his emotions; when—not suddenly, as is the way of a failing electric lamp—but slowly, uncannily, unnaturally, the table-lamp became extinguished!

Darkness! Cairn turned towards the window. This was a moonless night, and little enough illumination entered the room from the court.

Three resounding raps were struck upon the door.

At that, terror had no darker meaning for Cairn; and had plumbed its ultimate deeps; and now, like a diver, he arose again to the surface.

Heedless of the darkness, of the seemingly supernatural means by which it had been occasioned, he threw open the door and thrust his revolver out into the corridor.

For terrors he had been prepared—for some gruesome shape such as we read of in "The Magus." But there was nothing. Instinctively he had looked straight ahead of him, as one looks who expects to encounter a human enemy. But the hallway was empty. A dim light, finding access over the door from the stair, prevailed there, yet it was sufficient to have revealed the presence of anyone or anything, had anyone or anything been present.

Cairn stepped out from the room and was about to walk to the outer door. The idea of flight was strong upon him, for no man can fight the invisible—when, on a level with his eyes, flat against the wall, as though someone crouched there—he saw two white hands!

They were slim hands, like the hands of a woman, and, upon one of the tapered fingers, there dully gleamed a green stone.

A peal of laughter came chokingly from his lips; he knew that his reason was tottering. For these two white hands which now moved along the wall, as though they were sliding to the room which Cairn had just quitted, were attached to no visible body; just two ivory hands were there—*and nothing more!*

That he was in dealy peril, Cairn realized fully. His complete subjection by the will-force of Ferrara had been interrupted by the ringing of the telephone-bell. But now, the attack had been renewed!

The hands vanished.

Too well he remembered the ghastly details attendant upon the death of Sir Michael Ferrara to doubt that these slim hands were directed upon murderous business.

A soft swishing sound reached him. Something upon the writing-table had been moved.

The strangling cord!

Whilst speaking to his father he had taken it out from the drawer—and when he quitted the room it had lain upon the blotting-pad.

He stepped back towards the outer door.

Something fluttered past his face, and he turned in a mad panic. The dreadful, bodiless hands groped in the darkness between himself and the exit!

Vaguely it came home to him that the menace might be avoidable. He was bathed in icy perspiration.

He dropped the revolver into his pocket, and placed his hands upon his throat. Then he began to grope his way towards the closed door of his bedroom.

Lowering his left hand, he began to feel for the door-knob. As he did so, he saw—and knew the crowning horror of the night—that he had made

a false move. In retiring he had thrown away his last, his only chance.

The phantom hands, a yard apart and holding the silken cord stretched tightly between them, were approaching him swiftly!

He lowered his head, and charged along the passage with a wild cry.

The cord, stretched taut, struck him under the chin.

Back he reeled.

The cord was about his throat!

"God!" he choked, and thrust up his hands.

Madly he strove to pluck the deadly silken thing from his neck. It was useless. A grip of steel was drawing it tightly—and ever more tightly—about him.

Despair touched him, and almost he resigned himself. Then:

"Rob! Rob! open the door!"

Dr Cairn was outside.

A new strength came—and he knew that it was the last atom left to him. To remove the rope was humanly impossible. He dropped his cramped hands, bent his body by a mighty physical effort, and hurled himself forward upon the door.

The latch, now, was just above his head. He stretched up—and was plucked back. But the fingers of his right hand grasped the knob.

Even as that superhuman force jerked him back, he turned the knob—and fell.

All his weight hung upon the fingers which were locked about that brass disk in a grip which even the powers of darkness could not relax.

The door swung open, and Cairn swung back with it.

He collapsed, an inert heap, upon the floor. Dr. Cairn leaped in over him.

When he re-opened his eyes, he lay in bed, and his father was bathing his inflamed throat.

"All right, boy! There's no damage done, thank God!"

"The hands!"

"I quite understand. But *I* saw no hands but your own, Rob; and if it had come to—an inquest—I could not even have raised my voice against a verdict of suicide!"

"But I—opened the door!"

"They would have said that you repented your awful act, too late. Although it is almost impossible for a man to strangle himself under such conditions, there is no jury in England who would have believed that Antony Ferrara had done the deed."

THE KAISER'S LATEST ULTIMATUM

By VAN DE TODD

GOTT, Gott, dear Gott, attention blease:
Your bardner Vilhelm's here,
Und has a word or two to say
indo your brivate ear;
So durn away all udders now
Und listen vell to me,
For vat I say concerns me much,
Meinself und Shermany.

You know, dear Gott, I vas your freindt,
Und from mein hour of birth
I quietly let you rule in Heffen,
Vile I ruled here on earth,
Und ven I toldt mein soldiers
Of bygone battle days,
I gladly split de glory,
Und half gave you of praise.

In every way I tried to prove
Mein heart to you vas true,
Und only claimed mein honest share
In great deeds dat ve do.
You could not haf a better freindt
In sky, or land, or sea,
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm number two,
De Lord of Shermany.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,
Dat ve should still be freindts,
Und you should help to send my foes
To meet deir bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do
I'll nothing ask again,
Und you and I will bardners be
For evermore, Amen!

But listen, Gott, it must be mighty quick
Your help to me you send,
Or else I haf to stop attack
And only blay defend.
So four and twenty hours I gif
To make de Allies run
Und put me safe into mein blace—
De middle of de Sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart:
I'll tell de vorld dot fact,
But if you don't, den I must tink
It is an hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare,
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepp'lin ships to wage
A fight up in de skies.

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is von of many more,
Mine mind is settled up to clean
De whole vorld off de floor.
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,
An extra shance is giffen;
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
De Emperor of Heffen.

THE KAISER'S BATTLE CRY

Drawing by J. E. H. Macdonald.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE

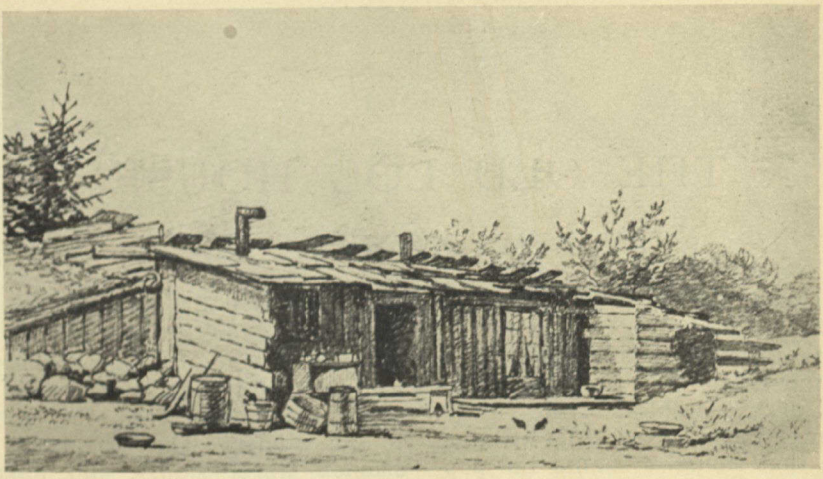
BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

PENCIL DRAWINGS BY HARLOW WHITE*

IT is towards the evening of an autumn day forty years ago. An old man, the oldest in the village, a pioneer indeed, enters the little log house that snuggles behind the poplars half-way up the hill. Like the man, the house is rich in years; like him, also, it is battered and weather-beaten. But these two, the dweller and the dwelling, present many points of picturesqueness. They began here together, when the great forest almost smothered them, before the place itself had even a name, and together they have settled down in serene and complacent age. Still they are not alone, for the room into which the man enters confines a low, peculiar, whirring, crooning sound. It is a sound not unfamiliar to the neighbour boy who is suffered to enter at will, lured thither by the sight of mink and muskrat swinging from a gun across the old man's shoulder. Yet in the gloom of the interior, where no object is sharply defined, the sound impresses the boy as something weird and uncanny. He knows, however, that it is a homely sound, and as his eyes become accustomed to the dim light, he distinguishes the bent form of an old woman spinning yarn. The woman, like the house and man, has stood against time and hard weather, but upon her face, even now, you can see shining the spirit of benevolence. She calls the boy to her side, and bids him watch her transfer the yarn from the spinner to the winder. Then she turns the smaller wheel slowly, and when it clicks, as she explains, it warns her that it has revolved forty times, which is one skein. A wooden wheel that speaks when it has done its work! And still we wonder at our latest inventions. But no marvel of this new century, can take the place in that boyish imagination of the little wooden winding-wheel in the log house behind the poplars.

The old man has been visiting his traps. He throws the game into the woodshed, lays a couple of traps in a corner, and hangs the gun on pegs close to the ceiling. It is a bit chilly, he thinks, and the old woman, who is setting her wheels aside, enjoins him to start a fire. So he takes down from a rude shelf above a ruder fireplace two small articles. One looks like a piece of stone, the other like a piece of iron. And that, in fact, is what they are: the flint and steel of former days. He goes down upon his knees before the fender, sets out a few pieces of punk, above which he poises his hands, the flint in one, the steel in the other. There is a moment of hesitation, and then he strikes. The sound is sharp and brittle, as the flint and steel come together with a

* Harlow White came to Canada from England, and in the early seventies he painted and sketched much of what he saw then. The drawings here reproduced are from the originals in the John Ross Robertson collection.



A LOG SHANTY WITH LEAN-TO
From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1872

quick, sliding motion. Down through the gloom shoots a point of flame, but the punk does not ignite. He strikes again, but misses fire. A third time he tries, and then the boy sees a fine spiral of smoke rise above the punk. Bending closer, the old man blows his breath upon the spot that has ignited, and soon a flame appears. The flame increases and bites into the dead branches laid for its feasting. It roars and snaps, and these sounds of burning take the place of the spinning-wheel's weird wail. It has a cheery sound, and it sends forth a pleasant, flickering glow. But that is not enough, for the old woman takes down a candle from the dresser-head and lights it at the fire. She sets it in the centre of the table, and begins to lay out the things for supper. She invites the boy to sup with them, but he must run across the road and ask permission.

It is quite dark outside now, and few things sound above the quiet of the village. But blackbirds chatter in the poplars, and someone is making a creaking noise with a pump. Very likely it is the shoemaker; he usually goes out at this hour to get water to soak leather in over night. His is one of the few pumps in the village; most of the people go to the common spring near the mill.

The boy obtains permission to remain for supper with the old couple. He comes rushing back from his own home, and just as he is crossing the road he notices in the dusk a small group standing a few yards away. Curiosity causes him to stop and join them. The old mail-carrier has arrived, much later than usual, and as it promises to be a pitch black night he is borrowing a lantern from the teamster who lives in the house that used to be a tavern. The lantern is large and square, and on one side there is a door that opens. The boy sees the mail-carrier take off his dog-skin mittens, hold the lantern up level with his face, open the door and set a candle within. Then the carpenter and the doctor each strike a match, and when the carpenter's fails, the doctor thrusts his forward and lights the candle.

The flame inside now casts a pleasant glow upon the faces of the group; and, to this day, after forty years, the boy still visualizes each member—

A LOG CABIN
From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1875

the mail-carrier, with his hooked nose and large iron-rimmed spectacles; the teamster, with fiery red beard and little peaked cap; the carpenter, in checked flannel shirt-sleeves and hairy neck; the weaver, with gray Scotch beard, dour expression and high cheek-bones; and, above all, with mild, congenial mien, the ample form of the doctor. The doctor is saying that the lantern will be useful on so dark a night, with the roads bad under the fall rains. He advises the carrier to keep to the new road over the "mountain," and to look ahead for the bridge crossing the Sable. The bridge was all right when he crossed it this morning on the way from attending the school-master's wife on the Boundary, but the water had been rising and the logs were not overly secure. The teamster thought that the township ought to be hauled up for not building a new bridge, and he said with no uncertainty that if he should break through with a load of quarry he would sue for loss of time as well as of material.

The boy turns towards the log house. He can see the firelight flickering within and smell already the scones and potatoes frying over the coals. It is an appetizing smell, and he knows that they shall have tea and molasses also. But it is not for these things that he goes now into that homely abode; it is to hear the old man's tales of earlier days and see him skin the mink and muskrat. He looks on his host as on a great hunter, and likes the very sight of the steel traps, some of them with toothed jaws, and, above all, the huge bear-trap. He fancies himself a hunter, also a great hunter, with a gun of his own and top boots and a case shielding a blade pointed like a dagger.

As they draw up to the table, the old man points to honey in the place of molasses. Real wild honey! What a treat! The boy can hardly wait until they come properly to it. But the old woman covers his plate with potatoes hot from the pan and spreads his scone so that the butter melts before his very eyes. Still, there is honey ahead, real wild honey. And the old man recounts how he obtained it. He had been setting traps in the beaver meadow, and in making for the bush beyond had crossed the summer-fallow where the thistles were in

A LOG HOUSE IN WINTER
From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1873

bloom. There he observed a great number of bees, and he remarked how they all seemed to fly in one direction. In other words, they made a bee-line towards a big hollow stump at the edge of the bush. Necessity had taught the old man that bees sometimes swarm in hollow trees; so that it was with the zest of the spoiler that he cut across the fallow ground and hastened to strike the stump with the butt of his gun. Then he put his ear against the bark, and heard, to his intense satisfaction, a buzzing chorus within.

To procure the honey intact demanded both courage and skill, qualities in which the old man was not lacking. And the result was a patent pailful of honey, which, when one comes to eating it, is as good as any tame honey ever produced. The boy realizes this fact, and he realizes also that it is an adventure not to be retold round the village. He chuckles to himself also over the big cupful of tea set in front of him, with cream from the brindle which he and the other children drove with the village herd home from the bush.

Supper over, the old man skins the mink and muskrat and stretches each hide on a shingle rounded at one end. Then he tacks them to a beam above the fireplace, where they will remain until quite dry. These overhead beams support a remarkable variety of provisions drying there against the requirements of the oncoming winter. Strings of quartered apples, brown and shrivelled, stretch from beam to beam, and pieces of meat hang by cords tied to nails. Long strips of pumpkin provide a note of yellow, and a few ears of corn, like tubes of orange against the whitewashed logs, are retained there for spring planting.

The old woman, having washed the dishes and greased the good man's boots, gets out her knitting and joins the other two, who now are sitting before the fire. The old man is smoking, and his socks, as he thrusts his feet towards the fire, send up a visible volume of steam. He remembers the

AN ONTARIO CLEARING
From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1875

time when life was not as comfortable as it is now, when they had no candles, even, and no floor but the bare earth. That was when the children were little, before some of them were born. But they grew up, all but one, and went their several ways, and oftentimes he wishes for the earthen floor and the windy chinks and his little ones again. One of the boys went to Michigan, another to Dakota, two to Manitoba, and one to the devil; while the two girls married young and went to live hundreds of miles away.

But they were good old days, those early pioneer days, when forty miles to mill, on foot, with a bag of wheat, was a nice little change of air. There was no doctor then, my boy, in case of sickness, no mail-carrier, no tavern, no store, no church, no nothing. But settlers came, for the land was good —Scotch settlers to the south, English to the east and west, Irish to the north. A saw-mill started, and they got planks for the floor and boards for the partition, the very same floor and partition that we now behold. Hunting was not hunting in those days, for the game came right up to your very door. Deer passed by within gunshot every day, and bear and partridge, the wild turkey and wild pigeon, geese, ducks, and rabbits flourished on every hand.

Then came civilization, my boy, and school-teaching and church-going and what not. They had log houses everywhere, and good houses, too, as we see this one, the only one left. The old man would never forget the raising of his own house, this very house. There were no neighbours within miles in any direction, so that they had to invite help from the Boundary. And it was a fatal raising, for poor Neil McAlpin was struck dead by a beam falling, and his young widow, an old woman when her turn came, was laid to rest in the graveyard just the other day. They had chosen the site for the house because there was an abundance of spring water at hand. A clearing of a hundred and fifty feet square was made, so that if any tree should fall by wind or axe it

A TYPICAL ONTARIO LOG HOUSE
From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1875

could not harm the house. In the middle of this clearing, with stumps sticking up all round, the house was built. It was twenty-two feet long by eighteen wide, as anyone could still see. Count the logs, my boy, and you will see that they are eight below the beams and four above. The roof is of split timber supported on rafters of unhewn saplings. Of course, it is covered with shingles now, and there is an upstairs also, something that had never been thought of until the children began to grow and the saw-mill to supply lumber. It was easy enough work to hew and notch the logs and with oxen draw them into position. It was easy enough work, also, to lay the lower ones. But when it came to placing them in position above the reach of a man standing it was not so easy. To do that they used forked poles. One of the end poles broke, allowing the log to slide quickly to the ground. Poor Neil had not time to move aside. His gravestone, which was not put there until he had been in the ground twenty years, bears an inscription which says that he died performing his duty.

It was the duty of the pioneer settler to help his neighbour. Had it not been so there would have been no neighbourhood, no common settlement. And the exigencies of neighbourhood brought forth those fine social qualities that were the distinguishing features of early days in Upper Canada. The old man, as he smokes by the fire, has no idea that the time will come when self-respecting men will think of killing a hog and not sending pieces of the fresh meat to their neighbours. And likewise as to beef and mutton. For fresh meat still is a delicacy—there is no butcher to call every day. Interdependence is the backbone of every community, and what affects one oftentimes affects all. The raising-bee, the quilting-bee, the sewing-bee, the paring-bee, the sawing-bee, the threshing-bee—all these festive occasions are customs of the day, yet the old man never dreams that they will not endure. For how can he foresee the things that will change the aspect of rural life? How can he predict the telephone, the electric railway, the motor-car, the gasoline engine? He is just an old pioneer, with flint and steel, candle and fireplace, muz-

zle-loader, and home-made bullets. He looks to the past, not to the future, little reckoning that the boy at his side will become the man of to-morrow. He has seen the flail give way to the threshing-machine driven by horses walking in a circle and a man standing in the middle wielding a long whip and emitting a longer whistle. He has seen the reaper supercede the scythe. He has seen oil actually burning in a lamp and shedding out an incredible light. He has seen wood burning in an iron stove set in the middle of the floor. He has heard of machines that knit, and of men riding on wheels propelled by themselves. As well might one think of flying. By many persons matches are used even in his time, and not long ago he heard a man say that you could get a gun that can be charged in a second. Of course, he doesn't believe that, nor does he see any sense in talking about being able to hear a person speaking a hundred miles away. And he would regard it as sheer nonsense were anyone to tell him that some day the boy at his side would be able to leave to posterity the sound of his voice.

Thus we see the pioneer of the log house forty years ago. He is the father of his country, for out from his house and thousands of other log houses have gone forth young men and young women who are making the nation great. And the little boy who now rises from the fireplace, having listened to recollections of the past, looks forward into the future. He is of a later generation, and he must withdraw. And in good time, too, for the old woman is nodding over her knitting, and the old man's pipe has gone out.

The boy walks quietly across the floor, opens the door and passes out. The village is in darkness, except at the store, where the keeper is at this very moment putting up the shutters. He is a little later than usual, but, then, he is postmaster also, and the mail was behind time to-night. The

A LOG SHANTY
From a pencil sketch made by Harlow White in 1872

boy scarcely heeds these things. He crosses the road and pauses on his own doorstep. A dog howls somewhere down the concession. The night is very dark. Yet the sky is lighter than the earth, and against it, silhouetted in black, the boy sees through the poplars the outlines of the log house. He sees the window, ruddy with the glow from fire and candle. He sees the old man rise, place his pipe on the shelf, and take down the big Book. There is only one book in that house, a book thumb-marked and dog-eared, and even a boy may guess its name.

NOEL

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

THE old house knows bride and mother and wife.
It is the night before Christ's birth, the blesséd time.
The old, old house remembers, all my wedded life:
(There are frost stars on the window, and the grass is white with rime;
Every bush and tree bears blossom, flowers of snow and sparkling leaves,
And the nests are empty under the eaves.)

Their father sits, with hands folded and crossed,
Bent over the crutch of his stick, warm at the hearth,
(The boughs are crystal, where the moonlight fires the frost,
And no footprint mars the even snow upon the garden path).
He does not speak (The moon is made of a shining piece of gold,
The moon is at full), he is grown so old.

My elder son watches his acres bloom,
Watches the waxen garlands of his orange trees,
Where the magnolia-scented air drifts in his room,
And my younger boy swings in his hammock upon torrid seas,
Warm blue seas of southern langour, under tropic skies, star-sewn . . .
The nests are empty, and the birds are flown.

I have two girls, each in her home will be
Decking the house with berries white and red.
Hanging with tinsel stars the Christmas-tree,
And stealing to fill the stocking a-dangle by each child's bed.
It is close on twelve, the holy stars assemble one by one . . .
The nests are empty, and the children gone.

And at the solemn hour of Jesu's birth
One only of my children will come home,
Leaving awhile his narrow bed in the warm earth,
Leaving awhile the playing fields of Heaven, he will come;
I shall hear a little footstep; I shall strain my ear to catch
His small, uncertain hand upon the latch.

My sons and my girls, know the best and worst,
Knowing evil and good, sin and sorrow and rest;
He was the flower of my springtime; he was my first,
In my first anguish I bore him, he only knew my breast.
I shall hear the church bells ringing, golden-tongued, a moment more,
Listen—is that my baby at the door?

THE DARK NIGHT

From the Painting by David Muirhead
in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THEIR VAGARY

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

SYBIL CANTLIE surveyed the mound of letters by her plate and glanced across the table at her husband. She liked this meal especially, not only for these daily invitational heralds, but for a certain inspiring freshness that seemed invariably to await her in the breakfast-room. Its daintiness and crisp individuality always greeted her with charm and matitutinal vigour.

John Cantlie, however, subdivided his attention between marmalade and *The Morning Post*. His dual absorption established at once an Anglo-Saxon atmosphere. It suggested that Sybil, complete and perfect in her domestic interest, needed no further attention. It was not that he undervalued her. Cantlie, on the contrary, was convinced that he of all men was the most fortunate. But he had a negative manner of expressing positive confidence—and had as well that male assumption of indifference which is merely the speechless offspring of perfect faith.

Sybil sorted her letters. On one side a mound of accounts and circulars, on the other a heap of missives, more promising and prophetic.

"Any new social complication?" asked Cantlie. He asked it every morning in exactly that way. Cantlie's wit was diurnal.

She picked a letter from the top of the pyramid. "Oh, Churton Forbes wants us to spend a week-end with him in Devonshire."

"When?"

"The third to the fifth of next month."

Cantlie finished his tea. "Too bad," he said laconically.

"I would like it, John! Must you go to-morrow?"

He regarded her with lifted brows. Sybil was not often so impulsive. Cantlie's yearly trip of inspection always began on the tenth of May, and terminated exactly one month later. He was sound and admirably conservative. Sybil herself was conscious of an absolute security. The universe might change, but there could be no permutations in either John's business programme or his inflexible affection. But just now she yielded to the recurrent sensation of being an instrument impersonally manipulated on the switch-board of John's too ordered life.

This domestic perfection had crystallized into a flawless routine of their joint creation. John had successfully pursued the comfortable material things of life and laid them placidly at her feet. Sybil had offered to this dignified partnership as much of herself as she understood well enough to offer. But in later years she had been subtly conscious that there was an underlying elusive self, that, as yet, had had no tangible expression, a sub-Sybil that moved, hungry and exiled, through the smoothness of existence in Harstone Square.

That afternoon she wrote:

Dear Mr. Forbes:

It is a great disappointment to us both not ot be able to accept your most kind invitation for the third of next month. My husband leaves on the tenth for a

business trip and will not return till the same date in June. We would both have enjoyed being with you.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely.

A day later Cantlie's cab bore him off to Euston. She watched from the doorstep, caught his connubial signal from the corner of the Square; then went to her desk and sat for some time, motionless and diffident. Weekly letters were due to Herbert at Oxford and Mary at Girton. Just now they seemed unimportant. Her gaze wandered abstractedly to the long mirror opposite. Nothing betrayed the woman of forty. Her fair skin, smooth light hair and supple figure had made no surrender to her years. She retained in a certain full luxuriance every promise of girlhood. Piquant little curls clustered on her brows and cast soft shadows on the delicate curves of her neck. There was also a physical transparency that revealed itself in subtle shades of tone and colour.

She experienced a translation in which that other Sybil came strongly to life and protest. This woman in the glass was potent and exquisite, a creature made for charm and every process of delight. But she was, nevertheless, a circumscribed reflection, divorced from spiritual and emotional freedom, unstirred by the poignant sweetness of any vagary. For the rest of her life it would ever be thus—the processional round of tasteless orthodoxy. She questioned whether this body, and suddenly wayward heart of hers, had, after all, been designed merely to adjust themselves automatically to circumstances she did not create. Was there no swift outlet, no royal, even prodigal, feast with which to fill this constant and complaining void.

Into this reflection drifted the wraith of Churton Forbes—man of the world, man of letters, interpreter of the innermost recesses of her own sex; and unwedded, save to a nook in a Devonshire chine, to which, at rare intervals, the elect and only the elect were bidden. She knew perfectly well that had Cantlie been a bachelor he would not have been asked for a week-end, but she had, nevertheless, up to this moment, put away with Spartan resolution the dangerously attractive alternative that she herself had impressed Churton Forbes.

Now the alternative joined hands with her temperamental research and dared her to come on.

Some strange, new, hungry, unschooled part of herself responded instantly—a part that said: "Until you have satisfied me, you have not lived. You have nourished your virtues and fed your intellect—but you are incomplete till I have had my way." There was no moral or ethical side to it. Sybil suddenly recognized herself as a thing absorbed into the general pattern. She had paid for peace at the cost of individuality. Now she craved that she might feel—greatly, poignantly, unutterably—and, having felt once, salve again her quivering spirit with the familiar unction of an ordered life.

Churton Forbes received Sybil's second letter two days later. He regarded it first with amusement, then with a certain susceptible interest. His literary excursions had been—though few guessed it—only the expression of his own intuitive perceptions, unfortified by any personal experience or adventure. True, they had been acclaimed by the reading public as personal revelations, and thus was created in the minds of many, a romantic Churton Forbes, oscillating between sentimental diversions and the retrospective solitudes of his Devonshire valley. This interpretation had suited Forbes admirably. More and more secure, he became, on paper, more daring, more exploratory than ever.

He had known Sybil for years. Cantlie himself was classified and docketed on sight. But this union of the emotionally unawaked woman

with the man who, he thought, would never be emotionally awake, had always piqued Churton Forbes's curiosity. Of this, his invitation had been the ultimate outcome.

Now he found himself no longer a human analyst, but one who stood facing such a denouement as had, heretofore, been purely relative and imaginary. The facts and the question jockeyed across her note-paper. She was alone. She wanted to see him and why did she want it! So Forbes set out for town with a queer illusion that, at last, he was about to step from the dress circle onto the stage.

Sybil awaited him, her exploratory instinct strongly alive, but her orthodox self thinking that it would, perhaps, be just as well if he did not come. She wondered whether, if he did come, her strange sub-Sybil would get out of hand.

She found him at first politely negative and impersonally interesting. Forbes was, in fact, casting about to establish his meridian from literary land-marks of his own creation. Somewhere in one of his books a man had been exactly in this position. He had had the same freedom, and advantage, the same single irresponsibility. But now, noting the prophetic response in Sybil's eyes and yielding to the thought that there was perhaps some phase of her existence that Cantlie had never shared, and in which he himself might participate, the progress of the imaginary heroes of Churton Forbes became nebulous and unreal.

He was surprised to discover that though this atmosphere was never entirely dissipated, he absorbed it to the extent of occupying his rooms in Down Street longer than ever before. It was an understood thing that they spent every day together. He would not admit that this excursion was making any imprint on his own life. He continually said to himself: "I can use this, and this, and this." He bolstered up a spirit that was, unknown to himself, rapidly attaining a point where it needed no stimulus whatever.

And to Sybil the first turns of the new trail were alive with charm and piquant interest. Interminable sequences of domesticity had sharpened her palate for this diet of enfranchisement. To the intuition of Churton Forbes she opposed a sudden capacity for enjoyment, that carried him along without time to establish the perspective point toward which this broad companionship was narrowing.

They talked a great deal, with a mutual off-hand discarding of conversational preliminaries—as men talk. It was Sybil, who, on the fourth day, voiced that which was now in both their minds.

"Must you go this afternoon?" she said abruptly.

Forbes nodded. They were lunching at Prince's. He had been saying to himself that she was the most effective woman in the room. Then he found himself saying it aloud. She put it aside with this direct query. Her eyes were troubled.

"I fear I must. I'm behind with my work now. But—"

"Yes," There was a fibre in her voice he had not heard before.

"I don't believe I'll do much—for a while."

They were both silent, both pulling feebly against the stream.

"It's been good to be here with you," he went on, meeting her eyes.

Such days had never come before. They flashed past her in royal succession. She was conscious that at last something in her was frantically alive and beating its wings against the cage of prudence. Then she looked at Forbes, noting the broad forehead, the quiet gray eyes, the sympathetic mouth, the atmosphere of understanding and invitational reserve. She wondered, if with all his intuition, he understood what she felt.

"I wish you could have come down to Devonshire," he added thoughtfully. "I've rather a jolly little place,

buried in heather, and miles from anywhere."

Sybil caught his glance. She wondered where and when she had encountered just such a gaze, and suddenly remembered the Sphinx. His eyes seemed to be shouting at her with something there were no words for.

"I'll tell you," she said daringly. "I'll pay you a purely imaginary visit. Now tell me how to get there."

She leaned forward across the table—very pretty—and, in a flash, very animated. He took in her beauty with gratitude of sense and imagination alike. He tried to vivisect his own emotions—but got no farther than picturing Sybil in his Devonshire garden—then the coming of dusk. He reflected—rapidly—drinking her in all the time with gray, half-lidded eyes.

He laughed again. "Well, if you came on Saturday, you would take a purely hypothetical train from Victoria at ten-thirty, which would land you at Newton Towers by three-twenty. There you would change and reach Burchiston in half an hour. At Burchiston you would find an illusory but much gratified author with a perfectly transparent dog-cart. In fifteen minutes you would be drinking spiritualized tea and looking at phantom hills covered with ghostly heather."

"And for the rest of it?" Her voice was curiously thin and breathless.

"For the rest of it you would wander about the phantom hills with that illusory author, and smell the ghostly heather and talk about that distressingly practical, straight-laced, humdrum world in which you would find yourself when you woke up."

"Yes, and then—what comes after that?" The sub-Sybil had mounted to her eyes and cheeks.

"After that you would go on," he said, staring at her intently, "just as you did before you dreamed. The world would be just the same; no one in it would have changed. But you yourself would sometimes remember your dream—and—" he hesitated.

"Yes, and what?"

"And the author would always remember it, as something that came very sweetly across the heather and the hills."

"And the rest of the world?" She was trembling. It crept into the question.

"Would not have existed," he said quietly.

She rose from the table. Forbes waited while she went for her wraps. She returned, pale and very beautiful. He did not want to let her go.

She held out her hand. "Is this good-bye?"

Some long dormant element in him rose protesting. "I'm afraid so, unless," he dared greatly, "I have only dreamed about a dream."

The colour rushed back to her face. "Do dreams ever come true?"

He looked at the hand that lay unresistingly in his own. For the moment it seemed absolutely his own. "Sometimes," he said, under his breath, "sometimes—down in Devonshire."

Their eyes met like the eyes of those poised on the edge of something hitherto unguessed at. To Forbes she seemed an exquisite enigma. She smiled nervously. "They might—perhaps—in Devonshire."

Late that night from the seclusion of his valley, Forbes surveyed the quality of these last few days. That Sybil loved him he did not for a moment imagine. She seemed rather one who had stretched a petitionary hand out of the deadly sameness of life, that he might draw her up, if only for an instant, to his own transitory coign of vantage. If more than this, she emerged with the offering of some unmodulated, communicable part of herself, it was, it appeared, only part of an absorbing game, one that hitherto he had but viewed from the standpoint of psychological interest. Now he was not averse to being

drawn into it, but with a certain male introspection he wondered whether anticipation did not hold more of satisfaction than realization itself. Forbes in truth was a paper adventurer. He experienced the trials of his heroes, the divine anguish of his heroines, and the remorse of his villains—all on paper. Much of his work was wordily deft, and deftly evasive. But he had had intuitive gleams on which his reputation was built—keen, searching thrusts that fixed themselves in many minds and strengthened his confidence in his own productions. Naturally analytical, master of phrase and period, he was, nevertheless, inwardly timorous, and as yet unresponsive to those passionate interpretations of which he often wrote.

His analysis failed as he climbed into the dog-cart on Saturday and drove through the hollow lanes toward Burchiston. He could not know whether Sybil had reached that point which would risk all for this impetuous vagary. He only knew that he faced a possibility which might reduce every former creation of his mind to the drabness of a puppet.

And Sybil, returning to the statutory surroundings of Harstone Square, was conscious mainly of grappling weakly with the crescent strength of that inward sub-Sybil, who now demanded expression. It ceased to be a question of morals. It was rather the placating if possible of something within her that had been promised food and was offered platitude. She was yielding gradually to the belief that this other Sybil, the unappeased, hitherto unsatisfied Sybil, must be fed and comforted. Her hunger was mental and temperamental as well. "This part of myself that I am starving will soon die." she said to herself. She had reached the poignant phase of womanhood when the shadows of inevitable years begin to cloud the proportions of the present—she was still in full enjoyment of strength and physical beauty —and the strange ineffable promptings that live with them. But she was oppressed nevertheless by the approach of that solitary season when the tissues of mind and body alike would have exhausted their quick spontaneity and fire.

As to Cantlie and their children, they seemed hardly to appear in her reflections. They had had of her all that they demanded—and more. This dream was to be all her own. The future for once might take care of itself.

She caught the ten-thirty on Saturday at Victoria. Her only luggage was a hand-bag. She had had moments of intimate confusion when packing it, visionary shreds of the circumstances under which she would unpack it. There had also been protection to provide for her social hiatus.

Now, gliding through the trim fields of Surrey, all these things seemed to have automatically smoothed themselves out. Her departure had excited no apparent curiosity. How easy it all was. Of the immediate future she hardly dared think. It held faint suggestions of surrender. For this fleeting liberty, this glorious vagary —she had an infinite yearning. As for her husband and Herbert and Mary they continued behind the footlights. She, weary of their parts, had slipped away to dream.

She changed trains at Newton Towers. A long shrill whistle announced Burchiston, and she palpitated with quick alarms. There was a moment's wild desire to draw down her veil and shrink motionless into the far corner of the compartment. Then the train stopped and she saw Forbes at the door.

The loose, rough tweeds and healthy out-door face of him suggested nothing but the country gentleman. It was all laughably ordinary and impersonal. She said so when, mounting the dog-cart, they commenced to swing toward the sea.

Forbes smiled. There had been

inquisitorial moments while he waited at the station. He had wondered whether he was not about to destroy many a treasured hypothesis for one transient, wayward actuality. He had thought a good deal, also, about Cantlie, and endeavoured to forecast him metamorphosed into a furious husband, charged with deadly revenge. But the whole thing had such an elusive unreality that he failed altogether. Now, regarding Sybil's exquisite face and yielding luxuriously to the comforting nearness of her, it all seemed more unreal than ever.

"Look at them," he said, pointing with his whip to the heather-clad hills. "Are those ordinary? Are they not what you saw in your Devonshire dream?"

She looked. These soft undulations lifted on each side of the narrow road in long yellow waves of tiny flowers that clung close to the odorous earth. The smell of them was intoxicating. She leaned against him, unutterably free, unutterably happy. "Oh, I'm so glad to be here."

He stooped over and gazed into the very depths of her eyes. "Why did you wait so long?" he said.

"Was it long?" she asked flushing. "I didn't know—before."

"And yet—you and I have been waiting for this since the world began. Doesn't the rest of everything seem far away, now?"

"Millions of miles." She smiled contentedly—then glanced into his face and went on hurriedly: "I want you to tell me so many things."

"What kind of things? There is so much to tell you," he added meaningly.

"About yourself, and this place of yours, and your work." She evaded him daintily.

"Oh, I got the place years ago. You'll see it soon—just a cottage hanging over the sea in a wrinkle of the hills. It's very pretty. There's a faithful old soul there who does very well for me. I think you'll be fairly comfortable, at least I hope so." His voice dropped. "Though I have not had much time to get ready for you."

She was suddenly breathless "Do—do you have many visitors?"

He shook his head. "No, one doesn't want them here somehow—but this time"—he paused.

The sub-Sybil stirred within her. She had a quick prompting to tell Forbes that she was just beginning to live. Then, over the rim of the land stretched a long flat line, wonderfully bright and blue. "The sea," she whispered, with parted lips.

The road dipped sharply southwards. She could trace its white ribbon twisting along the flanks of the downs. At the bottom and out far beyond the Channel. The curved shores were white with lace-like foam. Above all this soared the great transparent dome of sky, and, in between, soft airs breathed across the fragrant hills. It was very beautiful and very English. Gazing at Forbes she found it doubly beautiful.

He raised his whip again, "The Cottage."

It lay like a soft brown thing behind hedges of myrtle and wild roses. "How perfect!" She found it strangely hard to speak.

They had tea in the garden—dream tea. The housekeeper waited on them—a gaunt old woman with weather-beaten face and quiet unquestioning eyes. Sybil searched them in vain for anything untoward.

She studied Forbes while he talked—a pointed face that narrowed from a broad white forehead to a chin almost femininely delicate. He had an habitual way of looking from beneath half-closed lids, that piqued curiosity as to the colour of his thoughts. The eyes themselves were gray, with a touch of mystery. His mouth betrayed sensitiveness. The restlessness that pervaded him spoke of nerves and imagination. Physically he was undoubtedly attractive, with the free carriage and almost feline suppleness of a man of the open. He dressed

perfectly and wore his clothes with obvious ease.

She was vastly interested in what he had to say. There were moments when she trembled with the ecstasy of her own interpretations. They seemed so near each other—the rest of the world having dropped out of existence. But, for the most part, they steered between the Scylla of Society and the Charybdis of Harstone Square. It was all intensely personal, but just as ostensibly impersonal.

"You don't quite understand women yet," she laughed. "Myself, for instance."

"I think I do. The real you. The one who made the dream come true."

"Is that the real me. I begin to doubt it." Her eyes challenged his own. "I didn't know anything about her before this week."

"And after this week," he caught her gaze and held it strongly. "You'll never forget her."

"Shall I want to?"

"I hope not, and I—" he knelt beside her chair and gathered her hands into his own. "I shall never forget."

Sybil unpacked her bag in a little room, half filled with flowers. There were roses everywhere, and the lattice window looked out on the sea. She had brought her prettiest dress. She dwelt with a certain joyousness on the image in her glass.

She was arranging her hair when a step sounded outside. She waited—breathless—heard Forbes stop for a moment, then go on to the sitting-room below. Presently she joined him, very pale and with a petitionary beauty that moved him beyond words. She wore one of his roses in her dress.

As they sat down to dinner it grew suddenly dark—and Forbes ordered candles. He surveyed her through their white rays. Her beauty took on a new phase. Magic was at work.

Their talk wandered—drifting off into silences that no speech could interpret. She had been impressed with the cottage. It seemed that there was little here, yet everything that one could want. The soul of the place was almost self-sufficient. Now across the candles, Forbes, the vivifying spirit of this small domain, began, gradually, in the increasing darkness, to take on new aspects. He rambled on, but it seemed with less and less of that direct appeal that had so greatly moved her. She endeavoured to yield to this new intimacy of darkness and nearness. Outside the hills were already wreathed in fog. Under its cover she sensed the approach of a thousand reflections that had had no existence in the sunlight.

Forbes himself, though subject to the spell, was conscious of something that overshadowed even this fruition. His tones were becoming strained and unnatural.

Sybil talked—distrait and nervous. This swift onward march of night appalled her, too. The sub-Sybil expostulated in faint diminuendos. "Why did you bring me here—don't be a fool." She caught at that last. "Don't be a fool." No longer wedged into the familiar fabric of life in Harstone Square, this new liberty began to look like that of a castaway. And now it was getting darker. Was there—was there anything ogre-like in the face of Churton Forbes? The candles flickered. It was hard to say.

On the window pattered a few drops of rain. The world was running to cover now—for the night—that terrified her utterly. She turned very white. "Mr. Forbes, I—I—" her voice trailed off.

He came quickly and put his arm round her. She revolted at the touch. "Don't, please—please, don't."

"Why, what is it?" He spoke nervously, but with a strain of reassurance.

She got up quickly. Her eyes were round with fright. "Mr. Forbes—I must go—now—this minute!"

"Why!" Then he lied bravely. "I don't understand."

"Nor do I—but believe me—I must go at once." The sub-Sybil was dead

—more—she was putrefying within her.

"But you can't," he said gently, "now."

"Why—" She caught at his arm. "I must go, can't you understand?"

"There's only one evening train to town. It's a through train—an express," and, he added, "I'm afraid you can't catch that."

"What time is it, how long is there? Please tell me." She was shaking.

"I can have the cart ready at once, if you insist," he said slowly, "but I don't think it's much use. You would not have time to change."

"I don't want to change. I only want to catch that train. I'm ready now—this instant."

Forbes stared at her. He, too, heard an inward voice. "Don't be a fool," it shouted. He wondered for an instant how to take it. Then suddenly he thought of Cantlie, Cantlie of the iron-gray hair and stolid determined visage. "I'll do what I can," he said hurriedly, and disappeared.

In a few moments the mare's hoofs rang sharply on the drive. Forbes jumped down and ran into the cottage.

"Are you ready?"

He met Sybil in the hall. She had packed her bag in desperate haste. There had been no time to change. Beneath her light cloak her arms and neck were white and bare. He threw an ulster round her. "Now," he said firmly, "hold on."

The cottage dropped out of sight in the rain. Forbes rounded the corner on one wheel. The cart lurched and recovered. The fog settled down, heavier, more impenetrable than before—all they could see was a patch of shining road ahead of the lamps. All they could hear was the hammer of the mare's hoofs, as she breasted the long rise from the cottage. At the summit she was breathing hard and dropped into a walk.

"Can't we go faster?" Already Sybil visioned that last train speeding to home and safety without her.

"We will, in a second," said Forbes grimly. "But I don't want to kill the mare."

She was shocked at what she thought his indifference—he at what, for a moment, looked like her cruelty. She did not guess that Forbes was thinking rapidly as to where and how they could best make speed.

"Now," he jerked out, "hold on tight," and laid the mare to her work.

Once she spoke to him. "Will we make it?"

He nodded. "I think so—there are Burchiston lights now."

She heard a long whistle. The evening train entered a nearby cutting. It left her breathless.

Forbes heard it, too. His whip fell sharply. "We'll just do it, and no more."

The mare sprang forward. She was breathing hard and flecks of foam came back in their faces. Then Forbes pulled up short at the station. The train had entered, stopped, and was just getting into motion again.

Sybil sprang out of the cart, ran across the platform, and twisted desperately at a carriage door. She was walking rapidly beside it. The guard had his head out of the van and was shouting at her.

Forbes ran to the next compartment and jerked at a handle. "Here," he shouted, "take this one, quick."

She jumped in—fell—and recovered herself. He threw the bag in after her. Then, running fast, he slammed the door shut. In an instant he had dropped out of sight.

Sybil sat back. She felt very faint. Her hands lying weakly in her lap touched something rough and wet and unfamiliar. It was Forbes's ulster. She rested till the train, gathering full speed, had settled down into the long run to London. Her lips worked uncertainly. For a few moments thus—then she began to laugh hysterically. She had forgotten to say goodbye.

OUR ALIEN ENEMIES

BY THOMAS MULVEY, K.C.

CIVIL rights of alien enemies as modified by modern war raise many questions which did not require consideration in former times, and therefore the position in Canada of the subjects of enemy nations of this world-war should be discussed. The subject is of particular interest to Canadians. Not only have we welcomed but we have deliberately taken all measures which would induce foreigners to emigrate to Canada, having in view not so much the benefit to the foreigner but the good which his advent probably would do in increasing the prosperity of this country. That the change of residence from autocratic Europe to the freedom of Western Canada may have been in the interest of the immigrant there can be no question, but our motives in encouraging emigration to Canada from all the countries of Europe should receive due weight in discussing our attitude toward the alien enemy in Canada. We have welcomed not only the Doukhobour and the Galician, but the Polack from Germany and Austria, as well as from Russia. They have come to this country not alone for their own advancement, but on our invitation, to assist in building up Canada.

Globe-trotting and immigration such as is indicated are modern. When it is pointed out that the first general Naturalization Act of Canada was passed in 1829, and the first of the United Kingdom in the year 1844, it is readily seen that many topics which are now up for acute consideration were not discussed during former European wars.

The Peace Conference of 1907 had no doubt in mind the improvement of the condition of the alien enemy in inserting in Convention No. 4, Article 23 (h), the following: "In addition to the prohibitions provided by special conventions, it is particularly forbidden: (h) to declare abolished, suspended, or inadmissible, the right of the subjects of the hostile party to institute legal proceedings." What this clause may mean it is very difficult to understand. It is stated that so far as the United Kingdom was concerned, it was agreed to under a misapprehension. It seems to protect the rights of the alien enemy to institute proceedings, and no reference is made to the conduct of such proceedings to completion. This may appear a very trivial objection, but a Convention such as this, is in the highest degree technical and should be construed, as any other legal document, to mean exactly what it says. The institution of legal proceedings is of very little avail to the alien enemy if there is no right to carry them to conclusion. Moreover, the words "legal proceedings" are not definite. If they really mean and are confined to proceedings before the courts, while the position of the alien enemy may be improved, yet it is not all that may have been intended. If, however, it is intended that the law shall be equally and uniformly administered with respect to the alien enemy and the subject, alike, the sec-

tion seems to go further than should be permitted. Under the Canadian War Measures Act, 1914, authority is given the Governor-General-in-Council to take measures for the security, defence, peace, order, and welfare of Canada, and particularly for arrest, detention, exclusion, and deportation. The provisions of the proclamations issued under this statute are not applicable to subjects. As must be, special laws regulate the actions of alien enemies. It follows that if subjects and alien enemies must be treated alike, and the right of alien enemies to proceed under the Habeas Corpus Act is preserved by The Hague Convention, that Act should be suspended to carry out the due administration of the law. This would practically place the country in a state of siege and could not be thought of. What the section may mean will, no doubt, come up for consideration before the courts. In some of the minor courts of Toronto and Montreal it has been held that the alien enemy has no right before the courts. The subject was considered in the Prize Court in England in the first case, the *Chile*, and it was objected that the German owner had no right to appear before the court. There was no express decision upon the point, the president, Sir Samuel Evans, holding that in that particular case the affidavit filed was insufficient, and it was unnecessary to decide whether the German ship-owner had the right to appear.

In the next case, the *Marie Glaser*, which came before the Prize Court on the 16th of September, 1914, the subject was further considered, but the meagre report is insufficient to determine the exact decision of the court. The president again held that the enemy ship-owner had no right to appear, because the affidavit failed to show that the hostile character of the owners had been in the circumstances in any way suspended, and the appearance of the German owners was stricken out. The above section of The Hague Convention was not discussed. But it appears to follow that if the hostile character of the owners had not changed, their defence would not be entertained. The natural inference is that the common law rule that the alien enemy has no rights before the courts is to be followed.

The attitude of the Dominion Government is indicated by the proclamations issued under the War Measures Act, 1914, respecting the alien enemy. The first appeared on the 8th of August and was applicable to German subjects only. After reciting that there are many immigrants of German nationality quietly pursuing their usual avocations, and that it is desirable that such persons should continue in such avocations without interruption, it was provided that so long as these persons quietly pursue their ordinary avocations they shall not be arrested, detained or interfered with, unless there is reasonable ground to believe that they are engaged in espionage, or attempting to engage in acts of a hostile nature, or to give information to the enemy, or unless they otherwise contravene any law, order-in-council, or proclamation. It was directed that German officers and reservists attempting to leave Canada should be arrested and detained. A similar proclamation was issued respecting Austro-Hungarians, on the 13th of August.

A slight change in attitude appears to have come about, as shown by a proclamation dated the 15th of August, 1914, which provides that all persons of German or Austro-Hungarian nationality, so long as they quietly pursue their ordinary avocations, shall be allowed to continue to enjoy the protection of the law and to be accorded the respect due to peaceful and law-abiding citizens, and that they shall not be arrested, detained, or interfered with unless there is reasonable ground to believe that they are engaged in espionage or engaging or attempting to engage in acts of an hostile nature, or are giv-

ing or attempting to give information to the enemy, or unless they otherwise contravene any law, order-in-council, or proclamation. There was a special provision made for the arrest of reservists or alien enemies attempting to leave Canada to assist the enemy and those engaged in espionage or acts of a hostile nature. Provision was also made for the release upon parole upon the giving of an undertaking to refrain from hostile acts and abide by the laws of Canada.

A further change was again made, as appears by an order-in-Council passed on the 28th of October. In the meantime, bomb outrages had taken place at Montreal between Russians and Austro-Hungarians, and numerous newspaper articles appeared discussing the probability of a raid by Germans and Austro-Hungarians residing in the United States. Without referring to the former proclamations, this order-in-council, under the provisions of the War Measures Act, provides for the establishment of offices of registration of alien enemies, and that every alien enemy residing within twenty miles of the place of registration shall register; that no alien enemy shall leave the country without an exeat of the registrar, which is issued at the discretion of this officer. It further provides that where the registrar believes that an alien enemy cannot consistently with the public safety be permitted to remain at large, he shall be called upon to declare whether he desires and has the means to remain in Canada comformably to the laws and customs of the country, subject to the obligation to report monthly to the chief of police. If the alien expresses a desire to so remain, he is given his liberty, subject to the order-in-council. If otherwise, he is to be detained as a prisoner of war. This order-in-council also provided that no alien enemy should be naturalized without the certificate of the registrar. It will be noticed that this order-in-council is drawn in such terms as not to be applicable to the alien enemy at large, but only to those within twenty miles of a place of registration. No doubt this was intended to overcome the difficulties which arise in populous centres, and leave the law-abiding alien under similar conditions in country places without molestation. It is also apparent that those without means of subsistence shall be kept at the public expense.

Two under-currents of public opinion have aided the progress of these events. It is doubtful whether there was a general adherence to the first proclamation that the alien enemy peacefully pursuing his usual avocations should not be interfered with. Many enployees of German and Austro-Hungarian nationality were dismissed. Added to this, the cessation of public works has led to an increase in the number of unemployed. Moreover, there has been a growing feeling of distrust of all foreign enemies. The newspaper stories of the extensive system of espionage of the German Empire have no doubt upset and irritated the usual quiet current of Canadian opinion.

One allied subject, naturalization of alien enemies, has received considerable public notice, and has been dealt with in various ways. The Honourable Mr. Archambault, of the Circuit Court, Montreal, in a considered judgment (of which we have only newspaper notes), decided that the alien enemy was entitled to naturalization. He based his decision upon the clause of The Hague Convention already quoted, and the proclamation of August 8th and 15th, 1914, above referred to. The Honourable Sir John Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario, at Haileybury, absolutely refused naturalization to German and Austro-Hungarian applicants. The Honourable Mr. Justice Latchford, while not laying down any general rule, decided that each applicant should appear before him and present his case. His Honour Judge Coats-

worth postponed all applications, presumably for investigation, and no doubt for the application of the order-in-council of 28th October.

It is doubtful whether Judge Archambault's decision is rightly based, and this arises from the construction of the clause of The Hague Convention. Is the presentation to the court of the certificate of the Naturalization Commissioner the institution of legal proceedings? To make The Hague Convention applicable it should be so. From a reading of the Naturalization Act, however, it is quite apparent that while the certificate of the Commissioner must be presented in court, the judge sitting for the purpose of considering naturalization applications is not sitting as a judge of the court, but as a ministerial officer for the administration of the Act. No judicial duty is imposed upon the judge or the court, except where objection to the application is made. It is very likely that if a person duly qualified presented his application to the judge, having complied with all the requisites of the Act, no objection having been taken, he could successfully take proceedings and obtain from the court a mandamus directing the judge to grant naturalization. All questions of this nature, however, are now set aside by the order-in-council of the 28th of October, which requires a certificate of the Registrar of Alien Enemies before naturalization be granted.

The proclamation of the King, which was published in *The Gazette* of the 3rd of October, defines the word "enemy" as follows: "The expression 'enemy' in this proclamation means any person or body of persons of whatever nationality resident or carrying on business in the enemy country, but does not include persons of enemy nationality who are neither resident nor carrying on business in the enemy country. In the case of incorporated bodies, enemy character attaches only to those incorporated in an enemy country."

Moreover, the general statement that alien enemies may not have recourse to the courts has limitations. The law is laid down in Dicey as follows: "The court has no jurisdiction during the continuance of war to entertain an action brought by an alien enemy, unless he is living here under the license or protection of the Crown." In support of this, Dicey refers to a decision of the English courts in 1694. There it was held as follows: "Alien amy, or enemy, living here under protection, may bring action, because suing is a consequence of protection. If an alien enemy comes hither *sub salvo conductu* he may maintain an action; if an alien amy comes hither in time of peace, *per licentiam domini Regis,* as the French Protestants did, and lives here *sub protectione,* and a war afterwards begins between the two nations, he may maintain an action, for suing is but a consequential right of protection, and therefore an alien enemy that is here in peace under protection may sue a bond; *aliter* of one commorant in his own country." This authority is very old, but it must be remembered that the presence in Canada of large numbers of the alien enemy is without precedent. The condition under which the Huguenots immigrated and the inducements therefor could not likely have been more favourable than those offered by the Canadian Immigration Office to many Austrians and Germans now endeavouring to make homes for themselves and their children in Canada, and the protection of the law, as declared in the Proclamation of the 15th of August last, cannot be less ample than that accorded the Huguenot in England. The difficulties which may be created by those of the alien enemy who may seek to do us harm should not be minimized. Neither should we overlook the benefits which may come to this country through many of the alien enemy now with us and others who may immigrate after the war.

CANADA AND ITS PROVINCES*

A REVIEW

BY W. S. WALLACE

UNTIL now no good history of Canada on an adequate scale has seen the light. Parkman's picturesque narratives are, of course, excellent, so far as they go; but they carry the reader down only to the dawn of the English period. Kingford's "History of Canada," in ten volumes, has some merits; but its merits are outweighed by its defects: it stops short at the year 1841; it cannot be relied upon in matters of detail; and to read it is like wading through the night's Serbonian bog. Both Parkman and Kingsford, moreover, wrote a generation ago; and in the interval which has elapsed since then, a vast amount of new material has come to light, of the very existence of which they were ignorant. In some respects their work is now obsolete.

The publication, therefore, of a full and authoritative account of Canadian history, brought completely up to date, should be a matter of self-congratulation with Canadians. The value of such a publication is not merely academic. It not only removes the reproach that Canada has hitherto been lacking in a satisfactory account of her history; but it makes a very definite and positive contribution to Canadian national life. Canadians as a whole are profoundly ignorant of the history of their own country. It is the unvarnished truth that the product of the Canadian school knows more, as a rule, about ancient history than about Canadian—more about Themistocles than about Sir John Macdonald, more about the constitution of Sparta than about the British North America Act. And in a country like Canada, where so many of the population are of immigrant origin, it is especially desirable that a knowledge of the country's history should be widely disseminated. The study of history may not have as its primary object the cultivation of patriotism; but the best kind of patriotism must always be based on an intelligent knowledge of history.

"Canada and Its Provinces" is a history of Canada in twenty-two volumes, and an index, prepared under the general editorship of Dr. Adam Shortt and Dr. A. G. Doughty. The names of these editors alone are a sufficient guarantee of excellence. Dr. Shortt, until recently the professor of political economy in Queen's University, Kingston, is perhaps the greatest living authority on Canadian economic history. Dr. Doughty, an Oxford scholar who has been since 1905 the head of the Archives at Ottawa, has an unrivalled knowledge of the manuscript sources of Canadian history, and has made a reputa-

* "Canada and Its Provinces: A History of the Canadian People and Their Institutions, by One Hundred Associates." Edited by Adam Shortt and Arthur G. Doughty. Twenty-two volumes and index. Toronto: The Publishers' Association of Canada, 1913.

tion as a writer on the military and geographical aspects of Canadian history. To these general editors is due the admirable plan on which the work has been organized. The whole has been subdivided into eleven sections, six of which have been devoted to the national history of Canada, and five to provincial and local history. One section, for instance, deals with the history of New France; another with the history of Canada from 1763 to 1841; another with the history of Canada under the Union; another with the industrial expansion of Canada; and so forth.

Each section has been placed under the supervision of an editor thoroughly conversant with the period with which it deals. The volumes dealing, for instance, with "New France, 1534-1760," are edited by Dr. Thomas Chapais, one of the most distinguished of French-Canadian historical scholars; those dealing with the history of Canada during the first three-quarters of a century of British rule are edited by Professor Walton, the late Dean of the Faculty of Law in McGill University; and the volume dealing with "United Canada" is edited by Professor W. L. Grant, the occupant of the chair of Colonial History in Queen's University, Kingston, a scholar who deserves the gratitude of his country as the author of the first good textbook of Canadian history placed in the hands of Canadian boys and girls. The names of these editors are merely illustrative of the calibre of those who are responsible for the other sections.

Under the supervision of these editors, the actual work of writing has been done by a small army of special writers, somewhat fancifully described by the publishers as a new "Company of One Hundred Associates." Each writer deals with a phase or period of Canadian history regarding which he is able to speak with authority. This is the principle of co-operation adopted with such success by the late Lord Acton in planning "The Cambridge Modern History." Lord Acton recognized, and the editors of "Canada and Its Provinces" have recognized, that the whole field of history, even of the history of one country, has become too much for one man to attempt to cover; and that it has become necessary to break history up into strands or segments, each dealt with by a specialist. This method of course entails upon the editors special difficulties. It tends toward occasional overlapping and occasional gaps; it means sometimes a lack of proportion; and it does not assure uniformity of view. But careful editing can overcome most of these difficulties; and the gain in authoritativeness and exhaustiveness more than counterbalances any defects inherent in the method.

In most cases the editors have secured the services of writers whose reputations, as authorities with regard to the subjects with which they deal, are already established. The account of "The Seigneurial System," for instance, is written by Professor W. B. Munro, of Harvard University, who knows more about French-Canadian seigniorialism than anyone else now living. The history of Canada's wars —the Seven Years' War, the War of the American Revolution, and the War of 1812—is dealt with by Colonel William Wood, of Quebec, whose position as an authority on Canadian military history is undisputed. The treatise on the Canadian constitution is by Professor Lefroy, of the University of Toronto, who is the foremost academic authority on Canadian constitutional law; and the chapter on "The Federal Government" is by Sir Joseph Pope, the Under-Secretary of State at Ottawa, who, as the private secretary of Sir John Macdonald, gained an unrivalled knowledge of the intricacies of Canadian governmental machinery.

On the other hand, the services of some new writers have been enlisted. The name of Mr. Duncan McArthur,

for instance, will not be familiar to many students of Canadian history; yet to him has been entrusted the task of preparing the chapters dealing with the political history of Canada from 1763 to 1840. It was perhaps a daring thing to assign these important chapters to an unknown hand; and yet it must be confessed that the experiment has been justified by the results. Mr. McArthur, who received his historical training as one of Dr. Doughty's assistants at the Archives Branch, shows a thorough familiarity with the manuscript sources of Canadian history, and his work is sound, well written, and well proportioned. Another new name is that of Mr. Kenneth Bell, who writes on the history of secondary education in Ontario. Mr. Bell is an Englishman with an Oxford training; when he wrote the chapter on education in Ontario he knew nothing at first hand of Ontario schools, and he had been barely a year in Canada, yet the chapter is one of the most brilliant and discerning in the entire series. The contributions of these "dark horses," and others who might be mentioned, are pleasant surprises of the undertaking, revealing as they do a wealth of historical talent hitherto inarticulate in Canada.

Not all the chapters, of course, are of equal merit. One may be permitted, perhaps, to express regret that Mr. John Lewis's account of Canadian political history since 1867 is so sketchy in character; some of the *histoire intime* of the period might well have been introduced into the narrative. Nor can one agree with all that Professor J. C. Morison has written with regard to the history of Canada under the Union. Many who are by no means fervent admirers of Bishop Strachan will object to this sweeping estimate:

> "Few figures bulk so largely as does Strachan's in modern Canadian history in comparison with their real ability. Born of a rude stock, and carrying with him to the grave the aggressive and unconciliatory temper of his Aberdonian ancestors, Strachan was the evil genius of church life in Canada. Of his energy and courage there can be no doubt; but he possessed few of the qualities usually recognized as Christian. . . . He had changed religion into ecclesiasticism, and thought any trickery or intrigue sanctified if only it sought an ecclesiastic end."

Professor Morison's treatment of George Brown is equally damning and equally unfair:

> "Great as an editor and publicist (for Canadian journalism owes much to Brown's management of "The Globe"); great also as an agitator, Brown was one of the conspicuous failures in Canadian public life. He never learned moderation; and he never acted with that spirit of opportunism which raises itself to the level of a principle through its public usefulness."

In other respects, however, Professor Morison's pages are deserving of high praise. In insight, in vigour, and in style, his account is one of the most successful treatments of an exceptionally difficult and chaotic period.

On the whole, the level of the work is very high indeed. Perhaps a few extracts from some of the special studies which lend themselves more especially to quotation may be reproduced by way of illustration. The treatment of the relations between the French and English races in Canada is everywhere on a high plane; but perhaps nowhere more so than in Mr. A. D. DeCelles's introduction to the volumes on the Province of Quebec:

> "For over a hundred years the habitants of Quebec have lived side by side with their English-speaking fellow-citizens. In this long association they have shown a great desire, and have put forth persistent efforts, to make the best of a complicated situation in which race-feeling and religion, always active in every country, have often raised obstacles to a perfect entente cordiale. Let the reader but consider the history of Austria, where Magyars and Germans, in contact for ages, have never ceased to be determined foes, or of the everlasting conflict of Poles and Slavs and Germans in Prussia and Russia, and he will admit that in no country of

the world have men so widely separated in race and thought harmonized so well as in Canada.''

These are wise words, which needed to be said.

For charm of style and picturesqueness of detail the chapters written by Professor MacMechan, of Halifax, can hardly be surpassed. Take, for instance, his pen-picture of Joseph Howe:

''No one of Nova Scotia's sons was ever so loved and so hated. No one was ever so devoutly, so blindly, followed. To have held his horse for him once, to have carried letters from the post-office to him as he sat in his carriage, are cherished memories of his henchmen. No colonial statesman ever approached him in breadth of view, in eloquence, and in the power of the pen. Beside his splendid gifts, his brilliant achievements, his glaring faults, Nova Scotia's other politicians shrink to an indistinct array of mediocre, black-coated respectabilities. The man who had a natural son, who kissed every woman in Nova Scotia, who fought a deadly duel, stands out like a splash of scarlet against the drab background of Canadian politics.''

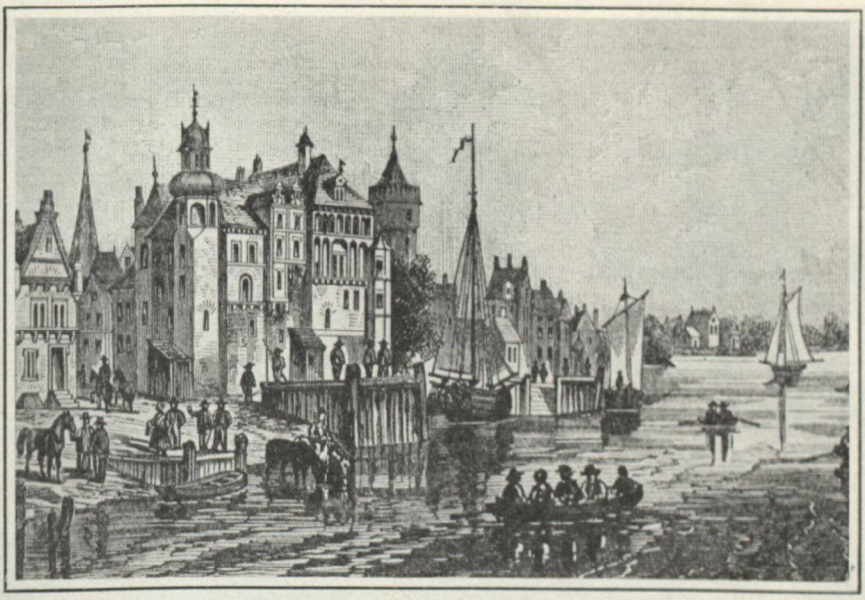
Many readers will turn with interest to Professor Skelton's account of the economic history of Canada since Confederation. His picture of some of the tendencies of economic life in Canada within the last few years may be quoted to illustrate his depth of insight and subtlety of analysis:

''Most men viewed with growing uneasiness the concentration of wealth in hands that had done little toward its making, and the domination of industrial and political life by small groups of allied financial and railway and industrial interests in the three or four larger cities. Financial buccaneers who made millions out of merging mills they had never seen; promoters of fraudulent mining companies; members of rings and mergers who held up the public for all the traffic would bear; the owners of bounty-fed or protected industries whose profits did not, contrary to programme, filter through to the common people below; holders of unregulated public service monopolies; speculators growing rich overnight by the increment of land values communally created, did more to bring all wealth, honest and dishonest, into disrepute than the muckraker and the socialist street orator could do in a century without their aid. There was in Canada comparatively little growth of doctrinaire socialism, though the mining regions east and west developed an aggressive movement and the socialist minority in trade union ranks grew stronger. The note of industrial life was still prevailingly, even aggressively, individualistic; the workingman who bought prairie subdivision lots in ten-dollar instalments differed more in success than in ideals from the promoter who netted his easy million in a merger. Increasingly the intervention of the state was invoked, but only to act as umpire, not to play the game. There was little disposition to abandon the system of private property and individual competition or to hamper honest capital, provided special privilege could be removed from its seat. . . . Less demanded, but not less needed, was an abatement of the speculative fever, less engrossing preoccupation with corner lots and wheat crops; but unless the preacher and the teacher and the midnight stars worked conversion, that did not seem likely to come about until success in the task of exploiting the country's riches had brought leisure, or hard times had brought repentance and plain thinking and high living.''

Of the outward dress and appearance of the volumes, only a few words need be said. The first edition, known as the Author's Edition, is a triumph of the craft of the printer and bookbinder; the second edition, known as the Archives Edition, is less expensive and less sumptuous, but it, too, is superior to anything of the same sort which has hitherto been published in Canada. The volumes are copiously and judiciously illustrated. The only criticism one can make is perhaps to express a regret that a connoisseur like Dr. Doughty should have allowed so unhistorical a picture as West's ''The Death of Wolfe'' to be included in the second volume. Apart from that, one can have nothing but admiration for the manner in which the publishers and editors have done their work. Not only in the writing of Canadian history, but also in the making of Canadian books, ''Canada and Its Provinces'' marks a great step in advance.

A STREET IN DINAN

From the Etching by Clarence A. Gagnon



THE GHENT OF 100 YEARS AGO

GHENT AND THE TREATY

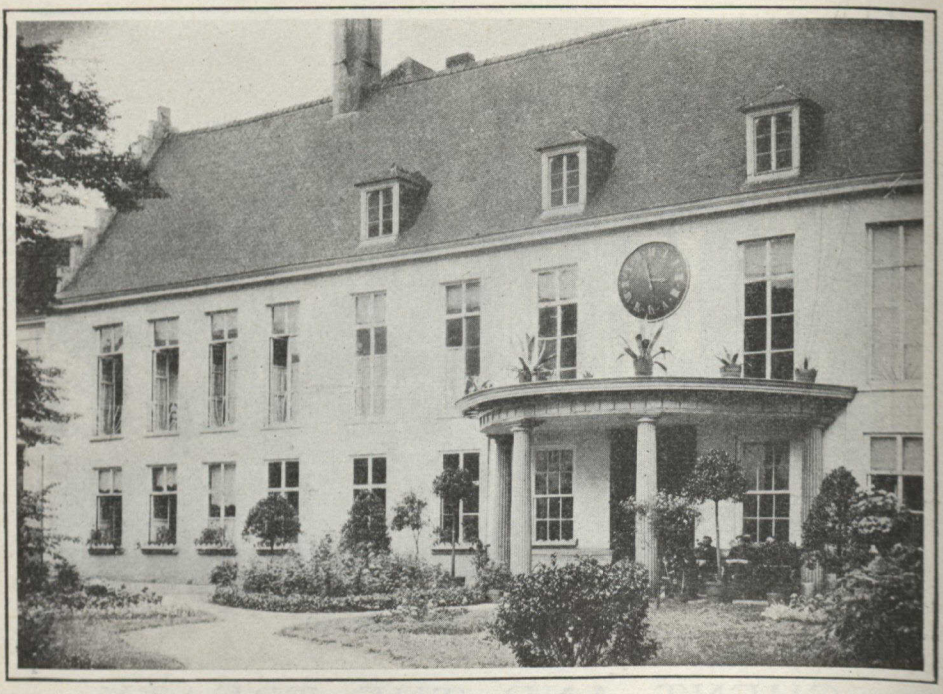
BY LYMAN B. JACKES

A SLEEPY old city was Ghent in the year 1814. Some of the houses had forgotten their early history, being so old. The occupants of many of these houses had not decided which facade was the front, for the stone and stucco of one gave upon the slimy greasy waters of a canal, while the other faced on a heavy cobble-stone pavement. And so the condition of the houses was much of a repetition: cobble-stones, houses, and dirty canals all following one another as if there was nothing else in life to do.

At the time of our story there was located in the Rue des Camps in this old city of Ghent, a house that was perhaps a little more shabby and quaint than its neighbours. Its cracked and weather-beaten exterior on the canal side gave some indication of its age, and the dilapidated wall rising from the cobble-stones would lead an observing stranger to believe that a competition was in progress amongst the houses of this street to see which could look the most downcast, and that this very house was the winner.

On the evening of August 7th, it being the first Sunday in that month one hundred years ago, a young man stopped before this old house to examine it carefully. A few seconds later he awakened the echoes from the corners of the surrounding old houses by reason of a vigorous movement with the door-knocker.

His efforts were rewarded by the appearance of a comely dame. Her plain apparel and the keys hanging from her girdle at once announced her as the house-keeper. In response to the young man's questions, she said that the American gentlemen were all out but one, Mr. Bayard, and would the young gentleman come to the sitting-room and talk with him?



THE RELIGIOUS HOUSE GHENT

Where the Treaty of Ghent was signed. It has been much altered since 1814.

Mr. Bayard rose from his seat at the window to meet the newcomer, who announced himself as the Secretary of the British Commission which had come to Ghent to talk terms of peace with the gentlemen from the United States, which country and Great Britain had been engaged in a bitter war.

Mr. Bayard, in a rather stiff manner, bade his guest be welcome, but a pipe of Virginia tobacco soon reduced the offish attitude and the men commenced talking.

"It has been a long time since a start was made on these negotiations," said Mr. Bayard, "and I am well pleased to hear of a meeting spoken of at last, for we were about to return to our native country, fully believing that peace was an impossibility at the present time."

"There have been many wars of late," responded the newcomer, "and I hope for world-wide peace, now that Emperor Napoleon is disposed of. But tell me of your journey."

"I have just completed a statement for my Home Government and will merely recall the main incidents," replied Mr. Bayard.

"In the autumn of 1812, shortly after the war was commenced, his Majesty the Czar of Russia made offers to our Minister, Mr. J. Quincy Adams, who was then in St. Petersburg, to intercede for peace between Great Britain and the United States of America, and in the month of March, 1813, President Madison accepted the offer and appointed Mr. Albert Gallatin and myself to come abroad and look into the matter.

"We left the United States on May 9th and landed in Gothenburg early in July. While we were still at sea your Lord Castlereagh saw certain objections to the Czar's peace proposals and wrote to St. Petersburg to this end. The information was com-

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE TREATY OF GHENT WAS SIGNED

municated to Mr. Adams on June 22nd, he being then still in that city. Mr. Gallatin and I reached the Russian capital on July 21st, saw Lord Castlereagh's letter and, fully believing that peace was unlikely, we returned to Gothenburg, and here we received a communication announcing that Britain would treat with us directly.

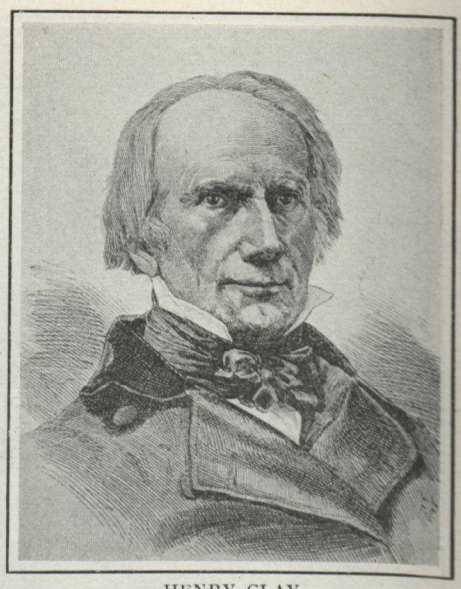
"For many months we were unable to make headway and spent most of the winter in wandering around Central and Northern Europe. After the capture of Napoleon and the occupation of Paris we went to London, arriving there in April of this year [1814]. In London we saw on every side manifestations of peace and rejoicing over the downfall of the French Emperor and the pending restoration of the Bourbons, and also learned that a large army and fleet were about to sail for America. The demands of Great Britain for terms of peace were so heavy that we consulted the Czar, who was then in London, in order that we might endeavour, through his influence, to have the terms moderated. His reply made us less hopeful than ever over prospects of peace, and we left London for Paris.

"However, in response to the first efforts of peace from your Government, Mr. Henry Clay and Mr. Jonathan Russell, who has but recently been appointed Minister from the United States to Sweden, were delegated to assist, and are here with us now, and we will see what may be done to bring the war to a head. Who may I ask are the British Commissioners and where shall we meet?"

"You have indeed had an extensive journey," responded the visitor. "The British Commissioners are Lord James Gambier, Admiral of the Blue; Mr. Henry Goulburn, and Mr. William Adams. They will be pleased to see you to-morrow at one o'clock at the Religious House, in the Place

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

One of the United States Representatives on the Ghent Peace Commission

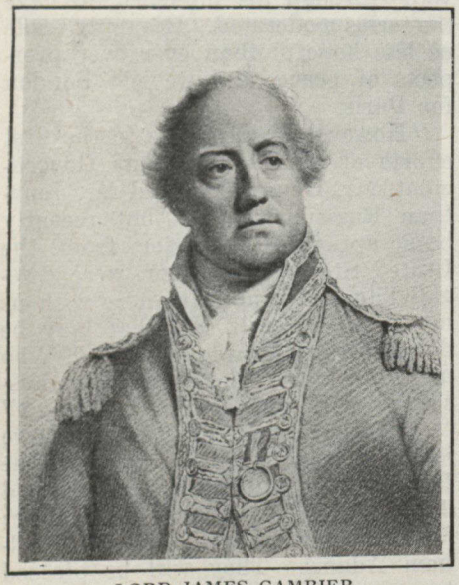


HENRY CLAY

One of the United States Representatives on the Ghent Peace Commission

de Charteaux, or at any place more convenient to you that you may suggest.''

Mr. Bayard thought that this selection would be suitable for him, and the young man bade him good-night and departed.



LORD JAMES GAMBIER

First of the British Representatives on the Ghent Peace Commission

He had not been long gone when J. Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin, and Jonathan Russell returned to the old house in the Rue des Camps. When they learned what had taken place they demurred at first, thinking it was a high-handed arrangement for the British Commissioners to state the place of meeting without consulting them, but Mr. Bayard reminded them that it was but an invitation, and the offer was accepted.

The Religious House of the Brothers of St. John was a peer amongst the old houses in Ghent. To it did the British Commissioners come in the month of August, 1814, to talk terms of peace with the representatives of the United States. On Monday, the 8th, the old table in the dining-room was in the centre of the group, and the peace negotiations were opened after the usual greetings, forms, and ceremonies were passed.

Henry Goulburn stated the questions they were to discuss. They were:

A CANAL SCENE IN GHENT

A STREET SCENE IN GHENT

1. Impressment and the right to search foreign warships for British sailors.

2. The determination of an Indian boundary line.

3. The revision of the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

4. The fisheries.

Having heard the questions, the Commissioners from the United States retired, after arranging to meet next day.

On the morrow and for several days the matter was discussed, but nothing definite was arrived at, each side demanding more than the other would grant.

On the 18th of August Lord Castlereagh arrived, being then en route to Vienna to the Congress of Sovereigns, who were trying to re-establish their former boundaries following the alterations of the Napoleonic wars.

There is no need to cite all the petty details of the sittings, but in the main Great Britain demanded all the Great Lakes, both sides of the Niagara River, and a strip of land, between the two countries, right across the continent, that was to be reserved for the Indians.

The United States wished to get control of the Newfoundland fishery banks and the right to dry and cure fish on the shores of many of our eastern rivers. And so the negotiations went on.

The people of both nations were eager for peace, but there was little give or take at the conference in Ghent. The summer blended into autumn, and winter came. Just as the Christmas preparations were in progress a proposal was made to restore everything as it had been before the war, and on Christmas eve, just as the boys and girls were being put to bed, full of expectations for the goodies of the morrow, this arrangement was ratified, and the war between Great Britain and the United States came to an end.

DEAR FATHER

THE FIRST OF THREE LETTERS FROM A SON WHO WOULD MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF TO A SELF-MADE FATHER

EDITED BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Hotel de ———, Paris.

Dear Father:

When I came in this morning from the Sorbonne—which is not a saloon but a university—I found your letter on my table. I always think that I could diagnose your health and character from your hand-writing—it is cut like a relief. So you think that I ought to come home—that I am wasting my time over here. No; you didn't put it just that way. But you wondered when I would be through "holidaying." Holidaying? I took three lectures at the Sorbonne this morning, and tramped the Louvre with an art student this afternoon.

If you needed me in Chicago, I would not hesitate an instant. But your need for me is the need of a yachtsman in a gale for a lady passenger. You are sitting up nights wondering where you can put me in the business where I will do the least harm. What you mean to say is that it is I who need the business.

Now I would need the business—or some business—badly enough, if it were not for you. If I am able to do anything else with my life, it will be wholly because you have made it possible. The only reason why you want me to come back and get to work is that you are satisfied that it would be bad for me to get your money without my working for it.

But now—straight from the shoulder!—don't you think that you have made enough pork to last both our lifetimes? If you eat all you can, and I eat all I can, there will be warehouses full of it for generations yet to come. I am not afraid to talk to you this way because I know you will never suspect me of turning up my nose at pork. It is not that. You have made your money honestly, which is more than some men can say; and I am proud of every dollar of it, for each one of them is a round medal of merit earned by your superior mental acumen. And yet you gave the people good value for what they gave you. There is not a stolen "cart-wheel" in the pile. When I pull one of them out of my pocket, I like to feel the grease of an honest, up-to-date, Napoleonic packing-house on its surface.

But why should our family never go beyond the "fried bacon" item on the menu of life? Are we always to be hewers of hogs and drawers of sausages for other people? Can we never sit at the table through the leisure of the desert? Or—to put it differently—having bought and paid for our meal-ticket, can we never go into the banquet; but must we stand forever at the cashier's desk buying and buying and buying meal-tickets which we are never to use?

I wish that I had your skill in pointing a precept with a good story; but I think that I will tell you about a chap I have got to know over here who made up his mind some years

ago to immortalize himself with a marble group from a scene in "As You Like It." Well, he wanted to be thorough; so he began by collecting different editions of Shakespeare, and comparing the readings. Then he took to a detailed study of the costumes of the time, and spent not a little money in getting together articles of dress, the costumes worn on the stage by different actors in the parts, and so on. To these he added rare books dealing with the subject and the period; and he fogged away at them week after week, but never wet his clay. The men would ask him how he was getting on; and, although he was always hopeful, he never had anything to show—not even a drawing. A little over a year ago, he finally thought that he was ready to begin, when someone told him of some manuscripts touching the subject; and nothing would do him but to seek them out and buy them. The sequel of it all came just the other day when I attended an auction of his effects, sold to pay his board bill. His rare editions and his antique costumes went for half their value; and he has not so much as a pencil sketch to hang his immortality upon. It is possible to brush one's hair in the dressing-room until the party is over.

Now you know perfectly that I do not want to be an idler. I do not want to leave the hog-killing for the hog-trough. I want to work; and I never knew until I came over here how much work there is for a chap like me to do. I thought that I was getting an education at McGill; but I was merely learning my way about a library. They let you read books about things at Western universities; here they show you the things. The European gets an education all through his youth, on the streets and in the parks, and in his churches and galleries—all free for all—which the B.A. from over there must begin at the A.B.C. to learn when he comes here. I used to wonder why all Europeans were so musical; men in the working classes being more familiar with fine music than many of our so-called "best people." But now I know why. The European cannot possibly escape an education in good music unless he is deaf. The bands play in the parks three or four times a week; and they do not play "Bright Eyes, Good-bye" and other shallow stuff, but Wagner and Verdi and Beethoven. Then grand opera runs all the year in most European cities at reasonable prices. In our town we get just enough to bore the few rich who can pay for it to the verge of rebellion.

Now, dear Dad, what I want to do is to go to school for a while in Europe and learn something—not to a college, but just to the open school of the Old World. I want to know a Raphael by sight, and not merely by reputation. I want to get to understand these people over here. When Paris lamentably fails to copy Chicago, it is not wholly because of "invincible ignorance" and a blameworthy lack of our enterprising spirit. I would like to know more of the people of Italy than one learns by throwing nickels to an organ-grinder. Don't you see what I am driving at?

Would you really—honour bright! —think more of a son who was content to trot along in the path which you have broken, and who lacked the pluck, which you have shown, to take hold of this big problem of life for himself and decide what to do with it? Why aren't you out on the farm raising hogs, instead of killing and selling them? That's what grandfather did. But you went a step farther. He turned corn into hogs; you turn hogs into dollars. Why shouldn't I turn dollars into culture? That is what families do with their money over here. What is the aristocracy of England but people who have turned the money of their ancestors into the finished product of high breeding? I know what you are saying as you read this. You are expressing your true home-bred contempt for the aristocracy which you don't want to copy,

and adding that many of them reverse your process and "turn dollars into hogs." And some of them do. They are idlers. A man had better cut his throat than strangle his ambition. But a housewife who went on making bread, after there was more in the house than the family could possibly eat, just to keep her hands busy, would be a lady without mental resources. She might even better read Browning. You remember how Aunt Judy used to keep on tatting and knitting things to hang on the backs of chairs until mother had to give them turns about, there not being enough chairs to go round? And yet nothing would stop her. She could not bear "to set idle." A man who works needlessly is worse than an idler in at least one thing—he's a bigger fool. You, perhaps, remember that they taught you in Sunday school that work came to us as "a curse."

But I want to work. That is, I want the results of work. I don't want to go through the motions and not get anything. I don't climb over a hill if there is a tunnel through it. I wouldn't dig an artesian well to put a fence-post in. I don't want to work merely for exercise. I don't want to kill hogs when the smoke-house is full. That's what they meant by work being "a curse." It is a hard way to get a good thing. It is a case in which the end must always justify the means. Unless you want the results, it is a foolish waste of life to do the work. Now I want certain results. I want culture; and I'm willing to work for it. But I have no life to waste in making pork unless I need the pork.

If you write and tell me that I need the pork, why, I shall have to come right home and go to hog-killing. But if you conclude that you can let me have any pork that I may need for a few years, I rather think that I can bring you home one of these days some fancy by-products of the hog-killing business in the way of new thoughts and new interests which will make you think that the old warehouse is worth more than even you imagined.

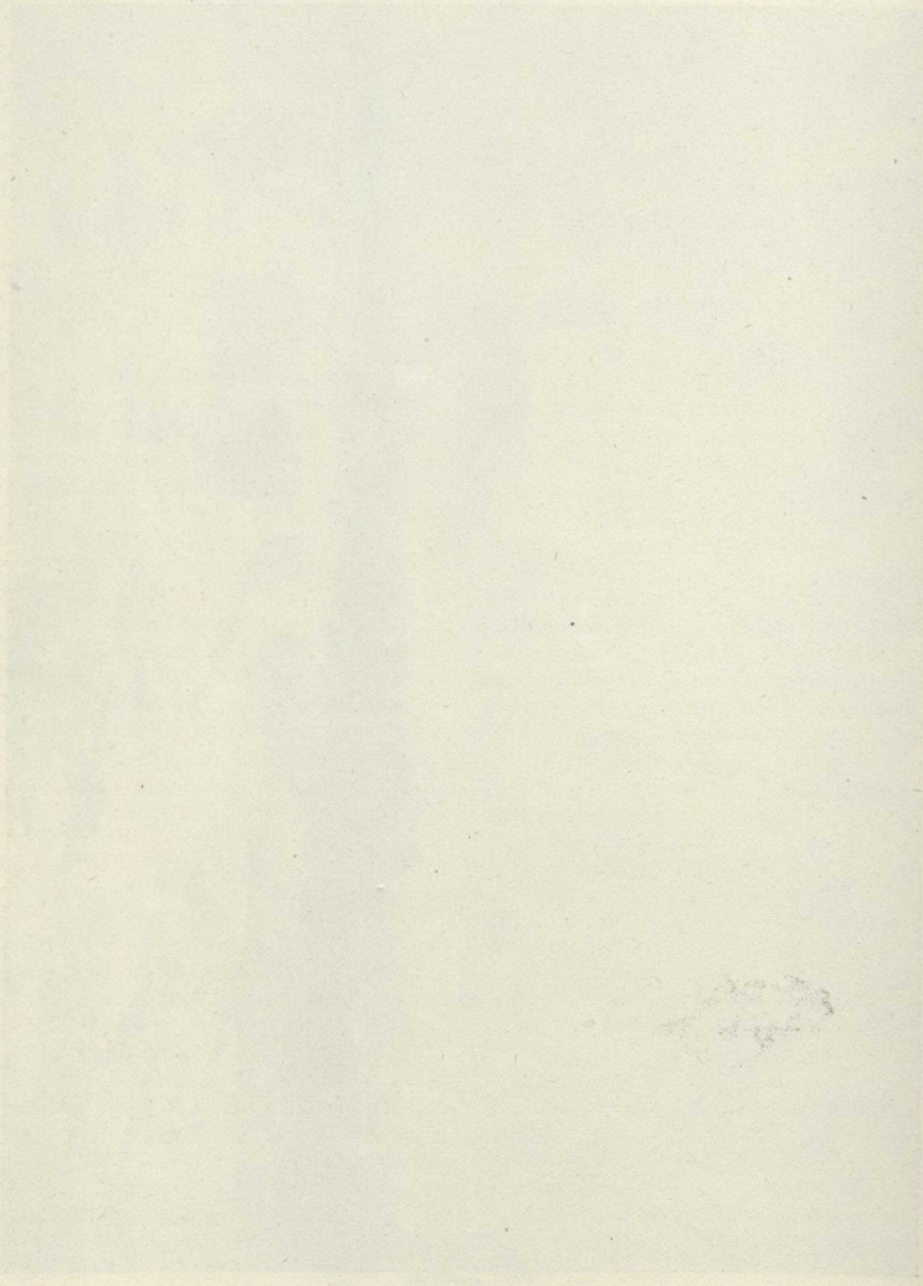
Now I guess that I have talked about as much for one time as you feel like standing. I can see that you are beginning to wonder why Jim doesn't come in and get rid of "the bore" by telling you that you are needed immediately out in the warehouse. But I think you'll chew it over before writing back. You never did turn a man with a new idea down without giving him some consideration. That is why novelties invented by your men stay in the business, and don't go to stock a new rival firm. I am going to a café to-night where for the price of a cup of chocolate I can hear better music than five dollars will buy at home.

Your affectionate son,
JOHN.

The January Number will contain the second letter of this series.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Horatio Walker in the collection of Mrs. H. D. Warren



THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS*

BY PETER McARTHUR

THE age of tyranny has passed, but the sovereign voter still enjoys the advantages of the ancient tyrant. A telephone on a party line gives opportunities for eaves-dropping undreamed of by the subtle Syracusan. With this explanation we may proceed with our up-to-the-minute Canadian story.

The Reverend Peregrine Low was sitting in his sunlit study preparing his sermon for the following Sabbath. But that is hardly exact. He was trying to prepare his sermon. He had selected a text as comprehensive as Browning's "great text in Galatians" —which I have never been able to locate—and was trying to work out its manifold lessons. In spite of his rosy youthfulness, or perhaps because of it, he was a very earnest shepherd and it grieved him that on this particular May morning he could not keep his mind on his high task. For through the open window came a flood of alluring sunshine, the soft earthy smells of spring gardening, and the madly happy song of birds. All these things he might have resisted and driven from his mind by a supreme effort of concentration, but there was something more—very much more. Just as he was grasping some great and vital truth the gray eyes of Phoebe Featherstone would come between him and the paper on which he was writing; and because they were flooded with the soft light of of the oldest and greatest truth in the world, the Reverend Peregrine's mind would relax and drift away into a realm of rosy dreams.

After this had happened about a dozen times during the preparation of the first couple of inter-lined and spatch-cocked pages the young rector pushed back his chair with an exclamation of impatience. Being an Englishman, his natural impulse was to clear his mind by taking a brisk walk. Placing his low-crowned felt hat on his curly auburn locks and stopping for just a moment before the hall mirror to stroke his silky mustache he took his stick from the hat-rack and opened the front door.

"Going out, Perry?" called a voice of softly English modulation, from one of the upper rooms of the rectory.

"Yes, Aunty. I am going for a walk."

"Put on your rubbers; the roads are still wet," commanded the affectionate voice.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Reverend Perry, with sudden annoyance, and closed the door behind him.

Aunt Sophia was shocked. Never before had he spoken to her so disrespectfully. He must have something on his mind. But what could it be? Never since his boyhood had he had a secret from her, and now that she

* The name given to a secret, subterranean, ear-shaped passage connecting the palace of Dionysius the Elder, first tyrant of Syracuse, with his stone-quarry prisons, through which he was able to hear the conversations of his prisoners.—Century Dictionary.

had followed him from England to be his housekeeper their confidential relationship had, if anything, grown closer. "Fiddlesticks!" How could he say anything so shocking and disrespectful! She must make him a Yorkshire pudding to go with the roast beef at dinner and then, when he had lit his pipe, he would tell her all that was troubling him.

With the long, sure strides of a football player whose favourite form of exercise was walking, the young rector passed along the street to the outskirts of the town. Though he nodded to women who were busy in their gardens it was with a preoccupied air. The day was exuberant with life—with mating life—and his heart ached with the urge of spring. The new leaves were lisping to the wandering south wind, the sun was "shining on both sides of the fence," and everywhere song-sparrows were snatching moments from the labours of nest-building to pour forth the fullness of their hearts in "Divine, high-piping Pehlevi." It was a wonderful day—a Canadian spring day at its best.

At the outskirts of the town the brisk walker came to a bridge, and when his steps boomed hollow on the planks a slate-coloured bird flew out and perched on the top of a fence-post.

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" it called impudently. The Reverend Peregrine blushed a brighter red than was justified by the exertions of walking and shook his stick at the feathered tease.

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" it sauced back, unafraid. And then a pair of gray eyes flashed at him from his own inner consciousness. Taking a firmer grip of his stick, he increased his pace. At a gait that would have done credit to Weston, he passed between the square fields towards the south. He would walk around a couple of country blocks—a breather of nine or ten miles—and be home in time for dinner, with a clear head. It was a perfect day for walking — green springy sod underfoot and harmonies of infinite shades of green wherever he turned his eyes. There were farmers planting corn in the fields—but fortunately none of them were near enough to the road to make conversation imperative. He had the fresh green world and the wide, warm sunshine all to himself—and his dreams.

Now it chanced that the walker passed the home of Mrs. Melville Hall just as she was feeding the chickens with scraps from the breakfast table. She watched him pass and then meditated smilingly.

"Perhaps he is going down to the river to help Phemy Black with her flower-beds. They say she has set her cap for him. Of course, he may be only out for a walk, for they say he is a great walker, but sometimes the heart guides the feet."

If Mrs. Hall had been poetical, she would have clinched this thought with a quotation from Shelley:

> "I arise from dreams of thee,
> And a spirit in my feet
> Has led me, who knows how,
> To thy chamber window, sweet."

But she was not poetical, and she wasted no time looking for confirmation of her suspicions in the lyrics of Shelley. She was just a plump country-woman, with a taste for gossip, who had learned how handy the telephone is for this kind of out-pouring of spirit. After chuckling to herself for a while, as she went about the work of putting the house to rights, she finally took down the telephone receiver and called up her particular crony, Mrs. John Baxter. For a couple of minutes she asked advice about a new dress she was making, and then began on the real subject that had taken her to the telephone. And just at that moment Miss Polly Brown, who had a telephone on that party line, got her fingers clear of the dough in which she was working and took down the receiver with a practised skill that caused hardly a click. Owing to the bread-making, she missed

the first part of the conversation, but this is what she heard Mrs. Hall say to Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter say to Mrs. Hall:

"The Reverend Low passed here a few minutes ago, headed towards the river. Going to see Phemy Black, I bet."

"You don't tell me?"

"Yes, and they say the way she has been throwing herself at his head is simply scandalous."

"Well, if she's anything like her mother she'll elope with him when she gets him down there."

"Wouldn't it be a joke if she did?"

"I just bet she will. This would be a splendid day for an elopement."

And so on and so on.

When the conversation ended Polly Brown hung up the receiver and thrilled with ecstasy. The delicious awfulness of the possibility uplifted her beyond herself. As she thought it over she became absolutely convinced that it was true and for a few minutes she wriggled with excitement while her "shaping spirit of imagination" bodied forth the details that *Pooh Bah* would consider necessary to "give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

And all the while the Reverend Peregrine Low was striding manfully along the quiet country road.

When Polly had perfected her story, she called up her chum, Minnie Addison. Just as the connection had been made, Deacon Pullen took down his receiver to call up the farrier about a horse that was suffering from colic. This was the story that poured into his large, hairy, funnel-shaped and avid ear. While he listened his nostrils distended like those of a horse sniffling at an oat-bin he cannot reach.

"O, Minnie, have you heard?"

"No. What?"

"You can never guess. Reverend Low has eloped with Phemy Black. He went down the town-line this morn almost at a run and carrying his suit-case. They say they are going across the river to catch the Michigan Central train at Dufferin. Ain't it awful? What is the world coming to, anyway?"

And so on and so on.

When this delectable conversation had ended, Deacon Pullen hung up his receiver and "haw-hawed!" He belonged to a denomination that did not feel it was straining the bonds of brotherly love or rending the veil of Charity if it enjoyed a joke on the Anglicans. After he had told his wife what he had heard, and they had both laughed over it, he called up his Anglican friend, Ezra Drake, who was now a retired farmer in the village, and laughed at him about the elopement of the rector. And while he was doing this, little Amelia Blossom took down her telephone receiver and listened. Poor little Amelia—she never had any luck, anyway. If there was a picnic she always had the toothache, or if there was a tea-meeting her epiglottis would be sure to be inflamed so that she couldn't swallow anything. She never got a story right, even when she heard the whole of it, and she was always in forlorn misery about something. So it was only natural that she should miss the first part of this story, the part that had the names in it. This was the fragment that Amelia heard Deacon Pullen bellowing joyously to Ezra Drake:

"Yes, they have eloped all right. Cut across the country to Dufferin, with her father chasing them on horseback. Haw! Haw!"

Poor Amelia had to guess the rest of the story, and, of course, she guessed wrong. After she had thought over all the lovers she knew of she decided that the butcher's boy had eloped with the grocer's hired girl, and in her turn she started a story that was overheard and repeated until it had caused the breaking of two engagements and numberless heartaches. But the blunders of Amelia have nothing to do with this story.

While all this was happening, the Reverend Peregine had travelled

south as far as he wished to go, had achieved his perithelion, and was striding back to town along the back road. I wish we could journey with him for a while, for a wonderful thing had happened. The spirit of spring had mastered him, and he was treading on the sunlit air as he walked. He had arrived at the Great Decision. But we must be back in town ahead of him.

Being a retired farmer, Ezra Drake had nothing to do but to talk, and even though the scandal was on his own church, he had to give it currency or burst. His news sense was as highly developed as that of the New York reporter who telephoned to his city editor that he had a two-column scoop for him. His mother had run away with an actor, and he was the only person who knew about it. So Ezra toddled about town, telling the story of the elopement to everyone, until the whole place was buzzing with it. Half an hour after he got the news, Miss Mary Gall, sour and sixty, put on her mourning clothes and went to the rectory to sympathize with Aunt Sophia. She did not like the superior Englishwoman, and another chance like this might not happen in a life-time.

Here we leave the activities of Mary Gall and Sophia Low to your imagination, merely reminding you that because of the disrespectful "Fiddlesticks!" Aunt Sophia was ready to believe anything. Now let us return to the Reverend Peregrine. He was returning home, thrilled with the Great Purpose. And just as he reached the maple knoll about a mile east of the town, someone climbed gracefully over the rail fence, with a bouquet of wild-flowers in her hand. To his ravished eyes she seemed a blessed angel, "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." On that morning Phoebe Featherstone had found her heart so troubled that she longed for the solitude of the forest, and she had gone to gather wild flowers. The little god that looks after all mating creatures in spring weather so contrived matters that she should return to the road just as the Reverend Peregrine and his Great Purpose were approaching under a full head of steam. When he hailed her she trembled and blushed, and her gray eyes were even more expressive in reality than to the eye of fancy. A lock of jet hair had tumbled loose from under her wide hat and was caressing her clear white cheek. As the Reverend Peregrine looked at her he grew almost giddy with the overwhelming sense of her beauty. But he had a Great Purpose, and he was not the man to flinch. Under the shade of the maples he told her the oldest story in the world, and she thought it the newest. And the birds put all their energy into a rapturous chorus of song. And the little south wind whispered and laughed, and the big, happy sun poured down a benediction on them.

When everything was settled they walked slowly back to town and agreed to keep their engagement secret—except that he should tell it to his aunt and she should tell it to her mother. This meant that it would be privately published instead of publicly, but they were young and trusting, so what did it matter.

When the Reverend Peregrine reached the rectory he searched the lower rooms and then raced up the stairs three steps at a time and caught his Aunt Sophia in his arms and kissed her, before he realized that anything was wrong. She pushed him away sternly and faced him with tearful eyes.

"Wha-what's the matter?" he gasped.

"O, Perry, I never thought you would deceive me like this."

Seeing that he was dumb with amazement, she turned and went on with her packing.

"But what has happened? You are surely not packing to go away."

"I am."

The Reverend Peregrine dropped into a chair.

"And on this day, when I am so happy, too!" he mourned.

"I am leaving you to your happiness." Then she added viciously: "To think that you should take up with that brazen huzzy! I wouldn't have dreamed it!"

The Reverend Peregrine rose with dignity.

"Aunt Sophia, I cannot allow even you to speak of my affianced wife in that way."

"Affianced?" she clutched at the straw. "Then you are not married yet?"

"Why, we haven't been engaged half an hour, and how you know about it already is past my knowledge, unless a bird of the air has reported the matter. And I always thought you approved of Phoebe," he added dolefully.

"Phoebe?" exclaimed the enraptured Aunt Sophia. "Do you mean that you are engaged to Phoebe Featherstone?"

"She has done me the honour to consent to be my wife."

"O, Perry!" And she flung herself on his neck, weeping and laughing. "And that meddlesome Mary Gall told me you had eloped with Phemy Black."

"Eloped? Phemy Black? Fiddlesticks!"

So everything was straightened out, and Aunt Sophia unpacked and took charge of the preparations for the wedding, and everybody was happy, except Amelia Blossom, who did not get the story right—though she got a piece of the wedding-cake to dream on and wish on.

And this is only one of the many strange and tangled stories that are being whispered and overheard every day in the telephone—our modern Ear of Dionysius.

SALVATION BILL

BY CARROLL AIKINS

ONE stuffy afternoon in mid-July four men had intrenched themselves in the small card-room adjoining the bar of the *Westland Hotel.*

Jim Prelatt was playing a game of patience; Billy Hallgay, called Lord Lovus, tapped a monotonous rat-a-tat on the window-pane and gazed listlessly across the dusty street; Doc Harvey, who had the virtues of a famous liniment, good both for man and beast, divided his attention between a patent-medicine almanac and a glass of beer; Poker Parsons, the genial ex-gambler, sat at the card-table and watched without enthusiasm the hazards of Idiot's Delight. Drawing long whiffs of smoke from his cigar, he consigned them to the ceiling, where they hung in clouds on the heavy air.

A moth, noisy and meddlesome, whirred through the doorway and began to circulate in the room, hurtling against the doctor's nose so that he cuffed the air vainly. It came to rest on the table, where Parsons imprisoned it deftly under an inverted tumbler, and, flipping the ash from his cigar, held the lighted end to the glass, while the moth strove frantically to reach it. Then, he moved it in slow circles about the prison; and the moth, always following, struck the smooth walls with helpless wings.

The other men desisted from their occupations to watch the unfair struggle.

"What's it remind you of?" Parsons asked.

"The desire of the moth for the star," ventured Lord Lovus, but the quotation meant nothing to the others.

"Reminds me of Hardluck Henry making love to the widow," said Prelatt. That unfertile courtship was remembered, and they laughed.

"Now, Doc?"

"Reminds me I'm getting old—I used to beat that moth for foolishness." The friends smiled, for the unmarried doctor had been notoriously flighty in his youth.

"Now, then, Poker?" they all asked.

Mr. Parsons smiled at some reminiscent thought. "It reminds me," he said slowly, "of Salvation Bill, struggling against a sinful world."

He removed the glass; and the moth, with a lucky inspiration, whirred through the open door.

Parsons laughed.

"And that's about the way Salvation Bill left the district," he explained.

"Don't remember him. What district do you mean?" asked Prelatt, scenting a story.

"Down the Columbis River. Guess you never met him. Must be fifteen years since he was there. Salters was his name, the Reverend William Salters, with some letters after it, and he'd come clean from Toronto to open up what he called a 'mission field.' But after we'd built him a gospel-shack, we reckoned we was about square with the Lord, and when Sunday come round most of us went fishing. But I guess the married men

got some second-hand salvation from their wives, who turned out regular to hear Bill preach.

"I got mine on week-days, for I was tending bar at the time, and Bill was dead set on saving me from my evil surroundings. Often, when things were quiet in the morning, he'd button up his long black coat for fear of contamination, and come in to talk to me.

"He was one of them lean preachers that eats a lot, but don't seem to thrive on it; the sort that warms themselves at other people's hell-fire and begins to tune their own harps before they get 'em. This particular pilot wore a half-and-half plug hat and sandy whiskers; and by the look of his face you'd have thought he had indigestion, but I guess it was only a kind of religious dyspepsia.

"Well, as I was saying, he wanted to convert me, and as it pleased him and wasn't likely to hurt me, I let him try. We'd sit and talk religion by the hour; and, honest, it ain't such a bad subject as some folks think. And, say, it's a great one to argue on. He tried to bluff me on the yarn about Jonah and the whale, but fish-stories is a hobby of mine, and I called him straight on that one. But he backed it up strong, and even when I told him a few of my best ones, he just looked at me solemn-like and said: 'Well, Mr. Parsons, since such strange things have come within your own experience, I wonder that you can doubt the miracle of Jonah.'

"I got to like these arguments with Salvation Bill, and he admitted once that I was likely a good man after my own lights, but that those lights were almighty dim, which they probably was, as I hadn't been tending them much.

"I didn't mind him meddling with my lamps, but old Walleye Smith did. Walleye was an old-timer who'd been drinking his bottle a day for ten years, and one morning Salvation Bill went up to his shack with a temperance pledge and a piece of blue ribbon. When Walleye found out what he was after, he called him a damned interfering doormat (because of his whiskers) and chased him down the hill with a shot-gun. Then the preacher came to me and called Walleye a poor, wandering sheep or some such thing and asked me to serve him ginger-ale whenever he ordered whisky; but I told him plain that I could play that trick once, and wasn't going to risk it, Walleye being aware of the difference in taste and carrying a gun besides.

"Well, a little while after this, Salvation Bill got wind of a story that Pete Buck had run off with Mat Wooley's wife, and he set himself to investigate the trouble.

"It was just a half-breed shuffle, and I guess made him all the hotter to see that no one paid much attention to it. He'd come clear from Toronto to regulate our morals, and this must have struck him as a good chance to cut into the game. So, after he'd pestered me for a couple of days, I hitched up and drove him over to the half-breed settlement.

"We found Mat Wooley chopping wood in his yard and acting in general as if nothing had happened.

" 'Where's the missus?' I asks.

" 'Wherever Pete Buck is,' he answers, and goes on with his chopping.

" 'This gentleman's the new preacher,' I continues, 'and he's come to talk with you.'

" 'Well, I'm here,' says Wooley.

"He wasn't what you might call friendly about it, but that didn't bother Salvation Bill, who gets out of the rig, and after coughing a couple of times says solemn-like: 'My poor friend, yours has been a heavy sorrow, almost an overwhelming sorrow, but if you are a man of great faith you can rise above it—'

" 'Did you ever cook your own meals?' asks Wooley.

" 'No,' says the preacher.

" 'Well,' says Wooley, 'that's the only thing I can't rise above; and unless you can show me how to make

bread, you'd better keep travelling.'

"Salvation Bill climbed into the rig again, but I didn't dare look at him, I was that near busting with laughing.

"'Do you want to visit Mrs. Buck?' I says, when we got started.

"'She's a poor stricken woman, and it's my duty,' he answers, but I could see that he felt more comfortable at the thought of her being a woman.

"Well, we jogged to Pete Buck's place, and the first thing we saw there was a batch of muddy-looking kids, that scatters into the house to tell their mother visitors was coming, and Mrs. Buck comes right out, carrying her last baby and a frying-pan.

"'Howdy, missus,' I says, polite; 'where's your man this morning?'

"'He's somewhere with that woman of Mat Wooley's.'

"'Easy on the blasting powder,' I says, 'and shake hands with Mr. Salvation Salters, the new preacher.'

"'Can't shake hands on account of the frying-pan, but I'm glad to know you, Mr. Salters,' she says, getting suddenly sociable the way a woman will. 'You folk'll stop to dinner,' she goes on, warming right up. 'Mr. Parsons, hitch your horses, and Mr. Preacher, come right in and make yourself to home.'

"Well, Salvation Bill was as happy as a duck in a puddle, and he makes a nice speech accepting the kind invitation, it being near dinner-time and him being a great eater, as I said before. And I guess he'd learnt the cussedness of hurry-up conversions from Mat Wooley, for when I got back to the house, after fixing my horses, he was holding the baby and talking about the beautiful weather, while Mrs. Buck smiled like a slice of melon, and he was saying how much he'd like to welcome her to church, and she promised to go, provided she could get someone to mind the kids. Then he asks her to bring them, said they were lovely children, and looked a lot like their mother. They probably did, her being one of the homeliest women I've ever saw, but I wouldn't had the nerve to speak of it. But that didn't bother Salvation Bill, who was dealing from his own pack, as you might say, and knew where the aces was.

"When Mrs. Buck goes out to draw some water, he says to me, 'A very worthy woman, Mr. Parsons, a most worthy and unfortunate woman!' and he seems all tickled up the back about it.

"'You're handing her some great cards,' I says, 'but you sure raised the limit in the matter of them kids.'

"I guess my way of putting it kind of riled him, for he goes on to tell me how a preacher must use soft-soap—tact, he called it—to get a lady's confidence, and he said it had been vouchsafed him to bring a message of comfort to many stricken hearts, and talked in general as if he wouldn't take no back-water from any other blasted pilot in the matter of saving female souls.

"Bye-and-bye Mrs. Wooley comes back, and as soon as Salvation had blessed the beans and the bacon and the Lord and the Royal Family, we sets down to dinner, and we hadn't more than started when a muddy little three-year-old brat stuck its fist in Bill's tea-cup; but he didn't dare say nothing, him having talked so strong about the lovely children. Being a great man for tea, he drunk it down, however, and spilled a few more cups into him, just to make the first feel cozy. And the more he ate and the more he drunk, the better it pleased Mrs. Buck; consequently, in about forty minutes, she was so happy that she clean forgot her everlasting sorrow.

"But, being well primed with dinner, Salvation Bill begins to tune up his harp, and soon he says, in the same voice as he'd used to bless the beans: 'Ah! Mrs. Buck, you are a very brave woman; few, alas, would have your fortitude under such painful circumstances.'

"'Yes,' says Mrs. Buck, and slaps one of the kids for leaning against

the stove and howling because his hide wasn't asbestos.

"'It's the true Christian spirit,' he goes no, speaking fast, 'and I know that you'll be merciful. It is true that a grievous sin has been committed, but should Mr. Wooley be willing to take back his erring wife, I hope that you—'

"'Just let me get my hands in that Wooley woman's hair!' says Mrs. Buck, 'and then Mat can take back what's left of her! Just lemme get hold of that homely polecat—'

"'Easy, missus!' I says. 'The preacher ain't used to high explosives.'

"'I don't mean no offence,' she says, 'and if I don't talk like a hymn-book, it's because I ain't a hymn-book.'

"'Yes, you are; yes, you are, Mrs. Buck!' says Salvation Bill, beginning to get rattled and talking wide. But he soon checks himself up and says, soothing-like: 'Now, Mrs. Buck, I *know* that you are a reasonable woman, and when your husband repents of his folly, I want you to forgive him and let him come back—are you strong enough to do this?'

"'No, I ain't,' she says, and begins to het herself up. 'I might have been if things was different, but as things is, I ain't. That low-down rattlesnake of a Pete laid round here all summer, doing nothing but eat, and as soon as the wood-pile ran out—out *he* lights with that Wooley woman, leaving me with nary a stick of wood and the winter coming. It ain't reasonable that I should take up again with a skunk like that—it ain't reasonable, and what's more, I ain't going to do it!'

"'This is most unfortunate,' says Salvation Bill, and I guess by the look of him it was the first time he'd been snagged by a female soul.

"'Yes, it is,' she says, 'and the Indians claim it'll be a cold winter.'

"'Let us rather look on the spiritual side,' the preacher begins, but she cuts him short again.

"'Spiritual?' she says, 'I guess Pete's the most spiritual man in this valley; always smells of it, but never brings a drop home—he's that all-fired mean!'

"Well, about this time, Salvation Bill thinks we'd better mosey along, him having to visit a pious old lady that liked her meals in bed and called it rheumatism. So I hooks up the horses, and after he'd promised to come back and bring some tracts and told her to search her heart in the meantime, we hit the road again.

"'Now, Mr. Salters,' I says, after we'd driven on a piece, 'what do you think of it? Wooley ain't exactly sociable, but he seems to bear up well, considering, and so does widow Buck. Don't you think so?'

"'I think it's a matter for earnest prayer,' he answers, very solemn.

"'Yes,' I says, 'ask the Lord to send you a yeast-cake and a buck-saw.'

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said it, but an ordinary earnest prayer didn't strike me as exactly practical, and missionary tracts ain't good fuel unless there's lots of them. Anyway, Salvation Bill got sore and didn't open his trap again until we got clear up to old lady Martin's place, when he gets out of the rig and says: 'I'm much obliged for the use of your conveyance,' and me, not liking the way he says it, tells him to keep the change and buy blue ribbon with it.

"Well, after that I didn't see him for maybe three days, when all of a sudden he comes up to the hotel, begs my pardon for having been hasty in his judgment, and says that the Lord sometimes chooses strange vessels to make known his wishes, and that my remark about the buck-saw and the yeast-cake was probably a heavenly vision, heavily disguised. This didn't strike me as likely, but I let it stand, and he goes on to tell me how he'd been and bought a buck-saw and was learning to use it, and how Tom Smalley's wife was teaching him to bake bread.

"Of course, that just goes to show what an unhumorous cuss he was, taking me so literal; but he was overreaching himself in the right direction, and I couldn't help liking him for it; and when he comes back a week later and asks me to drive him over to the half-breed settlement again, I was quite willing to oblige.

"So we sets out, with a bag of flour and a buck-saw in the hind part of the rig and a yeast-cake wrapped up in Mrs. Smalley's recipe, in the preacher's pocket. We decided to stop at Wooley's place first, it being nearest, and the preacher thinking Mat might be getting hungry, but we found him looking fatter than a bear, a-setting on the wood-pile, smoking his pipe.

"'Morning, Mat,' I says.

"'Morning, gentlemen,' he answers real cheerful.

"'Mr. Salters has come to show you how to bake bread,' I says, and Salvation Bill climbs out of the rig and gets his flour.

"'Damn white of him,' says Wooley, and he meant it friendly, 'but I ain't got no need of it any more.'

"Just then I caught sight of a woman peering out of the kitchen window, and I says to myself, 'Mat's in someone else's clover,' but the preacher didn't get it that way, and he says, 'Ah! Mr. Wooley, I am overjoyed; that means, of course, that your wife has come back?'

"'In a manner of speaking,' says Wooley, 'it does,' and he goes on smiling to himself.

"'I should be very happy to meet her,' says the preacher.

"'Guess you *have* met her,' says Wooley.

"'I think not,' says the preacher.

"'All right,' says Wooley, 'it's easy found out—hi, there, missus, come out and show yourself!' And who should bob out of the shack but Mrs. Buck, smiling and friendly as you please.

"'That's her,' says Wooley.

"'No,' says the preacher, 'that's my good friend Mrs. Buck, and I'm very happy to see that she has forgiven your wife—it shows a rare Christian spirit,' and he goes right up and shakes hands with her. Then he turns again to Wooley and says it's a good joke, to pretend that he's living with Mrs. Buck.

"'You don't quite get me,' says Wooley, 'and I guess I'd better explain. About a week ago Pete Buck slips in here and covers me with a gun, which he didn't mean unfriendly, but not knowing exactly how I'd take seeing him and playing safe, as you might say. He said he wanted to talk business. I tells him to retire the artillery and state his proposition, which he goes on to do, offering to swap wives, fair and aboveboard, and wanting to be neighbourly again. It sounded square enough, but being a good man in a dicker, I held off until he offered me a set of harness to boot. Then I took him up, and we shook hands on it.'

"'This is incredible!' says Salvation Bill, tumbling to it all at once.

"'Yes,' says Wooley, 'and the joke of it is that I'd have been glad to swap even!'

"Well, I thought the preacher would have busted, he was that shook with indignation.

"'It's monstrous!' he kind of rasps out. 'It's the most ungodly thing I've ever heard of, and only the presence of this abandoned woman makes me believe it can be true! Do you realize,' he goes on, getting warmer all the time, 'that beside sinning in the eyes of Heaven, you have sinned in the eyes of the law, and if there's a penalty for wife-desertion, I'll see that you get it, and I'll see that Peter Buck gets it!'

"'Well,' says Wooley, 'none of us never having been married, you'll have a sweet time doing it. Now, you'd better run right along—you're making the missus cry, and I can't stand for that.'

"'Better take him home, Poker, be-

fore I lose my temper,' he says to me, and I must say he'd acted real patient with Salvation Bill, him having used some strong expressions."

Here, the narrator paused to flip the ash from his cigar.

"Finish your story," said Prelatt.

"That's all—except that a couple of weeks later he got a 'call' to a church somewhere near Hamilton."

"And I suppose it moved him?" asked Doc Harvey.

"You noticed the way that moth hit for the door, when I raised the glass?"

"Yes," said the auditors.

"Well—that's what reminded me most of Salvation Bill."

THE WORLD'S HONOUR ROLL

By F. A. ACLAND

A BATTLE thunder shook the whole sad world,
Red havoc stalked in ruin near and far,
And all that we had learned of honour, truth,
Was held the sport of chance, the prize of war.

Men stood aghast; some shrieked "The world is mad!"
And others, hesitant, cried, "War is vain";
But many more found quickly some brave task
And lessened thus the universal pain.

High flung above the continents there hangs
An honour roll inscribed on Heaven's own blue,
Where all who will may write—and sword in hand
Stand then with those who build the world anew.

The Spirit of the Ages, watching all,
Breathes balm and pity for men's woes. "Hope on!"
She whispers gently, "Truth shall live! This night,
Though dark, shall bring mankind a glorious dawn."

THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

GEORGE BARKER had missed his dinner the previous day; supper-time had come, but no supper had been forthcoming. As he leaned weakly against the corner of a building at the intersection of two busy streets, the dinner that he needed in the near future seemed as apocryphal as the breakfast.

Across the street, the noon sunlight flashed on a myriad of gilt signs decorating the windows of a great office structure. They held a certain fascination for the slight young chap, who gazed at them wistfully. Each sign represented a possible employer —possible, but highly improbable, in view of his recent experiences since he was laid off at the insurance office where he had clerked.

During the last two weeks, he had tramped mile on weary mile in search of work. The nearest he had come to it had been a vague promise of a job some time in the fall; it was then July. In the meantime he was hungry.

His enforced idleness held one advantage, however; it gave him an opportunity to study. At the moment he carried under his arm a large, serious-looking volume that he was returning to the public library. His clamouring appetite warily suggested that it would be an exceedingly bright and felicitous act to sell or at least pawn the book and with the proceeds to buy food. But the suggestion stuck in his conscience; that function weakly, dizzily, hesitatingly, refused—it wouldn't be square—and George meant to be square always.

But food was becoming an absolute necessity in the immediate future, and the book was becoming decidedly heavy; the library was still many blocks away. George frowned at his burden, as if reproaching it for failing him in his hour of direst need; then his glance returned once more to the gilt signs across the way. A sudden thought made him gasp at its very audacity. He chuckled, paled, then grew grim as he decided to act on it. His necessity had become the maternal parent of invention.

He separated himself from the wall that had upheld his weariness, dodged the traffic with uncertain steps, and plunged into the gloom of the wide doorway opposite. He took the first flight of steps on the run and halted, breathless, on the first floor above.

A door at the front of the building opened, and a young girl, neat and businesslike, emerged, walking down the corridor toward him. Before she had gained the street level, another girl came out of the same door, followed by a man in a bustling hurry.

As they passed him, George felt a sudden pang of envy. They had jobs! That fact stuck out all over them. Each quick step, each brisk, independent movement, proclaimed it. They belonged somewhere.

George gritted his teeth and walked slowly down the hallway toward the door that had been left slightly

ajar. On it, in neat black letters, was a sign:

PERCY LAPHAM,
Stocks and Bonds.

He pushed the door open and stepped inside. The room, untenanted at the moment, looked like business, successful business. A rich rug covered the floor; an ornate lattice-work partition enclosed a small space near the front windows, in which were two typewriters and a roll-top desk. Evidently, it was here that the two girls and the bustling man whom George had passed in the hall had their being during working hours. At the left was a ground-glass door, on which was inscribed the name of Mr. Lapham.

George braced himself for the crisis in his affairs and knocked. A pleasantly deep voice bade him enter. A clean-built, broad-shouldered young man, with a boyishly good-looking face was sitting bent over a desk in the centre of the room, hurriedly sorting a pile of mail. He looked up with a quick glance at his caller.

"Mr. Lapham?" asked George, his voice shaking just the least little bit from nervousness—and hunger.

"I am Mr. Lapham," boomed the other.

He leaned back, his hands on the arms of his chair, his elbows out. The attitude made him appear all the bigger, more impressive. He drew a deep breath as if in relief at straightening his strong back for a moment.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to have a moment with you alone," said George suavely, a slight colour coming into his pale cheeks. "I am absolutely certain that you will feel amply repaid for giving me a few minutes of your time."

"Did Brennan send you in to me?"

"Brennan?" queried George.

"My bookkeeper."

"I believe I just met Mr. Brennan in the hall going to lunch."

Mr. Lapham started. He looked at his watch and exclaimed:

"Lunch time! I didn't know it was so late! You'll have to excuse me, Mr. —"

"Barker," interpolated George.

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Parker; I have an—"

"Don't lose this opportunity!"

The tone held such a vibrant quality, such a promise of something well worth while, that Mr. Lapham sank back in his chair with a sigh of resignation, prepared to listen.

"What have you to sell?" he asked. "Stocks?"

George caught at the word. He rushed into speech:

"A certain stock—a stock of knowledge so complete, so absolutely necessary for every enlightened man to possess that I feel myself a missionary in offering it. This one volume contains an authoritative account of every historical event of note beginning with the earliest dawn of civilization and ending with—"

"A book agent!" gasped Mr. Lapham, a black frown darkening his usually good-natured face. "Here, I've no time to waste! Good morning!"

George advanced with finger pointed impressively at the other's breast.

"Are you a sane man?" he asked tensely.

The bond man was taken aback by the suddenness of the question.

"Of course, I am," he snapped.

"Then, you won't begrudge five minutes to become acquainted with the work of the great doctor—er, Doctor Bojum!"

"Doctor *what?*" rasped Lapham.

"Doctor Bojum," reiterated George, with increased assurance. "He stands supreme as the most eminent historian of the age."

"Never heard of him," declared Lapham, putting away his papers preparatory to leaving.

"Then, sir," and a sad note crept into George's voice, "I fear I must dub you an ignoramus."

The big man rose slowly, quivering with anger. He dropped his

clenched fists on the blotting-pad before him, and leaned far across his desk toward the little chap, who stood his ground pluckily. Slowly, distinctly, in spite of the quiver in his deep voice, he ordered:

"Get out!"

Instead of obeying the command, George approached, his eyes alight with excitement.

"I repeat my assertion," he said, his voice shrilling. "You are an ignoramus. Moreover, you are an incurable one, because—"

He never finished the sentence. Lapham swung around the massive desk in two strides and struck. The little fellow crumpled up and lay, a pathetically small heap, on the ornate rug. His precious volume flew across the room, bringing up against the wall with a bump that would have caused a book-lover's heart to grieve for it.

Lapham stood over the intruder, staring down at him blankly. The anger had died out of his eyes with the blow. They held a look of grave wonder, wonder that in its turn gave place to pity as he gazed at the pale face that showed doubly white against the background of the lurid floor-covering.

"Brute!" he exclaimed, smashing one huge fist into his open palm. "The poor little chap!" There were actually tears in his eyes as he rushed to the water-cooler and saturated his handkerchief.

Kneeling beside the boy, he bathed his face with the ice-cold water. With a motion as gentle as any woman's, he slipped his big arm beneath the thin shoulders and raised them slightly. George opened his eyes wonderingly. He stared at the round, kindly face close to his own and smiled wryly.

"If I'd had—anything to eat—today," he said faintly, "or yesterday—I'd take a crack at you." He sank back exhausted.

"Anything to eat!" The big man was on his feet in an instant. "Do you mean it?" he asked, surprised.

George nodded.

Without a word, Lapham dashed through the door, across the outer office, and disappeared. In an incredibly short time he came back, bearing a sealed bottle of milk and a huge paper bag of sandwiches.

George had risen and was sitting at the desk, his head propped on his hands. At sight of the food he gasped; he realized then how greatly he needed it. Half the contents of the bottle and three large sandwiches vanished while the bond man looked on with a satisfied smile.

"I don't know how to thank you," said the boy finally. "You have come pretty near saving my life—I mean that!"

"By smashing you in the jaw?" said Lapham, with a wry smile.

"Perhaps," declared the other enigmatically.

Lapham paced up and down uneasily. He was trying to say something—and it was hard. At last, he burst out:

"See here, old chap; I don't know how to apologize. My temper got the better of me. I am ashamed—I—"

"That's all right," disclaimed George casually. "Say no more about it."

"But," persisted Lapham, "I feel that I should like to make amends, somehow. What can I do?" he asked impulsively.

"Well, you did interrupt our business talk rather abruptly. If you care to hear me out, I shall be very glad."

"Of course!" exclaimed Lapham. "I am ready to buy what you have to offer."

"Do you mean that?" said George with a quick intake of breath.

"I do—most emphatically!"

"I have something to sell," said the young fellow slowly, "but it is nothing tangible."

Lapham stooped and picked up the volume that had fallen from the boy's grasp. One cover dangled dejected-

ly, hanging by a thin shred of binding. He opened the book, glanced at the title-page, and then shot a quick look at the boy.

"I don't quite understand," he said, a hint of suspicion in his tone.

"I didn't offer that book for sale," said George, flushing quickly. "That was merely to engage your attention."

"You said it was nothing tangible. What have you to offer?"

"My services." The boy looked the other straight in the eye without flinching.

The bond-man drew up a chair and sat down.

"Suppose you tell me about it," he suggested kindly, voice and manner evincing his interest.

George gave a sigh of relief; it was the first time in months that anyone had invited him to tell his story. He straightened himself in his chair and began slowly:

"I came to town six months ago. Back home, there didn't seem to be much of any chance, and I simply had to make good. There are reasons —well, I won't go into that.

"I got a job in an insurance office. It wasn't what I wanted; but it was far better than nothing at all. A couple of months ago I was laid off —no fault of my own—just a sudden policy of retrenchment.

"It's been pretty tough since then. Things went from bad to worse until the conviction grew on me that I never would find another job. I haven't really had enough to eat for weeks. To-day I was starving—desperate!

"All the time I was out of work I studied to fit myself for the job I want, the job that I know I'm cut out for. I was just taking that book, which I had been studying, back to the library when the thought struck me that right then was the time to try out my abilities. That's why I called on you."

"You are not a book gent, then?"

George shook his head.

Mr. Lapham opened the book again. Looking over the top of it at the earnest face of the boy opposite him, he remarked:

"This seems to be a work on psychology. May I ask what you were trying to fit yourself for?"

"Salesmanship," said George promptly. "I know I can make good."

"Your call on me was an experiment in your new profession?" asked the bond man quizzically.

The boy nodded.

Mr. Lapham rose and walked toward the window. He stood there a moment deep in thought. When he turned, there was a humorous little quirk at the corners of his mouth.

"It was by way of being a success," he murmured, "a signal success for a first attempt. You certainly have the faculty of holding your man's attention," he said whimsically.

He approached the desk and rested his big hand on the boy's shoulder. Looking straight into his clear eyes, he asked:

"Can you sell bonds?"

"I can!" shouted George, springing up, his face radiant with happiness.

Moreover, he did.

A WANDER-SONG

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHO is the monarch of the Road?
I, the happy rover!
Lord of the way which lies before,
Up to the hill and over—
Owner of all beneath the blue
On till the end and after, too!

I am the monarch of the Road!
Mine are the keys of morning.
I know where evening keeps her store
Of stars for night's adorning,
I know the wind's wild will, and why
The lone thrush hurries down the sky.

I am the monarch of the Road!
My court I hold with singing,
Each bird a gay ambassador,
Each flower a censer, swinging,
And every little roadside thing
A wonder to confound a king.

I am the monarch of the Road!
I ask no leave for living;
I take no less; I ask no more,
Than nature's fullest giving—
And ever, westward with the day,
I travel to the far-away.

STUDY OF A GIRL

From the Etching by Walter R. Duft

THE RAINBOW-CHASERS

BY ROBERT HERRICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

I UNEARTHED the thing this morning from my little box in the safety-deposit vaults of the Eureka bank. It lay, still crisp and gorgeous, in a thick package of similar documents — stock certificates, once as glittering with hopes as they were profusely gilded. What alluring, fantastic names they had—these defunct enterprises in Golconda Land! The Sinbad-Trachyte Copper Mining and Smelting Company, the Snowstorm Hydraulic Mining Company (that was gold, and the certificates had a delicate vignette picturing a valley among the serried peaks of the upper Rockies). Whatever gold there may be in that lofty valley still sleeps undisturbed beneath the Colorado snows. There was an oil company in West Virginia, and out in Idaho there was Flagg's Water-Hoister Development and Irrigation Company. Note, if you will, the geographical sweep of our enterprises; they covered half the States of the Union, besides Mexico, and their variety alone gave them an air of Oriental opulence.

And there were the inventions, too: "Gas and Slag," a popular name for a process of manufacturing acetylene gas out of waste, and the Grass Mat Company, which had a machine that could make something better than a turkish rug out of reeds or plain marsh grass. But the grandest of all, the one I always handle with a special thrill, the one that led us astray—was Ensenada Asphalt Limited! (Why limited? I ask myself now.) It had a beautiful picture of an extinct crater, from which there flowed a black stream, representing presumably that article of commerce, pure asphaltum. There was nothing limited in our expectations of what that stream would do for us. Well, I believe we got our money's worth out of them all, in a way; and as I carefully replaced these outlawed drafts on the bank of Hope at the bottom of my tin box and locked them up for another long sleep, I sighed a middle-age sigh and thought of those vivid months when we were chasing rainbows.

I

What had we to do with "highly speculative enterprises"—or more plainly "wildcat schemes"? Poor college professors, hired at clerks' wages to teach the Beauty of Truth and the Truth of Beauty to a couple of thousand American youths? Perhaps that was the reason—we had no business whatever to go rainbow chasing. And yet we drew some fat dividends, of a kind. . . .

John Jefferson Solomon was our first promoter in Rainbow Land. He was then professor of Metallurgy in the Scientific School of Eureka University, where I still hold the chair of Romance. Solomon was a hairy, brawny, chubby, six-foot professor, which is a rarity in the species.

He had, moreover, that alert air of the man of many affairs, who is grasping hard the tail of Opportunity. Our professor of Metallurgy was frequently engaged by mining companies as an expert on ores, and thus came in contact with Magnates with Millions. I think that we of the gentler arts and sciences rather looked down on the prosperous Solomon as something of a Philistine; but our wives often wished that we had the cleverness to command the attention of the world of dollars!

Soloman, I know, had a thinly veiled contempt for merely polite learning, which he vented often in sarcastic remarks before the faculty. So it was with a feeling of agreeable surprise that I accepted an invitation to his rooms, where as he said he had "something to put before me." We had met at the Campus Club, where I usually dropped in of an afternoon to read the evening paper. Little MacWilliams, a clever youngster who was assisting me in the department, was playing billiards at the time and joined us. I do not remember that Solomon invited Mac, but the lad was not bashful and often followed me about.

Solomon's study was crammed with a dusty litter of geographical reports, specimens of ores, maps, and outing togs. Tiptoeing about the room, while our host dug out some chairs, I found a basin reposing on the window ledge that contained what looked to be a mess of tar.

"Melton," Solomon said gravely, taking the basin tenderly between his hairy fingers, "do you know what Asphaltum is?"

I admitted a layman's general acquaintance with that useful substance. Solomon, tapping the basin, exclaimed:

"This is crude Asphaltum!" Then he gave us a little professional talk on the commercial importance of the substance. "Melton," Solomon finished impressively, fondling that sticky mess in the wash basin, "I have been hunting for an asphalt lake for twenty years. You just dip out the stuff and more comes in from below. You can't exhaust it."

"A real widow's cruise!" Mac commented frivolously.

"At last," Solomon continued in condescending tones, "I think I have found one—that is, one of my old students has found it among the mountains of Lower California. "I've been making tests of this sample Jennings sent up. It is prime quality, almost pure asphaltum. I have wired Jennings to go to the City of Mexico and get a concession from the government."

Mac whistled and hung over the specimen as if he would like to eat it.

"Then we shall form a small company, incorporate for a million, I suppose," Solomon suggested lightly, as if that was something he did every week.

"Why, you'll make your fortune," I murmured enviously.

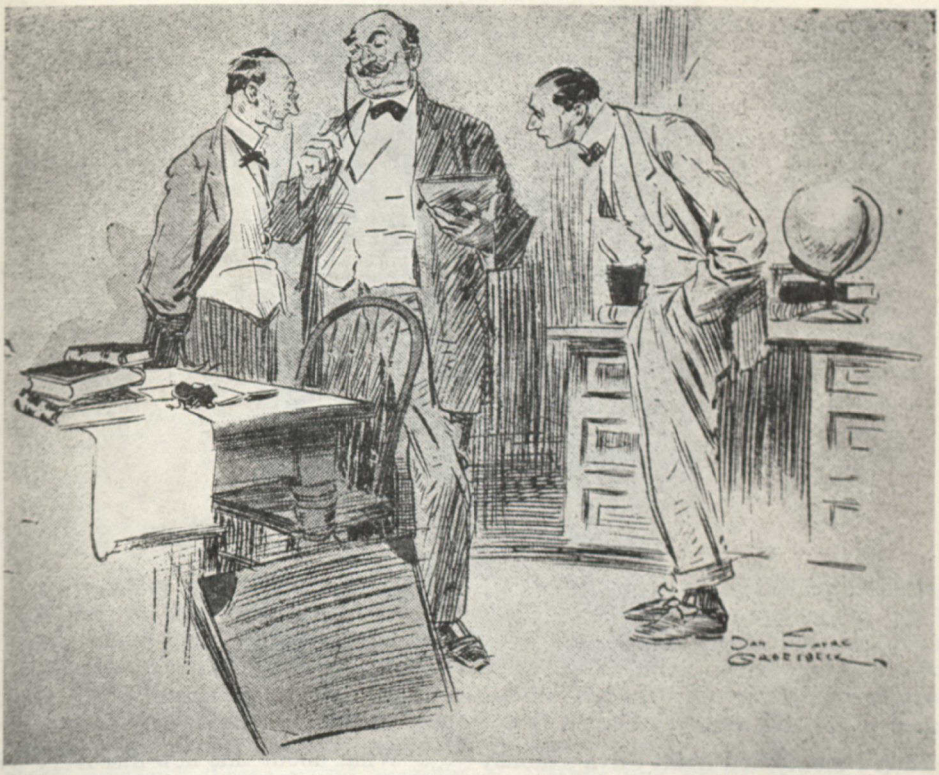
"It does look like a good thing," he admitted calmly, and after a slight pause he said: "Might let you have a block of the stock, Melton, if you have a few thousands you would like to invest just now."

"That's mighty good of you, Sol," I stammered, gratified that this man of large affairs should think I kept a few thousands of idle cash by me.

"We shan't put out much stock," he explained, "but I could let you have a few hundred shares."

"I don't believe that I could manage as much as that," I said timidly, thinking of the twelve hundred dollars Ada and I had painfully scraped together since our marriage for that year in Europe.

"The first subscribers, of course, won't be expected to pay par," Solomon suggested. "Say a couple of hundred shares at twenty-five? You can give me your check for what's convenient and make your note for the rest. I expect that we shall be paying dividends before the note would fall due."



"Melton, do you know what asphaltum is?"

I hurriedly subtracted twelve hundred dollars from five thousand; it left a large balance and Ada didn't believe in debts. Then I thought of Aunt Silva's bequest to my wife. We called it the building fund, and it reposed in the savings bank. Some time we meant to build a little cottage on the hills across the river.

"Couldn't you let me have some stock, Mr. Solomon?" MacWilliams demanded eagerly, his cheek flaming.

"Oh, well, how much?" Solomon asked indifferently.

"Ten shares, say."

I stared at little Mac, for it was well known that he was posted at the club almost every month for his board and billiards, and usually managed to clear his name just in time to escape severe action. And he was engaged to that nice Miss Saunders, a Fellow in English, and neither of them had a penny.

"I shall get some money from a book I'm doing," Mac explained, "and I want a good chance to invest it."

"All right," the great man agreed good-naturedly. "I guess you can have your ten shares."

Then we talked asphalt until long after the dinner hour, and Mac and I talked it all the way back to my house. I held my head high as Capitalist and Partner in Prosperity when I entered my front door. That trip to Spain and Italy might have to be deferred for another year; but when we went we should make the journey in a forty-horse-power touring car instead of third class on the railroad. My fervour was somewhat dampened by Ada, who had kept dinner waiting for me. It took some time to get her interested in Asphaltum—women are generally deficient in constructive imagination—and

"Let me look at you"

when I mentioned Aunt Silva's money she protested:

"The building fund! And it's doing so nicely in the bank!"

"But this is a rare opportunity for a much superior investment! Why, the dividends in a year or two will enable us to build out of our income."

Although Ada was not wholly fired with my enthusiasm, I went to bed that night to dream of a river of viscous gold that slowly filled the room and threatened to engulf us in its sticky folds.

II

Little Mac and I were not to be the only sharers in Solomon's luck. For a few days I went about my work bursting privately with a consciousness of coming wealth. Then one morning Silverton—he was in Church History—stopped me on the steps of the library, a new furrow in his puckered forehead, and plucking me anxiously by the arm whispered into my ear:

"What about this new discovery by Professor Solomon? Asphalt, I understand, and extraordinarily lucrative. . . . The royalties on my new book are about due, and I am looking for a good thing. Could you get me a few shares?"

I promised to use my influence with Solomon, and shaking my hand warmly he hurried away briskly to his class. Silverton had a growing family, growing in every way.

And there were others, I soon learned—Tompkins in Neurology, and Lane in Physics, and Stowaway in Math. Stow had paid cash—a thousand dollars for thirty shares; so the price had already risen! . . . It was not long before Ensenada Asphalt was as familiarly referred to on the campus as B. R. T. or U. P. in Wall Street. Even before those splendid certificates appeared to gladden our eyes, options on Asphalt were changing hands at the Campus Club, and there was much academic "paper" in circulation.

"Asphalt!" My wife sniffed

Soon after the arrival of the certificates it was rumoured that no more stock was being issued. The great Dennison Flagg, the swell of our little community, had gone to Solomon personally to secure some stock, offering par and cash, and had been refused! There might possibly have been something personal behind this refusal; but the news sent Asphalt flying upward on the "campus curb," which was Sandy Cork's ribald designation for our transactions. Flagg, so Sandy told me, piqued by Sol's curt refusal to "let him in," had started a rival investment, the famous "Buckets," from which there flows another tale. It was a time of financial ferment, during which I made that remarkable collection of stock certificates that I have enumerated. Most of these were due to Solomon. Sandy Cork said that he bred schemes like kittens in his laboratory—he always had a few in his pockets to peddle out. And we all took some shares to show our good will; but there was nothing in the lot to equal Ensenada. . . .

When the news reached us that President Diaz had graciously granted a concession of that extinct volcano to the Ensenada company, Asphalt began to soar; the club seethed with rumours. One morning while Ada and I were beginning our breakfast, little Mac burst in, his eyes glittering with fever, his hair mussed as if he had not seen his bed in many nights.

"Have you heard the news?" he shouted from the door, barely nodding to Ada. "Jennings has arrived, and a great financial swell with him, a Mr. Delano. Things are doing over at Sol's."

"Well, drink a cup of coffee," I said, assuming an outward calm.

"They're thinking of forming a new company, development company, you know. Bonds and all that. Asphalters get in on the first basement! . . . I'm going over to Sol's now."

He paused long enough at the door to call back: "May and I won't wait until the fall maybe—look out for cards!"

As the door clicked behind the little man, Ada remarked severely to me: "Asphalt's gone to his brain, Joe. This high finance is too much for him." (Latterly my wife had contracted an ironical habit of expression that was annoying to me.) "You know, Joe, you are responsible for

that boy's getting into this speculation business."

"He does seem a bit off his head this morning," I replied, without discussing the remark. "I'll drop in at Solomon's and see what is on."

"Joe!" my wife began.

"Oh, I have no idea of going any deeper in Asphalt."

"I should think not!" And Ada magnanimously refrained from further reference to the large hole we had made in the building fund. Most of it, in fact, had been sunk in Asphalt. "Sunk"—ill-omened word!

III

I met Silverton in front of my house, on his way to an early class. Now in the old days, before rainbow hues had begun to stain the placid horizon of Eureka, my good colleague would have propounded to me some juicy point in the Cistercian rule. But to-day he exclaimed:

"Have you heard about this Mr. Delano?" And when we had exhausted asphalt rumours, he remarked, "I saw they had made a great strike in the Bull Frog mine, same district as Trachyte, I believe." We were all modernizing fast! I know that Silverton wanted to cut his classes and accompany me to see the financial power at Solomon's. But habit put his feet into the path of duty.

Solomon's room was full of cigar smoke, and over a map on the desk there were bent four heads, while little Mac danced about in the rear. One of the four was Dennison Flagg, to my surprise—I did not then realize the rapid change in financial alliances! A bronzed young man I guessed was Jennings, who had located the lake. And the fat, bald-headed gentleman, smoking a cigar, with his pudgy forefinger on the map, must be the great Delano, our financial Æneas! Solomon introduced me: "Mr. Delano, I want to make you acquainted with Professor Melton, one of our original stockholders."

"Happy to meet you, professor," the fat magnate said, squeezing my hand with his unoccupied fist.

"Mr. Delano is advising as to the best method of developing our concession," Solomon explained.

"Yes, professor," Mr. Delano drawled, squinting at the map. "What you've got to do is to form a new company, lease your rights to it, and issue some bonds to pay for the road and plant and all that. And there you are!" He puffed at his cigar, and it seemed very simple. "Just run your line to this point on the S. P. and a spur to Saint what you call um, on the gulf. Then if the S. P. folks won't talk business you've got your water freight. It's as smooth as a fiddle." He put a thick thumb on a corner of the map. "That's all it is, a couple of hundred miles or so. And easy grades, I bet!" On the map it looked certainly no more than that, the thickness of Mr. Delano's thumb—a thick thumb, to be sure.

"Well, I must be going—a little matter with some gentlemen at the Grand Union. I'll see you to-morrow, Mr. Solomon. Good morning, gentlemen," and the financial power, with a sweeping bow to include us all, disappeared in a cloud of smoke, Solomon after him.

When Solomon returned, he explained to me: "Mr. Delano has very extensive connections with moneyed people. I have asked him to be the president of the development company. He will be of great use to us in floating our bonds."

"But where do asphalters come in in the new deal?" little Mac asked with youthful bluntness.

From the animated discussion which followed, I gathered that Solomon, who controlled our old company, would turn it over body and soul to the new company. Jennings and Delano between them were to hold over half of the stock in the new company—it was to be a small issue, oh, very select! Solomon and his friends in the old company would divide the rest. But there was some

"The President swung round in his chair swivel"

sort of an understanding between Flagg and Solomon, the nature of which I was never to know perfectly. And I fancy there was another understanding between Jennings and the financial power and Solomon. Then there were the bonds. My mind has never been trained in such ways, but it soon became evident, even to me, that the rights of the old "asphalters" were shadowy. The new company, the tail to the dog, would surely wag the dog. And it behooved me to have some of that tail! I am sorry to confess that at the time I did not consider where this would leave poor Silverton and the other minor satellites of the curb. I was too intent on getting a piece of that tail.

At last Solomon drew Mac and me to one side, and said in a brotherly tone of confidence: "Of course I don't mean to see you two fellows get left. I'll let you have some of my stock—five shares for you, Melton, and one for you. The price? We'll settle that later."

"What a splendid fellow Sol is!" Mac exclaimed fervently when we were out in the street. "He might have kept it all to himself, but he won't go back on his friends." Then grasping my arm convulsively, he added: "I must tell you, Joe, Molly and I were married last week at St. Paul."

"What——"

"You see we wanted to save all the fuss. The vacation begins soon, and she would have had to go back to her people, 'way off in Wyoming, and wait there. It will be all right! I'm going to grind all summer, and we shall board at the Hall. . . . Of course it won't be easy for her! But Sol says we must have dividends before next winter, and we can scratch on somehow until then."

It was no use to talk prudence, and I suspected that I hadn't the right. When I met my patient wife, I told her the news about the Macs, to break the other news, perhaps.

"What!" she exclaimed aghast. "Those two babies, without a cent! It's criminal—Joe, how could you let them?"

I protested that I wasn't to blame for their folly, and that very likely all would go well; a little struggle was a good thing; and then there was Ensenada.

"Asphalt!" my wife sniffed.

"Mac had better spend his time earning some money to pay the bills. It's bad enough for a man with a settled position like you to waste your time in such wildcat speculation, but a little assistant like that boy!"

It was not a favourable time to admit that I had bought a piece of the new tail to the dog. When Solomon's note came, saying that the price of the new stock was to be two hundred dollars per share and would I oblige him by sending around my check for the five shares, I prefer to pass over what Ada said. My wife has a quick temper and a facility in denunciation. But she is loyal to all sections of the marriage vow; I believe she would let me burn up my clothes piece by piece, without more than a reasonably vivacious characterization of "professors' folly."

So we made a pilgrimage to the savings bank and reduced the building fund to sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents, while Ada kept a stern silence.

IV

The "curb" was naturally agitated by the new developments in Asphalt. Soon there was gnashing when it became known that the new company's stock was not to be had by the common herd. Mac could have disposed of his promise of one share, for which he had given his note, at a handsome profit—enough to have started the couple in housekeeping on a modest footing. I advised him to take his profits. But I believe that if Mr. Morgan's banking house had offered him a couple of hundred thousand for his interest in Asphalt he would have scorned them. . . .

That was the crest of the bull movement in Asphalt, the afternoon when Solomon appeared on the campus in a big motor side by side with T. Allerton Delano, who, it was quickly rumoured, was connected with the Standard Oil crowd. (We all excoriated the great trust at Eureka, but we felt gratified.) The long vacation opened, and the curb market went into a period of stagnation during the hot weather. Ada and I took our holiday on a fruit farm in Michigan instead of sailing for the shores of the Mediterranean as we had planned. While we sweltered beneath the scorching breath of the prairie sirroco, we thought of the extended and leisurely trip we should make when Ensenada began to pour fourth asphalt. "Or buy a farm in Iowa," Ada suggested, delighting to worry me with skeptical doubts.

We had let the little Macs camp in our house while we were away. It would be a bit more bridelike than the Hall, my wife said, and we left them there as happy as kittens. Solomon had gone to examine the "properties" with Jennings and Delano. . . . When we all gathered for the fall term, there was a brisk opening of the curb. Buckets, to be sure, had slumped. The inventor had spent his time inventing a flying machine that wouldn't fly instead of improving his water motor. But Flagg had a working model of the motor rigged in his room; it worked so well that the overflow had leaked down into the club reading-room—Sandy pointed out the yellow stain on the ceiling with great glee.

When Soloman turned up for his classes, several weeks late, very much bronzed, he had acquired an air of important mystery, which disconcerted the curb. "Yes," he announced, "the asphalt was there all right, and lots of it. Things were moving very satisfactorily. The survey for the road was being made; it would be a little longer than they had expected, say a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, depending on the route. There was a desert or two on the way, but

they should use electric traction, etc., etc. In a word it was all most promising, but we must exercise patience—great affairs moved slowly. Mr. Delano was now in New York arranging for the disposal of the bonds."

So we settled down to wait, and incidentally Ada began to scrape a few dollars from my salary for that rainy day, which she seemed to take comfort in expecting. The little Macs had moved to a couple of tiny rooms off somewhere in a section of the city usually ignored by Eurekans. And Mac was fast maturing under the steadying influence of marriage on six hundred dollars a year. For the trustees had not seen fit to recognize the presence of Mrs. Mac by increasing Mac's salary. They took it all gayly, however, for were they not to be millionaires? And very soon. To be sure there were those notes that Mac had given Solomon, not only the original ones, but the one for two hundred dollars, and I gathered that Soloman, being short of cash, as all financiers are at times, was pressing for payment. So little Mac did odd jobs and pretty little Mrs. Mac did what light housekeeping there was to be done.

It was an afternoon in March, I think, that Ada came back from the Macs with a serious look in her pleasant eyes.

"Joe," she said to me as we sat down to our frugal supper (it was supper when no one else shared it with us; otherwise, dinner), "Joe, when is that clay pit of Solomon's going to pay up?"

"You mean Asphalt, dear? I don't exactly know. Solomon has been away a good deal this winter and I haven't seen him lately. I suspect there have been delays in the construction. You know that large enterprises can't be ordered like a shirt waist—there are contingencies always."

"Um, it musn't take forever, though. The Macs are dreadfully poor! And there are those horrid notes to pay I should think that Professor Solomon could see that they haven't a cent. He's screwing blood out of them."

"Solomon isn't to blame; if Mac has promised more than he can——"

Oh, I know. But, Joe, *something's going to happen* to those poor children!" She looked significantly at me.

"So soon?" I gasped.

My wife nodded her head with a woman's assurance.

"And they haven't any money to pay the doctor, let alone the nurse and servant, and all the rest!"

I whistled!

"You must *do* something, Joe!"

V

Meantime asphalt did not come on, not at all; but the Something That Was Going to Happen to the little Macs did come on, with the precision of nature. And that final note for two hundred dollars, the one that represented Mac's minute interest in the dog's tail, had fallen due. Mac had begged an extension from Soloman, but the promoter had declared that the note was in the company's treasury, beyond his reach. Then the boy came to us. The cheeky, cherubic smile that had been his chief capital had faded months ago, but now he was really haggard. It isn't so much that I lose that share," he explained, "but Sol hinted that the old Ensenada stock wouldn't be worth much—not for a long time. So it will all go!"

Ada turned on me with her executive manner: "Joe," she said, "you must find Mr. Solomon and make him take back all Mac's stock at the price he paid for it."

"But my dear—" It was impossible to make Ada understand the nature of financial transactions. In the end I put on my hat and went in search of Sol. He was not in his office, nor at his rooms, nor at the club. I was relieved. But just as

I was about to return to report to my wife, Dennison Flagg hailed me. His face was very red, and he was excitedly wiping his glasses or pulling his mustache.

"Do you know where that cursed bounder, Solomon, is?" he demanded curtly.

When I replied that I had searched for the gentleman unsuccessfully, he burst forth:

"Oh, he's sneaked off somewhere! He knows too much to let me catch him. Sold me a hundred shares in his gold brick at par, and let that tin-horn gambler Delano in at fifty. Gave him some bonds, too. I expect he's paid nothing down for his own stock."

"You are mistaken," I said frigidly. "Mr. Solomon let me have five shares of his allotment at two hundred per share, the price he paid for them."

I thought Flagg would have a fit.

"Let me look at you," he said after a while. "I want to see a greener sucker than myself. Two hundred!"

"Cash," I added.

"And you gave him twice the par value, and he never paid a cent!"

I was not in a happy frame of mind when I went back to Ada. I did not want to see Solomon—my heart was too sore.

"Well?" she asked, as I hung up my hat and coat.

"Ada," I said solemnly, "I have been an awful fool."

To her credit let it be said that she never made one of all the remarks she might have made. After a moment of thought she said:

"We must bring the Macs here; it can't happen in those two rooms."

I looked about our tiny premises and thought of that castle across the river, which I felt sure would never be built out of asphalt.

"You will have to sleep in your study, of course, Joe. I shall give them our room. And Joe, I think we ought to pay back to Mac what he spent for the stock." Please note the we!) "I've saved nearly three hundred dollars for the trip. I guess we'll have to cultivate our garden nearer home in Michigan, instead."

I kissed her silently.

"For we are responsible for Mac—the example, you know."

And I hung my head.

VI

Events moved rapidly in the next few hours; they always do within sight of the catastrophe! First Mac came to my office, swelling with excitement. There had been a fearful row over at the club between Solomon and Flagg, so Sandy Cork had reported. Flagg had lost his temper, and called Sol all manner of names—swindler, blackleg, tin-horn gambler. And Sol had retorted with remarks about "Buckets." Then old Silverton had come around, panting to get his money back for the Ensenada stock; said some one told him that it would cost more than it was worth to get our asphalt to market; and Sol had said something about the Panama canal, and Flagg had talked about the canals in Mars. Then Sol had got mad and told Silverton that the Ensenada company was leased with all its rights for ninety-nine years, and Silverton had gone off to see the President, wringing his hands and vowing he was ruined. . . .

It took me some time to get Mac's stock out of him at the price he had paid. I don't know whether he believed I was trying to take advantage of his helpless state or not. But I made him take the three hundred dollars. I went to my seminarist in old French—my heart heavy after the rainbow debauch, seeing life and human nature very gray. Was it believable that Soloman could have been so base? Could have sold me something for a thousand dollars that had cost him nothing, or at the outside five hundred dollars? In the great world I had heard they did

such things. But my colleague, a university professor! . . . In the midst of an explanation of a corrupt passage in the Song of Roland, into which I was trying to put some of my old-time fire, dismissing for the moment the cares of finance, the President of Eureka University would like to see me in his office at the close of the hour!

I brushed against Sandy Cork in the hall on my way to the President's office. His face wore a wicked grin as he asked: "Are you holding a stockholders' meeting in the Prex's office?" . . .

And they were all assembled when the President's stenographer let me into the private office—poor old Silverton, woe-begone and fluttered; Dennison Flagg, somewhat wilted, but glowering; J. Jefferson Solomon, his hands in his pockets, sullen and defiant; and little Mac with several others who had been active on the curb.

The President swung around in his swivel chair, his handsome face serious and somewhat sad. He scraped his throat in that impressive manner he had when he addressed the united faculties:

"Gentlemen, there have been brought to my notice certain financial transactions among members of the faculty, of what might be called a speculative nature. Mr. Melton, will you kindly give me your version of the dealings in—er——"

"Asphalt," Flagg supplied.

"And Buckets," Solomon snapped.

I told the story briefly, blushing at certain passages, especially when it came to my ready acquiescence in the scheme to ignore the original stockholders by the possessors of the tail. Then Silverton confessed to his little dream of riches, and Mac—that boy had good stuff in him; he refused to say more than that he had invested some money through Mr. Solomon! Then the two financial powers told their story, with many contradictions. In the end the President sat with lowered head for a moment:

"*Sacra fames auri!*" he quoted with his funny old-fashioned pronounciation. I winced, but I don't think Solomon understood. "Gentlemen," he continued, not unkindly, "I think that most of you have been nothing more than childish. Suppose you return all the chips to one another, so far as you can, and try to forget it. I need not point out the folly of such enterprises to men in your position, nor the indecorum of the example you offer to the youth under your charge—an example of greed and preoccupation with the sordid side of life."

He stopped there. Perhaps he felt the unconscious irony of his remarks as applied to the poorly paid men of his faculty.

"I hope," he resumed with a sweet smile, "that you will not invest again in Spanish castles—or Asphalt! Six per cent. mortgages are safer."

"Mr. Solomon," the President said in a different tone of voice, "you will be kind enough to wait after the others go. Good morning, gentlemen!"

I was glad that Solomon had been detained; I should not like to meet him, not just yet. I took my way homeward at a reflective pace. "*Sacra fames auri!*" Ah, how it tainted all that it touched. I could never again take Solomon's hand without thinking that he had done to me that mean and dirty trick—under temptation. I am older now than when like a silly, greedy boy I invested Aunt Silva's legacy in Ensenada Asphalt; but over and over again have I seen the same thing, in big or little, the thirst for riches. . . .

Ada met me at the door, atwinkle with excitement. "Joe! She's up there—all installed. I took a carriage and brought her over. It won't be more than a few days now before it happens. . . . And, Joe, I've got something for you!"

She led me into my cubbyhole of a

den and pointed to a fat volume on the desk. I knew the *Chronique* at a glance—the copy I had eyed in Chappel's window for months.

"But, my dear," I protested.

"There was sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents left of Aunt Silva's money. And I don't see why I shouldn't have my spree as well as you, your old asphalt!"

After that "Black Monday" on the campus curb, as Sandy dubbed the day we had our interview with the President, there was a complete silence with reference to Ensenada Asphalt, Buckets, and the rest. No one ever showed a certificate, if he had one. A few optimistic souls, to be sure, talked for a time about what would happen with "those properties," when the canal was opened. But the canal hadn't opened yet, and besides I heard from Flagg the other day that the Ensenada concession expired according to its terms some years ago. Probably whatever equity there may be in the concern resides in the pockets of Mr. Delano, whose last address was the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

Solomon very shortly after the explosion accepted a call to a school of mines somewhere in Idaho, much to my relief. I don't know whether Sandy Cork's merciless roasting in the club play that year had anything to do with his departure, or the President's final remarks. But he went. And the rest of us had humour enough to laugh freely at Sandy's quips at our expense. . . . The little Macs are happy and obviously poor, though the President put him up that spring.

We haven't built our house across the river yet, though we had that deferred trip to Spain this last winter, and Ada is such a shrewd manager we may get the house yet, without the aid of Asphalt or Aunt Silva's bequest. I have had a good deal of satisfaction out of that stock certificate first and last. I ought to be able to forgive old Sol! Whenever I am tempted by some splendid "investment propositions" poured in on me by mail from financial houses that seemingly have but one purpose in existence and that is to make me rich, I go down to my box in the safety-deposit vault and get out the handsome certificate of the Ensenada Asphalt Development Company, five shares, "full paid and non-assessable." And I murmur over, "*Sacra fames auri.*"

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

AT the end of a hundred days the gigantic armies in France and Belgium are still struggling for the mastery. As yet there are no definite signs of approaching catastrophe on either side of the long line of battle that stretches from Woevre to the North Sea. With the huge masses on both sides, which are still capable of opposing a vigorous resistance, with the modern engines of warfare that military science has called to its aid, and with all the advantages that accrue to the enemy from long and careful preparation for such a colossal struggle, the campaign may be protracted and, for some time, indecisive. In the words of a distinguished soldier, "a day is like an hour" in the economy of a battle that stretches along an irregular front of three hundred miles. The time occupied in manœuvring troops, for instance, is an important factor in prolonging the war. A large body of troops, when rushed from point to point, cannot cover more than twenty miles a day, and the larger the force the slower the progress. If to these military considerations is added the fact that supplies and reinforcements arrive with persistent regularity in the German ranks, and that the Allies are engaged, not in driving back the enemy merely, but in carrying strongly fortified entrenchments that are protected by heavy guns and quick-firers, a better perspective may be gained of a war which is taxing the patience of some people who look for speedy and decisive results at every critical stage in the game. All the prophecies as to the length of the war may be discounted. War, like politics, is an uncertain quantity. No one can say with certainty what may take place twenty-four hours hence behind the scenes of international politics. No one could have forseen the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Serrajevo. Anything may happen at a moment's notice to change the current of European events and stop the war. Or, it may drag on for months until Germany is forced to pile her arms through sheer exhaustion.

No one, perhaps, is in a better position to calculate the stress and strain of all the factors in this war than the British Prime Minister. Speaking in the House of Commons at the opening of Parliament, Mr. Asquith "doubted that the war would last as long as people had originally predicted." He further affirmed that "the primary aims of the Germans had been frustrated." While Mr. Asquith was careful, for obvious reasons, to avoid lending countenance to the theorists who predicted a short campaign, facts hid from the public as to the staying powers of the Germans must be known to the British Government to warrant his optimistic statement as to the duration of the campaign. Whether the failure of Germany is due to military causes alone, apart from economic conditions, the Prime Minister did not state. The failure of Germany—by most people judged entirely from the military standpoint—

has its roots in remoter and more obscure causes. Germany sowed the seeds of national defeat through the diplomatic blunders that arrayed against her greater forces than her military advisers contemplated. Nor must German psychology be overlooked. Cool and calculating as have been her preparations for war on a colossal scale, these preparations were carried out, apparently, on the assumption that the German army was invincible and that the plans of the General Staff could not miscarry. The military preparations, as they now stand revealed, bear the hall-mark of the helmeted Prussian, with his blustering air of arrogant superiority. If, as one is led to conjecture, Germany's war preparations were concerned mainly with offensive operations, it is not unlikely that her plans on both fronts may find her decidedly weak when forced to assume the defensive. Her chain of forts may prove as fickle in the hour of trial as those of Liege, Namur, and Antwerp, and the weakened morale of her soldiers may complete the rout.

What of economic conditions as a factor in hastening the termination of the awful carnage? In a lecture delivered at the University of Toronto, Professor G. I. H. Lloyd was emphatic in his assertion that "economic conditions will not decide this war; the final decision must be by force of arms." It is true that bankrupt nations like Turkey and Mexico have been able to carry on war when by all the rules of the game they were unable to maintain an army in the field. But these are the exceptions that prove the rule. Neither of these countries possesses the delicate industrial organism by which Germany in days of peace lives and moves and has her being. Peoples not fully emerged from the barbaric stage may take risks which more civilized and highly organized nations take at their peril. As an evidence of the irreconcilable views entertained in regard to the outcome of this war we may set against Professor Lloyd's conclusions the weighty and matured opinion of Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons. Emphasizing the importance of the financial factor, Mr. Bonar Law said: "Already the economic effects are being felt in Germany. This is shown by the rate of exchange, and this will become more evident as time progresses. As soon as Germany realizes she must be beaten, economic forces will work with a pressure of which there is no conception." It is difficult to obtain exact data on which to base conclusions, but all the information available points to the fact that the condition of affairs in Germany is much worse than Berlin despatches would have the outside world believe. The stoppage of all external trade must lead to abnormal conditions in her commercial life. The President of the Bonn Chamber of Commerce, for example, has described the distress resulting from unemployment as "on a plane with the horrors of the battlefield and more difficult to combat." The Germans boast that no moratorium has been proclaimed in their country, but various edicts have been issued that are equivalent to moratory legislation. Internal evidences indicate that the financial condition of Germany is far from normal. Attempts have been made to pay debts abroad in War Loan Stock, and in many districts war credit banks have been established. The rate of exchange for the German mark has fallen in Switzerland six and a half per cent., while that for the French franc remains as it was before the war.

To what extent economic pressure will determine the duration of the war is a speculative question and remains to be seen. As time drags on the economic strain must tell, as it did in the American Civil War. In the absence of data on which to base a conclusion, no one can say how long a nation can continue fighting after

it has broken down financially and industrially. The only fact that emerges is that the Allies have more money than Germany, and untapped resources that should tip the scales and ensure ultimate victory.

The resisting power of an army on the defensive is much greater in these days of powerful armaments and immense armies than in past days. Germany is still strong enough to return with safety to fortified lines within her own border, when retreat is unavoidable. Neither Germany nor the Allies appear to possess such a superiority in numbers and guns as to enable them to strike a decisive blow and to effect the destruction of the opposing army. What advantage there is favours the Allies, but movements at the front mature slowly. All the Allies need accomplish in order to ensure the ultimate breakdown of Germany's military power is to hold the enemy by a vigorous offensive and so prevent the Kaiser drawing off reinforcements to the eastern field of operations. Unceasing attack and defeat of all the enemy's plans must in the end tell heavily upon an army fighting so far from its national resources. So far the battle of intellects has disclosed no fatal flaw on either side. A serious blunder in such a war would be swift and catastrophic in its results. The Germans have been driven slowly back on their right and every effort so far to secure a permanent base on the coast has been foiled. But it is a mistake to assume that Germany is beaten. The handwriting is on the wall, but the end is not yet.

The failure of the German plans in the east has focused attention once more on the operations in that quarter. The Russians once more have driven the invader from their soil. The invasion of Russian Poland was in some respects very similar to the invasion of France. In both cases the Germans had the prize almost within their grasp when they were compelled to fall back. In both cases they underestimated the strength of the enemy. About three miles east of Meaux, and only sixteen miles from Paris—near a village too small to find a place on the ordinary maps—Von Kluck's dash for the French capital was checked and deflected eastward. All day the fate of Paris hung in the balance, but as the shades of night gave place to the broiling sun-tide the blue and red of the French troops could be seen advancing. Paris was saved. Similarly Warsaw caught a glimpse of the German gray-clad troops as they deployed for battle within seven miles of the capital of Russian Poland. Warsaw was to be surprised and carried by storm. But the Russians had made preparations for the enemy, and when Hindenburg thought he held Warsaw in the hollow of his hand, Siberian reinforcements arrived in the nick of time to enable the Grand Duke Nicholas to hurl a superior force on the flank of the enemy, causing a rapid and disorganized retreat which the steady pressure of the Russian offensive has converted into a veritable rout of the Austro-Germanic armies. Russia, not Poland, is now the centre of interest in the eastern field.

The entrance of Turkey into the fight shows the necessity of Germany, for it was through German intrigue that the Porte was forced into a suicidal war. Britain and Russia did their utmost to save Turkey from the war-party led by Enver Pasha, but now that their advice has been flounted, both nations will welcome the opportunity to regularize affairs in the Balkans and elsewhere. For Britain the danger of a religious war has practically passed away, and the fear of a rising in Egypt has likewise been proved to be exaggerated. Italy and Greece may yet take sides, but so far the advent of Turkey has not widened the war horizon. The place of Britain in Egypt will be more clearly defined now that Turkey has shot her bolt in Europe. The task which Britain has undertaken in that country

has been not to rule the Egyptians, "but as far as possible to teach the Egyptians to rule themselves." By a fiction of international law the British Government advises but does not rule. The nominal ruler of Egypt is the Sultan. But it is only a fiction. In practice British advice is Egyptian law.

In South Africa Botha has defeated a force of rebels organized by de Wet, the famous guerilla general during the Boer War. Maritz, the tool of the Germans, has also been met in action and defeated. But the fight in South Africa against the Germans is one of considerable magnitude, and the military operations will be attended with difficulties that will tax the resources of the youngest nation within the Empire. Portugal could render effective aid in Africa. The feeling in Portugal in favour of Great Britain has been greatly strengthened of late by the news from South Africa. Portugal realizes that her colonies have long been coveted by Germany, and her efforts to bring about trouble in South Africa by the subornation of Colonel Maritz to undermine British authority are regarded as a plain indication of what the Portuguese Republic may be prepared for in her African possessions. There is at the present moment an agreement extending over a period of ten years from 1909 between the Governments of Portugal and the Union of South Africa regulating the working of the railways and seaports of Mozambique and Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese are fully aware that they can place reliance on this scrap of paper as guaranteeing their interests. After recent events in Belgium, Portugal feels that she cannot have the same confidence in Germany's sense of honour, especially since it is well known that for years past Berlin has desired Angola, San Thome, and Principe. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that Portugal sent strong reinforcements to her African possessions directly after the war commenced.

The Literary Digest publishes the results of an inquiry it instituted among American editors as to their attitude regarding the war. "Of the 367 replies received," says *The Literary Digest,* "105 editors report that they favour the Allies, twenty favour the Germans, and 242 are neutral. Of the pro-Ally editors thirty-four are in the Eastern States, thirteen in the Central, forty-seven in the Southern, and eleven in the Western. Only one pro-German editor hails from the Eastern States, while ten are from the Central, five from the Southern, and four from the Western group. The neutral editors number forty-three in the Eastern States, one hundred and twelve in the Central, fifty-one in the Southern, and thirty-six in the Western."

The large number of "neutrals," added to the number openly on the side of the Allies, is significant. Pro-Germans are clutching at straws when they affect to regard these figures as hopeful.

*

Canadian troops are now at the front. Princess Patricia's regiment has been the first to reach the firing line. From now on Canada will have a more personal interest in the great drama that is being enacted on French and Belgian soil. Meantime the second expeditionary force is in training and the home defence forces are also preparing for possible contingencies nearer home, although rumours of a German dash across the Canadian border from Buffalo are discredited in official circles, both in the United States and in Canada. This is a war, however, in which every possible precaution must be taken against the designs of an enemy who does not lack the will or the means to violate neutrality laws when the opportunity offers.

The Library Table

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN

By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WELLS is always Wells. And in this his latest novel he is, if anything, more Wellsian than ever. One has to read but a dozen pages to know that it is the work of a master, one who has the knack of visualizing and exposing a character by the use of only a line where many another writer would use a page. His characterization is almost perfect. When he introduces a character you have no doubt of his looks, his bearing, his tone of voice, his general attitude. So that by the time Mr. Wells has introduced Lady Harman, which he does in the first chapter, you feel as if you are intimately acquainted with a young, slender, well-groomed, well-nourished, well-exercised, well-bred Englishwoman—a woman who is to take the leading place in a story of 525 pages. This is a long story, but it is worthy of its length. The cleverness of the first act is an indication of what is to follow. Lady Harman arrives unannounced to look over a suburban property that has been advertised for sale. The owner, a literary man, with affectations of artistic tastes, is so attracted by her presence that he volunteers to show her over the premises himself. In the course of the inspection they come to a hilltop whence can be obtained a charming panoramic view of the countryside. But the view is injured by a flaming signboard announcing that Staminal Bread, the True Staff of Life, is sold only by the International Bread Shops.

"It really is very good bread," she said. "They make it—Oh! most carefully. With the germ in. And one has to tell people."

Her point of view surprised him. He had expected nothing but a docile sympathy. "But to tell people here," he said.

"Yes, I suppose one oughtn't to tell them here."

"Man does not live by bread alone."

She gave the faintest assent.

"This is the work of one pushful, shoving creature, a man named Harman. Imagine him! Imagine what he must be! Don't you feel his soul defiling us?—this summit of a stupendous pile of—dough, thinking of nothing but his miserable monstrous profits, seeing nothing in the delight of life, the beauty of the world but something that attracts attention, draws eyes . . . It's the quintessence of all that is wrong with the world—squalid, shameless huckstering!" He flew off at a tangent. "Four or five years ago they made this landscape disease—a knight!"

He looked at her for a sympathetic indignation, and then suddenly something snapped in his brain and he understood. There wasn't an instant between absolute innocence and absolute knowledge.

"You see," she said as responsive as though he had cried out sharply at the horror in his mind," Sir Isaac in my husband. Naturally . . . I ought to have given you my name to begin with. It was silly . . ."

There is a situation for a beginning!

MR. GEORGE F. MILLNER

A new Canadian writer, author of "The Sergeant of Fort Toronto"

THE SERGEANT OF FORT TORONTO.

By George F. Millner. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

TO say that a novel is historical is all that many require as a recommendation, and therefore this novel from the pen of a new Canadian writer is likely to have a fairly satisfactory sale. The author had at hand the material for a big, stirring romance. Imagine, for instance, the lone French fort at Toronto, where there was but a handful of soldiers and one woman, the beautiful daughter of the storekeeper, who was a countess in disguise as well. Upon the shore of the lake there washed up one morning the form of what the captain took to be an English spy. The man was almost dead, but he recovered and was held as a prisoner. Madeline (the storekeeper's daughter) fell in love with him at first sight, and as the captain of the fort greatly desired the girl for himself, his attitude toward the prisoner was by no means lenient. There was another, Sergeant Pere, who was in love with the girl, and he indeed was the "Sergeant of Fort Toronto." The novel is built upon the conniving of the captain to gain possession of the girl, the unselfish devotion of the sergeant, by which in the end he loses his life, the mystery surrounding the prisoner, with incidental skirmishes against obstreperous Indians. It is a very good background for a story, and as a story it goes fairly well. But one would be at fault to say that it is well written. The author has been too careful of small things, and the volume would have been benefited by judicious editing. It is, however, a thoroughly Canadian output. The subject is Canadian, the writer Canadian, the printing, binding, and illustrating Canadian. And as a sample of the author's style we quote the following description of Madeline:

"The gate of the stockade was thrown wide and a girl emerged from its safety. Quickly she moved over the short stubble of newly-garnered wheat lying between the lake and the only home she knew. Straight as a young pine she walked. A girl with oval face, olive complexion, but clear-skinned as the 'Fameuse' apples of her own more famous country. Two gray eyes were hers, within whose clear depths shone health, and a happy nature. Her nose, fine chiseled, the nostrils expanded to greet the perfume of dawn, was set above two red lips, a rosebud made for caresses, given by one who should some day appear and claim her consent to take them. And those lips moved religiously in prayer as she hurried toward the blue-black stretch of water in search of her daily bath for a dainty and well-cared-for person."

*

THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK.

By George Barr McCutcheon. Toronto: William Briggs.

IT is a fine thing for a novelist to be able to go into a vast storehouse and select therefrom whatever he might require for the furnishing of his books. And such, one should say, is the situation in which the author of this novel finds himself. Nothing is too good, anything will go, and the

reader can count on much that a vivid imagination and a romantic setting render possible. This story is not essentially different from other Graustark stories. This "Prince of Graustark" is none other than the son of the Princess Yetive, the heroine of "Graustark". There is a beautiful girl in the offing. Moreover, as the publishers announce, there is a "very shrewd, forceful, powerful American multi-millionaire with a brilliant and lovely daughter. Now, given these ingredients, so to speak, and the reader may trust McCutcheon to mix them up to give just the right flavour, to cook them to just the right turn, and to serve a novel piping hot, which will give as many million hours of thorough enjoyment as 'Graustark' and 'Beverley of Graustark' did in their time." Could anything be more McCutcheonesque?

*

THE WAY OF THE STRONG

By Ridgwell Cullum. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

FOR all who enjoy mystery, intrigue, primitive passions, and an abundance of action, this novel of the Yukon, California, and the wheatfields of Western Canada can be recommended. Monica Hanson gets a start in life by winning a valuable prize in a newspaper competition. Her first impulse following the announcement of her success is to help her erring sister. This she does by undertaking to care for the sister's infant boy, the sister having died at the child's birth. In time Monica marries Hendrie, the wheat king, and as she does not wish to expose the illegitimacy of the sister's boy, who in time becomes a young man, she says nothing about him to her husband. This leads to a misunderstanding, and the jealousy of the husband is intensely aroused. Just how this difficulty arises, the sacrifices involved, and the outcome form the background of this stirring romance.

BAMBI

By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

BAMBI is one of those wilful, lovable, impulsive creatures that do foolish things that in the end turn out to be wise. Her father, Professor James Parkhurst, had the old-fashioned idea that a girl should marry a man who could support her. But the girl could not see that it should be absolutely necessary for him to support her. Why should she not support him? The father notices her trend.

"Bambina, that is the second time a husband has been mentioned in this discussion. Have you some individual under consideration?"

"I have. I have practically decided on him."

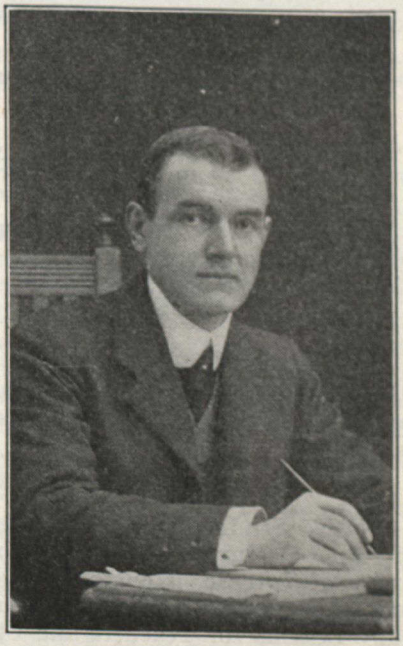
"You don't tell me! Do I know the young man?"

"Oh, yes—Jarvis Jocelyn."

"He has proposed to you?"

"Oh, no. He doesn't know anything about it. I have just decided on him."

"But, my dear, he is penniless."



MR. RIDGWELL CULLUM
Author of "The Way of the Strong"

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

Whose volume of "Essays" has been recently published. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

"That's why I reproach you that you haven't brought me up to support Jarvis in a luxury he will have to get used to."

Just how this impetuous girl achieves her purpose is the sum of this entertaining novel.

*

—"The Red Wall" is the title of a thrilling two-shilling novel by Frank Saville. (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons).

*

—"Bird Studies," by G. A. Cornish, B.A., lecturer in science, University of Toronto, is one of the volumes of the series entitled "Nature Study Lessons for Teachers and Students." (Toronto: The Dominion Book Company). It is handsomely illustrated, and some of the plates are in colours, full-page size. There is in this one volume a wealth of interesting information.

*

—All who have read Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's stories—"Molly Make-Believe," "The White Linen Nurse," and "The Sick-a-Bed Lady"—will wish to read "Little Eve Edgarton." This, her latest novel, is a love-story that charms by its freshness and vivacity.

*

—"His Official Fiancée," by Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions), is a story of slight but amusing texture. A young Englishman, for reasons of his own, finds it advisable to appear as if engaged to be married, and accordingly he induces an attractive stenographer in his office to pose as his fiancée. The girl undertakes to go about with him, to be introduced to his family and friends as his "intended," and in every public way to play the part of sweetheart. The arrangement is to last a year, but before the time expires they find themselves in love with each other, and therefore they begin thenceforth to carry out in fact what they had begun in fiction. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

—The most complete volume of maps, plans, diagrams, and pictures that we have seen illustrating the war is issued at a shilling by Thomas Nelson and Sons, London and Toronto.

*

—"The Canadian Annual Review," edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, is, as heretofore, an exhaustive presentation of affairs in the Dominion during 1913. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

Where Ignorance is Bliss

An English tourist was recently spending a holiday in Scotland when he met an old native. The tourist asked the man how old he was.

"I am one hundred," said the man.

"I rather doubt that you will see another hundred," said the tourist.

"Aa dinna ken, mon," said the old man. "Aa'm stronger the noo than when I started the first hundred!"—*London Evening Standard.*

*

Mary's father being a member of Congress, the child naturally inhaled politics with the air she breathed, and grew firm in the faith that nothing good could be found outside the Democratic fold. Miss Smith, a friend of little Mary's sister, and a political heretic in her eyes, was visiting in the family. Late one evening, the child, searching for her sister, wandered into the guest's room, where she found Miss Smith in the midst of her devotions.

Mary stared at her in open-eyed astonishment, and as the young lady arose from her knees, exclaimed, "Why, Miss Smith! Do you say your prayers? I thought you were a Republican?"—*National Monthly.*

"Your husband has been in?" said the caller.

"Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him."

"Is his condition critical?"

"It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh; "it's abusive."—*The Occident.*

*

She Fixed It

A British general on his return from one of the innumerable "little wars" of his time, brought with him a flag all tattered and torn and riddled with bullets, which he showed with pride to his family and household. Next morning this trophy was to be presented to the commander-in-chief. When he came to look for the flag it was missing.

"Where is my flag?" he cried in consternation.

His housekeeper brought it to him with a smile of proud satisfaction. "I sat up all night and mended it, and now it is as good as new," she said.—*The Tatler.*

SUFFRAGETTE: And the time will come when a woman will get a man's wages.

PATIENT SUFFERER (in the background): Yuss; next Saturday night.
—*The Tatler*

The Magistrate (to offending motorist)—You are fined forty shillings.

The Motorist—All right, old man! You must take it out of a fiver.

The Magistrate—You are now fined five pounds. Anything more to say?

The Motorist—By Jove, sir, no! You're too quick at repartee.—*Exchange.*

*

A FINANCIAL PROBLEM

It was at a theatre in Manchester, England. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud; "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?"

Immediately came a voice from the gallery: "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?"

Young bride (to waiter)—"Waiter, my husband has been here a lot lately; I hope he's all right, eh?"

Waiter—"Oh, yes; he never has more than three glasses of beer. If he were not happy he'd surely drink six."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

Mr. Justice Darling was once trying a case in which the question arose whether the defendant, a vocalist, was competent to fulfil his contract. One of the witnesses said, in reply to Mr. Duke, K.C., "Well, he could not sing like the Archangel Gabriel."

"I have never heard the Archangel Gabriel," was the comment.

Mr. Justice Darling replied blandly, with a gentle sarcasm, "That, Mr. Duke, is a pleasure to come."—*Answers.*

His Choice

Pat had just arrived from the Emerald Isle, and he was feeling very hungry, as he had not eaten anything since four o'clock last evening, and it was now eight o'clock in the morning. So he went into a restaurant close by, and asked the waiter how much would he charge him for breakfast.

"One shilling," replied the waiter.

"Well, how much will ye charge me for my dinner?" said Pat.

"One shilling and sixpence," replied the waiter.

"Well, what will ye charge me for my supper, then?"

"Sixpence," was the reply.

"Then, if ye please, will ye give me my supper?" said Pat.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Cold Feet

During a marriage ceremony in Scotland recently the bridegroom looked extremely wretched, and he got so fidgety, standing first on one foot and then on the other, that the "best man" decided he would find out what the trouble was.

"What's up, Jock?" he whispered. "Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," answered the unhappy one with a woeful look, "the ring's safe enough; but, man, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

"It may interest you, children," said a returned missionary, addressing a Sunday school, "if I tell you an adventure I once had in India. While going through the jungle I came face to face with a lion. There was no chance of retreat and I had nothing to defend myself with. I stood perfectly still and looked the fierce beast in the eye."

"Which eye?" asked a breathless little boy.

The Last Straw

The revival was being held down in Zack Hunsicker's barn. But the conversions and the "gittin' religions" were slow, and few of the "mo'ners" threw themselves in the straw before the platform to be "saved." The preacher was surprised and pained that his exhorting was not having more effect. But, truth to tell, the straw was thin and the floor of Zack's barn was hard for the knees. One of the elders whispered this to the preacher as he was calling to repentance.

"Some of yo' sinners make has'e into dat lof'," he shouted. "Hyeh's souls bein' lost fo' want er a passel er wheat straw."

He Wouldn't Do

"We were going along at an awful speed," he said. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his ki-yi, so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate woman standing over her dead dog—one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw. She met us with a tirade of remarks, telling us in no uncertain terms what she thought of us and motorists in general, finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her. 'Madam,' I said, 'I will replace your dog.' 'Sir,' she said, in a freezing tone of voice, 'you flatter yourself!'"—*Young's Magazine.*

Mabel had gone to the art exhibition. Not that she cared for pictures, but everyone went. A friend saw her and told another friend. Friend No. 2 met her a few days later. "Why, hello, Mabel! I'm awfully glad to see you. I hear you are interested in art."

"Me? Art who?"—*Current Opinion.*

I'd Have a Dairy

I'd have a dairy—
  Stool, churn, and dish,
And if a fairy
  Gave me a wish;
Fragrant and airy,
  Long, clean, and cool,
I'd have a dairy—
  Dish, churn and stool!

Three maids are plenty—
  May, Mol, and Meg;
If I paid twenty
  I'd have to beg;
Thrifty and tenty,
  Up with the day,
Three maids are plenty—
  Meg, Moll, and May!

Cows of my raising,
  White, red, and roan,
I'd have a-grazing
  In fields of my own;
Milkers amazing,
  Morning and night,
Cows of my raising,
  Roan, red, and white!

I'd give the fairy
  Cream, curd, and whey,
Best of my dairy
  Fresh every day;
These shouldn't vary
  'Neath my door beam;
I'd give the fairy
  Whey, curd and cream!

—*Punch.*

*

Hampton—Dinwiddow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across.

Rhodes—The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across.—*Judge.*

*

Old Lady—Does your horse ever shy at motors?

Cabby—Lor' bless yer, no, lady; 'e didn't even shy when railway trains fust came in.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Nothing Doing

As the summer sun filtered through the lace curtains, the boarding-house sitting-room looked almost cosy and attractive. The brightness and comfort thawed the heart of the oldest lodger.

In an expansive moment he turned towards the landlady, who was his only companion in the room, and, clasping her hands fondly, murmured:

"Will you be my wife?"

The woman did not start nor blush. No maidenly coyness shone from her clear, cold eyes.

"No, sir," she replied, with calm deliberation. "I'm sorry, but I cannot marry you. You've been here four yours and are much too good a boarder to be put on the free list."—*London Opinion.*

*

Personal Experiment Barred

A good Kipling story relates to the author's visit to a bookseller's. He picked up several books, one after the other, and glanced through them. At last, finding one he thought might suit him, he turned to the bookseller.

"Is this good?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I haven't read it."

Mr. Kipling feigned great surprise. "A bookseller," he exclaimed, "and you don't read your books?"

The bookseller was in no mood to trifle with frivolous customers.

"Well, why should I?" he snapped. "If I were a chemist would you expect me to try all my drugs?"

*

It was evening. He and she were seated in her father's room burning her father's gas. "Answer me, Angelina!" he cried in a voice full of passionate earnestness. "Answer me! I can bear this suspense no longer." "Answer him, Angelina!" came a voice through the keyhole. "Answer him! I can bear this expense no longer."—*London Tit-Bits.*

WHY MAN OF TODAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

BY WALTER WALGROVE

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian nation is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The Canadian Man, because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener, and the stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now, what are you doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally; some of us much physically; but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, and one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible, just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove—make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work; nor to clean an engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up, the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging

process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poison in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull, our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible, through its weakening and infecting processes, for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body, instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now, this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most noted eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external, and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced, so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 211, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Canadian Magazine.

Personally I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known, through reading the little book to which I refer.

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Follow Shackleton's example. He is taking Bovril to the Antarctic because his men must get every ounce of nourishment out of their food.

You, too, can be sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.

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Shackleton's lead is a good lead — remember his words:—

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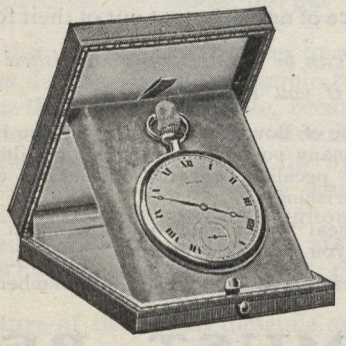

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Refinement and strength are united in these watches. They are both safe and thin—qualities not too often found in combination in a watch. In their thinness combined with accurate time-keeping, they respond exactly to the latest demand in gentlemen's watches.

Waltham "Colonials" are high in their quality but never high in the price which you pay for that quality. An excellent "Colonial" may be had for $29 and the prices range up to $155 according to the kind of movement and case which you select. Your Jeweler will be glad to show you the different styles.

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with money is playing far safer than the man who gambles with health.

Money when lost can sometimes be regained, but health lost—is another matter.

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It is made of wheat and a small proportion of wholesome molasses, skilfully roasted and blended to produce a delicious Java-like flavour.

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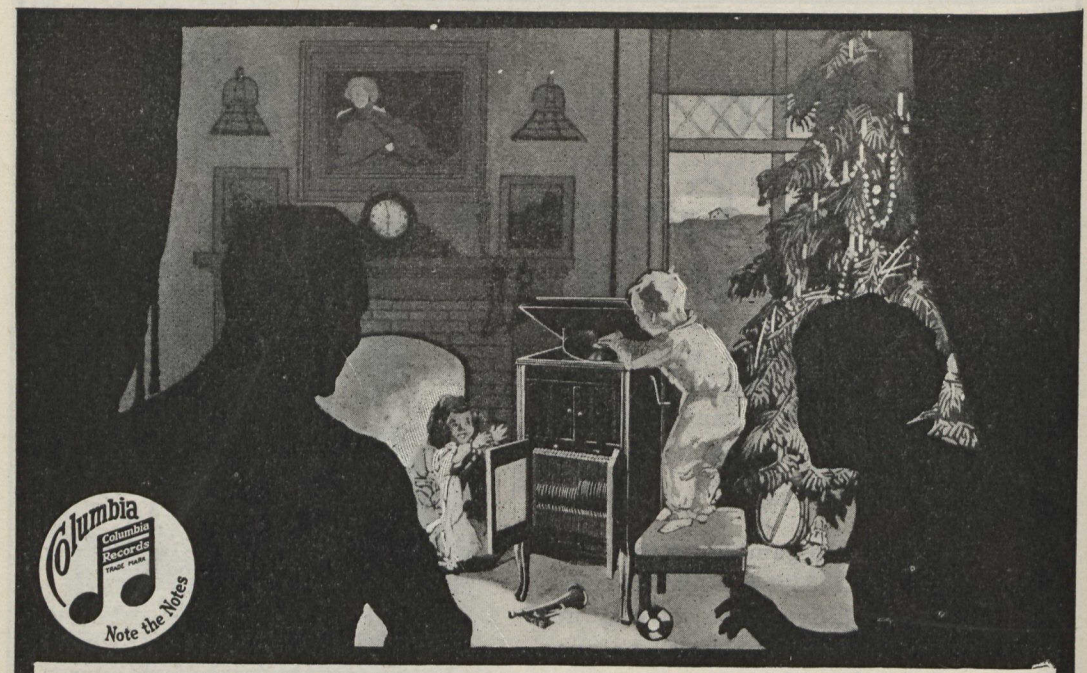

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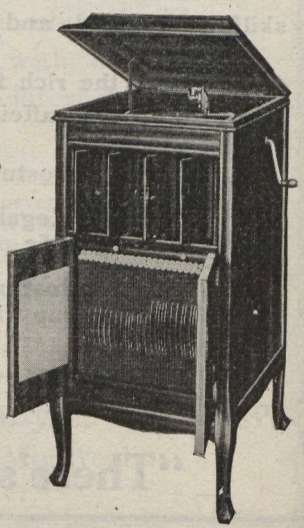

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It is easy enough if you will act on the advice of experienced dermatologists. Wrinkles give the appearance of age often in young people.

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has proved satisfactory for over 21 years, for removing lines and wrinkles, restoring withered skins and building the tissues. **Get a Sample Box.**

Send 5 cents to pay postage, etc., and we will mail you a generous sample of Skin Food or Princess Face Powder along with our Beauty Book, which describes our method of beauty culture in all branches, including the permanent removal of superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc., by electrolysis.

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Mapleine

is as easy to use as any flavoring but has many more uses.

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This gem is a permanent part of the instrument—doing away with metal needles which must be changed with every record. With

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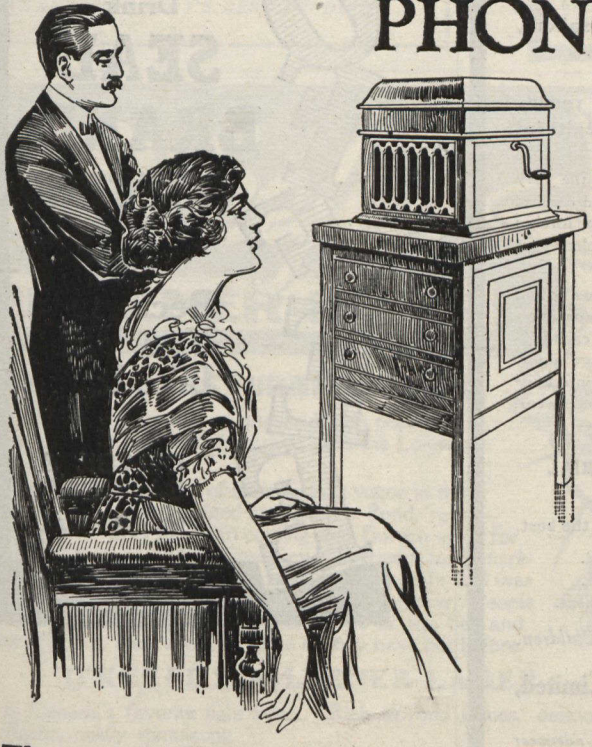

the liquid, melting, thrilling tones of the glorious grand opera voices come to you in all their ravishing richness and clarity. To hear Martinelli and Bonci—Lucrezia Bori and Anna Case—Polese and Caronna—is a treat indeed; and they are heard at their best with the new Edison Phonograph.

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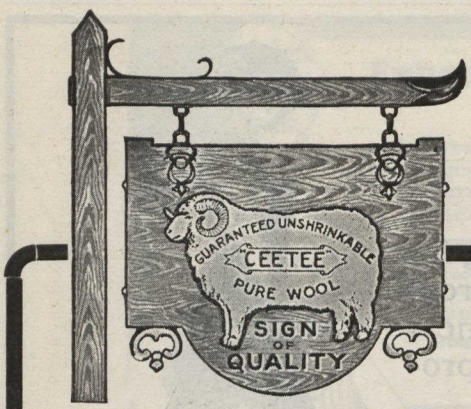

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A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

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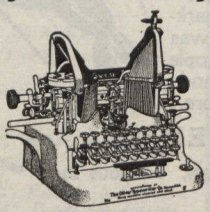

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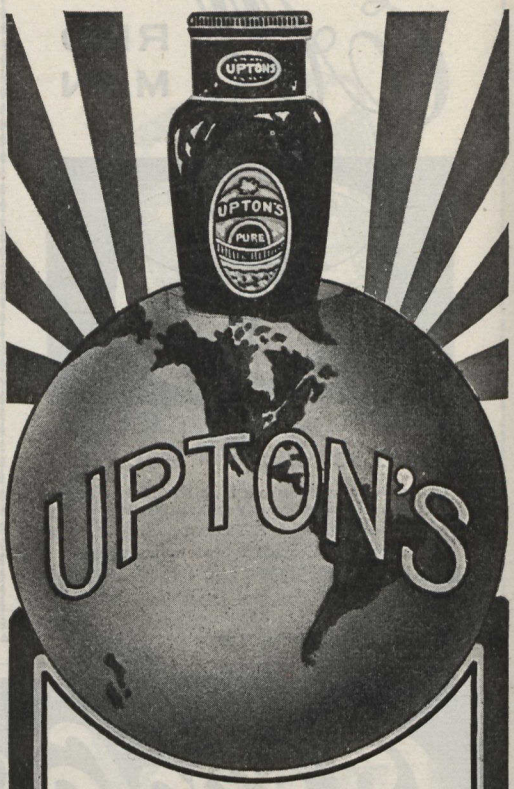

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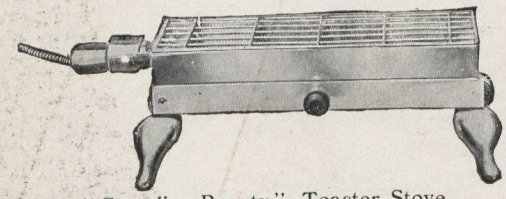
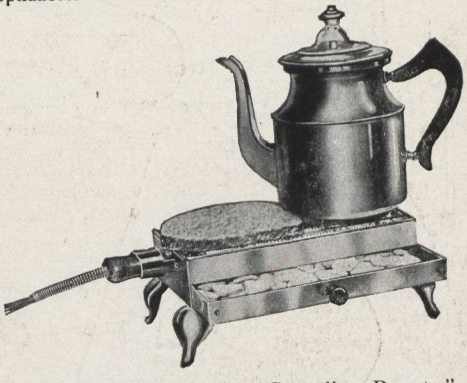
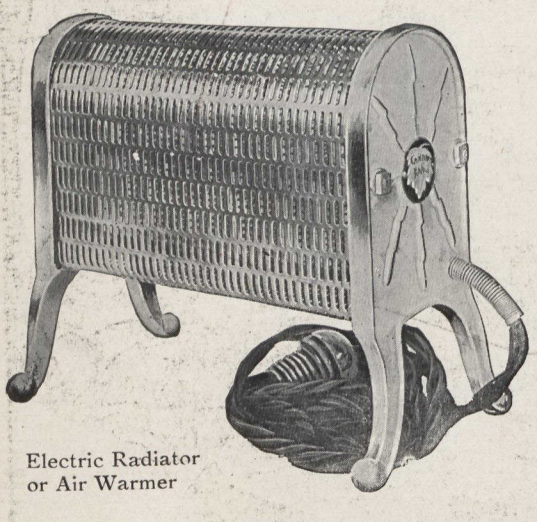


"Canadian Beauty" Toaster Stove



Note the utility of this "Canadian Beauty"



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With

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For I Know a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet Will Digest Any Meal At Any time.

How often do we see men who can not eat and how often do we hear other men boasting of their abilities to eat.

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Thousands of dyspeptics and stomach sufferers would be glad to tell you what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have done for them. This is what makes these tablets sold in every drug store in this country, price 50 cents.

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Kindel *De Luxe Davenport*

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DAY & NIGHT SERVICE

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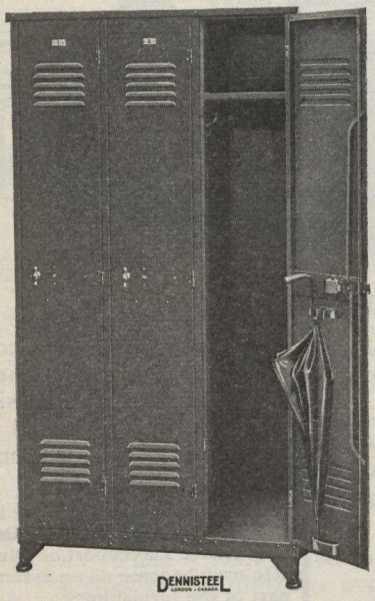
Ask for a copy of the **Kindel** booklet,
"The House That Grew."

Locker Perfection



Here's our new style, unit construction, D 45 Locker, with smooth front and Louvre ventilation. It combines appearance, security and economy, and is the last word in locker construction and design.

Made of the best materials only, completely equipped and finished with superior enamel, baked on at high temperature, it is a thoroughly high-class, honest article.

Made in Canada's largest locker factory by Canadian workman, it is decidedly worth your while to investigate.

Facts and figures regarding this or any other type of such equipment will be gladly sent you on request.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED
LONDON
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MADE IN CANADA

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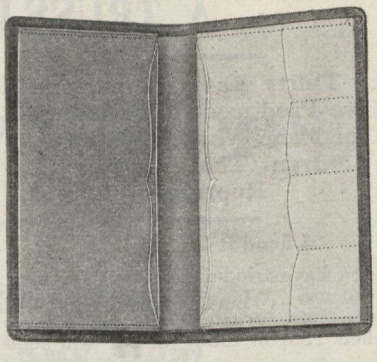

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LADIES' HAND BAGS—PURSES—BILL WALLETS—LETTER and CARD CASES. WRITING PORTFOLIOS — POCKET BOOKS — BANKERS CASES. Newest Styles—Genuine Values.

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Manufacturers of Leather Goods, etc.
SIMCOE and PEARL STREETS, TORONTO

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Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Useful New Invention

Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 251R Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying, "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only $5, although the regular price of these is $10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

FITS CURED Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **TRENCH'S REMEDY,** the world famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 25 years success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED
421 St. James Chambers - TORONTO

Make your CANDIES at home this CHRISTMAS with KNOX GELATINE

You will find them delicious and inexpensive to make.

This receipe shows you how easily and quickly *you* can make these new confections.

KNOX FRENCH DAINTIES

2 envelopes *Knox* Acidulated Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups boiling water
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavor, found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water and one tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add one tablespoonful brandy, if desired, one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystalize.

Vary this receipe by using different flavors and colors, and if desired, add chopped nuts, figs, dates, raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture.

Send for this FREE Receipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for Candies, Deserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
499 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N.Y.
Branch Factory, Montreal, Can.

For Christmas Morning

A KODAK

And throughout the day, the taking of pictures of all that goes to make that day a merry one.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED,

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

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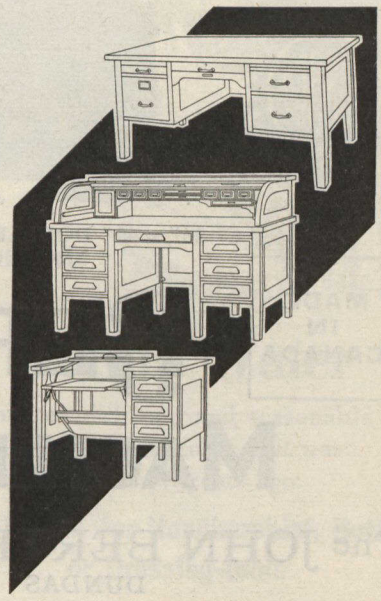
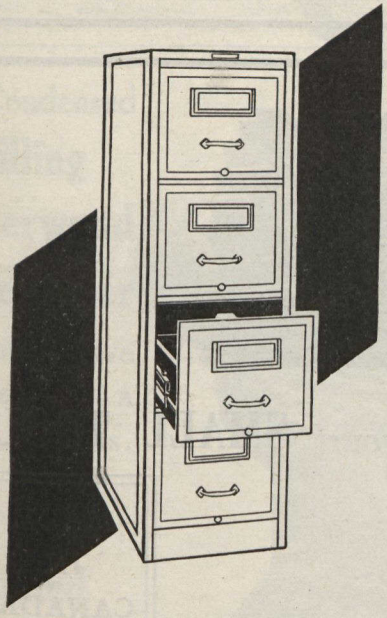
"OSCO"
OFFICE FURNITURE



Office Specialty carries the largest stock of furniture and filing equipment in Canada—every item a CANADIAN product, made to meet the requirements of Canadian business men.

Desks in every style and finish—Roll Top, Flat Top, System and Typewriter—and Chairs of numerous designs, all modelled for comfort, are stocked in such quantities as to make selection a simple matter for the undecided business man.



"OSCO" Office Equipment is Made in Canada in our own factories—

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FILING CABINETS IN STEEL and WOOD

The filing of every record pertaining to your business, in a filing cabinet, equipped with an accurate filing system, gives you guarantee that your records are immune from the possibilities of loss or being misplaced.

Office Specialty has a Filing Cabinet for every purpose—a Filing System for every service.

If you are interested in desk and chair equipment for your office, ask for our catalog No. 1721; if you require filing equipment, let us send you our filing equipment catalog No. 916.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

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AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

CANADA

Head Office; 97 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

"SAVORA" THE NEW APPETISER

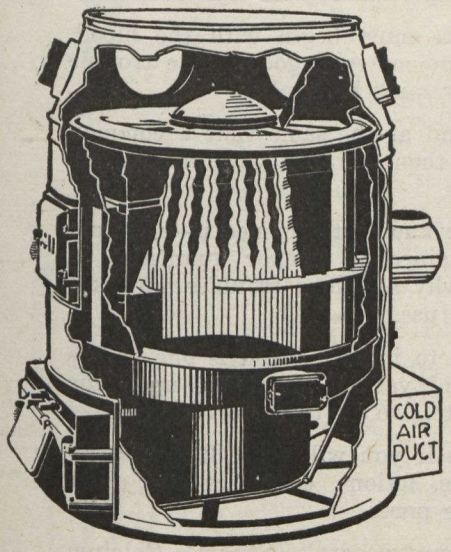
THE fact that this preparation is manufactured by J. & J. Colman, Ltd., of London, England, is the best guarantee that its ingredients are the purest and finest obtainable.

Savora is a new form of mustard for flavoring fish and all kinds of grilled meats, making them much more palatable and appetizing.

Used with salad dressing, mayonaise sauce, etc. Savora adds a delicate taste and flavor which can be obtained from no other condiment.

To ensure having the genuine see that the signature J. & J. Colman is printed in red ink across the label.

MAGOR SON & CO., Limited.
AGENTS FOR CANADA.
30 Church Street, TORONTO. 403 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.
FOR SALE AT ALL LEADING GROCERS



The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

Don't Worry and Stay Awake Nights

thinking how you can warm your home.

THE Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is the heater you want—you want the best, IT IS THE BEST. Its corrugated sections with large warming surface—its long indirect fire travel—its positive cap attachment, conveying warmed, mild air to most distant rooms—its small consumption of fuel—its durability, are some of its chief features. Every pound of coal it uses does its work. There is no waste.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

Faces As Fair As An Orchid

Are Possible When Stuart's Calcium Wafers Are Used After Meals to Clean Up Skin Eruptions And Discolorations.

When a face is covered with blotches, liver spots, pimples, blackheads, etc., Stuart's Calcium Wafers will act like some magical charm. However, there is nothing magical about them. They are nature's own way of cleansing the human blood and preventing it from filling the surface of the body—the skin—with pimples and little skin eruptions.

The abolishing of all skin disorders must begin with the blood. Lotions, salves, cosmetics, etc., will do no material good. The trouble comes from within and there the remedy must be applied.

If you really desire quick action and at the same time a common sense, natural, harmless blood purifier, then Stuart's Calcium Wafers is this remedy.

The correct and best blood purifier known to science is—Calcium Sulphide. This great cleanser is contained in proper quantities in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, and that is why all blood troubles and skin blemishes rapidly disappear after their use.

An unsightly and pimply face due to impure blood is one of the most disgusting sights one can see, and yet all about us, upon the streets, in the theatre, when travelling, etc., we see these horrible results.

There is no need for this condition if you will take Stuart's Calcium Wafers daily and keep all salves, lotions, cosmetics and other harmful preparations from clogging the pores.

Every first-class druggist in this country carries Stuart's Calcium Wafers, which are pleasant to take, harmless, and may be obtained for 50 cents a box. A small sample package will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg, Marshall, Mich.

St Lawrence Sugar

Children Need Sugar

Pure sugar is necessary to the health of young or old. Good home-made candy, sugar on porridge, fruit or bread—not only pleases but stimulates.

Buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in bags and be sure of the finest pure cane sugar, untouched by hand from factory to your kitchen.

Bags 100 lbs., 25 lbs., 20 lbs., Cartons 5 lbs., 2 lbs.

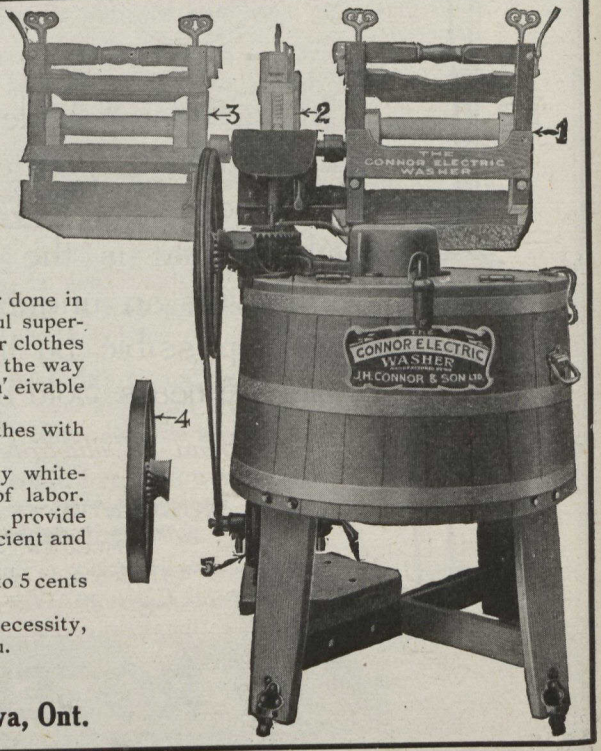
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Sold by best dealers

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal. 11

The *Good Cheer Lasts* with a Christmas Present as useful as a

Connor Electric Washer and Wringer



It makes possible the Washing being done in your own home and under your own careful supervision—not in a public Laundry, where your clothes come in contact with other clothes, leaving the way open for contamination of almost every conceivable kind. Consider this point carefully.

No chemicals are used to wash the clothes with the resultant ruining of same.

Further it washes the clothes to snowy whiteness and with the least possible amount of labor. The machine being designed primarily to provide for the washing being done in the most efficient and convenient manner.

The cost of Electric Current is from 2 to 5 cents per washing.

This machine is not a luxury, but a necessity, and will solve the washing problem for you.

Write for full descriptive folder.

J. H. Connor & Sons, Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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TERMS 20% DOWN

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LET US SEND YOU A DIAMOND ON APPROVAL AT OUR EXPENSE

The Jacobs Credit System enables you to make beautiful **Chistmas Presents** without the outlay of much money.

Diamonds increase in value 10 to 20 per cent each year.

GIVE HER A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND FOR CHRISTMAS?

A Diamond is the best investment you can make.

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WE TRUST ANY HONEST PERSON

Special Holiday Discount of 10 per cent on all cash purchases. All transactions strictly confidential. Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We send Diamonds to any part of Canada, for your inspection at our expense.

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The "SANITARY" ERASER includes an **adjustable metal Holder,** 3 inches long by ½ inch wide, and a strip of Rubber ⅛ inch thick, of a width and length nearly that of the Holder.

Two Rubbers of best quality are made, one for Typewriter and Ink, one for Pencil. These Rubbers last six months to a year, the Holder a lifetime.

By slight pressure, at the **loop** end, **clean rubber** is fed down until used. **Its narrow edge** allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another.

Well Made — Easy To Operate — They Always Work

EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER

Price 10¢ each. Refills 5¢ each. All Stationers.

By mail 2¢ extra — State whether Typewriter or Pencil.

Booklets of our **"O.K."** Paper Fasteners, Letter Openers & Erasers **Free.**

The O. K. Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U.S.A.

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OUR EXPERIENCE STARTS YOU

Earning $35 to $50 per Day

We furnish Complete Equipment. Small capital starts you to a big income. Help you—guide you—teach you the business. Our exclusive plan puts you at once into this popular, profitable amusement field

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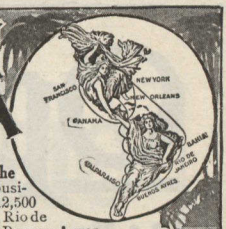


An enjoyable education for the traveler, an unlimited field for business men. Frequent sailings by 12,500 ton steamers to Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

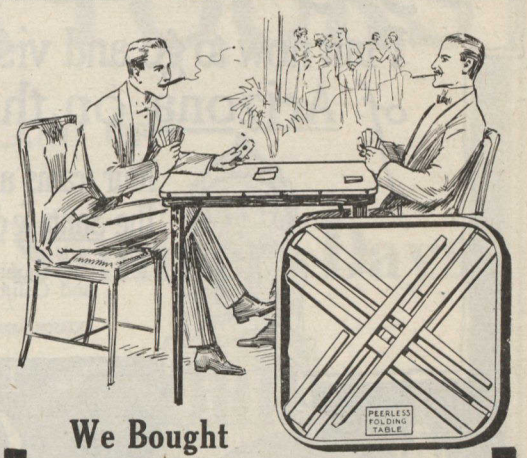
TOURS AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

Over the Andes by rail and through the Panama Canal

BUSK & DANIELS, GENERAL AGENTS

213 Produce Exchange, N. Y., or Local Agents

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE



We Bought it for Cards

—but we have found it so useful for other things! Hardly a day goes by now that we do not use our light

PEERLESS (*folding*) TABLE

The Children's meals in the nursery; afternoon tea in the sun room or den; a sewing table or writing desk wherever you want it. Most families can use two or three of these strong little tables. They are quite inexpensive.

Our Booklet, No. 2 shows many styles, sizes and handsome finishes that can be supplied. Write TODAY for a free copy.

HOURD & CO., Limited

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers

LONDON, Ontario

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

"Julian Sale"

The Name Behind the Goods is Your Guarantee of Quality.

"RITE - HITE" WARDROBE TRUNKS

The Wardrobe Trunk is becoming so universally known and its advantages, its convenience as compared with the ordinary trunk so vastly superior that it leaves no room for argument.

In the "Rite-Hite" Wardrobe Trunks there are many new exclusive and practical features—with simplicity and utility as the first demands in its construction—it is the last word in completeness in travelling requisites.

We have just issued a very comprehensive little booklet, in which the "*Rite - Hite*" Wardrobe Trunks in the different lines are described and priced—you may have one for the asking.

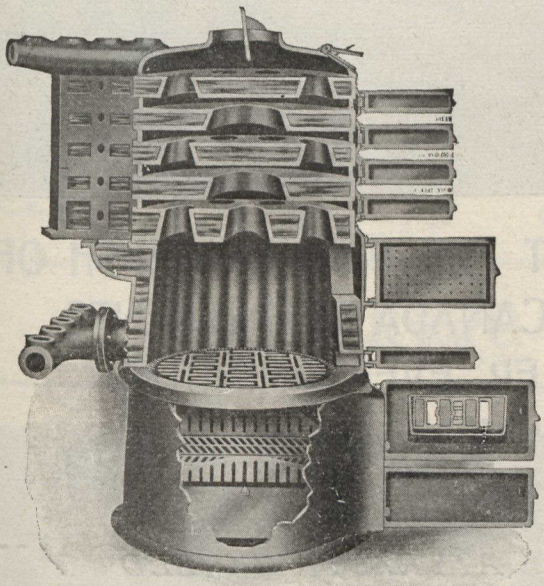
"Rite-Hite" Wardrobe Trunks cost

$50. to $145.

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., LIMITED

105 King Street West, Toronto

The "Sovereign" is the Best Hot Water Boiler Made-in-Canada, or elsewhere.



"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER

Specify the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler. No Architect or Heating Engineer, will dissuade from your choice. In the "Sovereign" you will secure a boiler having an increased heating capacity and built to promote fuel economy.

The 1914 model of the "Sovereign" has wide, flared flues which give an increased heating surface for a hard coal fire, and also, when the draft is open, afford a free passage for the dense smoke arising from a fire of free burning fuel. Thus the "Sovereign." with the wide flared flues, will take soft coal or wood in the milder seasons of the year when a heavy coal fire is not necessary.

Write for "The Sovereign Bulletin" No. 1, it will show you almost at a glance, how the "Sovereign" must necessarily, and actually does, save fuel and give increased heating capacity. Mention "Canadian Magazine."

"WESTERN JR." BOILERS

TAYLOR - FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED

"SOVEREIGN" RADIATORS

A3

Toronto—1088 King Street West.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Ltd., 622 Ninth Ave.
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.
Quebec, Que.—Mechanic's Supply Co.
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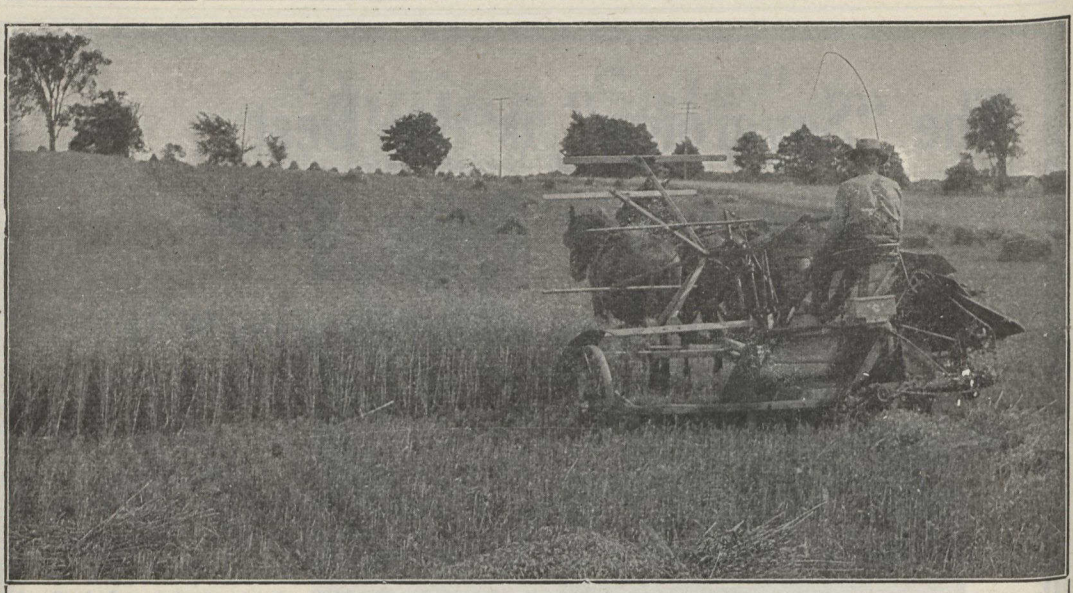


DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE OF OUR WAKING HOURS?

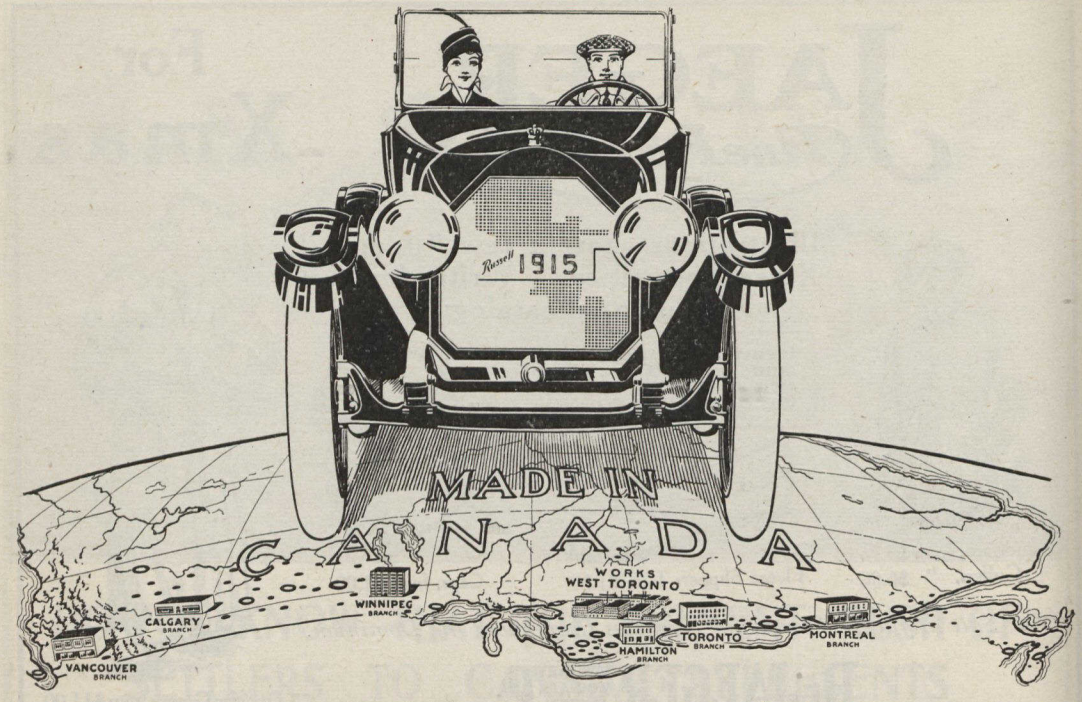
Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD for SETTLEMENT?

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of whose farms thousands are growing rich.

Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest in the WORLD.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.



Russell Cars Guarantee Quality---Service---and Value

For every dollar you *invest* in a RUSSELL, you get a dollar of *tangible* value. ($1000 duty cannot add one cent of worth.) You get *more*. You pay *less*. You help develop a Canadian industry. You increase Canada's prosperity. The production of Russell cars gives employment to 1,500 men. Requires $2,000,000 worth of material yearly. Distributes over a $1,000,000 in wages to Canadian mechanics.

More Beautiful

Latest European stream-line bodies. New domed fenders. Concealed door-hinges. Clean running-boards. Double head-lights. Lasting lustrous finish. Spare tires at rear. Full Equipment—Highest quality top. Built-in, rain-vision, ventilating windshield. Demountable rims. Spare rim. Warner speedometer. Clock. Electric horn, etc.

More Comfortable

Perfectly-balanced chassis. Long three-quarter-elliptic rear springs. Ample wheel-base. Big wheels. New proven two-unit electric starting and lighting system. New instrument board (complete control at finger tips.) Left side drive. Center control. Quick acting Collins side-curtains, opening with doors, and adjustable from seats.

More Efficient

Latest-type, long-stroke, smooth-running, high-efficiency engines. More power—less weight. Saving of fuel, oil and tires. Newest type ignition. Chrome nickle-steel gears and shafts. Cleverly designed chassis. Light, strong, heat-treated steels. Full-floating rear axle. Worm bevel gears. Double dust-proof brakes. Very low operative cost per mile.

Five reasons why YOU should drive a Russell "Made in Canada" Car:

1st: The highest-quality car—at the lowest price. 2nd: Most comfortable—easiest-riding—smoothest-running car built.
3rd: Built of finest materials—by expert workmanship. Fully guaranteed and backed by service stations from coast to coast.
4th: Made in Canada—by Canadian workmen—in a Canadian-owned-and-operated plant.
5th: A vital unit in Canadian industry—whose success helps to build up Canadian prosperity—which in turn helps YOU.

Ride in a RUSSELL today. Performance proves its worth.

Agency applications invited in open territory

"6-30"--$1750 "4-32"--$2650 "6-48"--$4500

Catalogue and full descriptive matter on request

Works and Executive Offices: WEST TORONTO

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited

Branches: TORONTO—HAMILTON MONTREAL—WINNIPEG CALGARY—VANCOUVER

Speed in a McLaughlin-Buick

MAYBE you don't care for speed, but sometimes you need it, and *often* you need the Power that makes speed possible.

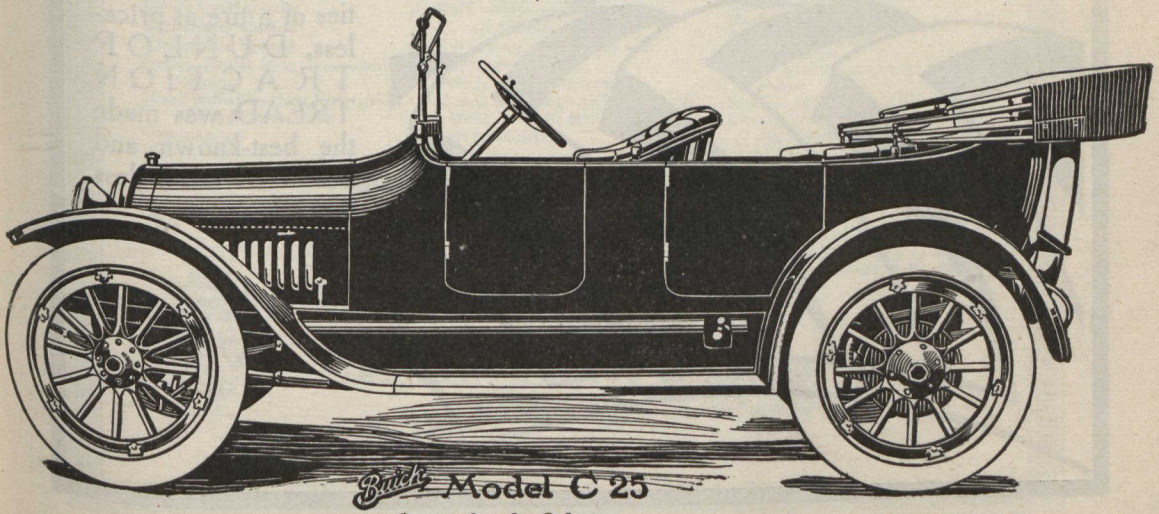
McLaughlin-Buick cars are capable of high speed if you want to use it, and have great reserve Power to call upon for hills, sand or bad roads.

We guarantee the McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head motor to develop and *deliver* more power cylinder for cylinder than any other type of motor.

Call and see the six new 1915 models priced at $1250 to $2250, F. O. B. Factory, and let us give you a demonstration that is a real test of McLaughlin-Buick Power and Strength.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

BRANCHES:—ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, BELLEVILLE, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER.



Buick Model C 25

$1250 f. o. b. Oshawa

DUNLOP TREAD
SEAL OF QUALITY
TRACTION

MADE-IN-CANADA
Couldn't be Made Better Anywhere Else.

IT is risky to pay less for your tires than the DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD price.

¶ That price is always a standard for you to follow—anything more is unnecessary—anything less is risky.

¶ If tires were bought on a price basis only—there never would have been any DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.

¶ But because the big majority of motor owners regard the safety-insuring qualities of a tire as priceless, DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD was made the best-known and best liked tire in less than three years.

The Climax of Six Cylinder Efficiency

THIS announces the widely discussed and keenly anticipated Overland Six—the Six that we predicted would upset all previous and present six cylinder value standards.

Specifications of Model 82

Seven passenger touring car
125-inch wheel base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
Hand buffed leather, long grain bright French finish
One man top

Pockets in all doors
Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built in
Extra long underslung rear springs
Full floating rear axle
35 inch x 4½ inch tires; smooth tread in front; non-skid in rear
Left hand drive

Center control
45 horsepower motor
High tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High grade magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Electric control buttons on steering column

Catalogue on request. *Please address Dept. 4.*

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Overland Model 80 Coupe - - - $2150
Overland Model 80 T $1425
Overland Model 80 R $1390

Six cylinder Model 82 $1975

Overland Model 81 T $1135
Overland Model 81 R $1065

All prices f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited

HAMILTON - ONTARIO

The greatest enemy of your skin

In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the *outside* enemy?

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime.

Examine your skin closely. If it is rough, sallow, coarse-textured or excessively oily, you are providing the very best soil for the thriving of these bacteria.

How to make your skin resist this enemy

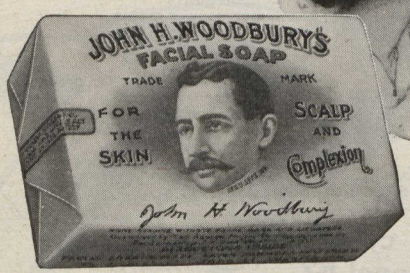
Begin this treatment tonight: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Then with the tips of your fingers rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin using an upward and outward motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Rub its lather in

Use this treatment for ten nights and you will see a marked improvement. If your skin should become too sensitive, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use it regularly in your daily toilet and *keep* your skin clear and fresh, free and healthy, and its insidious enemies will invariably meet defeat.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

You can make your skin what you would love to have it.



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples

For 4c we will send you a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury book and Samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to **The Andrew Jergens Co.,** *Ltd., Dept. 109 W Perth, Ontario.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap

"I calculate that P. A. has pipe-joy hog-tied and branded"

There never can be another tobacco so plumb full o' happiness, and so everlasting shy of the sting and smart that makes you wish you'd never learned to smoke, as P. A. It serves you with just one soul-satisfying smoke after another, and all because of that wonderful patented process that sent the old-line tobacco-bite and tongue-burn to the discard. If you want a lickin' good cigarette just roll one from

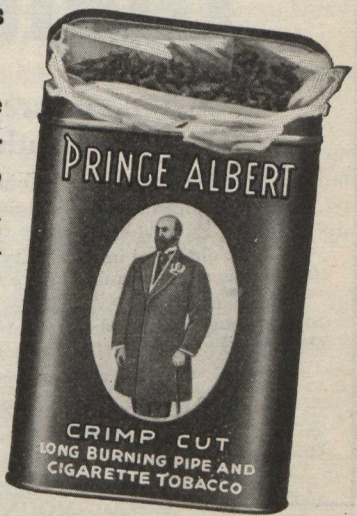
PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

and before you know it you'll be rollin' another. Once you're hep to the joyousness of this tobacco you'll be buying it for good.

Prince Albert, the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the United States, is manufactured by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company at their factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A. It is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers.

Prince Albert is sold everywhere in full 1/8th tidy red tins that just fit the hip pocket.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

Home Dyeing is a Pleasant Profitable Pastime

Grey Suit dyed Blue

Recoloring clothes at home is to thousands of women a simple process. They find it an interesting money saving way to employ their spare time. These women use DIAMOND DYES. You too should enjoy the pleasure of saving money by giving old clothes new colors with The Fashion Helpers—DIAMOND DYES.

Mrs. C. D. Savage of Philadelphia, writes:—

"My last seasons suit was grey. It was very pretty but not very practical for it spotted dreadfully. I stood it last year but decided that I could not be bothered having it cleaned constantly this Fall. I decided to try dyeing it myself with DIAMOND DYES and it is now a deep blue and with the new girdle I put on it, has been greatly admired.

"I send a photograph which shows it as it is now."

Miss R. B. Blakeney of Hartford, Conn. writes :

"I had a green dress which had become soiled and stained and I disliked to wear it for that reason."

"I took it to be cleaned and they told me they could not remove the stains without taking out the color, but said they could dye it for me. The price they asked me for dyeing it was more than I wanted to pay. So I went to the druggist and bought some DIAMOND DYES and dyed my dress black. The result was wonderful. I was more than pleased and it cost me very little and now I have a pretty dress and don't have to worry about the stains being seen."

Green Dress dyed Black

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen,** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegeble Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Big Ben

Made in LaSalle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

A crackerjack of a Christmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright and that "*worked!*" Weren't *they* the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for *your room*—something you could *use all year*—something like *big* people had in *their* rooms. The *sensible* presents appealed to you best when you were a *kid*. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in *useful* things—things that develop *pride* and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to *live up to* and to *live up with*. Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the *compliment*.

Let *one* thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, *serviceable*, and inspiring clock—*Big Ben*. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack! Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben *is* a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time *all day* by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life,—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large, comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute for ten minutes* unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 20,000 watchmakers. His price is $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your jewelers, a money order mailed to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will send him wherever you say, attractively boxed, and express charges paid.

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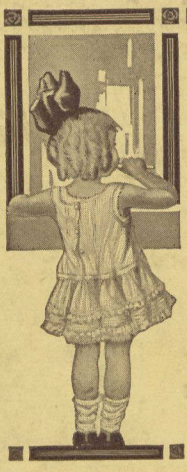

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